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The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 maintain a stable currency. This
 has led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of support
 from the people. The second
 is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable economy. This has
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 from the people. The third
 is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable society. This has
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BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1852.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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VOL. LXXI.

POLITICAL AND MONETARY PROSPECTS.

Two years and a half ago, when the world was yet convulsed with the effects of the French revolution in the year preceding, and the Liberals were everywhere throughout Europe looking for the regeneration of society from the triumph of democracy in France, we wrote and published in this Magazine these words—"It is frequently asked, what is to be the end of all these changes, and under what form of government are the people of France ultimately to settle? Difficult as it is to predict anything of a people with whom nothing seems to be fixed, but the disposition to change, we have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that the future government of France will be, what that of imperial Rome was, an **ELECTIVE MILITARY DESPOTISM**. In fact, with the exception of the fifteen years of the Restoration, when a free constitutional monarchy was imposed on its inhabitants by the bayonets of the Allies, it has ever since the Revolution of 1789 been nothing else. The Orleans dynasty has, to all appearance, expired with a disgrace even greater than that which attended its birth. The Bourbons can scarcely expect, in a country so deeply imbued with the love of change, to re-establish their hereditary throne. Popular passion and national vanity call for that favourite object of democratic

societies—a rotation of governors. Popular violence and general suffering will never fail to re-establish, after a brief period of anarchy, the empire of the sword. *The successive election of military despots* seems the only possible compromise between revolutionary passion and the social necessities of mankind; and as a similar compromise took place after eighty years of bloodshed and confusion in the Roman commonwealth, so, after a similar period of suffering, it will probably be repeated, from the same cause, in the French nation."*

The only particular in which this prophecy has proved incorrect is in the **TIME** assigned for the establishment of an elective military despotism in France. Judging from the past, it was thought that a considerable period might elapse between the fervour of democratic ambition, the establishment of republican institutions, and the necessary advent of military government. But events now go on with railway speed: there is an electric telegraph in the moral as well as in the physical world. Within less than four years after the triumph of revolutionary ambition, and the proclamation of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" by Lamar-tine, the visionary fabric has fallen to the ground. The brilliant dreams of philanthropy, the towering ambition

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, August 1849, vol. lvi. p. 234.

of democracy, the selfish grasping of socialist spoliation, have alike been dissipated. Realities have succeeded to chimeras, necessities have prostrated imaginations. Louis Napoleon has assumed the dictatorship, with the concurrence of the only power in the country which, in a decisive struggle, could be relied on. He has virtually declared himself Emperor, by the election of the soldiers. The citizens have confirmed their choice. It has ever been the same. The rule of Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Napoleon, was founded on the same social necessities springing out of the same social crimes. This 2d December 1851 was but a repetition, and from the same causes, of the 18th Brumaire 1799. Successful high treason, triumphant rebellion, lead invariably to one result—general slavery and military despotism; and of all the pioneers to the last terrible catastrophe that the mind of man ever conceived, a socialist revolution is the most effectual, for it at once unites all persons possessed of property, however small, on the side of despotic power.

That it may not be supposed that these observations are exaggerations of our own, we select, out of a multitude of others which might be taken, the following graphic description of the state of Paris in the first week of December 1851, three years and nine months after the overthrow of Louis Philippe, and establishment of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity by the formation of a republic.

"If anything could give an appearance of legal necessity to the military operations in Paris, and to the tremendous severity of the measures employed to crush the resistance of the people, it is the part which the organised sections of the Red Republic and the desperate combatants of that faction are again taking in this struggle. '*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis*,' may well be the answer of the French people to a cry of independence and a promise of succour conveyed to them in the sinister language of M. Louis Blanc. Nothing can be more afflicting than the position of the middle classes and the pacific part of the population, between a host of fierce revolutionists who can only be put down by an immense army, and an army prepared to dispose absolutely of all political power as a recompense for the protection

it affords to property and life. For the first time in these terrific street-battles of Parisian history, we hear nothing of the *National Guard*. It is remarkable that no proclamation or appeal has been addressed to that body by the government. The civic forces have been expressly consigned to inaction, evidently because Louis Napoleon was afraid to rely upon them, and nothing would have been more inconvenient than the opposition of legions of armed citizens. Even now it is not impossible that their weight may be felt before the termination of this conflict, but felt against the executive power. *The government has staked its whole success on the army alone*, and the strength of the regular forces engaged is immensely greater than on any former occasion. But, be the political opinions and ulterior views of the popular leaders what they may, it is impossible not to feel for the dauntless courage with which they have flung themselves into open resistance to an unexampled violation of the rights of the nation. The middle classes, though probably most aggrieved by the menaces of military despotism, would have found neither the means nor the spirit to defy such a power. But, if the men of the faubourgs are as tenacious and as brave in the defence of the laws of the republic as they have more than once shown themselves to be when they rose against the laws of the monarchy, victory has not even yet declared herself against the liberties of France. These men are not, at least on this occasion, the insurgents, if by an insurgent is meant the man who conspires against the legal order of the country, and seeks to change by force the constitution and the government.

"The barricades first thrown up on Wednesday evening were speedily carried by the soldiers; but the night was spent in further preparations for war. A large column of troops was silently moved along the Boulevard towards the Faubourg St Antoine, and the positions between the Canal and the Porte St Martin were strongly occupied. Shots were occasionally fired from houses on the line of march, but these acts of hostility were instantly punished by the summary seizure or slaughter of the inhabitants. A permanent court-martial was sitting, by whose orders some, and we are told a large number, of the prisoners taken between the barricades were shot. Yet these operations and this rigour did not prevent the popular movement from increasing in extent and in violence. An immense body of troops, or rather an entire army, described to consist of fifty

thousand men, poured towards the scene of action. Yet we find by the latest accounts that barricades had been raised as far to the west as the Rue Grange-Batelière; the upper Boulevards were continually swept by charges of lancers; and the cannonade had almost reached the fashionable quarter just beyond the Rue Vivienne. Hitherto we had beheld in France contests between governments armed to defend the laws of society, and insurgents armed to overthrow them. But now, as if to make this chaos of anarchy worse confounded, men have to take a part between a government attacking the law, and an insurrection to defend it; though it is but too probable that the triumph of either faction will inflict a ghastly wound on the freedom and welfare of the nation. Such are the results of those alternations between an excessive impatience of legal authority, and a servile deference to arbitrary power, which are so strangely united in the French character; and, whatever be the deplorable condition of such a people, its trials and its struggles are solely attributable to acts depending on its own will.

"Our readers can hardly have forgotten, although nearly four years have elapsed, the spirit of deep self-abasement and humiliation, as regarded England, and of respectful and enthusiastic veneration as regarded France, with which certain of our contemporaries heralded the dawning of that bright day which announced to an astonished world the then last French revolution. Compared to the gigantic progress of our lively neighbours, our own steps in the march of improvement seemed sluggish and unphilosophical. Our historical constitution seemed shabby and timeworn beside the flaunting robe in which France, for the twentieth or thirtieth time, had bedecked herself. Our cumbrous statutes, our prosy speeches, our hum-drum habits of plodding industry, were despised in their eyes, when compared with the brilliant achievements and flowery oratory of French Republicanism, and above all, with the impeccable constitution which M. MARRAST so happily improvised to meet the wants of a nation able at one rapid bound to clear the distance which separates a constituency of two hundred thousand persons from universal suffrage. Their constitution was founded, not like ours, upon the historical precedents of semi-barbarous ages, but upon the three mighty corner-stones of LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY, on which the stately fabric rested in all the indestructibility of logical cohesion. Vote by ballot they had

already, universal suffrage and quadrennial Parliaments the constitution gave them. Aristocracy they had none—so there was no need of a second chamber to control the deliberations of the Assembly. There was no political Manicheism, and the good or democratic element was left unchecked by its evil or aristocratic counterpoise. Besides this, France was freed from the anomaly of hereditary monarchy, and enabled by the same wise and glorious institutions to select from her citizens the best and worthiest for her Chief, uninfluenced by the accident of birth, and unshackled by the tyranny of an Act of Settlement. Did ever nation, according to modern liberal theories, make a fairer start on the road to prosperity and greatness!

"Waving the tedious retrospect of the intervening period, we would ask enthusiastic admirers of modern republicanism, as preached by Kossuth, and as practised by France, how far they are content with the fruits of their favourite system? And, first, of individual liberty. How would the citizens of this monarchical and aristocratical country relish a prohibition against the assembling of groups in the streets, and the announcement that they would be dispersed by armed force, and without previous notice? Surely this was not the 'FRATERNITY' that Monsieur LAMARTINE promised us. The liberty of the press is even still less favoured than that of individual pedestrians, for, while the latter are allowed to 'circulate,' the newspapers are, with very few exceptions, suppressed by violence, and their offices occupied by military. The passage of public vehicles is likewise prohibited. Such things are, we suppose, impediments to the full and unrestricted exercise of freedom, though in our benighted metropolis many a Radical would grievously miss the newspaper on his breakfast table, and the omnibus which was wont to carry him to the city; while we greatly doubt if the coachmen and conductors possess patriotism enough to acquiesce without a murmur in such a sacrifice, however requisite to the cause of freedom. Then, as to public liberty, we find the child and champion of universal suffrage packing off two hundred of the chosen of the nation in vans to St Valerien, a sort of Parisian Pentonville, and sending the best generals and ablest orators of France to eat their Christmas dinners with what appetite they may in a remote and gloomy fortress. We find the Court of Justice, charged by the constitution with an important duty which it was sworn to perform, forbidden to execute it by a person who had

sworn to the same constitution, and dissolved by military force. How sorry we ought to be that we failed to appreciate the modern doctrines of liberty, and forbore to rival our neighbours in the facile art of reorganising society!

"We are afraid at the present moment fraternity fares little better in Paris than liberty. The arms of the soldier are turned remorselessly on the citizen, and one of the twin children of universal suffrage evinces a truly Romulean propensity to strangle the other. Of course the people are still sovereigns; but their right of sovereignty in re-electing the President is to be exercised at a week's notice, without the enlightenment of the public press, and under the immediate terror of military coercion. Alas for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, quadrennial Parliaments, and an elected President, when all they can do is to give the people the opportunity of choosing a master without alternative! It is a melancholy fact for the admirers of modern constitutions that the voice potential in this matter is with the army, and that the people are only called on to confirm what they are powerless to reject. The Prætorian bands dispose of the empire, and the trembling electors must confirm their choice. What makes the thing more agreeable is, that these very troops have been pointedly reminded that they have the discomfitures of two modern revolutions to avenge, an exhortation designed, we presume, to fan their zeal for liberty with a gentle stimulant of fraternity. As for 'EQUALITY,' we need not say much. The citizen is sunk below the soldier; and the civil magistrate, in order to enslave his constituents, has condescended to become the creature and dependent of his guards. He does not rule *by*, but *under*, the sword. Under such circumstances a good deal of 'equality' may naturally be expected, for nothing is so fatal to equality as freedom, and nothing so favourable to it as despotism."—*Times*, Dec. 6, 1851.

We make no apology for the length of these quotations; for, independent of their ability in graphic power, they are nothing more than a historical statement *ex post facto* of what we have constantly predicted would be the inevitable result of successful revolution among our Continental neighbours. Terrible as this military execution has been, it has obviously carried with it the concurrence of the great majority of the French; and the reason is obvious.

Bad as Louis Napoleon and his Prætorian Guards are, they are incomparably better than Louis Blanc and his Red Republicans. The former are subject at least to military discipline, the latter to no authority whatever. The case is the same everywhere else as in France. Austria, Prussia, Italy, are all alike prostrated under the yoke of military power. Compared with their present state, the condition of these countries, under the rule of Hardenberg and Metternich, was absolute felicity. With the usual unhappy tendency of civil conflicts, the reaction has been as violent as the action; and Austria, in particular, appears to be now suffering under a rigorous military government, which, however unavoidable in a country torn by the passions and lacerated by the wounds which Austria has received since the commencement of her convulsions, must ever be deeply deplored by every friend of real freedom. A country which has been so torn in pieces by internal convulsions as to be compelled to call in a foreign enemy to appease them, and sacrifice its independence to prolong its existence, may find some apology for subsequent measures of severity. Let those answer for them who rendered them unavoidable—who desolated a noble people with the passions, not only of civilisation, but of race—who, while they proclaimed national suffrage at Vienna, instigated national separation at Buda, and let loose at once upon a people wholly unaccustomed to freedom, both the strongest passions which can agitate the human heart, and either of which, in all past time, has been found sufficient to let slip the dogs of war upon mankind.

The following extracts from two journals, who will not be suspected of favouring the last revolution in France—the *Daily News* and the *Times*—prove that this usurpation of Louis Napoleon, violent and bloody as it has been, has, from the horror at a Republic and Universal Suffrage, carried with it the assent of the most influential and respectable classes in France:—

"I am told to-day on all hands, by persons conversant with the tone of opinion, that Louis Napoleon's triumph at

the poll, fixed for the 20th, is considered as certain. Physical resistance, or materials for it, there may be said to exist none in Paris at the present moment. The blow is struck, and it has perfectly succeeded. The great proprietors, the merchants, and the moneyed interests on all hands, adhere to the new power. They regard the revolution of February as completely slain; they look forward to the rising of rents, to the revival of commerce, to the reanimation of industry. The persons and classes who, since February 1848, have been sunk in dejection and choked with fear, begin to breathe with ease, and to appear radiant with hope. I describe what I see among the opulent orders and the tradespeople, who have no political creed whatever, but only look to a strong central power to put down with the strong hand all attempts at disturbance, and stop all sources of agitation. You will find it of great importance to bear this in mind, that the government of Louis Napoleon is accepted already by all such. The new dictator meets resistance only in the political orders, which are at this moment in a terrible minority. So true is this, that M. Thiers has been set at liberty, together with the greater part of the representatives who remained still in confinement. It is the opinion of those with whom I have conversed—men quite disinterested in their views, who stand aloof from politics—that the achievement of Louis Napoleon has taken, that he will obtain a large majority of suffrages, and that no serious resistance will be offered to him in the departments. We may gather, from various signs, that gradually all traces of the revolution of February will disappear, whether in the shape of external symbols or political institutions.”—*Daily News*, Dec. 7, 1851.

“The letters from the Parisian capitalists and speculators continue for the most part to express unbounded satisfaction at the prospect of military rule being thoroughly established. No desire seems to be entertained, either now or for the future, of any intermediate state between that and anarchy. An uncompromising system of repression is described as the only true reliance; and the conviction that it will now be carried out without compunction to the utmost extremity imparts a degree of confidence to the frequenters of the Exchange which overrides all other considerations. Under these circumstances, the funds continue to rise rapidly; and according to a telegraphic report received at a late hour at the Stock Exchange, the Five per Cents this morning were at 99f. 50c.,

being an advance of more than 2 per cent. Many persons still assert that the movement is owing to Government operations; and probably the dealers, being aware of these operations, act to some extent simply upon the strength of them. The improvement, however, has been too well maintained to leave a doubt that it is also supported by purchasers among the public. The conclusion, therefore, strange as it may appear to the people of Holland and England, must be that, on the whole, the moneyed classes of Paris have arrived at the conviction that the army will henceforth permanently identify themselves with the cause of economy and commerce, and insure the state of *external and internal repose that is essential to restore the balance of income and expenditure.*”—*Times*, Dec. 15, 1851.

Count Montalembert's letter of Dec. 12 is equally conclusive.

“I begin by declaring that the act of the 2d December has put to flight the whole of the revolutionists, the whole of the Socialists, and the whole of the bandits of France and Europe; and that alone is, in my opinion, a more than sufficient reason for all honest men to rejoice, and for those who have been most mortified to console themselves. I do not enter into the question as to whether the *coup d'état* (which had been foreseen by every one) could be executed at another moment, and in another manner; to do so I should have to go back to the causes which produced it, and to give my opinion on persons who cannot now reply to me. I do not pretend to guarantee the future any more than to judge of the past; I only look at the present—that is to say, the vote to be delivered on Sunday week.

“There are three courses open—the negative vote, neutrality, and the affirmative vote.

“To vote *against* Louis Napoleon would be to justify the Socialist revolution, which, for the present at least, is the only one that can take the place of the actual government. It would be to invite the dictatorship of the Reds in place of the dictatorship of a prince who has rendered for three years incomparable services to the cause of order and Catholicism.”—*Times*, Dec. 16, 1851.

It is impossible to predict as yet, with any degree of certainty, what may be the issue of the present struggle in France; or, rather, which section of the army will prove victorious. We say advisedly of “the army,” because it is evident that

neither the people nor the National Guard are of any weight in the conflict. If the army is unanimous, and remains faithful to its chief, the contest will speedily be terminated; and before these sheets issue from the press, Louis Napoleon will be the real Emperor of France. But that is a contest of persons only; it is whether Napoleon or Changarnier is to be the dictator. The contest in which mankind are really interested—the contest of things and principles, of property with Red Republicanism—is already over. The strife between monarchy and democracy is at an end. The republic of 1848 is numbered amongst the things that have been. It is dead and buried; it only remains for history to pronounce its funeral oration; and if it be founded on truth, that oration will be anything rather than an eulogy. The only question that remains is, who is to be the military despot? and before that question is finally settled, it is not improbable that many days of mourning are in store for France. Possibly we may see, as in the days of the Roman Empire, the legions arrayed under opposite banners; and a second battle of Lyons, between 150,000 men on each side, determine who is to be the master of the Gallic world. But, in any event, the great civil question is fixed. Democracy has found its natural and inevitable master in a military chief. And the year 1851 has added another “to the many lessons which history,” in Hume’s words, “has taught, that civil dissensions, from whatever cause beginning, end only in the empire of the sword.”*

The democratic orators at Manchester, conscious of the commentary which the passing events on the Continent was reading on their projects of Reform and Universal Suffrage, are the first to discuss the subject. They say that as 400,000 bayonets and sabres in France have extinguished the Republic and Universal Suffrage, the conclusion to be drawn is not that we should *abolish the Republic, but the bayonets*; and that the catastrophe at Paris affords an additional argument in favour of their favourite project of selling the

ships of the line and disbanding the soldiers, and trusting ourselves to the tender mercies of English Chartists, Russian bayonets, or French cuirassiers. It is amusing to see men—whose theories when reduced to practice have armed every nation against the other, and converted Europe into one vast camp—still continuing, amidst the universal desolation these theories have occasioned, an unshaken adherence to their ruinous dogmas, and gravely proposing the *disarming* of one nation, amidst the *arming* of all the adjoining states. We should like to see what these gentlemen would do when real danger approaches: we have not forgot what they did in the bull-ring at Birmingham in 1842, or during the pillage of Glasgow in 1848. We should like to see how earnestly they would invoke the protection of the red-coats, if their beloved allies, the Chartists, were to begin to reduce their principles to practice; or some of the myriads of armed men whom they have “called into existence” on the Continent of Europe were to approach the British shores. When will mankind learn that soldiers are a *necessity*, not a luxury, and that nothing calls that necessity so speedily into action as the letting loose the passions of men by the triumph of democracy? When France was governed by its lawful monarch in the days of Charles X., its military establishment was not quite 109,000 men; when a throne surrounded with republican institutions was established, it was at once raised to 320,000; but with the establishment of a Republic and Universal Suffrage, it was increased to 480,000. Charles X. was overthrown because he had only 11,000 troops in Paris when the revolution broke out, of whom only one-half would fight; Louis Philippe, because neither he nor his sons had the courage to put themselves at the head of their soldiers; but Louis Napoleon has succeeded because he brought up 150,000 men, all of whom were faithful. If the dreams of the Manchester reformers were realised, Great Britain would speedily find its military establishment increased to 300,000

* HUME’s *England*, c. 60, *ad finem*.

men, and its direct taxes of every description doubled; and Lord Palmerston would have no grounds for exultation at the influence of the constable's staff amongst us.

The Reform with which we are threatened in the next session of Parliament is, in many respects, the most remarkable recorded in history. The most ardent reformers have never ventured to assert that either any real grievances existed which required redress, or any public demonstration whatever had been made of a general desire for further popular concessions. In fact, the public apathy on the subject was the theme of constant lament and no small surprise among the democratic party, and was the subject of loud complaint in their journals. Without doubt, when the Manchester leaders saw the Government voluntarily coming forward to offer them a large measure of reform, they were not such fools as to decline the proposal. But till the intentions of Government were declared, there was nothing heard of reform, or any necessity or desire for it. Not even a solitary petition was presented on the subject. In other cases, and in former times, Government made popular concessions from their declared inability to resist them, and from the weight of the pressure from without, which could no longer be withstood. But on this occasion, the case was just the reverse: the pressure from without, if it shall ever be felt, will have arisen entirely from the measures of Government.

What, then, is it which has induced the Government to adventure upon the measure, at all times perilous, and more especially in the present excited state of Europe, of a large concession of power to the popular portion of the constitution? We are told the people are perfectly satisfied with Reform, and the Free-Trade policy which it has engendered; that wellbeing is universal, provisions cheap, and our labouring classes contented; that our exports and imports were never so large, nor public prosperity established on so wide and secure a basis. Be it so. Where, then, is the necessity for a new reform bill? What can excuse the unprecedented step of voluntarily offering

the nation a vast increase of popular power, when it is notorious that nobody was asking it, and it is alleged that everybody is entirely satisfied with the measures which the Reformed Parliament have adopted? It cannot be disputed that this step is attended with hazard. Every popular concession, especially in excited times, is so, in greater or less degree. Lord John Russell has told us that we cannot afford to have a revolution every year. Where, then, is the necessity—in the absence certainly of any demand for it in the country, and the alleged non-existence of any distress which can justify it—for a new and uncalled-for concession of power to the democratic part of the constitution? Where is the wisdom of volunteering to give it, at the very moment when every state on the Continent, without one single exception, affords proof of the inevitable tendency of any approach towards universal suffrage to lead the nation, by a rapid and certain process, to the destruction of industry, the ruin of freedom, and the triumph of military despotism?

The thing will admit only of one solution. Government are prepared to hazard the freedom, the constitution, it may be, in the end, the crown of England, solely because they are afraid of being thrown into a minority at the next election. Amidst their ceaseless boasts of the universal satisfaction which the policy of the Reformed Parliament has given, their acts evince a secret sense of their unpopularity. *They do not venture to appeal to the constituency which they themselves have created, on the vital question of Free Trade.* They feel it to be indispensable to drown the cries of suffering in the shouts of passion; to convulse the nation with democratic ambition, in the hopes of stifling the prayers for employment, or the demand for a readjustment of direct taxation; to run any hazard to their sovereign, their country, and themselves, rather than let their own measures be canvassed on the hustings before their own constituencies. They are acting as they did in Ireland three years ago, where, amidst ceaseless protestations of the admirable working of free trade in provisions

in the Emerald Isle, they were quietly taking measures to fill up the hideous gaps in the rural constituency which their own measures had made, and actually brought in a bill the object of which was to lower the franchise of tenants to a £5 interest, which was only raised to £8 by the Conservatives in the House of Lords. They had destroyed their own voters so completely that, according to their own statement, they were reduced from 250,000 to 72,000. In like manner, at present, while they are constantly boasting of the immense blessings which their measures have conferred upon the country, and the unbounded popularity which they have acquired, particularly in the urban constituencies, for whom they were all intended, they are quietly taking measures to *swamp those very constituencies*, and drown the cry for an alteration of policy in that for organic change, and an extension of the electoral suffrage. Other nations have been revolutionised by general suffering, experienced evils, or the undue retention of old institutions; but England is the first country recorded in history in which great and serious organic changes are threatened from no experienced evils, from no popular outcry, from no antiquated privileges, but simply and solely from the anxiety

of a party to retain power, and their dread of meeting their own constituencies on their own measures.

It is no wonder that, amidst their boasting and high-sounding professions, the *acts of government* should betray a secret distrust of their own measures, and an agony of terror at the open discussion of them; for never did the policy of a party, within so short a time, inflict such general and wide-spread ruin on a country. This is proved, in the most decisive way, by public documents, published under parliamentary authority, about which there can be no dispute, and by the admission of the ablest and best informed of their advocates themselves. We desire no other testimony; we know the value of an adverse and unwilling witness; we shall rest the case against them on these two grounds, and on them alone.

And first, as to emigration, the best and surest test of the wellbeing or suffering of the working classes—for no one need be told that men will never leave their country, their homes, the land of their fathers, the cradle of their childhood, unless driven to it by stern necessity. Now it appears, from the Parliamentary Reports, that the total and average of emigration from Great Britain and Ireland for twenty-one years, from

	Total.	Average.
1825 to 1845 inclusive, was	1,349,476	— 64.260
For five years, from 1846 to 1850 inclusive, was	1,216,557	— 243.311

Thus it appears that the average emigration has been nearly QUADRUPLED since Free Trade was introduced, and that in the short space of five years. What was formerly merely a trifling rill, draining off in a healthful and beneficial stream the surplus numbers of our people, has all at once swollen into a huge torrent, which

carries everything before it, and threatens to drain away at once the strength, the resources, and the future population of the empire. The details of the last thirteen years, year by year, are perhaps still more instructive. They have been often given, but can never be sufficiently studied.

Before Free Trade.		After Free Trade.	
1838,	33,222	1846,	129,851
1839,	62,207	1847,	258,271
1840,	90,243	1848,	248,089
1841,	118,592	1849,	299,498
1842,	128,344	1850,	286,584
1843,	57,212		
1844,	70,686		
1845,	93,501		

The emigration during the last year, 1851, has not yet been made up; but the following extract from the *Times* of October 20, 1851, shows that the number this year will be at least 320,000—being probably the greatest *exodus* recorded of mankind since Moses led the children of Israel across the Red Sea, and far exceeding anything narrated in a similar period of the Goths and Vandals.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.—"While 150,584 children were born and registered in the summer quarter, 91,600 persons died; leaving an excess of 58,984 in the population. The excess of births over deaths in the first nine months of the present year has been 170,411, which is probably more than equivalent to the actual increase of the population.

"It is well known that, up to a late period, there has been a constant immigration of the Irish and Scotch into England, which appears to have been fully equivalent to the emigration of the English into the colonies and to foreign parts; but no exact statistical information on this subject exists.

"85,603 emigrants left the ports of the United Kingdom at which there are Government emigration-offices, in the quarter ending September 30, 1851. This is at the rate of 930 a-day; 6510 a-week. 13,963 sailed from Irish ports, 4378 from Glasgow and Greenock, and 67,262 from three English ports—namely, 10,062 from London, 2799 from Plymouth, and 54,401 from Liverpool. Many of the Irish emigrants are returned at Liverpool. Of the total number, 68,960 emigrants sailed to the United States, 9268 to British North America, 6097 to the Australian colonies, and 1278 to other places. *The emigration has hitherto been greater in 1851 than it was in the corresponding quarters of 1850.*

"The present movement of the population is in many respects remarkable. The free admission of grain, fruit, and meat since the scarcity, is equivalent to an addition to the country of a vast tract of fertile soil, which calls for cultivators, and, as the land is abroad, for agricultural emigrants who prefer the cheap, though distant lands of America, to the high-rented farms of Ireland, no longer possessing a monopoly for its produce in the English market. The fact deserves attention, that, while the United Kingdom has been importing food in unprecedented quantities, it has been sending out swarms of emigrants from the population, of which the marriages and births promise to keep up a perpetual and increasing supply."—*Times*, Oct. 10, 1851.

That this marvellous migration is not on the decline, but rather the reverse, may be gathered from the following accounts from the same journal of its progress at the commencement of winter:—

THE EMIGRATION MOVEMENT.—"Although winter is now fairly set in, and thus early there is a prospect of its being a severe season, the flight of the people proceeds almost as generally as it did during the months of spring and summer. The arrivals of emigrants in Dublin do not appear to be quite so numerous, yet the leading shipbrokers find it difficult enough to provide accommodation for the applicants for passage who swarm the offices along the quays and docks here. A respectable medical practitioner in the metropolis and his numerous family were among last week's departures for New York; and, if report speaks truly, next year will witness the exodus of no inconsiderable body of the members of another profession, that of the law, the business of which has declined, and must still farther decline, to a point at which it would be hopeless to expect that provision could be made for one-fourth of the persons who had heretofore derived a competence from this fast-fading branch of Irish resources. Speaking of the flight from the south, the *Tipperary Free Press* says—"The emigration of the people has progressed, and is progressing, to an awful extent. On Thursday over sixty carloads of peasants, from the counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny, arrived at Waterford to take shipping for Liverpool en route to America. In most instances they appeared of the better class, and were well and comfortably clothed. A singular fact is, that among them were several old men and women, who were going doubtless to join their children in the land of freedom!"—*Times*, Nov. 12, 1851.

The cause of this extraordinary movement, which is now exciting, as well it may, so much attention throughout the country, is so well stated by that able journal the *Standard*, that we cannot do better than give it in its own words:—

"One large and important limb is wasting away in a confirmed atrophy. Ireland (to drop the language of metaphor) presents to the political economists such evidence of the failure of their scheme as it would seem almost impossible for any man to resist—a fertile soil untilled, a sturdy and hard-working race unemployed. The Irish peasant hastens across the Atlantic to dig and plough,

because in America he can hope to be paid for ploughing and digging. They who employ him can hope to make profit of his labour by selling the produce of it. Is not the fertility of the Irish soil so much national capital wasted, if we buy from France and America what Ireland can produce? The abandonment of this national capital involves the expenditure of capital, too, in another way. They who do not find employment in the field must be fed in the workhouse. In other portions of the empire the effect of the untaxed importsystem may be discovered; but in Ireland it thrusts itself under our notice. The effect there is immediate, visible, and direct. Its population earned its subsistence by raising agricultural produce to be disposed of in the home market. We have gone to a cheaper workman, and given our custom to the peasant-proprietor of France and the farmer of the Mississippi. What, then, is the Irish peasant to do? Even Manchester will not pretend that the whole population of the island is to take to spinning cotton. The markets of the world do not require a fresh supply. That the population must be idle if there is nothing for them to do, is tolerably clear; that they must be fed or allowed to starve, is no less obvious; so that under the influence of the Manchester policy we witness this remarkable development of political sagacity—that a fertile territory is left uncultivated, and an industrious population is held in enforced idleness, and maintained at the cost of those who have saved some capital wherewith to maintain them.”—*Standard*, Oct. 5, 1851.

The emigration movement is not confined to Ireland. Go into any village, even in the eastern counties of England or Scotland, and you will find that a continual drain of the very best inhabitants is going forward. In the small village of Staindrop, at the gate of Raby in Durham, fifty-six of the very best inhabitants emigrated during the last summer. From the smaller village of Hovingham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, fifty went off in the same period. It is the same wherever you go in Great Britain. Not only are great numbers of the inhabitants constantly emigrating, but the class who do so are the very best of the community—the industrious, the thrifty, the well-doing. The reason is obvious. They are the only ones who can get away; the poor cannot, but must, when thrown out of em-

ployment, go to the workhouse or starve. It is painful to think of what the country must come to if this extraordinary flight of our industrious population continues. How are the taxes to be paid, the interest of debt, public or private, provided for, the poor maintained, if a vast army of 300,000 of our *best* inhabitants, most of them in the prime of life, annually leaves our shores, being at the rate of about a *thousand every week-day*, leaving all the paupers, orphans, and widows behind, to be provided for by the real proprietors who cannot get away. We already have about 800,000 of that burdensome class in England alone, besides 400,000 in Ireland and Scotland, and they never emigrate, because they have no money to do so. Let those say how that class is to be maintained who are driving the industrious class, who have hitherto done so, headlong out of the country.

There is one very curious effect which must follow from this frightful flight of the industrious population that has not hitherto been observed, but which must ere long attract general attention, from the absorption of *manufacturing* profit which it must occasion. This is the scarcity which must soon take place in the supply of young and healthy labourers from the country to carry on the various branches of manufacturing industry. Every one knows that not one of our great towns can maintain its own numbers, such is the mortality, especially among children under five years of age, which obtains in those huge receptacles of impure air, impure morals, and crowded habitations. It is by a constant influx of persons from the healthy districts of the country, that not only is this increase provided for, but even their numbers kept up. But how is this stream to be supplied, if the country districts from which it is at present supplied are themselves depopulated? Already the scarcity of labour has become such in several districts of Ireland, that wages have risen from 6d. to 1s. a-day; and such was the diminution of the usual influx of Irish labourers, which has for long passed over to Great Britain during harvest, that great difficulty was experienced

in getting in the crops in many parts of Great Britain. Hitherto the want of hands has not been so much experienced in our manufacturing towns, because the multitude of persons who have been thrown out of employment in the country by Free-Trade measures, and flocked into the great towns in quest of subsistence, has supplied the labour market. But that supply cannot be permanently relied on; and it is not from decayed paupers and destitute old men or children flying from the workhouse behind them, that an adequate supply of hands can be supplied to our manufactures. Thus the results will be, that, while Free Trade will reduce to one-half the home market, by halving the remuneration of rural industry, it will as much, in the end, contract the foreign, by raising the price of the labour by which the fabrics are produced. Was this what the Manchester school intended to bring about by their Free-Trade system? A memorable instance of the way in which, under the just administration of an all-wise Providence, the devices of the selfish and the grasping are made to recoil on their own heads, and they fall into the pit which they themselves have dug.

One thing is very clear, and goes far to explain many of the peculiarities in our social situation, which are justly regarded as most alarming. This is, that the labourers who are thrown out of employment by the cessation of demand for their industry in the country, and have not money wherewithal to emigrate, will almost all flock to the great towns. It is there alone that they can hope to find the chance of employment, or the certainty of charity or succour, legal or voluntary. This, accordingly, took place during the whole decline of the Roman Empire. The more that the country districts were ruined and depopulated by the cessation of all demands for grain crops, from the effects of the vast importation of foreign grain into their great towns, the greater was the influx of persons from the rural districts into them, and the more did the numerical amount of their inhabitants increase. The burden soon became too great to be borne by their own local resources alone; and the gratui-

tous distribution of grain from the Imperial granaries was the mode in which a certain portion of it came to be borne by the public treasury. In Ireland, the same effect has already taken place. The last census showed, that, while the population of every county, without one single exception, has receded, and the total decrease was, in the last ten years, 1,560,000 souls, the population of all the towns, without one single exception, had increased. The reason is obvious: starvation and ruin drove the peasantry from the country into them. The same effect is taking place at this moment in all our great towns: the number of paupers and burden of the poor-rates in them is every day becoming more intolerable; and so well is that known, and so severely is it felt, that great numbers of the more respectable classes of merchants and tradespeople, even in our greatest and most flourishing manufacturing towns, are taking houses in the country, to avoid the insupportable weight of rates and taxes with which town residences are attended.

Take as examples Manchester and Glasgow, our two greatest manufacturing cities, from which the Free-Trade policy has mainly emanated, and where its most strenuous supporters are to be found. Take them, too, in a year of general and boasted manufacturing prosperity, when provisions were cheap, exports brisk, and the working classes, generally speaking, in comfortable circumstances. From the report lately published of the Guardians of the Poor, it appears that, in the Union of Manchester, the number and cost of the poor for the year ending—

	Number.	Cost.
March 25, 1855, was	8,839.....	£36,794
... 1850, ...	11,701.....	48,283
... 1851, ...	13,317.....	48,920

Although, as the report bears, "strenuous efforts have been made all the time to reduce the number of recipients of relief," it is added—

"The weekly report, bearing date the 3d of this month, (November,) shows an increase of 153 paupers, at an increased cost of £26, 18s., as compared with the corresponding week of last year; in that of the 10th instant, there appears an increase of 163 cases, at an increased cost

of £14, 1s. 5d., as compared with the corresponding week of last year; and, in that of the 17th inst., there is an increase of 272 cases, at an increased cost of £42, 18s. 11d., as compared with the corresponding week of last year, showing an increase on the increased state of pauperism of last year's report."

It is not surprising that this great increase in paupers has taken place even during a period when the price of provisions has been constantly falling, and, therefore, the cost of their maintenance should be diminished instead of being increased; for the following extract from Mr English's letter, of November 24, 1851, shows how the remuneration, obtained during this boasted period of Free-Trade prosperity by the staple branches of industry, has declined:—

"In the year 1844-5, the sum of £1, 9s. was paid for weaving forty rounds of plush; the price now is 19s. 6d., and work is difficult to procure at that price; the quantity named being the average produced per individual in a fortnight, the loss in wages is 4s. 9d. per week to each person so employed: and for weaving what is termed a chenie, thirty-eight yards long, 7s. 6d. was paid about six weeks since; the price is now reduced to 5s.; fifty yards being the average produced in a week by each weaver, the loss of wages in this case appears at about 6½d. per day's work to each person so employed."—*The Home*, p. 251.

So much for Manchester. Now, in regard to Glasgow, the northern emporium of Free Trade, the poor-rates of the city and suburbs to 1845 was about £20,000 a-year. So rapid, however, has been the progress of parochial burdens since Free Trade and its consequent boasted prosperity was established, that the sum expended on the poor in the three parishes of Glasgow, Barony of Glasgow, and Gorbals, forming the total of the city, is now about £110,000 a-year; and it is kept down to that level only by the most strenuous efforts in all the parochial boards to reduce the number of recipients of public relief. This immense sum, exceeding what is paid by Glasgow for the income-tax, is provided for by an

assessment on real property of 12 per cent within the parish of Glasgow, and an *income-tax* in the Barony parish, where the greater part of the wealthy inhabitants of Glasgow reside, of 3½ per cent. These assessments, the sad bequest of Free Trade to the very part of the country for whose benefit the whole system was intended, are felt as so oppressive, that every inhabitant of Glasgow knows they seriously menace its prosperity, and, if they continue, may threaten the existence of our manufacturing establishments; and they have given rise to a "war to the knife" between the different classes of society, each striving, by getting the mode of assessment changed, to throw the burden off themselves upon their neighbours; so that, after having distracted the community for three years, the struggle has at last risen to such a height as to call for legislative interference.

When such have been the effects of Free Trade in those very emporiums of manufacturing industry for whose benefit the whole system was devised, it may be conceived what it has proved to the remainder of the community. There cannot be a stronger proof of the woeful results it has thus produced, than is founded on the arguments which the ablest Free-Trade organ, the *Times*, has founded on the general Poor-law Return for the last year. The *Times* quotes with triumph the following return:—

Comparative Statement, showing the Amount of Money Expended for In-maintenance and Out-door Relief in 607 Unions, &c., in England and Wales, during the years ending Michaelmas 1850 and 1851.

No. of Unions.	Amount of Money expended for In-maintenance and Out-relief.			
	Years ended at Michaelmas.		Amount of Decrease.	Decrease per Cent.
	1850.	1851.		
607	£ 3,469,857	£ 3,288,192	£ 181,665	5.2*

From the return of the number of paupers relieved in 1850 and 1851, it

* In-maintenance consists of the cost of food, clothing, and necessaries supplied to the poor in the workhouse. Out-relief consists of relief in money and kind, together with relief by way of loan (if any) to the out-door poor.

appears that there were relieved, in England and Wales, on

1st July 1850,	-	831,780
1st July 1851,	-	813,089

Decrease, 18,691

This decrease of 18,691 persons in a year of alleged general prosperity, out of above 800,000, and this decrease of five per cent in the expenditure in a year of unprecedented cheapness, is a source of unbounded congratulation to the *Times*. They forget to add, that in nine months of a year in which the paupers in England decreased 18,000, no less than 270,000 persons emigrated from Ireland alone, and of course proportionably took the pressure of pauperism off Great Britain; and that the total emigration from the British islands was above 320,000! They say nothing of the fact that in a year in which five per cent was saved on out-door relief in England—that

is, in the purchase of food, or money for its purchase—at least ten per cent was saved by the fall in the price of provisions. They are thankful for small mercies. Nothing can be clearer than that the state of the poor, coupled with the enormous and unprecedented amount of the emigration, and low price of provisions, in reality indicates a great increase of distress in the labouring classes. Had it been otherwise, the number of paupers would have decreased at least 100,000, and the expenditure twelve or fifteen per cent.

So much has been said lately of the decline of our shipping in consequence of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, that it is enough to refer to the following table to show in how disastrous a manner Free Trade has acted upon that important branch of the national industry, as stated in the *Economist* itself:—

Between October 1849 and October 1851, in first eight months, the increase of British inwards is, in round numbers, from . . .	Tons.	Tons.
	2,740,000	2,753,000
	or $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.	
Outwards,	2,606,000	2,912,000
	or less than 12 per cent.	
The increase of Foreign inwards is, in round numbers, from	1,114,000	1,811,000
	or above 62 per cent.	
Outwards,	1,105,000	1,580,000
	or above 43 per cent.	
Total increase inwards and outwards—British,	5,346,000	5,665,000
	or not quite 6 per cent.	
Total increase inwards and outwards—Foreign,	2,220,000	3,392,000
	or 53 per cent.	

From the returns of shipping published by the Board of Trade in October 1851, it appears that between October 1849 and October 1851 British monthly tonnage had decreased from

	Tons.	Tons.
Ships monthly decreased from	540,667	506,407
	2,504	2,216

On the nine months from 1st October 1849 to 1st October 1851, the British ships had declined from . . .

	Ships.	Ships.
	15,324	14,425
	Tons.	Tons.
Tonnage from	3,281,196	3,259,722

During the same periods the tonnage engaged in the British trade of Russia has increased from

	Ships.	Tonnage.
Sweden from	220 to 339	58,995 to 92,026
Norway from		44,199 to 78,135
Prussia from	185,309 to 261,111	
America from	481 to 1,167	96,315 to 248,728
		485,116 to 625,143

Thus while the rival naval states in Europe and America have been rapidly augmenting their shipping employed in carrying on our trade,

ours has, so far from increasing, been declining. It is easy to see that under this system the foreign shipping employed in carrying on our traffic

will ere long be greater than our own; and from that moment our naval superiority and means of maintaining our national independence will be at an end.

Such a result cannot but be looked upon as the more remarkable, when it is considered how great an addition the present policy of our rulers *should* have produced to the shipping interest, if the blasting influence of Free Trade had not paralysed this as it has done every other branch of our industry. When we reflect on Adam Smith's words, that "man and his staple food, corn, are the most bulky articles that can be transported," and recollect that we have come now to export annually above 300,000 human beings, and import 10,000,000 quarters of grain, being the food of 10,000,000 of people, the addition should have been immense to our shipping. Two thousand vessels are employed in Liverpool alone, in the transport of our emigrants to America—the greater part of the tonnage of the eastern harbours of the kingdom is taken up to import food from Poland, and the eastern states of Europe—yet in spite of the extraordinary impulse thus given to the shipping interest, it has *declined* during the very period when this prodigious increase in the exportation of human beings and importation of food has been going on! Whence is this prodigy? Simply because Free Trade has turned it mainly to the profit of the foreigner; because, such is the blasting influence of that system, that even the last gleam of prosperity which it will allow us—the exportation of our strength and importation of our weakness—has turned to the advantage of our enemies.

Then as to agriculture, the staple of every country, the source of two-thirds of our national wealth, in what state is it? We shall answer in two lines of the *Times*, the great Free-Trade organ:—

"FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS AND A HALF AGRICULTURAL PRICES HAVE BEEN BELOW A REMUNERATIVE LEVEL." *

So that the branch of our national industry from which two-thirds of our

national wealth is derived, and which is the main fountain from whence our home market, which takes off two-thirds of our manufactures, is fed, has for two years and a half *yielded nothing to the cultivators engaged in it*. We add no more. These are the words of the leading Free Trade journal itself.

The set-off, and the only set-off which the advocates of Free Trade have to oppose to this wretched condition in the staple branches of our national industry, is the increase of our imports and exports. They tell us that the imports this year will be from £105,000,000 to £110,000,000, and our exports from £63,000,000 to £65,000,000. Be it so. What sort of trade has this import and export trade proved to those engaged in it? The *Times* has furnished us with the answer:—

"Since the 1st of January there is scarcely an article of large consumption which has not been *involved in a decline*, ranging in many instances (coffee, sugar, and cotton among the number) *from 20 to 30 per cent*. Such a decline, however, is quite consistent with prosperity, and in fact, under a natural course of events, would be a symptom of it." †

Here, then, is this splendid import trade which Free Trade has promised for us, and which is to be a compensation for the woeful dulness admitted by the Free-Traders themselves in the other staple branches of our national industry—an import trade attended with a loss amounting in the principal articles of COTTON, SUGAR, AND COFFEE, TO FROM 20 TO 30 PER CENT. Need we wonder that, with such tremendous losses attending imported articles, the bankruptcies of late in Liverpool and Glasgow have been so very great—far greater, indeed, among persons engaged in the import trade than in any year for the last twenty years, 1847 and 1848 alone excepted? But the *Times* has consolation ready. The importers may be ruined, but the imported articles are there; they must be sold to somebody, and their diminished price is *all fructifying in the pockets of the consumers*! This is certainly a notable way of encouraging the industry and

* *Times*, July 7, 1851.

† *Ib.* Aug. 26, 1851.

augmenting the resources of the country. Hear their own words:—

“Mr Greenhow is good enough to set out for our information a comparison between the rates of freight in 1847 and at the present date. ‘To the North American colonies the freight on timber was, in 1847, 49s. a load; it is now 30s. From New York it was 10s. a barrel for flour; it is now being brought for 1s. 6d. a barrel. The outward coal freights from this port were £25 a keel to Constantinople, now they are £13; they were £24 a keel to Alexandria, they are now £12.’ We must plead guilty to the charge of being most completely influenced by that absurd mania for ‘cheapness’ which appears to be so displeasing to Messrs G. F. Young, Greenhow, &c.”

Then as to the export trade, nothing can be clearer than that any increase that may have taken place in it is to be ascribed by no means to Free Trade, but to other causes wholly irrespective of that policy, and which, as will immediately appear, are mainly to be found in the repeal of the Free-Trade monetary system, by the interposition of nature. This has been so well put by Lord Malmesbury, in a debate last Session of Parliament in the House of Peers, that we cannot do better than transcribe his words:—

“In 1815 this country exported to America 68,230,000 yards of cotton goods. In 1835 those exports had increased to 74,000,000 yards. But when this country began to receive provisions from America the exports of cotton goods fell to 12,000,000; and up to 1846 the amount of exports had only been brought up to 37,105,000 yards, against 68,000,000 yards in 1815, and 74,000,000 yards in 1835. He might be asked, however, what had been the condition of our trade with European states? It appeared to him that the quantity of wheat imported into this country from the Continent had increased almost in the same ratio with the decline of our exports. In 1845 we imported from Russia 33,764 quarters of wheat, and exported textile fabrics to the value of L.2,153,491; while in 1849 we imported from that country 599,556 qrs. of wheat, and exported textile fabrics worth only L.1,566,000. In 1845, Prussia gave this country 423,743 quarters of wheat, and took from us L.577,999 worth of textile fabrics; but in 1849 our imports of wheat had increased to 618,690 quarters, while our exports had fallen off to L.404,000. But what was the case

with regard to France, a country from which they had been told no imports of corn were to be expected? In 1845, France gave us 32,000 quarters of wheat, and took from us textile fabrics worth L.2,791,238, while in 1849 we received from France 742,000 quarters of wheat, and exported textile fabrics worth only L.634,000. France had, therefore, increased her exports of corn to this country by about 700,000 quarters, and had reduced her imports of our productions to the amount of L.2,100,000.”

So that, after all, Free Trade has had no share in producing this increase in our export of manufactures which has taken place; for the countries from which we have imported most largely in grain, so far from having in any corresponding degree increased their consumption of our manufactures, have signally DECREASED in the quantity they took off our hands since Free Trade began.

The way in which Free Trade operates in so signal a manner in diminishing our exports to the countries from which we import rude produce most largely, is this—and the observation is important, and points to the great fallacy of the whole system—The theory of Free Trade is, that the grain countries, the more their produce is taken off their hands, are to go on growing the more grain, and to take all their manufactures from us. They assert that, as we have chosen to make ourselves, in part at least, a nation of manufacturers, these others are to continue for ever nations of grain-growers or herdsmen. This is the theory; now, attend to the practice. The moment that an agricultural nation becomes at all enriched by the sale of its rude produce, *it begins to think of manufactures*. This is the law of nature—this is the disposition of man—this has been the case since the beginning of the world. As certainly as the desire for pleasures and enjoyments springs up in individuals with the increase of their means, does the desire for home-made fabrics spring up in the national mind with the increase of wealth derived from an extended sale of agricultural produce. This is the secret of the rapid decline of our export of textile fabrics to America, France, and Russia—the three countries from which

we import most largely in rude produce. We have made them so rich by the quantity of their grain and cattle we have taken off their hands, that capital has grown up among them, and they have become manufacturing states. The Free-Trade system, which was intended to extend and perpetuate the market for our manufactures, by putting foreign nations into a condition to purchase them, is already, from the wealth it has taken from us and given to them, producing the very opposite results, and bids fair, at no distant period, to render them independent of us in the supply of manufactures, and induce the same ruin upon our manufacturing cities as it has already done upon our fields.

The clearest proof that this is all we get by the most unrestricted admission of foreign agricultural produce to our harbours, is to be found in the fact, that all the grain-growing states of the world, without one single exception, have met our concessions in favour of their rude produce by heavy burdens upon their admission of our manufactures. We have given them wealth, and they have determined, in consequence, to become manufacturing. We import immensely in wheat, maize, and flour, at a nominal duty, from America, and the return they have made is to levy a uniform import duty of 30 per cent on our manufactures of every description. We import grain in enormous quantities from Elbe and Dantzic, and the Prussian government has shown their gratitude by the Zollverein, which has closed the whole north of Germany, embracing 25,000,000 of souls, against our manufactures, except at a duty amounting practically to from 25 to 40 per cent on prime cost. We draw a great part of our rude produce of every kind from Russia, and the Czar has loaded our manufactures with such heavy duties that 66,000,000 of inhabitants take off only £1,500,000 worth of manufactures, being at the rate of only 5d. a-head. Our millers can tell us how enormously we import flour from France; and the National Assembly have, in return, loaded our manufactures with such duties, to protect her rising fabrics,

that our manufactured exports to that country are only £600,000 a-year. In all these cases, the reason of the thing is the same: The more that agricultural nations become rich, by an enhanced price and extended sale for their produce, the more do they become manufacturing, and the more rigidly do they take measures to exclude the rival fabrics of older manufacturing states.

All this becomes the more important when it is recollected how vast an impulse the gold of CALIFORNIA has given during the last year to industry all over the world, and to Great Britain, as the centre of the world's industry, in particular. So great is this effect, so immense and lasting are its results likely to be, that we do not hesitate to affirm that in our opinion they much exceed, in importance and in influence on the ultimate fortunes of mankind, anything that has occurred in this age of wonders. The French Revolution, the conquests of Napoleon, the convention of Europe, the colonisation of half of the world by England, are not likely to be attended with more lasting effects upon the fortunes of the species. The reason is that all these causes, great and important as they are, affect the social state or political *feelings* of mankind only; but a great addition to the precious metals, circulating through the world, affects in a permanent way their material *interests*, by diminishing the weight of debt and increasing the remuneration of industry. It comes in this way to affect in a gradual, but in the end most effective, way the elevation and improvement of the species; for it makes the condition of the labouring classes permanently comfortable, and lessens in a material degree the great evils felt in all old communities, arising from the weight of debt and undue influence of the moneyed classes. The subject is far from being so generally either understood or appreciated as its importance deserves; but it is too momentous to fail, ere long, in forcing itself upon the attention of mankind.

That general distress has existed in this country among the industrious classes, with the exception of a few

years of fleeting prosperity during this last thirty years, is too well known to require illustration; but it is not equally considered to what that long-combined depression and suffering have been owing. It was entirely owing, however, to two causes—the one partly, the other entirely, owing to our own policy, which during that period has been entirely framed to answer the views of the holders of realised capital, or the dealers in manufactured produce. These were the destruction of the gold and silver mines in South America from the effects of the revolution in that quarter of the globe, and the simultaneous contraction of our paper currency to a half of its former amount, by the Bill of 1819. The first reduced the average production of these precious metals for the use of the whole globe, from an average of ten millions sterling to less than five millions; the second at the very same time contracted our paper currency, which might have supplied the deficiency, from sixty to thirty millions for the British Islands. The *Times* is so elated with the success of these simultaneous and decisive measures for the contraction of the currency of the world in general, and this country in particular, that it has saved us the trouble of inquiring what their effect has been. It tells us they have “*rendered the sovereign worth two sovereigns.*” In other words, they have doubled the whole debt, public and private, of the country—doubled the weight of mortgages and family settlements, as well as taxes, poor-rates, and all public or local burdens; and in most trades and occupations, as a necessary consequence of these changes, halved the remuneration of industry. Nothing more is requisite to explain the extraordinary combination of immense wealth in some classes, with frightful poverty in others—of private riches and public penury—of general splendour with national weakness—of overflowing capital with increasing destitution, which has so long formed the characteristic of the British empire.

The only sensible relief which industry obtained during this long period of disaster was derived from the silent but constant increase of the produce of the mines of gold and silver

in the Ural and Altai mountains of Russia, which have now come to produce from three to four millions sterling. This increase, however, did no more than supply the deficit occasioned by the ruin of the South American mines from the effect of the revolutions which, since we “called a new world into existence,” have never ceased to desolate that unhappy quarter of the globe; and they made no provision for the wants of the globe when population in Russia was doubling every sixty, in Britain every eighty, in America every five-and-twenty years. Meanwhile the English government, which might with ease have arrested the evil, so far at least as this country is concerned, by an issue of paper adequately secured, proportioned to the wants of its increasing and active inhabitants, not only made no attempt to do so, but adopted additional measures to contract the currency, and render it entirely dependent on the retention of gold and silver in the country. This, under the Free-Trade system, which required a balance of some thirty or forty millions of imports over exports to be paid in specie, soon became a matter of impossibility. Thence the terrible monetary crisis of October 1847, from the effects of which the nation is far from having yet recovered; and thence the *certainty* of similar catastrophes in every year in which a deficient harvest, or other causes, should produce an unusual drain upon the metallic resources of the country. But the experience of these evils, and the certainty of their periodical recurrence, had no effect whatever in altering our monetary policy, so strongly were the moneyed classes intrenched in the citadel of power. The case of mankind and industry seemed hopeless; nothing but a long and painful decline, like that which, from similar causes, overtook Rome, seemed to await the British empire, when Providence in pity to mankind interposed. The Americans conquered California—a few grains of gold were discovered in digging a mill-race—human folly was arrested—the destinies of the world were changed.

To appreciate the immense consequences of this most important event,

we have only to cast our eyes back on the ruinous effects of the contraction of the currency by our own acts during the thirty preceding years, and to reflect that all those effects *must now be reversed*. When we consider that California has only been spreading its treasures through the world for two years, and that already the annual supply has come to exceed £20,000,000 sterling, while, in addition to this, other gold mines of rival richness have been discovered in Australia, it may safely be affirmed that the consequence of the change upon human happiness will be incalculable. The tripling the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe must come, gradually indeed, like all the changes induced by nature, but in the end certainly and decisively, to change prices. That universal fall which our rulers, governed by the moneyed interest, have so long laboured with such success to effect, will be at first arrested, and then turned into a rise. The weight of debts, taxes, and public burdens will be diminished, from the increased means of those who are to provide for them. Labour will be again adequately remunerated, because its produce, instead of constantly declining, will be constantly advancing in price. Instead of credit being everywhere impaired, profits ruined, and bankruptcy induced upon the industrious classes, by the continual fall in the price of the articles in which they deal, credit will be restored, profits revived, bankruptcy averted, by their continual rise. This effect is as certain, if the gold mines continue productive, as that the sun will rise to-morrow in the east, and the day begin to lengthen after the winter solstice. Within half a century after the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru, prices over the whole world were quadrupled. This effect has already commenced amongst us; but it has taken place as yet *by arresting a fall, not in inducing a rise*. It has appeared in lessening the disasters produced by human folly, not in revealing the blessings arising from the wisdom of nature. Wheat, on an average of the last six weeks, has been selling at 36s. 8d. a quarter; but for California, it would have been down at 32s. Imported articles, as the *Times* tells

us, have all been selling during the last year at from twenty to thirty per cent below prime cost; but for California, it would have been from thirty to forty per cent below that standard.

It may seem extraordinary to those who are not practically acquainted with the working of that most sensitive of created things—mercantile credit—to affirm, but it is nevertheless perfectly true, that the most important effect of a steady and plentiful supply of the precious metals being obtained for the world is, that it tends directly to support and extend *paper credit*. The good it does is not so much *by the gold it brings in, but by the paper it keeps out*. Here, again, we have been furnished by human folly with a gauge wherewith to measure the effects of the beneficence of nature. All our mercantile and monetary disasters, for the last thirty years, have been induced by one cause—the considering paper, not as a *substitute* for gold, but a *representative* of it; and the establishment of regulations, in consequence, to contract the issue of paper when the precious metals were withdrawn, and expand it when they flowed in and became abundant. This extraordinary and infatuated system—precisely the reverse of what it should have been, since it tended to increase the issue of paper and to foster speculation, when gold was abundant and it was not required, and to add tenfold intensity to disaster, by forcing it to be drawn in, and credit to be contracted when the precious metals flowed abroad—was brought to a perfect climax by the combination of our monetary with the Free-Trade system in 1846; since the last provided, in seasons of scarcity, for the entire removal of the precious metal, while the first forced on a still greater contraction of paper and credit, at the very time when its expansion was most loudly called for to avert ruin from society. Now this is precisely the reverse of what takes place from the influx of the precious metals, owing to the mines of California, Russia, and Australia, which is now going forward. It removes the apprehensions of the moneyed classes as to a drain of gold, from the magnitude of the stream of that metal which is continually flowing in;

and thus sustains credit in a durable and lasting way, by removing the terrors of its being withdrawn. Thus prosperity goes on in an equal and steady current, sustained by the perennial stream of the precious metal flowing into it from the reservoirs of nature—widely different from the swollen flood at one time, and ruinous drought at another, occasioned by the selfish and tortuous policy of man.

Had it not been for the copious stream flowing into the coffers of the Bank of England from California, which has sustained credit and continued prosperity during the last year, there would, beyond all question, have been a monetary crisis last autumn, equalling that of 1847 in severity. The immense excess of our imports above our exports, amounting to at least *forty millions sterling*, must have occasioned such a drain on the metallic resources of the country, as would have brought down the bank-notes in circulation to L.16,000,000, as in November 1847, had it not been for the copious stream from without, which constantly fed the supplies of the precious metals. The drain on the Bank of England is said to have been L.15,000,000 greater in the past than in any preceding year: but what then? The Free-Traders had brought on the drain, but nature had provided the supply. The supply was L.15,000,000 greater also, and so the coffers were kept full, the bank-notes and credit were sustained. Gold at St Francisco is now worth only L.3, 5s. an ounce; 2s. additional an ounce will bring it to this country: but the Bank of England are forced by the act of 1844 to give L.3, 17s. 10½d. to every person who brings it to their doors. The consequence is, that *all this gold is brought to the bank*; and that establishment, to meet the heavy losses thus occasioned, is under the necessity of pushing its business and circulation as much as possible. Thence the late lowering of discounts to 2½ per cent; thence the prosperity, in great part delusive, which has existed in our manufacturing establishments for the last year, so far as the export trade is concerned. The

manufacturing prosperity, such as it is, of the last year, therefore, is not to be ascribed to Sir R. Peel's Free-Trade policy, but to the beneficence of nature having subverted his monetary policy. Prices were sustained all over the world to an unhopèd-for extent, credit supported, and industry remunerated, in consequence of the reserve of nature opened in California having provided an adequate circulating medium for the world. In the vast and frightful augmentation of the emigration from these islands, the increase of pauperism, as measured by its real standard—grain—the rapid decline of our shipping as compared with the growth of that of foreign states, and the ruinous fall in the price of imported articles of all sorts, from the failure of the home market, in consequence of agriculture having ceased to be remunerative, are to be found the real effects of his Free-Trade system.

ORGANIC CHANGE is the great circumstance which determines the fate of nations, in which the public voice has any weight, because it fixes the class in which supreme power is to be vested; and that class immediately begins to exercise it for its own immediate and supposed advantage. Twenty years ago, when the Reform Bill was introduced, we predicted in this journal that it would, by the vesting of three-fifths of the seats in the House of Commons in the representatives of boroughs, lead to the abolition of the Corn Laws; by the closing the door by which the representatives of distant settlements had hitherto obtained an entrance to the Legislature, to colonial alienation, and in the end separation; and then, through the effects of the discontent and heartburnings produced by these great changes, to a *new Reform Bill*, far more democratic and sweeping in its tendency than the one then under discussion.* The world is now in a situation to judge whether or not our predictions have been verified, and are in course of being so. It is a mistake to suppose that it was Sir R. Peel's political wheel which induced the repeal of the Corn Laws, and all the incalculable conse-

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1831, and *Alison's Essays*, i. 42, 43.

quences, social, political, and national, with which it is fraught. He was the immediate author of the change, and history will judge his conduct in becoming so. But what made him undertake the experiment, and desert all his former principles and friends to carry it out? Simply the constitution of the House of Commons by the Reform Bill. He was an ambitious man, who desired to make himself, and long retain himself, the ruler of the state. He saw that the colonies were disfranchised, colonial representation destroyed, and British agriculture thrown into a minority in the House of Commons, and he acted accordingly.

We do not profess, any more than our contemporaries, to be acquainted with the intentions of Government in regard to the Reform Bill which they have volunteered to throw out to the country, in the hope of withdrawing public attention from the consequences of their measures. We know from their speeches what the Manchester school expect, and what they will endeavour to force them to concede—and that is, in effect, universal suffrage. A forty-shilling suffrage in towns as well as country, and in *leasehold* property as well as freehold and copyhold, and for lodgers as well as householders, amounts in truth to universal suffrage—for what beggar inhabits a room worth less than £2 a-year? It is of more consequence to consider what will be the effects of this change; and they will probably be very different from what its authors either expect or desire.

The first effect of household suffrage, or such an approach to it as is in effect the same thing, will in all probability be the **RESTORATION OF PROTECTION**. Free Trade was introduced in direct opposition to the whole previous policy of England, solely in consequence of the suffrage going down to the shopkeepers and *no further*—and those shopkeepers being a majority both of the constituencies, and having a majority of the seats at their disposal. Go a step lower, and you will have *passed the class whose interest is to buy cheap and sell dear, and come to the one whose interest is to sell dear*, because they are the producers. Two-thirds

of the present inhabitants of Great Britain, 18,000,000 out of 27,000,000, are engaged in agriculture, or in the trades immediately dependent on it. Will they continue to ruin themselves by bringing in foreign grain and cattle duty free? Will the iron-miners and colliers, the cotton-spinners and calico-printers, the millwrights and engineers, the cabinetmakers and working jewellers, the glovemakers and hatmakers, the tailors and shoemakers, support a government which reduces every one of their incomes to a half? The thing is ridiculous! Look at France: what has universal suffrage done there? Established rigid protection by a majority of two to one in the National Assembly. Look at America: what has universal suffrage done there? Established by a majority of two to one a duty of 30 per cent on all foreign imported articles whatever. It has done the same in Spain and Portugal. Rely upon it, the workmen of the British Islands will not be behind their brethren on the Continent and across the Atlantic in attention to their own interests.

The next effect that will follow such a sweeping reform will be the confiscation of the whole, or a large part, of the national debt, and with it the entire destruction of mercantile and manufacturing credit. Are our rulers really simple enough to suppose that, when they have vested supreme power in three or four millions of electors, these will go on paying £28,000,000 to the interest of debt contracted, as they are told, by the borough-mongers, and for their purposes? Will they resist the cry that, by abolishing or applying the sponge to a large part of that debt, they will be able to abolish the entire duties on beer, spirits, tobacco, tea, sugar, coffee, and all articles of daily consumption? What though their measures, by levelling a fatal blow at public and private credit, should prove destructive of capital, and the means of employing the poor, or consuming their produce? That is a secondary effect, which never is perceived or acted upon by the great majority of mankind. Look at France: what did they do when the National Assembly established universal suf-

franchise in 1793? Abolished two-thirds of the national debt by a final decree in 1797, after reducing the fund-holders to beggary by the issue of assignats in the intermediate years. What did universal suffrage lead to in America? Repudiation of state debts. Why are some of the States of the Union who formerly repudiated now paying the interest of their debts? Because they derive £3,000,000 a-year from the sale of the lands belonging to the *Indians*, which by fraud or violence they have contrived to get possession of. If the Cape colonists could discharge the interest of their state debts by selling the *Caffres' lands*, doubtless they would be most regular in their payments. But we have no Indian lands to sell to pay our state debts; taxation, heavy taxation on *ourselves*, is our only resource. Will the masses, once put in possession of the suffrage, submit to that? Recollect the proverb in America, "Free Trade is another word for direct taxation; and direct taxation is another word for repudiation of state debts." This terrible measure, by ruining mercantile credit, will of course utterly destroy and overwhelm all the beneficial consequences now within our reach by the restoration of Protection *with* the preservation of credit. Let a new Reform Bill pass, and the period when that is practicable will have passed for ever! It need hardly be said that Californian gold will only alleviate the evils of Sir R. Peel's *monetary* system. The evils of his *Free-Trade* system will be perfectly unaffected by it, because, by changing prices over all the *world equally*, it

will expose the old state to the same evils as now, from the competition of the young one.

In this respect there is an important observation to be made regarding the present political state of France, which is scarcely ever thought of. This is, that France has *gone through* the convulsions and confiscations of a revolution: England *awaits* them. In France there are *six millions* of landed proprietors, who hold among them nine-tenths of the lands of the country; and two-thirds of the national debt existing in 1793 has been permanently confiscated. When England has gone through a similar fusion in her revolutionary career, possibly our four millions of electors, of whom three millions shall have divided the present landed estates of the country, may be equally disposed to be conservatives. It is no easy matter "from the robber to rend the prey." But our people have not yet become robbers; the Chartists have the sweets of robbery only in prospect, and we must not judge of what the expectant robber will do by what the gorged one is doing. When our fund-holders are reduced from £800,000,000 to £250,000,000, and our landed estates are divided among four millions of new proprietors, possibly our universal-suffrage men may in pity let the public creditors retain a third of their wonted dividends, and our new millions of landholders may support an English Louis Napoleon. Possibly, also, they may be content, after a brief period of anarchy and suffering, to support a scourging military despotism, such as the realisation of the dreams of the reformers has induced in the neighbouring kingdom.

DRAMAS BY WILLIAM SMITH.

HIDDEN behind a pile of books, the fearful accumulation of exactly five years—many indicating that far greater pains had been successfully bestowed upon adorning the exteriors than fitting the interiors for the fastidious eye of the *true* public—there lay, till a few weeks ago, dusky with reproachful and significant dust, a small, homely-looking volume, disfigured by no affectation of any kind, bearing the title which is placed at the head of this article. Surely, it may be feared that such a title-page, so inscribed, constitutes, on the very view, a safe and speedy passport to neglect and oblivion! We think, indeed, that we have somewhere met with a sensible observation concerning the force of “a name,” in answer to the question “*What’s in a name?*”—and the answer concerns a rose, sweet smelling, with a profound hint that its rich odour might possibly not be affected, were the rose to be called by any other name! Nevertheless a pretty large class of readers in the present day may be dealt leniently with, for feeling a natural squeamishness on seeing poetry “by Mr Smith.” It may, indeed, be worth speculating concerning the reception which the two little poems, *L’Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, would meet with, if the prestige of Mr Milton’s name could melt into that of Mr Smith—now-a-days a very incarnation of ‘*Ouvris*. One or two of the critical journals of the day might vouchsafe a patronising glance at the pretty but quaint and out-of-the-way verses, with a somewhat affected title, “*by a Mr Smith*,” and gentle Mr Smith would then see his poor twin-flowers of poesy trodden under foot and forgotten. Could, on the other hand, a Chatterton of 1851 contrive, with still greater success than he exhibited in the case of Rowley, to put forward one or two little fragmentary dramas, so as to beget a general belief that they were the real relics of William Shakspeare—would not the world run wild within a month or two’s time, and the fortu-

nate finder and publisher of the precious MS. be rubbing their hands, and each shaking the other’s in a sort of ecstasy, felicitating themselves on their good fortune, and congratulating the public on its discriminating astuteness? In vain might we anxiously and resolutely attempt to stem the torrent; our indignant whisper of misgiving would be lost amidst the deafening universal roar of the confident *Eureka!* After our readers shall have discussed this knotty problem, we would recall them to the little volume before us. Scarcely knowing how we came to do so, we blew off some of the dust which had settled upon it; and opening it in anything but a hopeful mood, lit on the following exquisite lines, which the author puts into the mouth of a beautiful betrothed, dying, broken-hearted, because of her lover’s sudden and ruthless desertion. Bianca, with her confidante, is in the chapel, where, some time before, she was about to have been wedded, and is gazing at the monuments of the early dead:—

“I will be patient—that I promise you!
Nor speak of pain that is immedicable,
Nor vex with outcries, knowing none can help.
I fix my rest at one step from the grave,—
I will live neighbourly with death,—*I’ll watch*
The white reflection from his marble home
Steal on my quiet cheek, and settle there,—
And, smiling, note how, day by day, I grow
To the complexion of that statue pale,
Which soon will lie upon my monument.”

“Quaint image! that within thy little porch
Built o’er the peaceful tomb, kneels day and night,
Day and night prays before that holy book—
Would one could rob thee of thy marble heart,
Which thou dost keep so sure! What think you now?
Might not one kneel beside this figure here,
Beside it, in the self-same attitude,
So bow the head, so at the bosom join
The upraised palms with gentle pressure met,
Until one drew its quiet from the stone?—
Until the marble half our sorrow felt,
And we took half its cold torpidity?
This were a trick fantastic, yet the heart
Might find its gain therein.”

Mr Smith must forgive us if we assure him that both he and his name passed away from our thoughts, while we sat down, book in hand, to see whether it sustained the suddenly disclosed promise. The next passage which attracted our eye was the following, occurring in the same drama, (*Guidone*.) Guidone, the father of Bianca, is a banished nobleman, who, having aided the guilty Manfred in the murder of his royal brother Conrad, is standing conscience-stricken in the gallery of a Gothic castle, witnessing a midnight thunder-storm:—

"Enter GUIDONE, (*the tempest increasing*.)
Let the storm on—it broke no calm in me,
Nor to my mind brings added turbulence.
Rather it stills tumultuous thoughts within
To watch the uproar of these elements,
The rushing wind, and the loud hissing rain,
And lightning pale that scrawls with hurried hand

*Huge hieroglyphics on the screen of night,
Balking the dazzled vision of the seer,
Who fain would read that writing on the wall.*

Peal on, ye thunders! and urge all your fires,

Ye quick-repeated lightnings! till ye threaten
The nations with a molten firmament!
For while your dreadful pageant is displayed,
The vulture conscience something will relax
The fixture of his talons, and surcease
The secret and unutterable wound.
Oh, that ye powers, so strong to ruin,—
Whirlwind, and torrent, and the forky blaze,—

Might enter in the Past, and ruin there!
And strike the life that has been!—Oh,
that is!

That ever must endure while I endure."

These glimpses of beauty and power induced us to turn to another, one of the earliest passages of this little book; and there we stumbled on a passage of a different character, but exhibiting poetry of a high order. It occurs in *Sir William Crichton*, the first of the three dramas before us. A gallant young nobleman, Douglas, the son of the sixth Earl Douglas, encounters, in his father's castle, a moody and mysterious monk, who has come on a mission to the earl from his abbot, soliciting protection from the Borderers, who are threatening his monastery. The young nobleman, telling him that the earl is absent, invites the monk to remain till the earl's return, making "the castle his monastery." He is good-

humouredly twitted by Douglas and his companion, Sir James Hamilton, with the contrast between castle and cloister, suggested to be so greatly to the advantage of the former:—

"*Hamilton.* Yours,
Good monk, must be imaginative very,
If it make one of Douglas castle. Look
Around you, man! Some change of scene,
I ween,
This from your cloister.

Monk. (*Who, as he proceeds, lapses into abstraction, and speaks to himself.*) Yes,
your walls are hung

With instruments of carnage, and they wave
With plume and banner, all the flaunting pomp

That celebrates the death ye deal—a pomp
Far sadder than the black funeral pall
That tells of death received. To one who creeps

Forth from his solitude, how strange appear
The old insanities of life! how passing strange

*This tiger-hearted monster men adorn,
Caress, and fondle at their very hearts.*
Yon glittering lance that leans against the wall
So gracefully, and catches on its point
The beam it plays with, soon shall lose its glitter,

And its proud owner hold it to the skies,
And boast the stain it bears of human blood!
Some change of scene, in truth, this martial hall

From the monk's chapel, with its altar spread
With book and cross, devotion's implements,
And all the quiet furniture of prayer.

Some change of scene—but there is that within

Makes all external scene, whate'er it be,
Mere dream and phantasm—merely moving cloud

Athwart some pale and stationary thought.

Doug. Stay—give me leave—it is an idle whim;

Let me a moment try this ghostly garb.

Give me the sable gown, its hood and cord;
Take you the velvet cloak—take the sword too.

Gives it no titillation to the palm?

Catch you no fever from the hilt of it?

Now for your robe. (*Puts it on.*

Ham. By Jove! a comely monk—
A very modest, gentle saint.

Doug. (*Pacing to and fro in it.*) Think,
Hamilton,

Oh do but only think what it must be
To wrap this shroud around a heart still warm,

To walk in grave-clothes in the open day,
And see the sun reanimate all things
Except the dead and thee! How the mere garb

Infects the imagination! Now methinks
I am a monk. I pace the pillared cloister
From shaft to shaft a moving shadow there,
Blotting the light a moment silently
From pavement mute as monumental stone;
Or else I stand beneath the half-lit arch,
Musing, and as the marble stationary,

My life wound up, and nothing left to do
 But weary heaven with prayers monotonous,
 Which failing of all other end, do still
 Lull the poor beadsman like a nurse's rhyme.
 Or else I pass the day in some lone cell,
 Watching the sanded hour-glass; the same
 sand

Is ever falling there, and the same thought
 Falls ever with it. Time in those haunts
 moves on,
 But nothing moves with time, which there
 revolves

Like a loose wheel in some crushed mechanism,

Whose sick and feeble motion spends itself
 On its own inane circle. God! there are
 Who quit thy sun, thy skies, and the green
 earth,

The stir, the animation of this world,
 Friendship, and love's sweet ecstasy—which
 last

In Heaven itself were still a second Heaven—
 To shut them in dark walls, and talk to Thee,
 To Thee—God of the beautiful!—in groans!

Oh, 'tis the devil's sin, sullen rebellion,
 Or pitiable madness;—either way
 A fate intolerable. Take, take your gown—
 Give me my cloak—give me my sword
 again—

—Once more I am a living and a Christian man.

Monk. The time may come when, putting
 on this garb,

Your wish shall be to clothe as easily
 Your spirit in its torpid quietude."

In this finely-conceived contrast it is difficult to which to award the palm of just and eloquent reflection, whether to the monk or to the soldier; but who cannot sympathise with the meditative soldier, realising to himself the moon-fit solitude "of the pillared cloister," and the feelings of mournful loneliness which it excites within him, in his temporary state of dead-alive?

It seemed out of all question that we should return such a volume as this to its undeserved and desolate *quintennium* of solitude and neglect; for it seems that exactly five years have elapsed since it was modestly issued from the press. We will now make amends—dealing, however, justly as well as generously. Before characterising, as it has appeared to us, the author's mind, which is very clearly mirrored in these pages, and exhibits a somewhat peculiar idiosyncrasy, but decided by the attributes of genius, we shall present the reader with a slight account of the structure of each of the three dramas before us. They all lie far out of the beaten track of play-wrights; they all exhibit high power, but of a somewhat sombre aspect, for which the author, perhaps

unintentionally, has enabled us, as we shall presently show, pretty satisfactorily to account; all are liable to similar criticism; and all are pregnant with valuable suggestions to minds of kindred power with the author, but endowed more liberally than himself with qualities essential to dramatic success, or with a greater disposition to aim at attaining it.

I. *Sir William Crichton* is founded on a gloomy passage in Scottish history, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The leading characters are the youthful James II.; his sanguinary Chancellor, Sir William Crichton; William, the sixth Earl of Douglas, and his son. The nature of the connection between these personages, and their doings, will be found clearly and eloquently set forth in the first book of Robertson's *History of Scotland*. Crichton, a man of signal ability, had been the minister of James I., and thoroughly imbued with the policy on which that able king had acted, of humbling his arrogant and dangerously powerful nobility. On the murder of James I., Crichton became the regent of Scotland during the minority of James II.; and, bent upon pursuing the same policy towards the nobility, but in a far more rigorous spirit, rendered himself infamous by decoying one of the greatest of them, William, the sixth Earl of Douglas, and his brother, to Edinburgh castle, where he murdered them both. On the accession of James II., Crichton became his chancellor; and in the same fiendish spirit, but with aggravated baseness, so far corrupted the heart of the youthful monarch, as to prevail on him to decoy the seventh Earl of Douglas, by a false safe-conduct, to Stirling castle, and there murder him. The nobles of Scotland, bent on avenging such diabolical treachery and murder, entered into an all but overwhelming conspiracy against the king, which the young Earl of Douglas joined. He at length led an army into the field, to encounter the king near Abercorn, where might have been fought the battle which would decide whether a Stuart or a Douglas was to tenant the Scottish throne. Probably owing to the potent agency of Crichton in inspir-

ing distrust and disaffection among the young earl's leading followers, he was suddenly deserted at the eleventh hour, and obliged to fly for his life to England.—On the basis of these facts Mr Smith has constructed his drama, his plot centring in the loves of young Douglas, the son of the sixth earl, and Margaret, the daughter of Sir William Crichton. She knows who her lover is—the son of her father's mortal enemy; but her lover does not know her as the daughter of Sir William Crichton, who has concealed her as a recluse, in one of his castles, forbidding her to disclose her true position or name. While the lovers are engaged in fond converse, a messenger arrives breathlessly, and announces to him, in her presence, the murder of his father by the king and Sir William Crichton. The young earl vows vengeance on Sir William Crichton, her father; and, without then disclosing herself as his daughter, she interchanges with her lover a ring for a dagger: with the latter she declares that she will release herself from any marriage which may be forced upon her; and she places the ring, containing her father's crest and her own name, on his finger, enjoining him not to look on it till he shall have gone far away. Apparently one of the staunchest adherents of Douglas was Sir James Hamilton, whom Crichton, however, contrives to detach from him by the offer of a dukedom, great estates, and, above all, the hand of his beautiful daughter Margaret. On her father's authoritatively announcing to her her destiny, she tells him that her heart has become another's; and on his pressing for the name, hears with dismay that it is young Douglas. After enduring the indignity of a long interview with her ordained suitor Hamilton, she flies from the castle, aided by a mask, to the tent of Douglas, at Abercorn. She has scarcely announced herself, and her desperate situation, before the king's forces attack those of Douglas. A sentinel at the tent door is driven in, and a party of the royal troops rush in, headed by Crichton, who is accompanied by the treacherous Hamilton. Crichton pointing with his sword to the surprised Douglas, Margaret, suddenly

rushing forward to intercept the blow, is killed in her father's presence; who, on finding that it is his daughter, kills himself, horror-stricken, by falling on his sword. Douglas is presently taken prisoner, and the king, at the instance of Crichton—who announces the pledge he had given, in the king's name, that the earl's life should be spared if he did not fall in battle—offers him the choice of natural, or civil death. He answers, "Either death you will," and is led away, robed in the habit of a monk. The play ends with the bitter soliloquy of Crichton, at the end of which it is, that he falls on his sword. Such is an outline of *Sir William Crichton*; and whether with a view to actual representation, or to the formation of a completely constructed plot, as a mere reading drama, it is easy to see how even only a moderately fertile and practised invention could have varied the circumstances, so as to turn them to effective purpose. As it is, however, the plot, *quà* plot, is inartificial and imperfect; and there are considerable drawbacks upon the interest which ought to be excited by a dramatic composition. The acts and their respective scenes hang but loosely together; the circumstances under which Douglas and Margaret become acquainted with each other, so as to admit of his being ignorant who she was, though she knew him so well, and the expedient of the ring and dagger, will not bear close examination. Nor can the reader be easily reconciled to Margaret's fondness for the man who avows that he is hurrying to destroy a father whom she has had no reason whatever assigned to her for regarding as unworthy of a daughter's love. Yet she embraces Douglas, declares that she "still must love" him; and after he has rushed out of her presence, on his deadly errand against her father, no effort on her part having been made to dissuade or thwart him, she soliloquises solely on the probability that, when he shall have seen her name on her ring, he will think of her no more! She concludes by gazing at the dagger which he has given her, and which she vows to retain against the exigency of her forced

marriage to another. We must be excused for doubting whether we should be justified in entertaining any lively sympathy for such a heroine. Nor is there anything said or done by her subsequently, to kindle any interest in her. *The character of the play is, of course, Crichton; and here, again, we find it impossible to entertain any sympathy towards one who avows that, in the prosecution of his political schemes for defending the Scottish monarchy against the overgrown powers of the nobility, he has himself decoyed two of them, by false pretences, to the scene of their murder; and uses all the weight of his eloquence and influence with his youthful sovereign, and but too successfully, to prevail on him to perpetuate a similar act of treachery and murder. He tells the king that "the Douglas must be crushed." "But how?" inquires the alarmed king.*

"*Crichton.* I said,
Where justice cannot use her sword,
She must the knife."

When the king is expressing the horrors of remorse which must needs attend the perpetrators of such enormities, Crichton answers him in a passage which gives the key to his character and the principles on which he acts. It is very powerful and very repulsive:—

"*Crichton.* Were there a priest at hand,
he would explain
Doubtless to anxious majesty, that ends
Of state, vast and momentous, oft-times need
Strange means, and justify the means they
need;
And thereon would he promise to a king,
A docile king, the tender chastisement
Or liberal absolution of his church.
I am not skilled in cure of souls, nor care
To touch that stuff of which a prating race
Moulds the sick consciences of men. I know
Myself—and my own deed—therefore I walk
Erect, unswerving, to my destined goal.
But with the conscience of another, how
Can I, or any, deal? How tell what aim,
What passion lurk within? Can I be sure
He has an object higher than his own
Poor pelf or vanity? Or that his soul
Be equal to his task, and that vile fears
May not yet rack him with the pangs of Hell
For doing Heaven's journeywork? No hate,
No avarice, no ambition, no revenge,
That know I well, prompts me, or kindles me,
When unremittingly I still exclaim

—Our Carthage must be levelled with the
dust—
The house of Douglas fall!"

The dying soliloquy of this unscrupulous and sanguinary statesman is in keeping with the character which he had maintained throughout his career; and with this soliloquy the drama ends:—

"I had a charge, a duty to fulfil.
I have fulfilled it, and the Scottish throne
Stands now secure, supreme. Life's task-
work done,
And this dear flower, life's only sweetness,
crushed,
Crushed by my hand—Say, wherefore should
I live?
Shall I live on for mere decrepitude,
And weak regrets? live on till coward age,
Until the palsied, base senility,
Bring to my wasted, miserable heart,
Craven remorse for what I boldly did
In plenitude of reason and of strength?
No!
Let life end with life's purposes,
Mine was not futile—so far well.—All ye
Who seek revenge on Crichton, gather round
And see your wish accomplished.
Farewell, my child! Farewell, my king!
Farewell, my foe! And Scotland, O my
country,
Whom I have served, not, as soft flatterers do,
With boastful phrase, which honours much
the speaker,
But with harsh deeds, and bloody sacrifice,
Which taint the perpetrator—fare thee well!
This too accept as victim on thy altar!"

In strict accordance with the foregoing was Crichton's sketch of his own character, in an early part of the drama:—

"*Cricht.* As I entered,
I overheard you honestly avow
The monarchy was not your care. So be it,
Say 'twere the care of some one mad enough
To waste his life, to forfeit his good name,
To load himself with hate and calumny,
For what he deemed good service to the state,
Say such a one were bold, unscrupulous,
As daring in defence of monarchy
As others of their order—is it Douglas,
The bold, the daring, that should censure
him?"

The character of Crichton is elaborately worked out, after a distinct and undoubtedly very able conception. It affords a signal illustration of the working of the hateful and appalling doctrine that

"The ends
Of state . . . oft-times need
Strange means, and justify the means they
need."*

By the blighting potency of this doctrine, the statesman is unconsciously converted into the scoundrel, blinded to the metamorphosis by only the splendour and vastness of his schemes and objects. In profound self-ignorance, Crichton has mistaken his overmastering ambition for patriotism.

One very remarkable character introduced into the drama is that of the Monk, who is brought into momentary contact with the equally remarkable Crichton. This monk is miserable beyond expression, withering under the pressure of some secret guilt, which at length proves to be that of atheism: he is "an *atheous* monk;" and the mental struggles which attend his descent into such an abyss of ineffable wretchedness are described with no little power. One does not see, however, why he is brought into contact with Crichton, except for the purpose of their having the philosophical dialogue to which we have alluded. Having thus freely expressed our opinion concerning apparent defects in the construction of this drama, we have the greater satisfaction in saying that it really abounds in such beauties, both of thought and expression, as render unimportant, and even invisible, all these imperfections. We shall string together a few gems. Here is a father contemplating his daughter becoming a bride:—

"I must soon lose thee, Margaret—the child
Becomes the bride—the father is no more.
Our daughters die to us ev'n in the hour
They open to the world. If Death, who sits
A constant guest in all our homes, should
 spare,
Contented with the wife we loved, should
 spare
Awhile the daughter, she no sooner blooms
Than comes the licensed spoiler with his suit,
His open theft, and the new family
Begins by rooting up from out the old
Its choice, perchance its solitary flower.
Such nature's course. *Torn from the bleeding
 side*

*Is ever the fair Eve that is to form
The next year's Paradise.* And so the young
Gather their joys underneath the tears
Of aged eyes—moist, perishable joys;
And scarce the dew has dried upon the leaf
Than they too fade. What other could be
 hoped
Of fruit or flower from a world that hath
Death at its core?"

Here is a jealous monarch's account of the misery and degradation of merely nominal sovereignty:—

"*King.* . . . Why, what am I,
If this alliance hold?
A puppet set upon a gilded chair,
To hear petitions that it may not grant,
Clamours of wrongs it never must redress,
And crimes it dare not punish—to sit there
The general scapegoat for their tyrannies,
Convenient target for their noble pride
To hurl a safe defiance at—and still
The puppet sits by merest sufferance,
To be flung headlong out, if it but wince
As being sensitive to injury."

A statesman sternly contemplating justice at the hands of posterity:—

"*Crich.* Ay, in the future, happier states
will rise,
And with them bring a gentler patriotism,
And that posterity, to which sometimes
I look for tardy justice to my name,
Nurtured in peace, will perhaps but execrate
The tainted virtue of such men as I.
That matters not.
Here, at my post, I labour as I may;
I hew, with rough and sanguinary toil,
A path which they who follow me will tread
With tender unhurt consciences, nor bless
The founder of it. To subdue and tame
A fierce nobility, to make supreme
The monarch, and with monarchy the law,
Here do I find a task—a work to do—
And I will do it."

Wisdom after the event:—

"We can but fill the hour with its best deed,
The knowledge which the tardy morrow
 brings
Impeaches not the wisdom of the act
It came too late to guide."

Here is the rising sun of royalty contemplating his approaching satellites:—

"*Douglas.* I prosper as men say; they
bring me news
Of cities burnt, of provinces laid waste,
Of Scotchmen slain; and then congratulate!
I prosper as men say; the war goes well,
I shall be conqueror, I shall be king.
I've had at least my courtiers, I can boast
My parasites and sycophants; I know
How great men flatter, how they lie and beg;
How proud men beg! and for they ask
 estates,
Lordships and bishoprics, not peddling pence,
Beg shamelessly, and with a pompous grace,
As begging were a noble privilege.
Oh, they may liken monarchs to the sun,
But I am sure 'tis not their brighter side
His planets turn towards him as they roll."

Wives and singing-birds:—

"*Hamilton.* 'Tis with our wives as
our singing-birds;
We catch them often by what sleight we can,
And cage them, fluttering with impatient
wings,

And pecking furiously with tiny beaks;
But being once within their gilded bars,
They grow more gentle, of their keeper fond,
Each movement pleasure, and each sound a
song."

Metaphysical scepticism :—

"*The Monk (in an attitude of deep abstraction.)*

Thought without object—object without thought—

Impossible conceptions. Then the One,
The Absolute, is neither, or is both.
—When, when shall I escape the revolution,
Hopeless of this interminable theme,
Which still eludes all seizure! 'Tis as if
Some god lay dreaming, and his dream—
behold,
It is the life we live, the things we are;
And we the very substance of the dream,
Strive to expound the great reality
Of him the dreamer.

The very herb of grass
Which at my feet, from darkness into light,
Pushes its verdant spear, startles the mind,
Nor lets it rest, but goads it on again
To run its fruitless circle. Beautiful
Are hill, and cloud, and valley; but to me
All this fair nature is but as a mask,
Which hides its owner, and like other masks,
Tells constantly that it is there to *hide*.
And this her wondrous beauty, lost on me,
Is but the beauty of the sphinx, that smiles
Its dread enigma in the face of men."

Puzzled, profound, and miserable monk!

II. *Athelwold* is a play infinitely better suited to English taste, and exhibits far higher manifestations of the author's capabilities, than either of its associates, *Crichton* or *Guidone*. It has in it the warm and strong pulsation of active, ardent life, character, and feeling, and is constructed out of rich materials, calculated to excite and sustain curiosity and intense interest. It has in it, in a word, flesh and blood. Mr Smith has adhered pretty closely to the story, as it is given in Hume, who takes it from that worthy Saxon chronicler, William of Malmesbury. One of our most learned modern Saxon scholars, Dr Lappenberg,* tells us that it is to be regarded as not altogether false, and that it is "a pearl in the romantic treasury of the Anglo-Saxons." The essence of the story is, that King Edgar, hearing of the extraordinary beauty of Elfrida, the daughter and heiress of the wealthy Olgar, Earl of Devonshire, determines

to make her his queen, provided rumour has not exaggerated the splendour of her charms. In an evil hour he despatched his friend Athelwold, son of the half-king Ethelstan, and himself a gallant and fascinating young soldier, to ascertain how the matter stood, and, as the case might be, woo her on his royal master's behalf. Athelwold, however, was so ravished by the sight of her beauty, that all sense of honour and loyalty was consumed within him: he treacherously concealed the true object of his mission, made love to her on his own account, and married her. He then returned to the king, assuring him that fame had belied the supposed beauty—that he had found her, in fact, a very ordinary person, and utterly unworthy of the resplendent position of queen of England. Not long afterwards, however, the king receives, through the intrigues of Dunstan, secret intelligence of what has been done, and, to be assured of the fact, intimates his intention to pay the newly-married pair a visit. Athelwold, filled with consternation, contrives to anticipate the visit of his royal master, and discloses his treachery to his wife, imploring her to save him from the vengeance of the king, by concealing and even disfiguring her beauty, during the occasion of the king's visit. She, however, is fearfully enraged on hearing of the treachery which has deprived her of a seat upon the throne of England, and, instead of concealing or disguising, so heightens the charms of her person and address that the king is proportionably entranced with rapture, and inflamed with a very natural indignation. He seizes an opportunity to stab Athelwold in the back, during an encounter in the forest, and then marries his widow, nothing loth. Conceive the famous *Dunstan* to be a prominent actor in these exciting scenes, and a competent dealer with men, women, and incidents, and we shall be justified in expecting great things. Nor will the reader be disappointed. In our review of Mr Taylor's dramas, in our November number, we stated that the character of this singular

* *England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings*, (by THORPE,) vol. ii. p. 138.

personage, Dunstan, might be regarded and justifiably represented under several aspects, and that Mr Taylor had represented him as a strange compound of religious enthusiasm and madness. We greatly prefer, however, the Dunstan of Mr Smith, who lives and breathes before us the haughty, ambitious, intriguing church-statesman; a vivid exponent of the genius of the Romish Church — arrogant, uncompromising, exclusive; in the pursuit of his great ends, resorting to degrading expedients, yet with such a reliance on the execrable axiom that the end justifies the means that he is (if it can be conceived) not personally degraded by condescending to such expedients. This is beautifully explained by Mr Smith, in the words of Athelwold:—

"This Dunstan deals
In a dissembling policy, in arts
Tortuous and little for a noble mind;
And yet in him there is no littleness,
For all is done as task-work, wise or not,
For greatest purposes. This 'tis to be
One of your world-controllers! I'd not stoop
From my own pride of virtue and of truth
To rule the planet."

A fine speech, dashed off with the frank, shrewd spirit of a noble young Saxon.

Mr Smith has bestowed much greater pains on the construction of this play than on that of *Crichton*. We are introduced, in the first instance, to a capital scene—Edgar in tender dalliance with his lovely mistress Edith, whom he had not long before carried off from a convent. They are interrupted by Dunstan, who appears in the simple garb of a Benedictine monk, authoritatively bids her begone, and then severely upbraids the king with his crime against the Church. Discreetly recollecting his obligations to Dunstan, the king yields to his rebuke, and is rewarded by a very slight sentence, by way of penance—to lay aside his crown for seven years, "except on necessary days!" Edgar then informs the archbishop of his designs with reference to Earl Olgar's daughter, and of his having selected Athelwold for the delicate and responsible mission. Dunstan is startled, and, on the king's leaving him alone, exclaims moodily—

"The only man who at the council board
Dares to confront me! He is all in all—
The only man.
. The only man who scans and
penetrates

My measures and my motives—he is now
The favoured noble of our fickle king!"

He proceeds—

"Now Athelwold, I win thee for my friend,
Or, as my dangerous rival, tread thee down!
The cause exacts it, and I may not shrink,
That cause which makes of all this mortal
world

But one vast engine for its purposes,
And still works on, and pauses not, nor
spares,
Though every strained and shrieking cable
there

Is spun of human fibre."

On Athelwold's entering, an admirable and highly characteristic dialogue ensues between him and Dunstan, every word of which has an emphatic significance. The following passage speaks volumes:—

"Dunstan. What is the nice adjustment,
moralist,
Of one man's penalty to one man's sin,
Weighed in the balance with that sovereign
away

Of Holy Church whereon the fate depends
Of all this breathing world? This pompous
king,

Selfish but shrewd withal, finds his own power
Linked with our sacred cause, and being full
Of royal imperfections, creature spoiled,
Caressed and tempted more than man can
bear,

We humour him, and lead along our path
With show of gentle force. His brother
braved

Our high authority and supreme rule,
And him we conquered, him we tamed with
blows—

How could we else?—and broke upon the
wheel

The stubborn rebel. The dread charge is
mine

To conquer guilt and error in this world;
Nor may I quit dominion,—I must rule!
Ye children of the earth, who feel at worst
Simply your own sin and its punishment,
Who having to the priest told forth the tale,
With sighs and wailing, of repented crime,
And heard his pardon authorised of God,
Go straightway to the busy world again,
Unburdened save with some good purposes,
(A load, alas! but little burdensome)—
How might I envy you!—*with me ye leave
The past transgression—mine the grief,
The constant sadness of this guilty world,
And I must render to a jealous God
Account of all my painful stewardship.*"

Dunstan tries to win over Athelwold to the Church, but in vain; and they part, Dunstan with ominous words upon his lips:—

"Farewell! And still, my lord,
Mark this—who is not with us, is against."

On Athelwold subsequently complaining to the king of Dunstan's having become acquainted with what Athelwold had concealed, and his *secret* mission, the king intimates the sinister means by which "the priest learns all;" and adds—

"He has no love of thee:
But fear him not; for were he twenty
Dunstans,
I will uphold thee."

The second act introduces us to a charming scene—the secluded beauty and her confidante in Earl Olgar's castle. Elfrida is gently chafing at the sort of imprisonment to which her father's jealous fondness had consigned her:—

"*Elf.* The earl, my father, lauds this solitude,
Calls it his port, his haven of content,—
Good reason doubtless has the good old earl—
But what is *port* to us who never felt
The breeze upon our sails? Oh, for one
cruise,—
But one—on the broad billows of this world,—
Then afterwards to harbour if you will.

"*Gil.* Why, thou art sailing rapidly to port,
With the blind boy for pilot, on his raft
That takes but one on board beside with thee.

"*Elf.* Now would that I were but in Edgar's court,
To play this fearful part amongst his thanes!
How glorious in some royal festival
To feel I was the queen of it!"

She has, however, seen the fascinating thane, and half owns that he has successfully besieged her heart; but she is in cruel uncertainty as to his intentions—the fact being that he feels almost spell-bound by her beauty, and distracted by a sense of duty. The following glowing passage exhibits the contest that is going on within:—

"I in vain retreat
To this fair solitude—the placid world
Of wood and water, hill and verdant plain,
Is all on fire with love; the liquid lake
Glow with a beauty warmer than its own;
In the soft air the breath of woman burns
Upon my conscious cheek; and nothing lives
O'er all the scene, as nothing lives within,
But one consuming passion.
—A bride—a beautiful and loving wife—
Grant it a good—the chiefest good—the sole
Notorious happiness for which we live—
Why, in the name of reason, why alone
This woman's beauty? Why her love alone?
Could sweet affection from no eyes but hers
Look out upon me? could no hand but hers

Give that soft pressure felt upon the heart?
Are there no smiles, no beauty, none, but hers
In this wide world? Is all that's dear in
woman

Summed in Elfrida, that I must pursue
Her only at the hazard of my life,
And certain loss of honour?—Gracious
Heaven!

This madness—even as I drag it forth
For utter scorn and mockery—lo, my heart
Claims as her own!—I'm blotted from the
list

Of reasonable beings!—lost! lost! lost!
—But one resolve—but one—the spell were
broke!

My horse! my horse!—with spurs into his
flanks

I'll ride to Edgar—tell the blazing truth
As far as tongue can speak it, and then fly
For ever these detested shores."

Elfrida's entrance heightens the tumult; but, after a desperate effort, he resolves to fly from the scene so destructive of his honour, but is suddenly encountered by Olgar, in whom he finds a very unexpected ally, and the king a sore enemy. Olgar offers his daughter to Athelwold himself; passionately implores him not to report her beauty to the licentious king; and they agree that Athelwold shall "hide her beauty in his false report."

In the third act we have a fine scene between Edgar, Athelwold, and Dunstan. The treacherous thane has communicated his false tidings successfully to the king, and obtained permission to marry Elfrida for the sake of her wealth. Dunstan insinuates, very skilfully, but mysteriously, that there is something wrong; treading so near to the truth that he must have startled Athelwold, though the king does not appear to have caught any suspicion. After a stern and even fierce altercation with Dunstan, the king and Athelwold leave him alone, muttering to himself—

"*Dun. (alone.)* He's in the toils—enmeshed beyond reprieve;
He shall have time to wed—his ruin fast!
And then—but need is none I stir in this.
The court shall know it, and some gossip
there

Without a fee will bear it to the king.
Or stay—the jester shall some afternoon
Keep majesty awake with the sly trick
That has been played him by his favoured
thane.

—Oh world! oh world! how do thy passions
steal
On the most guarded bosom! What means
this?

*I have no triumph here, and this man's fall
Is not for my advancement. Let me now,
This perturbation to subdue, retreat
Awhile to solitude and peace."*

We soon see that Dunstan's was not an idle threat: the king, with Edith by his side, is approached by his jester, who, after bandying with Edgar some of his privileged comicalities, at length discloses, in a way not to be mistaken, both the deceit which had been practised on the king, and the galling fact that he has become the laughing-stock of his own court!—on which, forgetful of the presence of poor Edith, he breaks out—

"Now, as I live! ere many days are past,
I'll see this wife of Athelwold's! Dunstan
Threw shrewd suspicions on the man, but I
Was resolute to disbelieve the priest.
If he have played me false—made me his
jest—
The jest has dug his grave! He wins the
woman,
But he shall lie alone for this!"

Edith, discarded by her royal lover, is received with fatherly commiseration by Dunstan, who atones for a somewhat heterodox soliloquy some time previously by the following beautiful exhortation to his lovely penitent:—

"Dun. Grieve not so much that sin
Hath found a stealthy passage to thy heart,
As now rejoice that penitence hath tracked
Its subtle footsteps there. Sin and repent-
ance—
These two give men religion and their God,
Their faith, their hope. It is not innocence,
It is not wisdom claims the skies for man,
Or wings his soul to immortality,
'Tis guilt that leads to the celestial gate,
And weeping mercy stands to open it."

The fourth act presents us with Athelwold toying with his radiant bride. She says—

"You talk the sweetest wildness, Athelwold,
And give the sweetest kisses therewithal,
That ever lover dealt in."

Suddenly a spy of Edgar hastily enters to announce the coming of the king. Athelwold's guilty conscience begins to manifest its uneasiness; and he expresses so much apprehension as to the effect of her beauty on the king that she fondly chides him.

"I thought my lord
Too proud for jealousy. Oh, were this Edgar
The greatest monarch underneath the sun,
Outfacing him in splendour—were he great

As were those emperors in the Roman time
When emperors were gods, or like the gods
In their world-government—his offered
sceptre
Could not a moment shake my constant
faith
To thee and to thy fortunes."

At length he is compelled to disclose what has happened, and the love of Elfrida is consumed in the raging fires of her anger and mortification. We wished to present our readers with the scene, but have not space. It is very masterly—at once a bold and faithful portraiture of a female heart, under the exquisite trial to which it has been so suddenly exposed. Her swelling heart is in flames with defeated ambition.

"Oh! what is this to be a sceptred queen,
To wear the robe imperial, to look down
From our serene and royal eminence,
With condescending and unruffled smile,
Upon all ranks below?
(Walks to a mirror and stands before it.

Fair face, you were
Defrauded of your rights; these brows,
methinks,
Would not have misbecome the diadem.
What! over-smear with some dull muddy
dye
This delicate soft cheek, efface its bloom,
Perhaps never to return? Monstrous request!
A suicidal thought!"

Elfrida arrays herself in all that can add splendour to her beauty, and Edgar, on his arrival, is overwhelmed by the sight. As soon as he has recovered from the first shock, he requests her, and all others but Athelwold, to retire. Who shall deny that the king has a fearful account to settle with his faithless thane? Edgar is fierce, but not more so than the occasion warranted; Athelwold desperate, but sustained by a strong pride, under the cutting reproaches of the king; who, on Athelwold's refusing to fight with him, commits him to the custody of his attendant guards. Edgar soon introduces himself to Elfrida, who, however, is shocked by the licentious rudeness of his approaches. She fears that the king's object is to make her his *mistress* only, since he so readily consents to spare the life of her husband. Better thoughts return to her; her stunned fondness revives, and is quickened by remorse. She seeks and obtains leave to see her husband in his prison.

In the last act we see Dunstan authoritatively demanding access to the imprisoned Athelwold, to whom he utters a stately exhortation to take the vows, and so receive the protection of the Church—which Athelwold sternly rejects, and Dunstan withdraws, leaving Athelwold calm, but animated by implacable resentment towards the faithless Elfrida, who had so readily surrendered him to his fate. In this humour she enters his apartment, and passionately entreats him to forgive her, and receive her again as his wife—surely a reasonable request, and one inspiring us with high sympathy for Elfrida. It is impossible to peruse this highly-drawn scene without emotion. She offers to stab the king that night, if Athelwold will but be reconciled to her. She clings to him in desperate embrace, but he repels her; on which she exclaims—

“Great God! if at the day of final doom
I stand at thy tribunal to be judged
For some unheard-of crime, let this repulse,
This agony, this penitence, and shame,
This deep humiliation I have borne,
Plead in behalf of mercy!”

Athelwold, however, is inexorable, and, maddened by his bitter, contemptuous reproaches, she suddenly throws open the folding-door, the guard rushes in, and Athelwold is slain. The uproar, however, brings in the king and Dunstan, who sternly attributes the murder to Elfrida.

“Dunstan. Tigress! Oh thou savage,
painted fair!

Thou beautiful ferocity!
Dar’st thou avouch this crime?

Elf. I dare.

What is there now I would not dare? I laugh
To scorn your loud and tragic railings, priest—
The deed is mine. Oh for still wider field
Of daring deed, and wild ambitious thought,
Where sense of crime in the bold act of crime
Is swallowed up and lost!—Let me look on
him.

Dun. (Taking her by the wrist, and leading
her to the body of ATHELWOLD.) Have
thy wish. Look there—simply, thou
fiend—look!

Peruse it, note it well—that blood-stained
cheek.

Now, go thy ways—go wheresoe’r thou wilt—
That bleeding form shall never quit thy sight;
Ay, turn aside, or close thy aching balls,
‘Tis there traced out indelibly.

Elf. It is—

And I can meet it.”

Then ensues a dialogue between the murderess and the archbishop. Her calm despair is depicted with thrilling power; but, somewhat unexpectedly, she turns to Edgar, saying, “Now, Edgar, I am thine.” Dunstan vehemently protests that he has not sanctioned, nor ever will sanction, a marriage under such guilty circumstances: but Edgar makes his nobles do homage on the spot to Elfrida as their queen; and while they are successively performing that act, she suddenly falters, and, pronouncing the name of Athelwold, falls with a shriek upon his dead body, and the curtain drops.

It should be mentioned that *Athelwold*—of course, with considerable curtailments—was represented on the stage, in Covent Garden theatre, under the auspices of Mr Macready, with great splendour and considerable success.

III. Of *Guidone* the reader has already had one or two glimpses. Its dramatic action is still more feeble than that of *Crichton*; but it is full of beautiful poetry, alternating between strength and tenderness, and overspread with a cheerless contemplative air, that would remind one of evening sunlight shining on sepulchres, suggestive of tranquil but mournful loveliness. The author calls *Guidone* “a dramatic poem.” Its name is derived from the leading, virtually the only, character in it—that of a noble Italian exile, broken-hearted and guilt-laden; having assisted Manfred, aspiring to be king of Naples, in the murder of his natural brother Conrad, and being afterwards betrayed and banished by the royal partner of his guilt. Guidone’s only daughter, Bianca, long destined to Camillo by their respective parents, is rejected by him, because of his having formed an attachment elsewhere—to *Fiorinda*. Camillo is a pensive, contemplative youth, shut out, since his youth, from the great world, and rendered unfit for it. Instigated by the Pope, the Count of Anjou makes war upon Manfred, who betakes himself in his extremity to Guidone, who retains great military power. Both Manfred, indeed, and the Count of Anjou, by turns solicit his aid

against each other, but in vain : he is deadened in heart to the world, and will interfere no more in its concerns. Manfred is slain, and the Count of Anjou mounts the throne. Bianca's grief and broken-heartedness are presented to us as though we beheld a lovely flower crushed under foot, and in death exhaling sweetness. The moody mind of the bereaved and woe-stricken Guidone is soothed by turns by two visitors—a hermit and a minstrel—introduced simply as ethical contrasts, to exhibit different views of life and feeling. The poem ends with a gloomy soliloquy of Guidone, on hearing of the triumphant entry of the Count of Anjou into Naples. The moral of the poem is to be found in these few lines, uttered by the hermit to assuage the remorse of Guidone :—

"As guilt brings terror on the soul of man,
So calm returns with penitence—which
clothes
The form divine in mercy, and the heart
Of the bowed man in second spotlessness :
Begin new life, and enter into peace."

Here are one or two of the choicest passages :—

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR, AWAKING FROM THE
DREAMY SCHOLARSHIP OF HIS YOUTH.

"*Camilla*. There I stood, and conned
The ways, and passions, tempers, creeds of
men—
Forgetting I was also man—till joy,
Till truth itself, was what some other felt,
No property of mine. Life's creeping wheel
For ever seemed as 'twere about to pause,
Yet turned, and turned upon its toilsome
way,
With ponderous revolution once again.
And this—God help me!—was philosophy!"

WOMAN'S LOVE, UNAVOWED AND
UNSOLICITED.

"A woman's love, we know—not yet avowed,
Solicited, or bruited to the world—
Is so o'erruled by virgin purity,
And dignity serene of womanhood,
It is a harmless guest. A pleasing fear,
It plays observed upon the verge of thought,
Like silent lightning in a summer sky,
Whose lambent beauty does but hint the
power
Which may some other time be perilous."

THE MURDERER, ANTICIPATING THE CURSES
OF POSTERITY.

"Hereafter, when our story shall be known,
As known be sure it will—for deeds like ours,
File on them what we may, are not extinct,
But through the mountain obstacle will work,
And from its summit glare upon the world—

Then, when the history of our lives is told,
This coward slaughter of a trustful guest
Shall in the narrative stand last of all;
And when the listener has of Manfred heard
How he was subtle and unscrupulous,
And by ambition brought to deadly sin,
This ruffian murder coming in shall snatch
His memory from the gathered curse, and
turn
Aslant on you the damnatory close."

THE BROKEN-HEARTED GIRL AND DEATH.

"I will sit
Like very silence with her brow declined,
Her willow tresses streaming dense around;
And grief may pour its ashes on my head
Till the heap reach my lip—I will not stir."

THE FUTURE.

"I could then stand,
Watching with folded, calm expectancy,
Before that curtain of obdurate woof,
Which limits mortal vision, whose dim folds
Perpetually do stir, but never rise."

DEAD BIANCA.

"After long search,
I found her sitting on her mother's tomb;
Approaching, I petitioned her to leave
That melancholy spot.—I spoke to one
Now as the marble cold! Her forehead
leaned
Upon her arm as one who pensive sat,
Woe-wearied and forlorn; but on her lip
The straggled tresses lay—Death, rudest
wooer,
Now kneeling at her side, withheld the hand
That should have put them back."

Such are the three "dramas" before us. They are well calculated to serve the purposes of men of dramatic genius, disposed to exercise their own powers in constructing the professed drama, or the novel, or romance. They will teach, on the one hand, the consequences of imperfect dramatic structure, of languid action; but, on the other, they give out in every direction bright sparks of suggestion, inestimably valuable to vivid and creative genius, principally indicative of novel contrasts and combinations of character, as well as unhackneyed situations for exhibiting them effectively. No one could have written these dramas who had not read extensively, thought deeply, and been, at the same time, a man of refined and original mind, exquisitely sensitive of the beautiful, the tender, the true, and capable of expressing his thoughts in language at once exact, free, and, when the occasion required it, picturesque. Mr Smith's conceptions are always clear

as crystal: it is evident that he sees his own way with unwavering distinctness, and contrives to take his educated reader along with him. That companion, however, he continually delights and surprises, by, as it were, dropping at his feet rich pearls of thought which he must fain stop to pick up, to admire, and determine on treasuring; but he forgets, the while, that both profess to have set out upon a journey, and are like to be benighted, or lose their way, or forget their errand. On casting over, at the close of one of these plays, the course of thought which they have suggested, one beholds the slight vehicle of plot, of incident, of character, already melted out of sight, but leaving, in all its distinctness and entirety, the poetical and philosophical spirit which it had conveyed. And, in fact, to deal justly by the author, this seems to have been very nearly his professed object, which we shall explain in his own words. "In writing *Sir William Crichton*, and also its predecessor *Athelwold*, the author addressed himself immediately to the reader—and it was his ambition to be read: but, at the same time, he has been disposed to think that both these dramas, after the curtailment of certain parts manifestly of too reflective a character"—that is, in one word, after pulling down the building, but leaving the scaffolding—"would perhaps be found not ill-adapted for the stage. *Guidone* is strictly the dramatic poem, and was written without even this secondary, or the most remote, reference to the theatre. It aims at exhibiting rather states of mind"—here is supplied a true key to the whole of this volume—"than individual character, and pretends to no interest of plot or story." The delineation of states of mind rather than individual character, and the subordination of action to reflection, constitute at once the distinguishing delights and the excellence of this author; and he seems to be aware of it, yet unable to forego a secret yearning for the visible embodiment of his musings upon the stage, linked with

a secret suspicion that it might be ineffective.

There is yet another poem to be noticed in this little volume—the last, entitled *Solitude*: it is short, but full of beauty, and exhibiting occasionally very subtle thought. If anyone were to commence the perusal of this volume with the poem in question, which stands in it last, he would find, in coming to the dramas, that he had gained a very clear insight into the mind and character of the author; that of a man of refined and sensitive mind—of speculation rather than action, of a melancholy turn, and long habituated to solitary observation and reflection. Did he write thus, with a sigh?—

"My thread of life stands still,
And the tired fate forgets the sluggish wheel,
And drops her song. Becalmed, yet anchored
not,—

No breath of heaven of all the winds that blow,
Visits my flagging canvass;—never mine
The stir, the chase, the battle, and the prize."

We must, however, draw to a close. These dramas, though they have not hitherto made any noise in the world, and have come in a measure accidentally under our notice, we think entitled to take high rank in literature. They are manifestly the production of a man of genius, and a well-trained thinker on moral and metaphysical subjects; some of the most difficult and perplexing points in which will be found touched in these poems with the delicate yet decisive touch of a masterly familiarity. We have afforded many illustrations of this in the foregoing extracts, which we could easily have extended. It is delightful to read, to hang over an author, in these days of superficiality, slovenliness, and vulgar mannerism, who does not meditate in order to come before the public, but comes before the public because he has meditated that which he believes worthy of their attention. In the present case, we have reason to know that the gentleman who has shown himself so capable of high excellence in poetry is himself an acute and accomplished critic.

MONT BLANC.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago—when children's books were rare presents, and so were prized, and read, and read again, until the very position of the paragraphs was known by heart—I had a little volume given to me at the Soho bazaar, called *The Peasants of Chamouni*, which told, in a very truthful manner, the sad story of Dr Hamel's fatal attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc in 1820. I dare say that it has long been out of print; but I have still my own old copy by me, and I find it was published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, in 1823.

My notions of the Alps at that time were very limited. We had a rise near our village called St Anne's Hill, from which it was fabled that the dome of St Paul's had once been seen with a telescope, at a distance of some sixteen or seventeen miles, as the crow flew: and its summit was the only high ground I had ever stood upon. Knowing no more than this, the little book, which I have said had a great air of truth about it, made a deep impression on me: I do not think that *The Pilgrim's Progress* stood in higher favour. And this impression lasted from year to year. Always devouring the details of any work that touched upon the subject, I at length got a very fair idea, topographical and general, of the Alps. A kind friend gave me an old four-volume edition of *de Saussure*; and my earliest efforts in French were endeavours to translate this work. I read the adventures of Captain Sherwill and Dr Clarke in the magazines of our local institution; and finally I got up a small moving panorama of the horrors pertaining to Mont Blanc from Mr Auldjo's narrative—the best of all that I have read; and this I so painted up and exaggerated in my enthusiasm, that my little sister—who was my only audience, but a most admirable one, for she cared not how often I exhibited—would become quite pale with fright.

Time went on, and in 1838 I was entered as a pupil to the Hôtel Dieu,

at Paris. My first love of the Alps had not faded; and when the *vacances* came in September, with twelve pounds in my pocket, and an old soldier's knapsack on my back, (bought in a dirty street of the Quartier Latin for two or three francs,) I started from Paris for Chamouni, with another equally humbly-appointed fellow student, now assistant-surgeon in the—th Hussars.

It was very late one evening when I arrived at the little village of Sallenches, in Savoy—then a cluster of the humblest *chalets*, and not as now, since the conflagration, a promising town—very footsore and dusty. At the door of the inn I met old Victor Tairraz, who then kept the Hôtel de Londres at Chamouni, and was the father of the three brothers who now conduct it—one as *maitre*, the second as cook, and the third as head waiter. He hoped when I arrived at Chamouni that I would come to his house; and he gave me a printed card of his prices, with a view of the establishment at the top of it, in which every possible peak of the Mont Blanc chain that could be selected from all points of the compass was collected into one aspect, supposed to be the view from all the bed-room windows of the establishment, in front, at the back, and on either side. I was annoyed at this card; for I could not reconcile, at that golden time, my early dreams of the valley of Chamouni with the ordinary business of a Star-and-Garter-like hotel.

I well remember what a night of expectation I passed, reflecting that on the early morrow I should see Mont Blanc with my own practical eyes. When I got out of my bed the next morning—I cannot say “awoke,” for I do not think I slept more than I should have done in the third class of a long night train—I went to the window, and the first view I had of the Mont Blanc range burst on me suddenly, through the mist—that wondrous breath-checking *coup d'œil*, which we all must rave about when we have seen it for the first time—

hamouni opens far
the glittering rocky
the Glacier des Bos-
ng from the curve, I
look at it. Con-
s before me, some
turned my eyes to-
objects—unimpor-
æes or cattle on the
as though I feared
never could under-
ng with excitement
urds, when a young
ariety of the same
him as he first saw
t book in a news-
e paragraphs above
out it; but only
mportant one, as
nstantly to renew
he had felt upon
he whole of that
i passed like a
off every morning
y *alpenstock*, and
r to the different
r—to Montanvert,
'elerina, and the
t: for the guide's
uld have made a
student's purse.
I used to watch
; Blanc from my

man was stopping in the house.
When I came home to En-
had many other things to think
With the very hard work wh
medical practice attached to
country union required, I ha
time for other employment. C
evening, however, I routed
old panorama, and as our little
was entirely occupied at th
with the formation of a litera
scientific institution, I thought
make a grand lecture about th
Availing myself of every half-
could spare, I copied all my p
on a comparatively large scale-
three feet high—with such
lights, and shadows, and stre
sunset, that I have since trem
my temerity as I looked at them
then contriving some simple n
nism with a carpenter, to make
roll on, I selected the most inter
parts of Mr Auldjo's narrative
with a few interpolations of my
produced a lecture which, in th
lage, was considered quite a '
for the people had seen incand
charcoal burnt in bottles of ox
and heard the physiology of th
explained by diagrams, until
novelty was sure to succeed.
two or three years, with my Alp
has I spent

attached to wandering professors generally, by the man who swept out the Town Hall, or the Athenæum, or wherever the institution might be located. As a rule, the Athenæums did not remind one of the Acropolis: they were situated up dirty lanes, and sometimes attached to public-houses, and were used, in the intervals of oxygen and the physiology of the eye, for tea festivals and infant schools. I remember well the "committee-room," and a sort of condemned cell in which the final ten minutes before appearing on the platform were spent, with its melancholy decanter of water and tumbler before the lecture, and plate of mixed biscuits, and bottle of Marsala afterwards. I recollect, too, how the heat of my lamps would unsolder those above them, producing twilight and oil avalanches at the wrong time; and how my brother held a piece of wax-candle end behind the moon on the Grands Mulets, (which always got applauded;) and how the diligence, which went across a bridge, would sometimes tumble over. There are *souvenirs* of far greater import that I would throw over before those old Alpine memories.

No matter why, in the following years I changed my lancet into a steel pen, and took up the trade of authorship. My love of the Alps still remained the same; and from association alone, I translated the French drama *La Grace de Dieu*, under the name of *The Pearl of Chamouni*, for one of the London minor theatres. I brought forward all my old views, and made the directors get up the scenery as true to nature as could be expected in an English playhouse, where a belief in the unreal is the great creed; and then I was in the habit of sitting in a dark corner of the boxes, night after night, and wondering what the audience thought of "The valley and village of Chamouni, as seen from the Col de Balme pass, with Mont Blanc in the distance:" so ran the bill. I believe, as far as they were concerned, I might have called it Snowdon or Ben Nevis with equal force; but I knew it was correct, and was satisfied.

In the ensuing seven or eight years

I always went over to Chamouni whenever I had three weeks to spare in the autumn. Gradually the guides came to look upon me as an *habitué* of the village; and in our rambles I always found them clear-headed, intelligent, and even well-read companions. But whatever subject was started, we always got back to Mont Blanc in our conversation; and when I left Chamouni last year, Jean Tairraz made me half promise that I would come back again the following August, and try the ascent with him. All the winter through the intention haunted me. I knew, from my engagements in periodical literature, that the effort must be a mere scamper — a spasm almost when it was made; but at length a free fortnight presented itself. I found my old knapsack in a store-room, and I beat out the moths and spiders, and filled it as of old; and on the first of August last I left London Bridge in the mail-train of the South-Eastern Railway, with my Lord Mayor and other distinguished members of the corporation who were going to the *fêtes* at Paris, in honour of the Exhibition, and who, not having a knapsack under their seat, lost all their luggage, as is no doubt chronicled in the city archives.

I had not undergone the least training for my work. I came from my desk to the railway, from the railway to the diligence, and from that to the *char-à-banc*; and on the night of my arrival at Chamouni I sent for Tairraz, and we sat upon a bit of timber on the edge of the Arve, consulting upon the practicability of the ascent. He feared the weather was going to change, and that I was scarcely in condition to attempt it; but he would call a meeting of the chief guides at his little curiosity shop next morning, and let me know the result. I made up my mind, at the same time, to walk as much as I could; and, on the second day of my arrival, I went twice to the Mer de Glace, and, indeed, crossed to the other side by myself. In the courtyard of the Hôtel de Londres, on the Friday afternoon, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of three young gentlemen, who had come from Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva, with

the intention also of trying the ascent. It was immediately settled that we should unite our caravans; and that same evening, Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz the elder, Jean Carrier, and Gedeon Balmat, met us to settle our plans. The weather had unfortunately changed. It rained constantly: the wind came up the valley—always a bad sign—and the clouds were so low that we could not even see the Aiguilles, nor the top of the Brevent. But so determined were we to go, that, at all risks, we should have ventured. Every arrangement of food, covering, &c., was left to M. Edouard Tairraz, the landlord of the excellent Hôtel de Londres; and it was understood that we were all to keep in readiness to start at half an hour's notice. My young friends, who had been in regular training for some time, continued to perform prodigies of pedestrianism. I did as much as I could; but, unfortunately, was taken so poorly on my return from Montanvert on the Monday—I suspect from sudden overwork, and sitting about in the wet—that I was obliged to lie down on my bed for four or five hours on my return to the hotel, and, in very low spirits, I began to despair of success.

All this time the weather never improved: it rained unceasingly. We almost rattled the barometer to pieces in our anxiety to detect a change; and Jean made an excursion with me to the cottage of one of the Balmats—the very same house spoken of in my old book, *The Peasants of Chamouni*—who was reported to have a wonderful and valuable weather-guide, the like of which had never been seen before in the valley, called *Le Menteur* by the neighbours, because it always foretold the reverse of what would happen. This turned out to be one of the little Dutch houses, with the meteorological lady and gentleman occupiers. The lady, in her summer costume, was most provokingly abroad, and the worst fears were entertained. Whilst, however, we were at dinner that day, all the fog rolled away clean out of the valley as if by magic. The mists rose up the *aiguilles* like the flocks of steam from a valley railway; the sun broke out, and M. Tairraz cried

out from the top of the table—"Voilà le beau temps qui vient: vous ferez une belle ascension, Messieurs: et demain."

We thought no more of dinner that day; all was now hurry and preparation. At every stove in the kitchen, fowls, and legs and shoulders of mutton were turning. The guides were beating up the porters, who were to carry the heavier baggage as far as the edge of the glacier; the peasants were soliciting us to be allowed to join the party as volunteers; and the inhabitants of the village, generally, had collected in the small open space between the church and the Hôtel de l'Union, and were talking over the chances of the excursion—for the mere report of an attempt puts them all in a bustle. We walked about Chamouni that night with heads erect, and an imposing step. People pointed at us, and came from the hotels to see what we were like. For that evening, at least, we were evidently great persons.

The sun went down magnificently, and everything promised a glorious day on the morrow. I collected all my requisites. Our host lent me a pair of high gaiters, and Madame Tairraz gave me a fine pair of scarlet garters to tie them up with. I also bought a green veil, and Jean brought me a pair of blue spectacles. In my knapsack I put other shoes, socks, and trousers, and an extra shirt; and I got a new spike driven into my baton, for the glacier. I was still far from well, but the excitement pulled me through all discomfort. I did not sleep at all that night, from anxiety as to the success of the undertaking: I knew all the danger; and when I made a little parcel of my money, and the few things I had in my "kit," and told the friend who had come with me from London to take them home if I did not return, I am afraid my attempt to be careless about the matter was a failure. I had set a small infernal machine, that made a hideous noise at appointed hours, to go off at six; but I believe I heard every click it gave all through the night; and I forestalled its office in the morning by getting out of bed myself at sunrise and stopping it. We met at seven o'clock on the

morning of Tuesday, the 12th, to breakfast. All our guides and porters had a feast in the garden, and were in high spirits—for the glass had gone up half an inch, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. Nothing could exceed the bustle of the inn-yard; everybody had collected to see the start: the men were dividing and portioning the fowls, and bottles of wine, and rugs, and wrappers; something was constantly being forgotten, and nobody could find whatever was of most importance to them; and the good-tempered cook—another Tairraz—kept coming forth from the kitchen with so many additional viands that I began to wonder when our stores would be completed. The list of articles of food which we took up with us was as follows:—

NOTE NO. 1.

PROVISIONS FOR THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Hôtel de Londres, Chamouni,
August 12, 1851.

	France.
60 bottles of Vin Ordinaire, . . .	60
6 do. Bordeaux, . . .	36
10 do. St George, . . .	30
15 do. St Jean, . . .	30
3 do. Cognac, . . .	15
1 do. Syrup of raspberries, . . .	3
6 do. Lemonade, . . .	6
2 do. Champagne, . . .	14
20 Loaves, . . .	30
10 Small cheeses, . . .	8
6 Packets of chocolate, . . .	9
6 do. Sugar, . . .	6
4 do. Prunes, . . .	6
4 do. Raisins, . . .	6
2 do. Salt, . . .	1
4 Wax candles, . . .	4
6 Lemons, . . .	1
4 Legs of mutton, . . .	24
4 Shoulders, do., . . .	12
6 Pieces of veal, . . .	30
1 Piece of beef, . . .	5
11 Large fowls, . . .	30
35 Small do., . . .	87
Total,	456

About half-past seven we started; and as we left the inn, and traversed the narrow ill-paved streets of

Chamouni towards the bridge, I believe we formed the largest caravan that had ever gone off together. Each of us had four guides, making twenty in all;* and the porters and volunteers I may reckon at another score; besides which, there was a rabble rout of friends, and relations, and sweethearts, and boys, some of whom came a considerable distance with us. I had a mule waiting for me at the bridle-road that runs through the fields towards the dirty little village of Les Pelerins—for I wished to keep myself as fresh as I could for the real work. I do not think I gained anything by this, for the brute was exceedingly troublesome to manage up the rude steep path and amongst the trees. I expect my active young companions had the best of it on their own good legs. Dressed, at present, in light boating attire, they were types of fellows in first-rate fibrous muscular condition; and their sunny good-temper, never once clouded during the journey, made everything bright and cheering.

The first two hours of the ascent presented no remarkable features, either of difficulty or prospect. The path was very steep and rugged, through a stunted copse of pines and shrubs, between which we saw on our right the glistening ice-towers of the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons. On our left was the ravine, along which the torrent courses to form the Cascade des Pelerins. The two nice girls who keep the little refreshment *chalet* at the waterfall came across the wood to wish us God speed. Julie Favret, the prettier of the two, was said to be engaged to our guide Jean Carrier—a splendid young fellow—so they lingered behind our caravan some little time; and when Jean rejoined us, an unmerciful shower of *badinage* awaited him. We kept on in single file, winding backwards and forwards amongst the trees, until we came to the last habitation up the mountain, which is called the

* The following were the names of our guides, copied from my certificate of the ascent:—Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz, Jean Carrier, Gedeon Balmat, Michel Couttet, Frederic Tairraz, Pierre Cachat, Michel Couttet, François Cachat, Joseph Tairraz, Joseph Tissay, Edouard Carrier, Michel Devouassoud, Auguste Devouassoud, François Favret. One guide—I forget his name—was poorly, and could not sign, the next morning.

the intention also of trying the ascent. It was immediately settled that we should unite our caravans; and that same evening, Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz the elder, Jean Carrier, and Gedeon Balmat, met us to settle our plans. The weather had unfortunately changed. It rained constantly: the wind came up the valley—always a bad sign—and the clouds were so low that we could not even see the Aiguilles, nor the top of the Brevent. But so determined were we to go, that, at all risks, we should have ventured. Every arrangement of food, covering, &c., was left to M. Edouard Tairraz, the landlord of the excellent Hôtel de Londres; and it was understood that we were all to keep in readiness to start at half an hour's notice. My young friends, who had been in regular training for some time, continued to perform prodigies of pedestrianism. I did as much as I could; but, unfortunately, was taken so poorly on my return from Montanvert on the Monday—I suspect from sudden overwork, and sitting about in the wet—that I was obliged to lie down on my bed for four or five hours on my return to the hotel, and, in very low spirits, I began to despair of success.

All this time the weather never improved: it rained unceasingly. We almost rattled the barometer to pieces in our anxiety to detect a change; and Jean made an excursion with me to the cottage of one of the Balmats—the very same house spoken of in my old book, *The Peasants of Chamouni*—who was reported to have a wonderful and valuable weather-guide, the like of which had never been seen before in the valley, called *Le Menteur* by the neighbours, because it always foretold the reverse of what would happen. This turned out to be one of the little Dutch houses, with the meteorological lady and gentleman occupiers. The lady, in her summer costume, was most provokingly abroad, and the worst fears were entertained. Whilst, however, we were at dinner that day, all the fog rolled away clean out of the valley as if by magic. The mists rose up the *aiguilles* like the flocks of steam from a valley railway; the sun broke out, and M. Tairraz cried

out from the top of the table—"Voilà le beau temps qui vient: vous ferez une belle ascension, Messieurs: et demain."

We thought no more of dinner that day; all was now hurry and preparation. At every stove in the kitchen, fowls, and legs and shoulders of mutton were turning. The guides were beating up the porters, who were to carry the heavier baggage as far as the edge of the glacier; the peasants were soliciting us to be allowed to join the party as volunteers; and the inhabitants of the village, generally, had collected in the small open space between the church and the Hôtel de l'Union, and were talking over the chances of the excursion—for the mere report of an attempt puts them all in a bustle. We walked about Chamouni that night with heads erect, and an imposing step. People pointed at us, and came from the hotels to see what we were like. For that evening, at least, we were evidently great persons.

The sun went down magnificently, and everything promised a glorious day on the morrow. I collected all my requisites. Our host lent me a pair of high gaiters, and Madame Tairraz gave me a fine pair of scarlet garters to tie them up with. I also bought a green veil, and Jean brought me a pair of blue spectacles. In my knapsack I put other shoes, socks, and trousers, and an extra shirt; and I got a new spike driven into my baton, for the glacier. I was still far from well, but the excitement pulled me through all discomfort. I did not sleep at all that night, from anxiety as to the success of the undertaking: I knew all the danger; and when I made a little parcel of my money, and the few things I had in my "kit," and told the friend who had come with me from London to take them home if I did not return, I am afraid my attempt to be careless about the matter was a failure. I had set a small infernal machine, that made a hideous noise at appointed hours, to go off at six; but I believe I heard every click it gave all through the night; and I forestalled its office in the morning by getting out of bed myself at sunrise and stopping it. We met at seven o'clock on the

morning of Tuesday, the 12th, to breakfast. All our guides and porters had a feast in the garden, and were in high spirits—for the glass had gone up half an inch, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. Nothing could exceed the bustle of the inn-yard; everybody had collected to see the start: the men were dividing and portioning the fowls, and bottles of wine, and rugs, and wrappers; something was constantly being forgotten, and nobody could find whatever was of most importance to them; and the good-tempered cook—another Tairraz—kept coming forth from the kitchen with so many additional viands that I began to wonder when our stores would be completed. The list of articles of food which we took up with us was as follows:—

NOTE No. 1.

PROVISIONS FOR THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Hôtel de Londres, Chamouni,
August 12, 1851.

France.

60 bottles of Vin Ordinaire, . . .	60
6 do. Bordeaux, . . .	36
10 do. St George, . . .	30
15 do. St Jean, . . .	30
3 do. Cognac, . . .	15
1 do. Syrup of raspberries, . . .	3
6 do. Lemonade, . . .	6
2 do. Champagne, . . .	14
20 Loaves, . . .	30
10 Small cheeses, . . .	8
6 Packets of chocolate, . . .	9
6 do. Sugar, . . .	6
4 do. Prunes, . . .	6
4 do. Raisins, . . .	6
2 do. Salt, . . .	1
4 Wax candles, . . .	4
6 Lemons, . . .	1
4 Legs of mutton, . . .	24
4 Shoulders, do., . . .	12
6 Pieces of veal, . . .	30
1 Piece of beef, . . .	5
11 Large fowls, . . .	30
35 Small do., . . .	87
Total, . . .	456

About half-past seven we started; and as we left the inn, and traversed the narrow ill-paved streets of

Chamouni towards the bridge, I believe we formed the largest caravan that had ever gone off together. Each of us had four guides, making twenty in all;* and the porters and volunteers I may reckon at another score; besides which, there was a rabble rout of friends, and relations, and sweethearts, and boys, some of whom came a considerable distance with us. I had a mule waiting for me at the bridle-road that runs through the fields towards the dirty little village of Les Pelerins—for I wished to keep myself as fresh as I could for the real work. I do not think I gained anything by this, for the brute was exceedingly troublesome to manage up the rude steep path and amongst the trees. I expect my active young companions had the best of it on their own good legs. Dressed, at present, in light boating attire, they were types of fellows in first-rate fibrous muscular condition; and their sunny good-temper, never once clouded during the journey, made everything bright and cheering.

The first two hours of the ascent presented no remarkable features, either of difficulty or prospect. The path was very steep and rugged, through a stunted copse of pines and shrubs, between which we saw on our right the glistening ice-towers of the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons. On our left was the ravine, along which the torrent courses to form the Cascade des Pelerins. The two nice girls who keep the little refreshment *chalet* at the waterfall came across the wood to wish us God speed. Julie Favret, the prettier of the two, was said to be engaged to our guide Jean Carrier—a splendid young fellow—so they lingered behind our caravan some little time; and when Jean rejoined us, an unmerciful shower of *badinage* awaited him. We kept on in single file, winding backwards and forwards amongst the trees, until we came to the last habitation up the mountain, which is called the

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only standing-room is the top of the barrier that divides two crevices; and as this is broad or narrow, terminating in another frightful gulf, or continuous with another treacherous ice-wall, so can you be slow or rapid. The breadth of the crevice varies with each one you arrive at, and these individually vary constantly, so that the most experienced guide can have no fixed plan of route. The fissure you can leap across to-day, becomes by to-morrow a yawning gulf.

Young Devouassoud now took the lead, with a light axe to cut out foot-steps and hand-holds with when necessary, and we all followed, very cautiously placing our feet in the prints already made. "*Choisissez vos pas*" was a phrase we heard every minute. Our progress was necessarily very slow; and sometimes we were brought up altogether for a quarter of an hour, whilst a council was held as to the best way of surmounting a difficulty. Once only the neck of ice along which we had to pass was so narrow that I preferred crossing it saddle-fashion, and so working myself on with my hands. It was at points similar to this that I was most astonished at the daring and sure-footedness of the guides. They took the most extraordinary jumps, alighting upon banks of ice that shelved at once clean down to the edges of frightful crevices, to which their feet appeared to cling like those of flies. And yet we were all shod alike—in good stout "shooting shoes," with a double row of hob-nails; but, where I was sliding and tumbling about, they stood like rocks. In all this there was, however, little physical exertion for us—it was simply a matter of nerve and steady head. Where the crevice was small, we contrived to jump over it with tolerable coolness; and where it was over three or four feet in breadth, we made a bridge of the ladder, and walked over on the rounds. There is no great difficulty, to be sure, in doing this, when a ladder lies upon the ground; but with a chasm of unknown depth below it, it is satisfactory to get to the other side as quickly as possible.

At a great many points the snow

made bridges, which we crossed easily enough. Only one was permitted to go over at a time; so that, if it gave way, he might remain suspended by the rope attached to the main body. Sometimes we had to make long detours to get to the end of a crevice, too wide to cross anyway; at others, we would find ourselves all wedged together, not daring to move, on a neck of ice that at first I could scarcely have thought adequate to have afforded footing to a goat. When we were thus fixed, somebody cut notches in the ice, and climbed up or down as the case required; then the knapsacks were pulled up or lowered; then we followed, and, finally, the rest got up as they could. One scramble we had to make was rather frightful. The reader must imagine a valley of ice, very narrow, but of unknown depth. Along the middle of this there ran a cliff, also of ice, very narrow at the top, and ending suddenly, the surface of which might have been fifteen feet lower than the top of this valley on either side, and on it we could not stand two abreast. A rough notion of a section of this position may be gained from the letter W, depressing the centre angle, and imagining that the cliff on which we were standing. The feet of our ladders were set firm on the neck of the cliff, and then it was allowed to lean over the crevice until its other end touched the wall, so to speak, of the valley. Its top round was, even then, seven or eight feet below where we wanted to get. One of the young guides went first with his axe, and contrived, by some extraordinary succession of gymnastic feats, to get safely to the top, although we all trembled for him—and, indeed, for ourselves; for, tied as we all were, and on such a treacherous standing, had he tumbled; he would have pulled the next after him, and so on, one following the other, until we should all have gone hopelessly to perdition. Once safe, he soon helped his fellows, and, one after the other, we were drawn up, holding to the cord for our lives. The only accident that befell me on the journey here happened. Being pulled quickly up, my ungloved hand encountered a sharp bit of granite frozen in the ice,

and this cut through the veins on my wrist. The wound bled furiously for a few minutes; but the excitement of the scramble had been so great that I actually did not know I was hurt until I saw the blood on the snow. I tied my handkerchief round the cut, and it troubled me no more; but, from such hurried surgery, it has left a pretty palpable scar.

Our porters would go no farther—promises and bribes were now in vain—and they gave up their luggage, and set off on their way back to Chamouni. We now felt, indeed, a forlorn hope; but fortunately we did not encounter anything worse than we had already surmounted; and about four o'clock in the afternoon we got to the station at which we were to remain until midnight.

The Grands Mulets are two or three conical rocks which rise like island peaks from the snow and ice at the head of the Glacier des Bossons, and, were they loftier, would probably be termed *aiguilles*. They are visible with the naked eye from Chamouni, appearing like little cones on the mountain side. Looking up to them, their left hand face, or outer side, as I shall call it, goes down straight at once, some hundred feet, to the glacier. On the right hand, and in front, you can scramble up to them pretty well, and gain your resting-place, which is about thirty feet from the summit, either by climbing the rock from the base, which is very steep and fatiguing, or by proceeding farther up along the snow, and then returning a little way, when you find yourself nearly on a level with your shelf—for such it is. A familiar example of what I mean is given in a house built on a steep hill, where the back-door may be on the third story.

The ascent of this rock was the hardest work we had yet experienced: it was like climbing up an immense number of flag-stones, of different heights, set on their edges. Before we got half-way, we heard them firing guns at Chamouni, which showed us that we were being watched from the village; and this gave us fresh energy. At last we reached something like a platform, ten or twelve feet long, and three or four broad; and below this was another tolerably

level space, with a low parapet of loose stones built round it, whilst here and there were several nooks and corners which might shelter people on emergency. We acknowledged the salute at Chamouni, by sticking one of our batons into a crevice, and tying a handkerchief to the top of it; and then set to work to clear away the snow from our resting-place. Contrary to all my expectation, the heat we here experienced was most sultry, and even distressing. Those who have noted how long the granite posts and walls of the Italian cities retain the heat after the sun has gone down, will understand that this rock upon which we were was quite warm wherever the rays fell upon it, although in every nook of shade the snow still remained unthawed.

As soon as we had arranged our packs and bundles, we began to change our clothes, which were tolerably well wet through with trudging and tumbling about among the snow; and cutting a number of pegs, we strewed our garments about the cranies of the rocks to dry. I put on two shirts, two pairs of lamb's-wool socks, a thick pair of Scotch plaid trousers, a "Templar" worsted head-piece, and a common blouse; and my companions were attired in a similar manner. There was now great activity in the camp. Some of the guides ranged the wine bottles side by side in the snow; others unpacked the refreshment knapsacks; others, again, made a rude fireplace, and filled a stew-pan with snow to melt. All this time it was so hot, and the sun was so bright, that I began to think the guide who told de Saussure he should take a parasol up with him did not deserve to have been laughed at.

As soon as our wild bivouac assumed a little appearance of order, two of the guides were sent up the glacier to go a great way ahead, and then return and report upon the state of the snow on the *plateaux*. When they had started, we perched ourselves about, on the comparatively level spaces of the rock, and with knife and fingers began our dinner.

We had scarcely commenced when our party was joined by a young Irishman and a guide, who had taken advantage of the beaten track

left behind us, and marched up on our traces with tolerable ease, leaving to us the honour (and the expense) of cutting out the path. My younger friends, with a little ebullition of university feeling, proposed, under such circumstances, that we should give him a reception in keeping with the glacier; but I thought it would be so hyper-punctilious to show temper here, on the Grands Mulets rocks, up and away in the regions of eternal snow, some thousand feet from the level world, that I ventured on a very mild hint to this effect, which was received with all the acquiescence and good temper imaginable. So we asked him to contribute his stores to our table, and, I dare say, should have got on very well together; but the guides began to squabble about what they considered a breach of etiquette, and presently, with his attendant, he moved away to the next rock. Afterwards another "follower" arrived, with two guides, and he subsequently reached the summit.

We kept high festival that afternoon on the Grands Mulets. One stage of our journey—and that one by no means the easiest—had been achieved without the slightest hurt or harm. The consciousness of success thus far, the pure transparent air, the excitement attached to the very position in which we found ourselves, and the strange bewildering novelty of the surrounding scenery, produced a flowing exhilaration of spirits that I had never before experienced. The feeling was shared by all; and we laughed and sang, and made the guides contribute whatever they could to the general amusement, and told them such stories as would translate well in return; until, I believe, that dinner will never be forgotten by them. A fine diversion was afforded by racing the empty bottles down the glacier. We flung them off from the rock as far as we were able, and then watched their course. Whenever they chanced to point neck first down the slope, they started off with inconceivable velocity, leaping the crevices by their own impetus, until they were lost in the distance. The excitement of the guides during this amusement was very remarkable: a stand of betting men

could not have betrayed more at the Derby. Their anxiety when one of the bottles approached a crevice was intense; and if the gulf was cleared, they perfectly screamed with delight, "*Voici un bon coureur!*" or "*Tiens! comme il saut bien!*" burst from them; and "*Le grand s'arrête!*" "*Il est perdu—quel dommage!*" "*Non—il marche encore!*" could not have been uttered with more earnestness had they been watching a herd of chamois.

It got somewhat chilly as the sun left the Mulets, but never so cold as to be uncomfortable. With my back against the rock, and a common railway rug over my feet and legs, I needed nothing else. My knapsack was handy at my elbow to lean upon—the same old companion that had often served for my pillow on the Mediterranean and the Nile; and so I had altogether the finest couch upon which a weary traveller ever rested.

I have, as yet, purposely abstained from describing the glorious view above, around, and beneath us, for the details of our bivouac would have interrupted me as much as the arrangements actually did, until we got completely settled for the night—at least so much of it as we were to pass there. The Grands Mulets rocks are evidently the highest spines, so to speak, of a ridge of the mountain dividing the origin of the two glaciers of Bossons and Tacconay. They are chosen for a halting-place, not less from their convenient station on the route than from their situation out of the way of the avalanches. From the western face of the peak on which we were situated we could not see Chamouni, except by climbing up to the top of the rock—rather a hazardous thing to do—and peeping over it, when the whole extent of the valley could be very well made out; the villages looking like atoms of white grit upon the chequered ground. Below us, and rising against our position, was the mighty field of the glacier—a huge prairie, if I may term it so, of snow and ice, with vast irregular undulations, which gradually merged into an apparently smooth unbroken tract, as their distance increased. Towering in front of us, several thousand feet higher, and two or three miles away, yet still having

the strange appearance of proximity that I have before alluded to, was the huge Dôme du Gouté—the mighty cupola usually mistaken by the valley travellers for the summit of Mont Blanc. Up the glacier, on my left, was an enormous and ascending valley of ice, which might have been a couple of miles across; and in its course were two or three steep banks of snow, hundreds of feet in height, giant steps by which the level landing-place of the Grand Plateau was to be reached. On the first and lowest of these, we could make out two dots slowly toiling up the slope. They were the pioneers we had started from the Mulets on arriving, and their progress thus far was considered a proof that the snow was in good order. Still farther up, above the level which marked the Grand Plateau, was the actual summit of Mont Blanc. As I looked at it, I thought that in two hours' good walking, along a route apparently as smooth as a race-course after a moderate fall of snow, it might be easily reached; but immediately my eye returned to the two specks who had already taken up that time in painfully toiling to their present position. The next instant the attempt seemed hopeless, even in a day. As it was now, with the last five hours' unceasing labour and continuous ascent, the lower parts of the glacier that we had traversed appeared close at hand; but when I looked down to my right, across the valley, and saw the Brevent—to get to the summit of which, from Chamouni, requires hours of toil: when I saw this lofty wall of the valley gradually assuming the appearance of a mere ploughed ridge, I was again struck with the bewildering impossibility of bringing down anything in this "world of wonders" to the ordinary rules or experiences of proportion and distance.

The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Gouté, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendour—burst upon me, that, spell-bound and

almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realisation of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendour. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its colour from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still, it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the vast Dôme du Gouté and the summit itself stood out, icelike and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.

Although this superb spectacle had faded away, the scene was still even more than striking. The fire which the guides had made, and which was now burning and crackling on a ledge of rock a little below us, threw its flickering light, with admirable effect,

* "A world of wonders, where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her Dreams."

MONTGOMERY.

upon our band. The men had collected round the blaze, and were making some chocolate, as they sang *patois* ballads, and choruses: they were all evidently as completely at home as they would have been in their own *chalets*. We had arranged ourselves as conveniently as we could, so as not to inconvenience one another, and had still nothing more than an ordinary wrapper over us: there had been no attempt to build the tent with batons and canvass, as I had read in some of the Mont Blanc narratives—the starry heaven was our only roofing. F. and P. were already fast asleep. W. was still awake, and I was too excited even to close my eyes in the attempt to get a little repose. We talked for a while, and then he also was silent.

The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold and silence, and death, stretched out, far and away from us, on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

It was twenty minutes to twelve when the note of preparation for our second start was sounded. Tairraz shook up the more drowsy of the guides, and they were soon bustling about, and making their arrangements for the work before us. They had not much to carry now. Everything, with the exception of a few bottles of wine, some small loaves, and two or three cold fowls, was to be left on the Grands Mulets: there was no danger of theft from passers-by, as Carrier observed. This quarter of an hour before midnight was, I think, the heaviest during the journey. Now that we were going to leave our lodging, I did feel uncommonly tired; and wild and rugged as it was, I began to think the blankets and wrappers looked very comfortable in the ruddy firelight, compared to the glooming desert of ice before us. The moon was still low—that is to say, the light on the mountain had not come farther down than the top of the Aiguille du Gouté, so that we were in comparative darkness. Three or four lanterns were fitted up with candles; and Jean Tairraz had a fine affair like a Chinese balloon, or more truly the round *lampions* used in French illuminations, only larger; and this he tied behind him to light me as I followed. Michael Devouassoud took the lead; we came after him with regular numbers of guides, each traveller having a lantern carried before him, and then another guide or two, lightly laden. In this order, in single file, we left the Grands Mulets—not by the scrambling route of our arrival, but by the upper portion of the rocks, where we descended at once, in a few feet, to the snow. As we passed the upper Mulets, we heard our Irish follower “keeping it up” by himself in most convivial fashion, and singing “God save the Queen” to his guide. Soon afterwards we saw his lantern glimmering on our traces; and the light of the second aspirant was also visible, moving about before his start.

The snowy side of Mont Blanc, between the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges near the summit, is formed by three gigantic steps, if they may so be called, one above the other, each of which is many hundred feet high. Between each is a compara-

tively level platform of glacier; and the topmost of these, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Its position can be made out very well from Chamouni with the naked eye. Up these slopes our road now lay; and for more than two hours we followed one another in silence—now trudging over the level places, and now slowly climbing, in zigzag, up the steepes. Very little talking went on, for we knew that we should soon need all our breath. The walking here, however, was by no means difficult; for the snow was hard and crisp, and we made very good progress, although, for a long time, we saw the red speck of fire, far below us, gleaming on the Grands Mulets. The stars were out, and the air was sharp and cold, but only disagreeably biting when the lightest puff of wind came. This was not very often, for we were sheltered on all sides by the heights and *aiguilles* around us.

The march from the Mulets to the foot of the Grand Plateau was the most unexciting part of the journey. It was one continuous, steadily ascending tramp of three hours and a half—now and then retracing our footmarks with a little grumbling, when it was found, on gaining the neck of a ridge of snow, that there was an impracticable crevice on the other side; but the general work was not much more than that of ascending the Mer de Glace, on your route to the Jardin. Whenever we came to a stand-still, our feet directly got very cold; and the remedy for this was to drive them well into the snow. The guides were anxious that we should constantly keep in motion; and, indeed, they were never still themselves during these halts.

We had nearly gained the edge of the Grand Plateau when our caravan was suddenly brought to a stop by the announcement from our leading guide of a huge crevice ahead, to which he could not see any termination; and it was far too wide to cross by any means. It appeared that the guides had looked forward, all along, to some difficulty here—and they were now really anxious; for Tairraz said, that if we could not reach the other side our game was up, and we must return. Auguste Devouassoud went

ahead and called for a lantern. We had now only one left alight: two had burnt out, and the other had been lost, shooting away like a meteor down the glacier until it disappeared in a gulf. The remaining light was handed forward, and we watched its course with extreme anxiety, hovering along the edge of the abyss—anon disappearing and then showing again farther off—until at last Auguste shouted out that he had found a pass, and that we could proceed again. We toiled up a very steep cliff of ice, and then edged the crevice which yawned upon our left in a frightful manner,—more terrible in its semi-obscurity than it is possible to convey an impression of—until the danger was over, and we all stood safely upon the Grand Plateau about half-past three in the morning.

We had now two or three miles of level walking before us; indeed our road, from one end of the plateau to the other, was on a slight descent. Before we started we took some wine: our appetites were not very remarkable in spite of all our work; but a leathern cup of St George put a little life and warmth into us, for we were chilled with the delay, and it was now intensely cold. We also saw the other lanterns approaching, and we now formed, as it were, one long caravan. Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn, to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual frost, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight, from the Dôme du Gouté, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right was the summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and as inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf, yawning in the ice of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr Hamel's guides; and in whose depths, ice-bound and unchanged, they are yet locked. Tairraz crept close to me,

and said, through his teeth, almost in a whisper—"C'est ici, Monsieur, que mon frère Auguste est peri en 1820, avec Balmat et Carrier: les pauvres corps sont encore la bas!—ça me donne de peine, toujours, en traversant le Plateau; et la route est encore perilleuse." "Et les avalanches?" I asked—"tombent elles toujours?" "Oui, Monsieur, toujours—nuit et jour. Le plutôt passé, mieux pour nous!"

In fact, although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of a horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the most utter unimportance to everybody.

At last we got under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then we were in comparative safety; since, were an avalanche to fall, they would turn its course on to the plateau we had just quitted. A small council was assembled there. The Irishman, who had got a little ahead of us, was compelled to give in—he was done up and could go no farther. Indeed, it would have been madness to have attempted it, for we found him lying on the snow, vomiting frightfully, with considerable hemorrhage from the nose. I think this must have been about the same elevation at which young Mr Talfourd was compelled to give in, in 18—. I told our

poor companion that he must not think the worse of us for leaving him there, with his guide, as unfortunately we could do nothing for him; but I recommended him to go back as speedily as he could to the Grands Mulets, where he would find everything that he might require. He took this advice, and, indeed, we found him still at the rock, on our return.

As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rochers Rouges we came into the full moonlight; and, at the same time, far away on the horizon the red glow of daybreak was gradually tinging the sky, and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had nothing of the sunset glories of the Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark boundless space a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain-top. Whilst this was going on, other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then a silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until the grey hazy ocean lighted up into hills, and valleys, and irregularities, and the entire world below warmed into the glow of sunrise. We were yet in gloom, shadowed by the Aiguille Sans Nom, with the summit of Mont Blanc shut out from us by the Rochers Rouges; but, of course, it must have been the earliest to catch the rays.

It was now fearfully cold; and every now and then a sharp north-east wind nearly cut us into pieces, bringing with it a storm of spiculæ of ice, which were really very painful, as they blew against and past our faces and ears: so we took to our veils again, which all night long had been twisted round our hats. I felt very chilled and dispirited. I had now passed two nights without sleep; and I had really eaten nothing since the yesterday's morning but part of an egg, a piece of fowl, and a little bit of bread—for my illness had taken

away all my appetite; and on this small diet I had been undergoing the greatest work. But none of us were complaining of nausea, or difficulty of breathing, or blood to the head, or any of the other symptoms which appear to have attacked most persons even on the Grand Plateau; so I plucked up fresh courage, and prepared for our next achievement.

This was no light affair. From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we had to climb from the N. E. to the E. Its surface was at an angle of about sixty degrees. Above us it terminated in a mighty cliff, entirely covered with icicles of marvellous length and beauty; below, it was impossible to see where it went, for it finished suddenly in an edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Along this we now had to go; and the journey was as hazardous a one as a man might make along a steeply-pitched roof with snow on it. Jean Carrier went first with his axe, and very cautiously cut every step in which we were to place our feet in the ice. It is difficult at times to walk along ice on a level; but when that ice is tilted up more than half-way towards the perpendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be chipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. The cords came into requisition again; and we went along, leaning very much over to our right, and, I must say, paying little attention to our guides, who were continually pointing out spots for us to admire—the Jardin, Monte Rosa, and the Col du Géant—as they became visible. It took us nearly half-an-hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul, towards the upper part of the Mer de Glace—the reverse of the view the visitor enjoys from the Jardin.

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go

to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word “bewitched” is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a Mayday festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be: but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Perviz in the *Arabian Nights*. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high—the

terrible Mur de la Côte—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon "pluck," I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below, in the horrible depths of the glacier. Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier *moraine*, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed, in a highly rarefied atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with blood-shot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Côte calls for no ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its

smooth glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. I scarcely know what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that, clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in a blue haze.

For upwards of half-an-hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte* as it is called—the "cap" of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labour, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so "blown," in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my "team," because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly

stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!

The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted, that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose, which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun. There was too much to see, and yet not enough: I mean, the view was so vast that, whilst every point and valley was a matter of interest, and eagerly scanned, yet the elevation was so great that all detail was lost. What I did observe I will endeavour to render account of—not as a tourist might do, who, planting himself in imagination on the Mont Blanc of Keller's map or Auldjo's plan, puts down all the points that he considers might be visible, but just as they struck me with an average traveller's notion of Switzerland.

In the first place, it must be understood, as I have just intimated, that the height greatly takes away from the interest of the view, which its expanse scarcely makes amends for. As a splendid panorama, the sight from the Rigi Kulm is more attractive. The chequered fields, the little steamer plying from Lucerne to Fluelyn, the tiny omnibuses on the lake-side road to Art, the desolation of Goldau, and the section of the fatal Rossberg, are all subjects of interest

and much admiration. But the Rigi is six thousand feet above the sea level, and Mont Blanc is over fifteen thousand. The little clustered village, seen from the Kulm, becomes a mere white speck from the crown of the monarch.

The morning was most lovely; there was not even a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. One of our guides had been up nine times, and he said he had never seen such weather. But with this extreme clearness of atmosphere there was a filmy look about the peaks, merging into a perfect haze of distance in the valleys. All the great points in the neighbourhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps—were standing forth clear enough; but the other second-class mountains were mere ridges. It was some time before I could find out the Brevent at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The other hills had sunk into perfect insignificance, or rather looked pretty much the same as they do in the relief models at the map shops. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined; and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvercle lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Right away over the Col du Géant we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan; but I could not acknowledge it. I was altogether more interested in finding out the peaks and gorges comparatively near the mountain, than straining my eyes after remote matters of doubt. Of the entire *coup d'œil* no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. Both Mont Blanc and the Pyramids, viewed from below, have never been clearly pictured, from the utter absence of anything by which proportion could

be fixed. From the same cause, it is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless undulating expanse of jagged snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted.

The first curiosity satisfied, we produced our stores, and collected together on the hard snow to discuss them. We had some wine, and a cold fowl or two, a small quantity of bread and cheese, some chocolate in *batons*, and a bag of prunes, which latter proved of great service in the ascent. One of these, rolled about in the mouth, without being eaten, served to dispel the dryness of the throat and palate, otherwise so distressing.

The rarefaction of the air was nothing to what I had anticipated. We had heard legends, down at Chamouni, of the impossibility of lighting pipes at this height; but now all the guides were smoking most comfortably. Our faces had an odd dark appearance, the result of congestion, and almost approaching the tint I had noticed in persons attacked by Asiatic cholera; but this was not accompanied by any sensation of fulness, or even inconvenience. The only thing that distressed me was the entire loss of feeling in my right hand, on which I had not been able to wear one of the fur gloves, from the bad grasp it allowed to my pole. Accordingly it was frost-bitten. The guides evidently looked upon this as a more serious matter than I did myself, and for five minutes I underwent a series of rather severe operations of very violent friction. After a while the numbness partially went away; but even as I now write, my little finger is without sensation, and on the approach of cold it becomes very painful. However, all this was nothing: we had succeeded, and were sitting all together, without hurt or harm, on the summit of Mont Blanc. We did not feel much inclined to eat, but our *vin ordinaire* was perfect nectar; and the bottle of champagne brought up on purpose to be drunk

on the summit was considered a finer wine than had ever been met with. We all shook each other by the hand, and laughed at such small pleasantries so heartily that it was quite diverting; and a rapid programme of toasts went round, of which the most warmly drunk was "Her," according to each of our separate opinions on that point. We made no "scientific observations,"—the acute and honest de Saussure had done everything that was wanted by the world of that kind; and those who have since worried themselves during the ascent about "elevations" and temperatures, have added nothing to what he told us sixty years ago. But we had beheld all the wonders and horrors of the glacier world in their wildest features; we had gazed on scenery of such fantastic yet magnificent nature as we might not hope to see again; we had laboured with all the nerve and energy we could command to achieve a work of downright unceasing danger and difficulty, which not more than one-half of those who try are able to accomplish, and the triumph of which is, even now, shared but by a comparative handful of travellers: and we had succeeded!

Although the cold was by no means severe when the air was still, yet, as I have before stated, the lightest puff of wind appeared to freeze us; and we saw the guides getting their packs ready—they were very light now—and preparing to descend. Accordingly, we left the summit at half-past nine, having been there exactly half-an-hour. We learned afterwards that we had been seen from Chamouni by telescopes, and that the people there had fired cannon when they perceived us on the summit: but these we did not hear. We were about three hours and a half getting back to the Grands Mulets; and, with the exception of the Mur de la Côte, (which required the same caution as in coming up,) the descent was a matter of great amusement. Sliding, tumbling, and staggering about, setting all the zig-zags at defiance, and making direct short cuts from one to the other—sitting down at the top of the snow slopes, and launching ourselves off, feet first, until, not very clever at self-guidance, we turned right round

and were stopped by our own heads : all this was capital fun. The guides managed to slide down very cleverly, keeping their feet. They leant rather back, steadying themselves with their poles, which also acted as a drag, by being pressed deeply into the snow when they wished to stop, and so scudded down like the bottles from the Grands Mulets. I tried this plan once ; but, before I had gone a dozen yards, I went head-over-heels, and nearly lost my baton ; so that I preferred the more ignoble but equally exciting mode of transit first alluded to.

Although our return to the Mulets was accomplished in about half the time of the ascent, yet I was astonished at the distance we had traversed, now that my attention was not so much taken away by the novelty of the scenery and situations. There appeared to be no end to the *montets* which divide the *plateaux* ; and, after a time, as we descended, the progress became very troublesome, for the snow was beginning to thaw in the sun, and we went up to our knees at every step. We were now not together—little parties of three or four dotting the glacier above and in front of us. Everybody chose his own route, and glissaded, or skated, or rolled down, according to his fancy. The sun was very bright and warm—we were all very cheerful and merry ; and, although I had not had any sleep for two nights, I contrived to keep up tolerably well with the foremost.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling that we could scarcely support it ; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-by to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever.

In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge ; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough : every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in ; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a shake of the head was always the signal for a *detour*. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted on a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like rapid activity of the Chamouni guides, he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.

At length, after much anxiety, we came to the *moraine* of the glacier, and I was not sorry to find myself standing upon a block of hard granite, for I honestly believe that our lives had not been worth a penny's purchase ever since we left the Grands Mulets. We had a long rest at the *Pierro à l'Echelle*, where we deposited our ladder for the next aspirants, and, in the absence of everything else,

were content with a little water for refreshment. The cords were now untied, and we went on as we pleased; but I ordered Jean Carrier to go ahead, and tell his pretty sweetheart at the Pavilion des Pelerins that we should make all the party drink her health there—a promise I had given a day or two previously—and he started off like a chamois. Jean Tairraz was sent forward to bespeak some milk for us at the Chalet de la Para, and then we took our time; and, once more upon solid trustworthy ground, began the last descent. Some mules were waiting at the Chalet, but the road was so exceedingly steep and tortuous that I preferred my own legs; and by five o'clock we had come down the pine wood, and found ourselves at the little cabin, with Julie, all brightness and blushes, busying about to receive us.

Several ladies and gentlemen had come thus far to meet us; and, what with the friends and families of the guides, we now formed a very large party indeed. It was here humbly suggested that we should mount our mules, to render our entry into Chamouni as imposing as possible; so after the men had drunk with their friends, and with one another, and indeed with everybody, we formed into our order of march across the fields between the two villages. First went the two Tairraz, Balmat, and Carrier, with their ice-axes, as the chiefs of the party, and specially attached to us; then we came on our mules; after us walked the body of the guides, with such of their families as had come to meet them, and little boys and girls, so proud to carry their batons and appear to belong to the procession; and, finally, the porters and volunteers with the knapsacks brought up the rear. And so we went merrily through the fields that border the Arve, in the bright afternoon sunlight, receiving little bouquets from the girls on the way, and meeting fresh visitors from Chamouni every minute.

We had heard the guns firing at Chamouni ever since we left the Pelerins; but as we entered the village we were greeted with a tremendous round of Alpine artillery from the roof of the new Hôtel

Royal, and the garden and courtyard of the Hôtel de Londres. The whole population was in the streets, and on the bridge; the ladies at the hotels waving their handkerchiefs, and the men cheering; and a harpist and a violin player now joined the *cortège*. When we got into the court of our hotel, M. Edouard Tairraz had dressed a little table with some beautiful bouquets and wax candles, until it looked uncommonly like an altar, but for the half-dozen of champagne that formed a portion of its ornaments; and here we were invited to drink with him, and be gazed at, and have our hands shaken by everybody. One or two enthusiastic tourists expected me there and then to tell them all about it; but the crowd was now so great, and the guns so noisy, and the heat and dust so oppressive, coupled with the state of excitement in which we all were, that I was not sorry to get away and hide in a comfortable warm bath which our worthy host had prepared already. This, with an entire change of clothes, and a quiet comfortable dinner, put me all right again; and at night, when I was standing in the balcony of my chamber window, looking at the twinkling pine illuminations on the bridge, and watching the last glow of sunset once more disappear from the summit of the grand old mountain king, I could hardly persuade myself that the whole affair had not been a wonderful dream.

I did not sleep very well when I went to bed. I was tumbling down precipices all night long, and so feverish that I drank off the entire contents of a large water jug before morning. My face, in addition, gave me some pain where the sun had caught it, otherwise I was perfectly well—sufficiently so, indeed, to get up tolerably early the next day, and accompany a friend on foot to Montanvert. In the evening we gave the guides a supper in the hotel garden. I had the honour of presiding; and what with toasts, and speeches, and songs, excellent fare and a warm-hearted company, the moon was once more on the summit of Mont Blanc before we parted. I know it will be some time before the remembrance of that happy evening passes away from

those, between whom and ourselves such an honest friendship had grown up as only fellow-labouring in difficulty and danger can establish.

The undertaking so long anticipated is all over, and I am sitting in a little top-bedroom of the Couronne at Geneva, and settling the expenses with Jean Tairraz. The sunset, the glaciers, and the Mur de la Côte, have come down to a matter of "little bills." He first gives me the hotel account after the ascent. It is as follows:—

NOTE No. 2.

	Francs.	Cents.
163 Bottles lost, . . .	50	
18 Breakfasts to Guides, . . .	22	50
18 Suppers to do., . . .	36	
6 Bottles London Porter, . . .	18	
	<u>126</u>	<u>50</u>

So it will be seen our racing with the bottles was not without some of the expense attached to that sport in general. But it was better to throw them away than to fatigue the men with the thankless task of carrying them down again. They were charged at a high rate, as everything else is at Chamouni; because, it must be remembered, in such a wild secluded place the transport becomes very expensive.

I next receive his own account:—

NOTE No. 3.

	Francs.	Cents.
16 Guides, . . .	1600	
18 Porters, . . .	108	
3 Mules, . . .	18	
The Boy, . . .	4	
1 Lantern broken, . . .	1	75
Milk at the Chalet, . . .	1	50
Extra pay to porters, . . .	5	
Expenses due to Julie at the Pavilion des Pelerins, . . .	16	
Nails for shoes, . . .	2	
	<u>1755</u>	<u>25</u>

Adding these together, we make—

	Francs.	Cents.
Provisions for ascent, . . .	456	
Subsequent expenses, . . .	126	50
Tairraz' guides' account, . . .	1755	25
Total, . . .	<u>2337</u>	<u>75</u>

This divided by four—the number of tourists—gives about 584 francs each. Had I gone up alone, of course the expense would have been greater.

Not without vivid recollections of a delightful and wondrous journey, thus safely and happily accomplished, and of the excellent humour and courteous attention of my companions—with a recommendation, to all whose time and constitution will permit, to make the same excursion, is this plain narrative concluded.

ALBERT SMITH.

THE RURAL SUPERSTITIONS OF WESTERN FRANCE.

THE last traces of that picturesque and fascinating class of superstitions whose home, remote from cities, must be sought in forest glades and amidst mountain peaks, on the desolate moor and along the lonesome fen, among the mists of ocean and in the recesses of the mine, are fast receding and disappearing before the heightened civilisation and prodigious mechanical progress of the present century. Disappearing, but not wholly unregretted. Here and there, some lover of these lingering relics of a less enlightened day uplifts voice and pen

against the unsparing sacrifice of the romantic and ideal to the material and useful. He may not deprecate, he cannot check, the consequences of that inevitable fusion of country and town, which steam, the press, military conscription, and other minor causes are surely and rapidly effecting throughout Central Europe. He plainly sees that when the newspaper reaches the remotest hamlet, and politics supply materials for the evening gossip round the farm-house faggot, the supernatural has lost its hold on the peasant's imagination,

and he not unnaturally desires to preserve some record of traditions and beliefs now evidently upon the eve of final departure. The amiable author of *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, is one of these, who witnesses this departure with no good will, and who has applied himself to chronicle the superstitions of that race of peasantry which he believes to be in process of extinction, and about to be replaced by men of a totally different stamp. In his double capacity of antiquarian and romance-writer, it is easy to understand his wish to preserve some memento of those superstitious fancies, which only yesterday were prevalent in the wilder districts of France. He has selected the western provinces—Normandy, Picardy, La Vendée, and especially his native land of Brittany; and he has brought to the task an intimate acquaintance with the country and people, a fair share of antiquarian knowledge, a keen perception of natural beauties, and the simple graceful style for which he is distinguished. "He has chosen in his memory," he says in his preface, "the scenes, places, and persons which seemed to him most vividly to reflect the artless fancies of the past. The six pastorals in which he has grouped these last aspects of rustic life, are like six landscapes studied by the setting sunlight of popular poetry; in them will be found all the fantastic world created by that muse of the fields and forests, who, after all, has merely translated, in a childish mythology, the eternal aspirations of humanity itself. For to what do our dreams invariably aspire? To overstep the limits of the real; to achieve happiness on earth; to live beyond the tomb; to understand the marvellous creation in the midst of which God has placed us. The first of these instincts has created sorcerers, fairies, elves, and all those supernatural beings which have overthrown the barriers between fact and thought; the second has given rise to the belief in hidden treasures, in talismans, in marvellous gifts; the third has broken the gates of death, and rendered immortality palpable, by giving an appearance to departed souls; the last has established a mysterious bond between us and

nature; has sought a meaning in the cry of a bird, in the sound of the wind; has interpreted every murmur of the heavens, of the earth, and of the waters. Thus has popular imagination placed man in the centre of an invisible world, which alternately aids and menaces him. It is in this world, in which the peasant alone has preserved a belief, that we have endeavoured to exhibit him." In three short and admirably skilful tales, perhaps the most pleasing that ever proceeded from her pen, and to which, on former occasions, we have laudatorily alluded, George Sand has displayed—doubtless somewhat idealised, but still with admirable truth to nature—the sentimental side of French rural life. M. Souvestre has sketched its fantastic aspects. His delineations have the great merit of convincing the reader that they are the result of personal knowledge and observation. They are evidently sketches from nature by the hand of one of nature's ardent lovers—not cold copies, or laboured compilations. Besides the exposition of popular superstitions, they comprise curious and charming glimpses of country life in remote parts of France; of customs, scenes, and occupations, of which we previously had no knowledge. By English readers, and, we suspect, by the great majority of French ones, the page thus presented will be found as full of novelty as it undeniably is of variety and interest.

M. Souvestre has cast his reminiscences into the form of eight detached narratives, of which two or three have almost enough of plot to entitle them to be styled tales, whilst all comprise more or less of incident. Normandy, Picardy, La Vendée, are each the scene of one of these sketches, the other five are taken upon the soil of Brittany. Passing over the first two, which are amongst the least interesting, our attention is arrested by the third, a Breton story entitled *Les Bryérons et les Saulniers*. The *Bryérons* are turf-cutters. To the north of the mouth of the Loire is a vast bed of turf, more than twenty leagues in circumference, known as *La Grande Bryère*, and compared by M. Souvestre to a desert of calcined sponge, continually overhung by a fetid

heavy fog. In spite of its unpromising aspect, the *Bryère* affords the chief means of subsistence to eleven parishes of turf-cutters. It and the salt pans are the principal resources of what may be termed Brittany Proper, the tract of country to the left of the *Sillon* or "ridge"—a name given to a long hill which separates from the rest of Brittany the territory comprised between the mouth of the Loire and that of the Vilaine. The inhabitants of this district are the descendants of a colony of Northmen, who disembarked there in the fifth century, and have now amalgamated with their neighbours. "Their families have augmented into parishes, of which almost all the inhabitants bear the same patronymic, and are distinguished only by nicknames. It is in the *Bryère* especially, and in the salt districts, that the physiognomy of the foreign race is conspicuous. There the old searovers have preserved somewhat of their adventurous disposition. The summer over, you see them embark upon their *futreaux*,* or set out with their mules—those to sell turf at Nantes, La Rochelle, Bordeaux; these to barter their salt in the towns and villages of the West. For the most part the wife accompanies her husband. Mounted upon the best mule, which marches first, adorned with variegated tufts, and with the string of bells that guides the caravan, she spins or knits wool, the produce of the farms of Brittany and La Vendée; whilst the *saulnier* (salt-maker) follows, singing some old canticle." In company with one of these caravans, M. Souvestre once made an excursion. Towards the close of a long day's ride on muleback, observing the *saulnier's* wife to cut across the *Bryère*, he followed her, expecting thereby to abridge his journey. Inexperienced in the intricacies and dangers of the way, he not only prolonged it, but incurred considerable danger. "I forced my mule into a trot, in order to overtake Jeanne. Unfortunately this was less easy than I had supposed. Every moment I came upon pools of stagnant water, which I was obliged to ride round, or upon turf-cuttings intersecting the

path. Darkness, too, came on apace, and, by a singular contrast, seemed denser in the *Bryère* than at a few hundred paces off. Whilst in my front several islands stood out from the bog, so vividly illumined by the setting sun that their smallest details were distinguishable, the sort of valley I was following was plunged in deep gloom. It even seemed to me as if a cloud of smoke mingled with the shadows of night; acrid fumes penetrated my throat; my breathing became more difficult; the air grew burning hot. Soon my mule got visibly uneasy: she danced upon her hind legs, and snorted as if in agony; at last she turned short round, and would have retraced her steps, but doubtless encountering the same invisible obstacle, she sprang wildly aside and back again, and then, as if frantic with violent pain, began to gallop hither and thither, neighing loudly. I made fruitless efforts to master her. Restive to bit and spur, she would stop short for a moment, rear up, and then set off again more madly than before. Compelled to bend forward upon my saddle, I at last perceived that the surface of the ground was covered with white ashes, from which a slight smoke arose. At every step, the mule's hoofs sank deep in the burning soil: she hastily plucked them out, and in so doing raised a shower of sparks. I now remembered to have heard that the embers from a smoker's pipe sometimes sufficed to set fire to the turf-bed, and to cause a conflagration whose smouldering intensity set at naught all the *Bryéron's* efforts for its extinction, which the winter rains alone suffice to accomplish. I could not doubt that I was caught in one of these latent fires, whence the darkness of the night rendered it scarcely possible for me to discover means of escape. Seriously alarmed, I was about to utter a cry of distress, when I heard the voices of Michael and the saltmaker, whom the windings of the path had brought near, and who had just perceived me. In an instant my danger was apparent to them both: hurrying towards me, they stopped at a short distance and called to me to

* Boats of a particular form, used for the transport of turf.

join them. I made a desperate effort to force the mule to move in that direction; but on reaching a narrow dingy pool which alone separated me from them, the beast refused to cross it. I was but at twenty paces from the two peasants, who continued shouting 'This way!' but I could not induce my unruly animal to advance. Soon I felt her gathering herself up and preparing to resume her mad gallop towards the burning turf, when Pierre Louis, after having in vain coaxed and called her by her name, seized a long pole which the *Bryéron* carried in his hand, plunged one end of it in the pool, took a spring, propping himself with the other end, and alighted upon the crupper of the mule. Then passing his arms under mine, he seized the bridle, applied his heels to the mule's flanks, and, uttering familiar cries, forced her to plunge into the ravine.

"Scarcely had the beast felt the freshness of the water when she paused with a sort of sigh of relief. Her neck was white with sweat, and her whole frame quivered. Pierre Louis leaned forward.

" 'There, there, Belotte,' said he, caressing her with hand and voice; 'tis nothing, my girl; a foot-bath will soon cure you.'

"Without much difficulty the mule walked out of the pool. I dismounted, and turned towards the tract of burning turf. At the short distance at which we now were from it, a thin whitish smoke, rendered more visible by the darkness, alone indicated the conflagration. Michael told me that happily these accidents were of tolerably rare occurrence, and that the frequent rains brought by the south-west wind usually prevented the spread of the evil. There was upon record, however, a terrible conflagration, which had insensibly extended over several hundreds of acres, and had threatened to invade the entire plain. It had been found necessary to ring the bells in the eleven parishes bordering on the bog, for a general muster of all who were able to handle pick or spade; and a ditch, a league in length, had been cut round the burning tract of turf. The pool I had just crossed had formed part of the ditch. Whilst speaking, the *Bryéron* tried to pull

out the pole which Pierre Louis had left sticking in the turfy bed of the ravine; but it resisted all his efforts, and I had to help him.

" 'Monsieur sees that the *Bryère* loves to keep what it holds,' said Michael smiling; 'if my pole were left there a few days it would totally disappear. Nothing here is as elsewhere. There is something going on under ground. Cut away the turf as much as we may, it always preserves the same level. In proportion as we lower it the *Bryère* rises.'

"I asked if any explanation of this phenomenon was current in the country.

" ' *Pardieu!* it is the fault of the sons of Japhet,' interrupted the salt-maker, laughing; 'the gentleman has not heard the story? It seems that in old times the *Bryère* had, as one may say, a ground-floor and a cellar. The whole belonged to the *Kourigans* and to the family of Japhet, and each in their turn dwelt above or below. But at last the men took advantage of the time when they occupied the best part of the habitation, to wall up their neighbours in the cellar, where they have ever since remained, except the *Little Charcoal-burner*, who escaped by the chimney and has become our evil spirit. If the *Bryère* rises, it is because the *Kourigans* raise it in their endeavours to regain the ground floor; and if poles sink down, it is because they seize upon everything that is thrust into the soil.'

"I had more than once had opportunity to observe how much the imagination of these highway wanderers inclines to the marvellous. Abandoned to all the illusions to which ignorance and desire can give rise, they pursue their lonely path in constant observation of the lights and shadows, of the stillness and murmurs of nature. Little by little the fascination of solitude troubles them; they feel their reason vacillate, and a thousand confused images form themselves in the darkness. Rocked by the slow pace of the mules, lulled by the monotonous melody of their bells, they behold the trees scud by them like phantoms; the wind, whistling amongst the rocks, is a voice that calls to them; the rippling of

waters is the lamentation of the departed. All the incidents of darkness are transformed into startling mysteries. An imaginary world gradually substitutes itself for the real world; they perceive that which they have imagined, they hear things which others have told them they had heard. In vain do they seek in their travelling-flask the confidence and lucid perception which escapes them; each dram of spirits evokes a fresh swarm of visions, until at last, bewildered by intoxication, they slip from the back of their mule and fall asleep upon the turf of some cross-road. There, continuing their journey in their slumbers, they pass at once from reality to fiction. Then it is that the muleteers who cross the sandy shores of Normandy encounter, in their dreams, the *Moine Trompeur*, seated on the stones of the road, with his seductive piles of gold, and his cards that always win, offering to gamble with the passer-by for his soul; then do they meet the *Mule of Misguidance*, which suffers itself to be mounted by the first comer and forthwith disappears with him for ever; and then it is that they hear the *Bell of Perdition*, tinkling across the waves and luring travellers into the abyss. The saltmakers of the Loire are not more exempt than those of the department of the Manche from these deceitful hallucinations."

This last paragraph is an ingenious attempt minutely to define and trace the origin and growth of many of the superstitions current amongst the peasantry of Western France, and which it is the object of M. Souvestre to exhibit and illustrate. The introduction of the brandy flask does not tend to heighten the poetry of these delusions, although we have no doubt of its frequent agency in fostering them. But the juxta-position of the fantastic and the spirituous inevitably excites a smile. One cannot help contrasting the fanciful commencement and terribly prosaic termination of these long and solitary journeys of the Norman and Breton salt-carriers. They begin by a sort of Ossianic reverie; darkness surrounds them, voices murmur in the waters, visions flit before their half-closed eyes, they are environed

by an imaginary world—when suddenly they have recourse to cognac, tumble off their mules and subside into a snooze. We have no doubt of the fidelity, in numerous instances, of the latter of these two pictures. It is praiseworthy, however, of M. Souvestre, that whilst displaying the attractive features of French peasant character, he does not too completely subdue the coarse traits. And in this respect he perhaps deserves the preference over George Sand, who, in her rural tales, has occasionally given her peasantry a shade more of delicacy and refinement than is altogether consistent with nature. This impression is certainly rare, and so fleeting as in no way to impair the charm of such graceful tales as *Francois le Champi* and *La Petite Fadette*.

Although somewhat drawn out, there is a wild interest in *Les Bryérons et les Saulniers*, which is based on the superstition of the Black Kourigan, or *Little Charcoal-burner*, a sort of Breton brownie, personifying misfortune, and whose appearance is considered of fatal, or at least disastrous omen. The tone and sequel of the story are melancholy; and such is the character of all but one of M. Souvestre's pastorals, tales, reminiscences, or by whatsoever other name they may most appropriately be called. The next in order of index is entitled *La Chasse aux Trésors*—The Hunt after Treasures—another picture of the superstitions and peasant life of Brittany, but on the opposite side of that province, near its inland frontier. The divining-rod figures in this chapter, which comprises some French village and cottage sketches, cleverly drawn, and brightly coloured, and terminates very tragically. It opens with a curious Arab tradition, which, having been brought across the Pyrenees, according to M. Souvestre, by shepherds and smugglers, is still current in the French Basque country. "Whilst leading their flocks along the banks of the *gaves*, or mountain streams, the peasants still relate that, *long before Julius Cæsar*, there existed a *bronche*, or sorcerer, who ascended into the air on a dragon that he had subdued, and thus arrived at the rock on which slept Debrua, the

genius of evil. Surrounding him nine times with a magic chain, he forced him to make known to him the king of talismans, which gives pleasure, wealth, and power. *Debrua* declared to the sorcerer that, in order to obtain everything upon earth, he must make himself master of the *saffron-yellow fly*, which showed itself nightly in a certain pass of the Pyrenees. To catch this fly he must make a net of those hairs nearest the brain, and dip the net in sweat and blood. The *bronche* did as he was advised, and soon the *saffron-yellow fly* appeared to him. For seven days and nights he followed it over rock and ravine, through thicket and torrent, leaving upon his way as many fragments of his clothes and flesh as sheep, before shearing-time, leave locks of wool upon the brambles; at last he saw it settle upon the hut of a shepherd who was away in the pastures. In vain did he endeavour to get at the fly; all his efforts were insufficient to drive it from the roof. As a last resource, and having made sure that none could see him, he set fire to the hut, and the *saffron-yellow fly* flew away. The *bronche* followed it to a meadow, where it alighted upon a tuft of fennel. Unable to approach a plant which is the enemy of sorcerers, he remained some distance off, until a young peasant, who was taking care of horses in the pastures, perceived the fly, and caught it in his cap. The *bronche*, now quite frantic, ran after the child, struck him with his stick, and killed him; but just as he seized the *saffron-yellow fly*, it stung him, and rendered him sad for the rest of his days. Richer than the fairies of the *gaves*, he fell into the same languor that afflicts those whose enemies have recommended them to *St Sequayrius*,* and he died a lingering death, as if the main root of his heart had been cut." Tradition says nothing further of the *saffron-yellow fly*; but M. Souvestre, regarding it as an allegory, beholds men constantly engaged in its pursuit; in Mexico and Peru, with Cortez and Pizarro, in the Bahamas, digging after pirates' buried hoards,

in the rocks and rivers of California, and nearer home, amidst the crumbling ruins and vaulted foundations of European castles and convents. "Science herself, in her austere retreats, lent an ear to the buzzing of the *saffron-yellow fly*, and forgot herself, for centuries, in quest of the philosopher's stone." These and other reflections are suggested to this agreeable and intelligent French writer by his approach to the market-town of St Cosme, on the road to Le Mans. A mound near St Cosme, known in history as the *Motte* (mount) *d'Yg  *, has long been reputed to contain immense treasures. In the twelfth century the English constructed a fort upon it, which they held until the treaty of Bretigny, signed in 1360, by which Edward III. of England renounced his claim to the French crown. According to the tradition, the English, before evacuating the place, buried a quantity of treasure which they dared not take with them, but of which they hoped to regain possession when another war should break out. Not a very probable story, considering that their retreat was in virtue of a treaty of peace, and consequently unmolested. The tale, however, was logical enough to satisfy many, for the *Motte d'Yg  *, better known in modern times as Mount Jallu, has been the scene of repeated excavations and researches. Of the principal of these, M. Souvestre gives a brief account. "The first indication," he says, "of the precious deposit, was a copper plate found in the Tower of London, on which were inscribed the words: *Thesaurus est in Monte Salutis, prope Comum*. Doubtless a knowledge had been obtained of this in Louis XIII.'s time, for under his reign the regiment of Maine was set to dig up Mount Jallu. In 1735, the Duke de Chevreuse authorised fresh researches, which proved as fruitless as the preceding ones. After these two failures, the hill had a long respite. A parchment found at Paris in 1825, on the demolition of an old church, again drew attention to the

* St Sequayrius is a popular saint in the Basque country, to whom people recommend their enemies that he may dry them up.

Motte d'Ygé. A company of shareholders was formed, for the purpose of once more rummaging the deceitful mountain. All they accomplished was the interment of their capital. Towards the same period, the English, who had already, in the eighteenth century, claimed a right of search, renewed their demand through M. de Talleyrand, and addressed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, which passed to the order of the day. Then the father of one of our most noted actresses, Mr Fay, suddenly enlightened by the revelations of a somnambulist lady's-maid, purchased from the proprietor of the hill permission to recommence digging. The indications of the magnetised *subject* were so exact that this time the search had a result. After work which cost him twelve thousand francs, Mr Fay found five copper coins and three nails! After him several ladies resumed the enterprise, and, amongst them, a relative of the most prolific of our novelists, (Balzac,) who hoped to discover old Grandet's treasure in the bowels of Mount Jallu. Finally, there came the Polish General Milkieski, Mesdames Herpin, Hersant, and a new company of shareholders. These last were at work in 1844, having in their pay, like their predecessors, a magnetiser and his *subject*, whose revelations served to guide the workmen." The announcement, by the newspapers, of their proceedings, excited M. Souvestre's curiosity, and he set out to witness the treasure-hunt. He found a number of labourers cutting trenches and digging wells; but, either from ignorance or discretion, the foreman, who directed the works, could furnish no information of any interest. The digging and delving of the series of speculators seemed literally to have altered the position of the hill. Faith had removed the mountain, but of treasure there was as yet no sign. The real golden store had been discovered by the inhabitants of St Cosme and its vicinity, into whose pockets had flowed upwards of two hundred thousand francs, the cost of these oft-repeated researches. They, as may be imagined, took good care to express no doubt of the existence of the treasure, and to cast no ridicule on its credulous seekers. To them Mount

Jallu was indeed an invaluable neighbour. Turning with a smile from the hopeless and unprofitable toil of which its sterile flanks were the scene, M. Souvestre presently fell in with a treasure-seeker of a humble class, a wandering tinker and kettle-patcher from Berry. Claude, surnamed the *Rouleur*, because he was always rolling (roving) about the country, was a living dictionary of popular superstitions relating to hidden wealth. He had consolidated these into a sort of system of his own. His whole thoughts were concentrated upon the subject. He worked at his tinkering trade just enough to keep body and soul together, and endured the greatest hardships without so much as heeding them, convinced that one day he should attain a pitch of opulence such as it is only given to beggars even to dream of. A good dinner, and the familiarity of M. Souvestre's travelling companion with the *patois* of Berry, partially dissipated the *Rouleur's* habitual reserve, and curious admissions were obtained from him. He had heard of the celebrated caldron at the Cross of La Barre—a sort of devil's-casket, discovered by digging up the ground at midnight. At a certain depth a great basin is discovered, full of gold pieces, but it is attached to the earth by magic roots, and hitherto no one has been able to remove it. At the time of his meeting with M. Souvestre, he was in quest of a supernatural dog, of a tawny colour, with straight ears, a pointed muzzle, and tail sweeping the earth, which burrowed in holes where treasure lay. A sort of rustic wizard, also given to treasure-seeking, who sold charms and secret remedies, discovered springs by means of hazel rods, possessed a living spider enclosed in a nut-shell as a cure for the fever, figures, as does his idiot sister, in the incidents that ensue, and which we abstain from sketching in order to turn to the fifth narrative, entitled, *La Niole Blanche*. This is a superstition of the fens of La Vendée. The *Niole* (*nacelle*) *Blanche*, the White Skiff, is a supernatural boat that haunts the marshes, covered over with a winding-sheet, and manned by the *Tousseux Juune*, the phantom of the bilious fever, which plays such

havoc with the population of that unwholesome region. This boat is a warning of approaching disease to the person to whom it appears. "The *Niole Blanche*, in the marshes, is an equivalent of the death-cart in the rest of France. Whoever beholds it is fated to die within the year. In this new form I found a belief common to all races of men and periods of the world's existence. From the phantom that appeared to Brutus down to the little red spectre of the Tuileries, there have always and everywhere been warning apparitions, evidence of a supreme goodness which would not deliver man to death unless well prepared." The date of this tale is nearly twenty years ago, shortly previous to the unfortunate royalist rising in La Vendée, and the slender plot, which turns upon the perils and escape of a refractory conscript, has apparently been introduced merely as a thread whereon to string curious details of the habits, pursuits, and superstitions of the dwellers in the Vendean marshes. It opens with an account of a trap and trapper such as Cooper certainly never sketched, and such as few of our readers are likely ever to have heard of. Whilst slowly rambling, like a true lover of nature as he is, amidst the beautiful shades and rural murmurs of the forest of Vouvant, M. Souvestre, emerging from a thicket, suddenly found himself in an open place, surrounded by rocks, tapestried with yellow lichens, and partially shrouded by reeds and holly. "In the centre of this species of glade stood a man dressed in a suit of tanned leather, which covered him entirely, and allowed nothing but his eyes to be seen. Before him, on a pan of fire, there boiled a caldron, the steam of which would have sufficed to betray the nature of its contents, even if the ground in its vicinity had not been soaked with freshly-spilt milk. The man kept turning about and looking at his feet with an uneasy attention. Presently I saw him stoop down, seize an adder, which the perfume of the milk had lured from its cover, and throw it into the caldron. At its furious hissing there was a stir in the tufts of grass at the foot of the rocks, and several reptiles glided out. The

man in the leathern raiment crushed their heads under his heel, and put them into a little barrel closed by a valve. Whilst thus occupied, he observed my presence.

"'Keep off!' he shouted, in a voice which sounded strangely from under his leathern mask—'don't you see they are vipers?'"

"I started back, and went and stationed myself thirty yards off, on a little eminence quite bare of brushwood, whence I could observe the movements of this singular sportsman. He several times recommenced the operation I had already witnessed, and ended by pouring upon the ground the whole of the milk in his caldron. At last, hopeless of attracting any more victims, he nailed down the cover of his barrel, hung it over his shoulder by a strap, took up his kettle, and approached the foot of the mound on which I had taken refuge. Then only did he strip off his leathern armour."

The snake-catcher, divested of his professional costume, proved to be an old sailor with a wooden leg, which had replaced that of flesh and blood ever since the battle of Aboukir. The snakes were for the apothecaries, who used them in the composition of an old-fashioned medicament, then rapidly becoming obsolete. At one time, said the old man, the vermin had been worth a cornfield to him, but now they barely found him in pipes and tobacco. So, in addition to snake-snaring, he followed various other pursuits, whose multiplicity had earned him the nickname of *Fait-Tout*. He was now on the eve of an excursion in the marshes, to fish for leeches. M. Souvestre, who was bound in the same direction, gladly offered a place in his boat to a man of such diversified accomplishments, and who, moreover, was thoroughly versed and a firm believer in the local superstitions of the Vendean fens; and, attended by a single boatman, together they descended the river Sèvre. It is not our intention to trace their subsequent adventures. We content ourselves, before turning to the second volume, with extracting the following curious sketch of a corner of France rarely visited by foreigners, and of the manner of life of its inhabitants:—

" Scarcely had we left Maillezais when we found ourselves in the midst of the wet marshes. I was never weary of gazing at the strange spectacle they presented. Far as the eye could reach, water was the main feature of the view—the basis, as it were, of the landscape. Here and there were little islands, covered with verdure, and known by the name of *mottées* (sods or mounds.) The large ones were distinguished by the growth of hemp and flax; the smaller, by that of ash-trees and willows. The latter, planted in beds, like the vegetables in our gardens, and having their feet in the water, sprouted with furious vigour, every stem seeming to support a whole copse. At intervals we passed some of those forests of *pavas** known by the name of *rose-lières*, and whose produce surpasses that of the most fertile land. On the stems of the reeds were suspended the nests of the *tire-arrache*, whose hoarse cries resounded on all sides. The surface of the marsh was alive with thousands of domestic ducks. Here and there our boat skimmed over floating meadows of water-lilies. On the more lofty of the banks and islands stood huts, constructed like a savage's wigwam, of sheaves of reeds bound together by osier-bands. In the centre of this sort of hive, which had no chimney, blazed the fire, whose smoke escaped through all the pores of the hut, and surrounded it with a misty halo. These are the habitations of the *hutiers*, descendants of those *Colliberts* whom old chroniclers describe as idolaters, worshipping the rain, and living by depredations. They cultivate marsh-beans upon the *mottées*, keep a few cows, and breed swarms of ducks, which they sell, as well as the produce of their fishing, at Maillezais and Marans. But their proper domain is the Wet Marsh itself. There they set thousands of snares, with which the canals are choked till they can scarcely disgorge their waters. The most abundant fishery is that for eels with yellow bellies, called *pipeaux*. The hutter, always in the marshes, seldom goes home except to sleep. When the autumn floods inundate

the hut, he brings his boat indoors, and it becomes the habitation of the entire family.

"The hutters' reputation is little better than that of their ancestors, the *Colliberts*. The inhabitants of the plain accuse them of having confused ideas of the respect due to property; but, judging by *Fait-Tout*, it seemed to me that the plain, in this respect, was no better than the marsh. Whenever my wooden-legged companion perceived a cord fastened to a tree, he pulled it to him, got hold of a faggot which was fixed to the other extremity of the rope, shook it in the boat, and out fell the leeches. I objected to this as a larceny committed to the prejudice of those who had set the faggots; but he shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

" 'Bah!' said he, 'the fox whose hide you take does but repay you the price of your fowls! A theft from a hutter is always a restitution.'

"Hitherto I had seen but the outside of the reed-built dwellings. Extremely curious to see the inside of one of them, I ran the boat to land near a hut which, judging from its appearance, must have been built at the beginning of the century. The slimy mud that had been employed to fill up the interstices of the roof had at last transformed it into a sort of verdant terrace. House-leek flourished upon it, and towards the summit a willow sapling expanded its silver-grey branches. The door was an opening of irregular form, and only four feet high. In the centre of the hut were two posts united by a cross-bar. This was the fireplace. The smoke, finding no exit, had covered everything with a black and brilliant glaze. At the further end of the cabin three cows ruminated, lying upon a litter of rushes; and before their manger hung a branch of *couz-laurier* (*ilex aquifolium*) intended to guarantee them from disease.† The furniture of the place consisted of a few vessels of coarse earthenware, a stool, and a hurdle covered with a mattress of moss. Upon this bed was a woman, suffering from the pulmonary fever which the malaria of

* A sort of reed, (*typha latifolia*.)

† This superstition prevails throughout La Vendée.

the marshes gives. She was alone, and lay shivering beneath a green rug. Now and then one of the cows advanced its head, fixed its great meaningless eye upon the pale countenance of the patient, and enveloped her with the vapour of its potent breath. *Fait-Tout* approached the bed.

" 'Well, *marachaine*,' said he, 'so the fever has knocked us off our legs? We can no longer go stamp* upon the *mottées*, and the poor man must work for two?'

"The sufferer opened her eyes, looked at us one after the other, but made no reply.

" 'The master is away after his nets, no doubt?' inquired my companion.

" 'He is gone for the priest,' she replied in a very low voice."

M. Souvestre suggested a physician, but the sick woman shook her head. No physician could avail, she said; her hour had come. *She had seen the Niole Blanche*.

The *Kacouss* de l'Armor and the *Groac'h* are sketches from Northern Brittany. A *Groac'h* is a sorceress of the worst and most malignant class; a *Kacouss* is a sort of Breton paria, formerly excluded from the society of Christians, and doomed to occupations that were considered infamous—such as horse-flaying and rope-making—and still regarded, especially by the older portion of the lower orders, with contempt and dislike. "Once so numerous," says M. Souvestre, "as to have been the object of special regulations in the civil and religious ordinances of Brittany, the *Kacouss* long hid themselves in the most solitary places, rejected even by the church, which permitted them to attend divine service only at the door of the temple, *under the bells*. The traditions as to their origin were numerous and obscure: some held them to be *Gypsians* or Bohemians; others took them for Jewish lepers; and others, again, for Saracen captives, brought to France in the time of the Crusades. The Dukes of Brittany at first prohibited their occupying themselves with agriculture and commerce;

but in the fifteenth century, Francis II., wishing to diminish the number of mendicants, permitted them to take farms on leases of three years, and to trade in thread or hemp in unfrequented situations. These new privileges were granted them only on condition of their wearing a badge of red cloth upon their garments. In time, all these distinctions disappeared, but popular prejudice survived. The small number of *Kacouss* whose origin was still visible continued to live apart, divided from all by a barrier of contempt. In the case of those I had seen in the mountains, this exclusion had produced no other result than ignorance and misery. If rightly informed, I was now about to see one whose heart it had envenomed and filled with malice." This was *Judok Shipwreck*, an old man who dwelt at Crow's Point, a wind-buffeted promontory on the bleak north-west coast of Finisterre, who was accused of hoisting false signals, and of lighting fires to decoy ships into the breakers in stormy weather, and who, in the memory of man, had never been known to cook a meal or warm himself, save with wood that had floated under canvass. In 1812 he had been brought to trial at Brest, on suspicion of acting as spy to the English, but had been acquitted for want of evidence. The superstitious inhabitants of the coast believed him to have made a compact with Satan, who supplied him with devices to bring vessels to the coast. *Judok* did not live alone. His hut had another inmate, as mysterious and ill-famed as himself. An old boatman—a type of the credulity of his class and province—gave M. Souvestre the following strange account of their first association:—

" 'It was on a spring evening, sir, and the *suroit* (south-west wind) was lashing the sea as though it would have carried away pieces of it, when a large three-master in distress appeared at the entrance of the channel of the Isle of Sein. A cruel pity it was to see how those poor christened planks were swept before wind and

* The allusion is to a practice of the women of those marshes, who stamp upon the fat earth of the fields to make the worms come out which serve as baits for their husbands' fishing.

wave. All the people of the coast were there, gazing at the ship in its last agony, but helpless to save. Judok Shipwreck stood alone on his rock, boat-hook in hand. It was as if he attracted the vessel by the malice of his eye. We saw her go straight towards him, to within four or five cable-lengths of the shore; then she came to the *Feather-bed*, a shoal which is uncovered only at the equinoxes; in an instant she struck, and went to pieces at once. We ran down to see if any of the crew reached land; but the sea brought nothing but chests, casks, and broken planks. At first nobody had the heart to touch them. Judok alone was at work, up to the hips in the surf, and as pleased as an owl supping upon wrens, when suddenly something black was wafted towards him by a wave. The rope-maker threw out his hook, and brought in a cage. Inside this cage was a great drowned bird, such as none of us had ever before seen, and on the top of it was a half-naked lad, who began to dance for joy, and to utter cries like a wild beast. He it is whom they call Beuzec.*

"And how came the wrecker to adopt him for his son?"

"Excuse me, sir: it was he who adopted the wrecker for his father. When Judok returned to his hut, he followed him, as a dog follows his master. The *Kacouss* took him in for that day; but upon the morrow he turned him out. As soon as the door was opened, the boy went in again; when he was refused food, he stole it; when he was beaten, he defended himself, and returned blow for blow. In short, none can tell what passed between him and Judok; but the new comer forced the horse-slayer to keep him under his roof, and give him a share of his bread. When he learned to speak, he called him his father, as if in derision; for Judok never called him anything but *the reptile*. And it has always been the belief in the country that Beuzec came from the bottom of the abyss, sent by the spirit of evil to watch for the fulfilment of the compact."

This extract gives a fair idea of the general character of the sketch, which

is of singular wildness, and perhaps the most striking, although not the most pleasing, in the book. Those who would know more of it must seek it in the original French, as we intend devoting what space remains to us to *Les Boisiers*, a charming narrative of peasant life in the woodland districts of Brittany, and which contains all the elements of a well-constructed tale, although M. Souvestre, here as in other instances, has applied himself rather to the illustration of local customs and superstitions, than to give a romantic colouring and arrangement to incidents in themselves sufficiently dramatic, but at the same time so natural as to impress us with a strong conviction of their having really occurred.

The scene of *Les Boisiers* is in the extensive forest of Gavre, which covers a tract of land in southern Brittany, enclosed between the rivers Don and Isac, two of the principal tributaries of the Vilaine. M. Souvestre was already acquainted with most of the large coppices and small woods, sprinkled over the western provinces of France, but he desired to visit "a forest oasis sufficiently vast to enclose a special population, and to create characters and trades." Hence his journey to Gavre, on which he was accompanied by an Alsatian, named Moser, who had just been appointed head-forester in that district, whither he was sent by the administration of the Royal Woods and Waters, in the expectation that his long experience and remarkable shrewdness would stimulate the activity of the keepers, and check various abuses which negligence and tradition had fostered. Moser was a character. He was not cunning, in the mean sense of the word, but he was extremely wary, inured to stratagems, difficult to deceive, and implicitly devoted to the Forest Code, which he looked upon as the most sacred of human institutions. Beguiling the way by tales of adventures with poachers and outlaws, of many a patient ambushade and fierce contest, the forester and his companion reached at sunset the village of Blain, on the edge of the forest of

* *Beuzec*, in the Breton tongue, signifies the drowned.

Gavre. Awakened at daybreak by the sound of a horn, M. Souvestre saw from his window the village cowherd collecting the cattle to drive them to the forest, where an ancient charter secured them right of pasture. Eager to follow in the same direction, he hastened down stairs and found Moser on foot, waiting the arrival of his keepers, whom he had summoned, and breakfasting on a glass of wine and a bit of brown bread. M. Souvestre had commenced a like frugal repast, when a peasant entered the humble tavern in which, for want of a better, he had taken up his quarters. On perceiving the strangers, the new comer paused at the threshold, seemed to hesitate, but finally approached the hostess, and silently handed her a little gourd. She took it without remark, and turned away to fill it with brandy.

"The peasant waited, resting his back against the table which served as a bar, and his two hands on his holly stick. He was tall and thin, stooped a little, but was of robust appearance. His dress consisted of a threadbare jacket of green cloth, of trousers of coarse material, and of shoes with wooden soles; slung across his body was a linen pouch, which had much the form of a game-bag. After a careless glance round the room, and without appearing to observe us particularly, he began whistling and poking the point of his stick into the hard earthen floor. When the tavern-keeper gave him back his gourd, filled with brandy, he did not pay, but made a gesture, to which the woman replied by a nod, and he left the place.

"'Do you know that man?' said I to Moser, who, like myself, had walked to the door to gaze after the peasant. Moser made a negative sign, and descended the two door-steps, in order to see what direction the man in the green jacket took.

"'He goes towards the forest,' he remarked.

"'Whither should he go?' I replied; 'the forest is here the common field in which all seek their harvest.'

"'Yes, but all do not gather in the same sort of crop.'

"'I certainly observed something unusual in the appearance of yonder silent visitor.'

"'Did you notice that he has not the customary wooden shoes, but galoshes, more convenient for walking, and which leave the same mark? The other peasants go bare-legged, whilst he wears leathern gaiters to protect him from the thorns of the thicket; their jackets are blue or brown; his is green, to blend the better with the colour of the leaves. His linen game-bag might pass for a bread-wallet, but for the stains of blood; and his hands would be those of a labourer, were they not blackened with gunpowder.'

"'So you think we have just seen a poacher?'

"'Of the worst sort; and I am much mistaken if it be not he who for the last ten years has been stripping this forest of game, and who has been particularly pointed out to the administration.'

"'You call him?'

"'Antoine—better known as *Bon-Affût*.' *

"The tavern-keeper, who was busy with her bottles, started and turned round.

"'I have hit the mark, you see,' said Moser, observing the movement; 'the vagabond has a running account at the White Horse, and will pay for his brandy in game.'

"Our hostess began one of those wordy protestations which peasant women take for reasoning, when the arrival of a young *boisière* fortunately interrupted her.

"This name of *boisier* (*woodman*, or, more exactly, a worker in wood) properly belongs to cutters of hoops and vine props, to makers of wooden shoes and spoons, to turners of bowls and spinning-wheels, to charcoal-burners and lath-splitters—a nomadic population which inhabits huts of branches in the forest glades, sits when the timber is felled, and settles again where the axe is sounding. But the same name is commonly applied to all who live by forest-produce, even though they do not themselves work in wood. It was the case with Michelle, who hawked about to vil-

* *Affût* is the cover or lurking-place where the hunter lies in wait for his game.

lage fairs the articles manufactured in the Gavre, and whose smiling manner, malicious address, and ready tongue bewitched her customers, till they could hardly distinguish beech from birch. With three horses, bearing empty panniers, she was on her way to the encampment of the wood-workers to replenish her store."

This was exactly the road M. Souvestre desired to take, so he left Moser, who was about to make the tour of the forest with his keepers, and accompanied Michelle, who willingly gave him a place on the pack-saddle of one of her horses. Michelle was a strapping and comely damsel of twenty, black-eyed and fresh-coloured, who had learned, during the six years that had elapsed since her uncle first sent her out with wooden wares, to defend both her interests and her person, and to take her own part vigorously against all comers. M. Souvestre congratulated himself in having fallen in with so lively and intelligent a companion. Riding through the forest, they fell in with Bruno the *Honey-Hunter*.

"This was a young lad in the full flush of early manhood, and whose tattered garments revealed rather than concealed the beauty of his form. His curling hair was covered by a straw-hat with a ragged brim; a cloth jacket, too narrow for the wearer, displayed the contour of his bust and his well-turned arms; through the rents in his linen trousers were visible nervous legs, which would have enchanted a sculptor. Strength was the predominant characteristic of his whole person; but it was the supple and graceful strength of youth. He reminded me of one of those trees with a delicate bark, rich foliage, and bold branches, which spring up, of a single shoot, in generous soils. Slung over his shoulder by a leathern strap, he carried a wooden vessel, with a movable cover.

"Well! have the bees worked for you?" said Michelle, in a familiar tone, authorised by her superiority of age and fortune.

"God's flies always work for Christians," replied Bruno, showing us his tub full of fresh honeycomb.

"And where did you plunder your beech-tree sugar?"

"Down yonder, towards the hedge thorn, in a hollow which I smoked. I know of more than ten other places where the little beauties are toiling for my profit. It will be a good year for the honey-crop, for the elder-trees bloomed finely this spring."

"I questioned Bruno about bees' nests, and learned there were many hundreds of them in the forest. He knew them nearly all, but the majority were out of reach, and to get the honey it would have been necessary to cut down the tree, like the honey-hunters of the New World. Bruno's pursuit was consequently not very lucrative, and he was fain to unite with it the search after squirrel nests, which he stripped of the beech-mast, chestnuts, and walnuts, accumulated by the little animals for their winter store. He sold twigs to the cage-makers, holly-tree bark to the makers of birdlime, and in winter time took into the village waterfowl, which he caught in traps. These contraband occupations had not enriched him, but they seemed to make him happy. Tolerated by the keepers, whom his complaisance and good-humour had propitiated, his life in the forest was as free as that of the fisherman on the waters."

Like Michelle and M. Souvestre, Bruno intended calling at the farm of the Magdalen, where dwelt Louison, a young girl of fifteen, *petite*, pale and somewhat fragile, not regularly pretty, but whose sweet smile and wondering blue eyes at once captivated the beholder—one of those delicate and exceptional rustics, in short, whom George Sand delights to draw, and draws with such surpassing skill. Louison is a miniature that would do her no discredit. Nearly fifteen years previously, Antoine, surnamed Bon-Affût, had brought her to the farm, wrapped in his goat-skin coat. He had found her, he said, in the forest; but the infant was in good case, and many thought that he had received her from the mother. The farmer, who had dealings with the poacher, took charge of the child at his request, and brought her up—indulgently, as was needful, for Louison was not very strong, nor apt at rustic toils. In her early childhood, Bruno had been her

playmate; once he had rescued her from drowning; his choicest honey-comb and finest nuts were still for her; and Michelle, who, by stealth, looked tenderly on the handsome bee-hunter, detested Louison, and twitted Bruno with his affection for the red-haired freckled foundling, as she called the gentle little girl, with reference to her rich auburn locks and to the brown spots that dappled her delicately white complexion. Here are already assembled, if we mistake not, the elements and personages of a woodland romance, and the scene could hardly be better chosen. Mr James has often raised the superstructure of three volumes on far slighter foundations. We scarcely know whether to tax M. Souvestre with indolence, or to praise his constancy to his original design, when we find him still steadfastly adhere to the sketching style, and make his characters subservient to the illustration of a popular superstition, instead of elaborating (as few better know how) such promising materials into a longer and more carefully constructed tale, in which he might equally well have introduced the local usages and traditions he desires to display.

After a volley of sarcasms directed at the poor vestments and quiet mien of Louison, Michelle continued her journey. M. Souvestre made a halt at the farm, which excited his curiosity by its singular position in the heart of the great forest. Whilst rambling over it, Louroux, the farmer, had continually to warn him against ambushed perils, rendered indispensable by the number of four-footed destructives that the woods harboured. Here was a pitfall for wolves, concealed under grass; there, in a ditch bordering a wheat-field, and slightly covered with branches, scythe-blades were fixed, intended to rip up the wild boars that infest the Gavre. These last snares, the most dangerous of all, were also the most numerous, but they were insufficient to protect the crops from the voracity of the grunterns. When the corn began to ripen, all the men on the farm went out into the fields in carts, armed with guns, to await and repel the wild boars. The wolves were

troublesome only in winter, when they came in bands and besieged the cow-houses. Two years before, said the farmer, they would have devoured Louison, had not Antoine come to her rescue. Just as Louroux had related this incident to M. Souvestre, they caught sight of the poacher and the young girl, talking confidentially at the corner of a glade.

"Antoine was seated at Louison's feet, his elbows resting on her knees, off which he ate a piece of black bread. His head was turned towards her, and his eyes gazed into hers. It seemed that for him the table transformed the frugal repast into a banquet, for every line of his rude countenance appeared to smile. The young girl had doubtless been telling of the humiliation she had had to endure from Michelle, for she now and then wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron, and her voice was broken by little sobs. But the poacher's words had already restored cheerfulness to her childish physiognomy, on which smiles were beaming through her final tears, like the sun through a summer shower. We followed the edge of the forest, hidden by the tufts of holly, our footsteps inaudible in the grass, our presence unperceived. The poacher had unconsciously raised his voice, and I thought I distinguished words of a well-known dialect.

"'It sounds as though they were talking Breton?' said I, in a low voice.

"'So they are!' replied Louroux, in the same tone; 'Bon-Affût is born towards the woods of Camore, and when he came here, now fifteen years ago, he had great difficulty in learning to speak like other folk. So he taught the jargon of the low country to his darling Louison, who, in her turn, taught it to Bruno; and when the three are together, it is a jabber such as the saints themselves could not understand. Only listen whether that resembles a language intended for men and women to speak.'

"Notwithstanding the farmer's opinion, I perfectly understood the dialogue.

"'Make yourself easy,' said Antoine caressingly, 'I tell you that you shall dance at the first festival,

and shall be the finest of all who are there.'

" 'Cloth and linen are very dear,' objected the little girl, who now wept with only one eye.

" 'But roebuck sells well,' replied the poacher, 'and no later than to-morrow there shall be one at the farm. As usual, father Louroux will manage to send it to Nantes.'

" 'And if the keepers watch to-night?' said Louison, now quite consoled.

" 'They will not watch,' replied Bon-Affût—'I have a sure means of sending them to their hay-loft.'

"The dead branches, crackling under our feet, betrayed our approach; by a hasty gesture the poacher enjoined the child to secresy, and then rose to receive us."

The poacher's distrust of the companion of the new forester—whose office had been revealed to him by his uniform—M. Souvestre took care to dissipate by mentioning, in the course of conversation, the casual nature of his acquaintance with Moser, and the motives of his excursion into the forest; so that, when he inquired of the farmer the best road to the huts of the *boisiers*, Bon-Affût said he was going that way himself, and would guide him. We are tempted into translating the following woodland picture:—

"As we advanced into the forest, its aspect grew more and more wild, until at last all trace of man's hand disappeared. Around us was a chaos of trees of all sizes—a battle of vegetation in which the weak writhed at the feet of the strong, strangled in its folds or fading in its shadow. Here and there great beeches, overthrown by time, rested their crumbling skeletons against the robust trunks of their successors; climbing shrubs, seeking the sun, coiled their garlands round the loftiest summits, springing from one to the other and forming a thousand floating bridges on which the squirrel swang. The floor of the forest, upset in ancient days by some terrible convulsion, was furrowed by ravines, on whose brink impended masses of rock, overgrown with ragged briars. At intervals there occurred an opening in this wilderness of stones and verdure, and

ponds appeared, all studded with water-lilies. Flocks of wood-pigeons flew over them; the king-fisher flashed his brilliant colours along the beds of rushes; and the heron, motionless on the dry branches of the willow, stooped his head towards the still waters like some intent and patient angler.

"In the very heart of this solitude we reached an open space in whose centre shone a pool of water, so limpid that each tint and form of the clouds was reflected on its surface. Here the poacher slackened his pace, casting well-pleased glances around him, like a proprietor who enters his domain. He began to reply to the music of the birds, by notes so marvellously imitated that the deluded songsters descended from branch to branch, and stopped within a few paces of us, turning their heads on one side the better to listen. The squirrels came forward at his cry; the water-hens swam out of the tufts of reeds to pick up the seeds he scattered on the little lake; some rabbits that were playing beneath a tuft of heaths stood still, and looked impudently at us. The poacher smiled at my astonishment.

" 'They are my friends and neighbours,' said he; 'we have long lived together without strife or lawsuit, and as few persons come this way, they have not learned to be distrustful.'

" 'Then you never set snares for them?'

" 'Never; it would be betraying their confidence! But I do not see the *Verdaude*; she is usually more alert.'

"He approached the pool, and began to hiss in a particular manner; soon a similar hissing answered him, and the triangular head of an enormous adder reared itself amongst the reeds. Involuntarily, I made a movement backwards.

" 'No fear,' said Bon-Affût quietly, 'she is an old comrade; see, she recognises me!'

"The adder had left the bed of rushes, and swam towards us with head erect, darting out her forked tongue with slight hissings. The long folds of her greenish body, veined with dark marks, left a furrow upon the still waters in her rear. Dart-

ing on shore, and coiling herself up, she reached as high as the poacher's waist. He held out his arm; she wound round it and attained his bosom, into which she glided.

"'Monsieur is surprised at my confidence,' said Bon-Affût, who observed my expression of uneasiness and disgust; but the creature is harmless—it is only a water-snake. When a man passes long weeks alone in the woods, he becomes less particular in respect to his society; he is happy to find some living thing which knows him. And when I cannot go to the farm to talk to Louison, and Bruno is away, I sometimes get down-hearted; then I come here for recreation, and God's creatures keep me company.'"

At some distance beyond the Pool of the Green Snake, the pedestrians encountered Bruno, peeling branches for the basket-makers. Ambiguous phrases were exchanged between him and the poacher, who looked uneasily at some recent foot-prints, and, giving M. Souvestre directions how to reach the huts of the *boisiers*, abruptly wished him good day. In the principal encampment of the woodworkers, the description of which we regret our inability to extract, was a large hut, serving as a tavern, where M. Souvestre found Moser and two of his keepers at supper. He joined them. Presently Michelle came in, out of breath and somewhat discomposed. Bruno was the cause of her alarm. She had met him in the forest, and he told her he had just seen, near *Dead-Man's* thicket, the *mau-piqueur*, or spectre-huntsman, beating the cover. This news caused a general sensation amongst the inmates of the tavern; conversation ceased in the various groups, and Michelle was overwhelmed with questions. Bruno had 'seen him, she declared, as plainly as she saw her interrogators; he was leading his black dog by a chain, and seemed in quest of the tracks of game. At first the bee-hunter had taken him for a keeper, but when the *herald of sadness* turned towards him, he beheld his eyes distilling flames, and heard him utter the terrible words:—

"Fauves par les passées,
Gibiers par les foulées,
Place aux âmes damnées!"

Then he disappeared amongst the trees, and the leaves shrivelled up on his passage.

At this wild tale the women ceased to spin, the men stared at each other, even the two keepers seemed scared. Moser demanded an explanation. In forest-belief, he was told, the appearance of the *mau-piqueur* foreboded the great hunt after the wicked. The Alsatian stood aghast at finding that there lived baptised men capable of believing such absurdities. His incredulity scandalised all present. All, including the keepers, deposed to having heard, at one time or other, the horn of the evil huntsman.

"'So you admit to have heard a horn in the forest without seeking the hunters?' said Moser to his men.

"'They would have courted death had they sought them,' said the old *boisier* who had already spoken; 'the appearance of the *mau-piqueur* is always a bad sign, but whoever meets his hunt may prepare his coffin, for his hours are numbered.'

"'I will run the risk,' said Moser, 'and the devil burn me if I don't force your goblins to show me their licenses.'

"All present exclaimed against this irreverence; the old man shook his head.

"'It is not good to jest with the dead,' he said, 'God has made a division; He has given the day to man, and the night to evil spirits. It is too proud a heart that revolts against His will, and you will be spared this trial, if you have a good patron in heaven.'

"'I hope, on the contrary, that it will be granted me,' said Moser. 'During fifteen years that I have walked the forests, all the poachers I have met have been of this world; I should be well-pleased to meet some of the other; but you will find that the hunt has been put off, and that the devil considers us too sober and vigilant for the *mau-piqueur* to wind his horn.'

"None replied; there was a pause. Profound silence prevailed around the hut, scarcely broken by the rustle of the wind and the murmur of the waters. Suddenly the sound of a horn arose, increased, resounded

through the alleys of the forest, and ended, with a clamorous burst, at the very door of the cabin. The effect was tremendous. With one accord men and women started to their feet. Moser looked at me with surprise. There was a brief silence. Then the winding of the horn was repeated, in livelier notes, and nearer at hand.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!' murmured every one.

"The forester was on his feet.

"It is evident," he said, with an irritable impatience, 'that some one amuses himself at our expense; we shall see who laughs last.' And turning to his two companions, 'Come!' said he, 'the *mau-piqueur* seems rather hoarse—we will try to clear his voice for him.'

"The keepers, who had risen, looked uneasily at each other. The horn continued to resound with increased loudness; the *boisiers*, assembled round the chimney, conversed in a low voice. Moser waited near the door, and saw to the lock of his gun. At last his men joined him, but with evident unwillingness. The Alsatian asked them if they were afraid.

"There is no shame in fearing what one cannot comprehend," said the elder man, surlily; 'and, for my part, I do not know what we have to do in the forest at this time of night.'

"Your duty!" replied Moser harshly: 'do you know the object of the stupid joke by which they try to frighten us?—are you sure it is not the stratagem of some marauder, who is poaching the cover? The forest is confided to our care, we must watch over it like our child. Do you want to be taken for cowards? Come, forward, I say, and look to your guns.'

"The keepers made no reply, and we walked out into the forest, following the horn, whose sound became each moment more distinct. The airs it played did not resemble those now in use in the hunting-field; they were prolonged and plaintive calls, interrupted by furious flourishes, recalling by their antique rhythm the hunting calls of old France. The *mau-piqueur* appeared coming to meet us by a path parallel to that we were

following. Soon the horn was blown upon our right hand, and so near that we seemed separated from it only by a few bushes. Moser turned abruptly to that side; but at the same moment the blast was heard on our left. Surprised, the forester hurried in that direction; the horn was forthwith winded to our right, more violently than ever. This time Moser stood still, quite confounded, and asked the keepers if there were echoes in the forest. Both replied by a negative, and made us observe that the sound had again changed its place, and was now behind us. The Alsatian was about to turn back, when we heard it in our front, where it for some time continued, but with intermittances that led us astray. Sometimes the nocturnal bugler seemed close to us, at others lost in the depths of the forest. The two keepers followed us, their hard breathing betraying their alarm. When at last we paused in the centre of a wild opening, they gazed about with a terror which they no longer attempted to conceal.

"It is a wilful running into the jaws of destruction!" said the elder man, in a troubled voice; 'the forester must be convinced by this time that they are not men with whom we have to deal, and reason bids us return to the huts.'

"Moser replied not. His body bent forward, his ear open to every sound, he seemed studying with particular attention the *hallalis* of the *mau-piqueur*. At last he drew himself up and turned towards us.

"I have hit it," said he, quickly; 'the distant sounds are clearer and stronger than those close at hand; it is neither the same instrument nor the same musician: evidently there are two horns, and they have been making fools of us for the last hour.'

"Probable as this explanation was, it did not satisfy our companions, who positively refused to explore one side of the forest whilst Moser and I searched the other. The Alsatian was obliged to take them with him in one direction, whilst I took the opposite route by myself. One of the keepers gave me his gun, and I entered a narrow glade leading to the most solitary part of the forest."

We are compelled, however un-

willingly, to abridge the remainder of the story. M. Souvestre fell in with Bruno, horn in hand, and made him prisoner, but released and remained with him. A shot was heard. Bon-Affût joined them, with a fresh-killed roebuck. On learning that the keepers—whom he had thought to deter by enacting, in concert with Bruno, the part of the *mau-piqueur*—were seeking poachers in the forest, he knew that the report of his gun would attract them, and hurried off, accompanied by Bruno and M. Souvestre, who had lost his way, and who, amused by the adventure, sympathised at least as much with the pursued as with the pursuers. They fell in with Moser and his men, but Bon-Affût escaped unseen. Just then a fire broke out amongst the brushwood on the edge of the forest, and threatened to extend to the lofty trees, but was extinguished by the exertions of the *boisiers*, who mustered in force with axes and buckets. Various incidents occurred, enabling Moser to prove to the peasants that the *mau-piqueur* had been personated—this time, at least—by Bruno and Bon-Affût. Angry at the deception practised on them, and at the damage done by the fire—which of course was imputed, although unjustly, to the poachers—the *boisiers* willingly offered assistance to capture them. Michelle came up. She had seen the two offenders following a path leading to the farm of the Magdalen; she had called to them, but instead of replying, they plunged into the thicket. This sufficed. The first tint of dawn found Moser and a party of peasants at the farm, which they had already thoroughly searched. The farmer had attempted to take things with a high hand, and protested against the violation of his domicile, but quickly changed his note when the resolute forester informed him that he would have to answer a charge of complicity in poaching and fire-raising in the royal forest. Lights had been found burning in the house, and Bruno seated in the chimney-corner. Louison was afoot; and from

her restlessness, and certain of her movements, M. Souvestre felt convinced Bon-Affût was hidden near at hand. Michelle, who had accompanied the party to the farm, and, as usual, had hastened to fix a quarrel on Louison, entertained the same conviction; and, in presence of the forester, offered to wager that the little shepherdess could find the poacher if she chose. The following dramatic scene must conclude our extracts:—

“Moser, who had hitherto paid slight attention to the quarrel of the two young girls, suddenly became attentive. He questioned Louison, using every means to entrap her; but the little *pastoure* avoided his snares with a natural ingenuity and address which astounded me. Meanwhile the *boisiers* came in; they had explored all the paths and seen no one. The forester could not conceal his vexation. Besides the necessity of justifying the confidence of the administration, to which he had promised a speedy reform of the abuses that ruined the forest, his self-love was interested not to fail before so many witnesses, and to signalise his arrival in the Gavre by an important capture. After giving orders again to beat the neighbourhood of the farm, he lighted his German pipe, and seated himself at the house door, as if resolved there to await the result of the fresh researches.

“I perceived, however, that Moser continued to watch all Louison's movements. Day had broken, and the cowherd's horn* sounded far off in the forest; the little shepherdess turned the cattle out of the stables, and set off with them towards the pasture. Moser suffered her to depart apparently unheeded; but scarcely had she entered the path leading to the grazing ground, when I saw him quickly extinguish his pipe and take up his gun. I asked him what he was about to do; he put his finger on his lips, pointed to the shepherdess, and glided into the field she was skirting. I joined him, without

* *Le lambis du vacher*. Of this and a few other local or *patois* words, which M. Souvestre has contented himself with putting in italics, without appending their French equivalents, we have been compelled rather to guess than translate the meaning.

understanding his project, and we followed Louison on the contrary side of the hedge. The little girl walked singing along, neither hurrying nor looking behind her, apparently solely occupied with the straw she was plaiting. Thus she reached the pasture, ascended a small mound that overlooked it, and seated herself under a clump of ash trees. For the first time she then cast her eyes around her, but vaguely, and as if noticing nothing. Almost at her feet was a field of ripe corn, waving in the morning breeze. To her right was the forest, to her left the cultivated ground where we lay concealed. Louison continued singing; but gradually her voice grew louder, and its modulations resounded afar.

"'In what barbarous tongue does she sing? said Moser, who in vain endeavoured to understand the words.

"I signed to him to be silent, for I had recognised the rude Celtic accent. The *pastoure* sang the old *guerz* or ballad of Jean Deverenx, mingling with it warnings addressed to an invisible auditor.

"'Bretons, be all upon your guard; yonder dwells *Jean la Prise*, with his soldiers in his castle, like a snail in his shell.'

"Here the voice slightly altered its inflexion, and substituted for the traditional words this rapid warning:

"'All the band of wood-cutters is here; the safest for you is to return at once to the forest, to the cover near the Pool of the Green Snake.'

"Then the original song was resumed:

"'All that was old and all that was new they have plundered throughout the land;—from the churches the silver crosses—the gilt cups from the burgher's table.'

"She raised her voice to add:

"'There is no one to the right; follow the corn without raising your head, you will reach the little cluster of holly.'

"I turned my eyes to the corn-field, and in a few seconds I saw the ocean of ears slightly open, and a furrow formed which seemed to move towards the forest. I stood up, in order to see better. Moser, who followed all my movements, observed the direction of my glance, perceived the motion in the corn, and uttered a joyful

exclamation; he saw the whole thing. Opening the bushes behind which we were concealed, he ran across the pasture—reached the enclosure of the corn-field, there too high to leap—skirted it for a moment—and then, coming to an opening filled up with branches, sprang into it. I heard him utter a cry of pain, and saw him fall. He had come upon a scythe-blade hidden under the leaves, in readiness for the passage of the wild boars.

"The two keepers, who just then came up, and who, like myself, had seen the accident, hurried with me to the assistance of the Alsatian. He was covered with blood, but heeded not his wounds.

"'Quick, quick, after the poacher!' he faltered, pointing out the direction in which Bon-Affût was flying. After a momentary hesitation the keepers hurried in pursuit, whilst Moser propped himself against the bank and followed them with his eyes. In vain did I endeavour to ascertain whether he was dangerously hurt: mechanically stanching with his handkerchief the blood that flowed from his hands and breast, he seemed to think only of the poacher. When the latter found he was discovered, he no longer attempted to conceal himself in the corn, but ran across the furrows in the direction of the forest, pursued by the keepers. The interval between them increased every moment, and his escape appeared certain, when, at the last enclosure, he suddenly found himself face to face with a party of *boisiers*, who surrounded and seized him.

"On hearing the shouts which announced this capture, Moser made a gesture of triumph, and then, his strength completely exhausted, he sank down at the foot of the bank.

"A quarter of an hour later, all were assembled in front of Louroux' farm-house. A cart was getting ready for the forester, whose wounds had been dressed. A few paces off, surrounded by a group of the woodcutters, stood Bon-Affût and Bruno. Their hands were bound, and they leaned against a low wall. Louison was seated a little farther off, sobbing, with her head upon her knees.

"It was two days before I could

get to Savenay; but then I went straight to the magistrate charged with the prosecution of Bruno and the poacher. My explanations sufficed to clear them of the charge of incendiarism, and to procure the young wood-ranger his liberty. As to his companion, he had too many old accounts to settle with the foresters for it to be possible for me to obtain his release before my departure; but fortunately I found at Savenay a college chum, by profession a lawyer, who promised to watch the proceedings and to assist him if necessary. Some time had elapsed since my excursion amongst the *boisiers*, when I learned that the Savenay man of law had succeeded in getting Bon-Affût out of prison after a few weeks' confinement, and had procured him employment on the domain of Carheil, where the ex-poacher had become a model gamekeeper. At the same time I learned that Antoine was about to find himself once more associated with the honey-

hunter, who had been engaged as planter and terrace-maker, and who was to join him after the August sap, with the *pastoure* of the Magdalen, whom the dwellers in the forest already called by the name of Louison Bruno."

The length to which our extracts have extended would preclude further comment, were any requisite. We have said and translated enough to show that M. Emile Souvestre's latest work possesses a degree of interest and merit very uncommon in the recent publications of the Paris press. And we also say of it—what we rarely venture to say of a book belonging to the lighter class of French literature—that it is well adapted to English tastes, and may be recommended to English readers of either sex and any age. So much novel and curious information, concerning the habits and superstitions of an interesting peasantry, has seldom been imparted in a style and form so attractive and entertaining.

HUSBANDS, WIVES, FATHERS, MOTHERS.

We read in an American paper, (the *Providence Journal*), a passage expressive of some apprehension that the old names of "wife" and "woman" are being fast supplanted by "lady" and "female." "We suppose," says the paper, "that the same dandyism will find out some new names for 'father and mother.' Lady is a beautiful word in its proper application, but it does not mean wife." We presume the writer is not quite aware, then, of the extent of this change in our moral vocabulary. "Father" has been long suppressed; and as he was, *ad absurdum*, supposed to keep unruly children in order, they have borrowed a name from our prisons—so the father, in derision of any subjection to him, is now the "governor." Considering the frequent university and other debts he is called upon to pay, we really think "the relieving officer" would be a more fit title.

There are, however, other substantial reasons why "fathers" should become obsolete. The word is now

in disrepute, as associated with our old divinity—"the fathers of the church"—against whom religionists of the new school love to throw mud. This kind of zeal pervades our parlours, and introduces itself into our kitchens, so that "fathers" is becoming a term of contempt and mockery, implying those who are worn out, useless, and ought to be cheated, and otherwise maltreated.

Telemachus said he had only his mother's word for it that Ulysses was his father. Ulysses was nevertheless notoriously wise; and if it be true that "he is a wise man who knows his own child, and it is a wise child that knows his own father," this little anecdote of ancient history shows that the wisest may be deceived. It is remarkable that the word "mother" is still retained, excepting in cases where the mother is at the same time a widow and not yet grown down, and the daughters are grown up; but this retainment implies a suspicion upon the morals of the age, as by its ready acknow-

ledgment of the mother, which, in fact, a man must be a fool to hesitate about, it throws paternity altogether into the doubtful scale. And it is worthy of notice, that all other relations, especially on the mother's side, are in cherished existence—as brother, sister, uncle, aunt, cousin; but these relationships come not too close to scorch society with the hot blood of consanguinity. There is a proverbial guard, “*Call me cousin, but cozen me not.*” But wife—with us, at least, and since the new Marriage Act—that is becoming an “old wife’s tale.” No man now need take a wife “for better for worse.” He may have her without hoping “to have and to hold.” The Registrar’s Office has conveniently turned the sanctity of matrimony into a civility, which need not last beyond the length of the next street, and perhaps seldom does. The “better” is a thing altogether not to be hoped, and the “worse” he feels sure of; and the repeating it in words, as well as deed, would be but an insulting kind of tautology by fact; and therefore our Parliament, in its regard for “tender consciences,” and in its love of making a free trade of everything in religion and morals, as well as in other imports and exports, has taken off the “duty” both from man and wife, and they may now sit as loose to each other and to the world as they please. It is true, some people do retain a predilection for being wedded in church; but the practice is coldly looked upon by our Whig Legislature, and thought romantic; and it is continually pointed out to young women, that the being “led to the altar,” as the *Morning Post* used to say, was nothing more nor less than an “immense sacrifice.” But still that fashion is not gone out, for very young women have quite a pride in being sacrificed, and therefore go to the altar garlanded accordingly. It is thought the present crusade against altars will do something towards suppressing it, as in our Low Church edifices no altars will be found to go to. Still, as long as we see widows in India throw themselves on the funeral-pile of their dead husbands, we trust in the pertinacity of the sex, and do not believe the better sort of young women in Eng-

land will be married at all, unless the old altar be set up somewhere. We know strong attempts are made to put down this partiality, and that, having hitherto failed with the ladies,—females, as the *Providence Journal* would say—arguments of some force are used with the bridegrooms elect. They are told to “beware of the horns of the altar.”

Still we must acknowledge that the Marriage Act is damaging matrimony even with our “church-goers,” for many a couple go to the church because their fathers and mothers (perhaps) did; but it is not with them the same serious thing it used to be. That registrar—he is the mar-plot. He may remonstrate with couples, and point out the idle, useless waste of time and money in going to a church, when he can do all for them in no time, and at moderate fee. But powerful as this influence may be, there are many respectable enough to wish to pay the clergyman the compliment of going to him; and they feel a pleasure in conferring this favour upon him—and the more, as they think they really get nothing valuable from him in return. Still, as we said, this tends to make matrimony itself a matter of indifference, for what is so easily joined may be at any time separated by mutual consent and little trouble. For instance, at a parish church—which we will not mention, lest, the locality known, the idea may be catching—two couples presented themselves. Now it so happened that in putting in the banns the clerk had made a mistake; so that, instead of putting on the same line Philip Jones to Mary Thomas, and Joshua Slyboots to Lucy Ogle, as he should have done, the said Lucy was given to the said Philip, and the said Mary to the said Joshua. This not being discovered till the parties were at the altar, the ceremony was there stopped. They retired to the church porch. Philip was at once, in his simplicity, for going to the registrar; but Slyboots knew better—notice had not been given—it was impossible. Lucy Ogle said she came there to be married, and be married she would; upon which hint Slyboots cast a sheep’s eye at Mary, who looked “nothing loth:” at the

same moment the eyes of Philip and Lucy met—Philip and Mary were as effectually obliterated from the future annals of fate, as from the face of an old coin current in the reign of Philip and Mary. The slight wall of the bulwark of defence which Philip had set up in Mary's heart fell down at once before the summoning voice of conquering Joshua. The ordering of the whole affair went through the four hearts as instantaneously as if the "submarine telegraph" had had its pipes there. Slyboots says it was done by mesmerism, and that he had *see'd* Dr —; but Lucy, who should have married him, said it was an excuse to account for the money which she knew he had spent at a "public" before they came to church. The agreement was soon entered into, so the two couples presented themselves, before the clerical hour had expired, to the curate, with these pithy words—"Sir, we've considered on it, and made up our minds, so we'll bide as we be." "Exchange is no robbery." "Two people make a bargain," says another proverb, much more four. They were all legally married. And now we have a glimpse how it is that names are changed. These were not ladies—are they females? How long will they boast of the title of wives, and conduct themselves as such? The unpleasantness of the matter is, while our language is in its transition state, it is not easy always to ascertain the real position of parties; and this inconvenience may be fairly exemplified in the following anecdote—we vouch for the truth of it. When the Bishop of — was appointed to the See of —, before he came into residence, his wife went to — to prepare matters, look at the cathedral, the palace, the cloisters, &c. At one of these places—we do not remember which—she presented herself with a "female" friend and a fine footman in attendance, who knocked for admission. The sexton, or the verger, or whoever was the official, came to the presence. "Oh," said the Bishop's wife, "I wish to see the palace, or the cathedral, or the chapter-room," (or whatever it was.) "Do you,?" the ; "I vouch for it."

"nonsense—nonsense!—let me in," and she made a move inwards, but was repulsed. "Oh, I see, I see," she replied; "you don't know who I am—I'm the bishop's lady." "May be so, marm," was the ready answer, "but if you were his wife I couldn't admit you." Now, if this had happened in the days of "good Queen Bess," wouldn't she have shaken her starched peacock's tail of a frill by her unextinguishable laughter! She always had a pique against married clergy.

It is very curious, this reluctance to use the word wife. It was shown here not only in the bishop's wife, but had you asked the porter or verger if he was married, he would have said he had a "missus" at home—meaning mistress of his home, and all things in it, including his own person. He would equally have avoided the word wife; it is thought to be gratifying upon the ear. Thus, for instance, one meeting his friend in the street, whom he had not seen of late—not, indeed, since his marriage—inconsiderately said at parting, "And how's your wife?" "If you come to that," replied the other, sharply, "how's yours?" Even the word marriage is confined to fashionable localities, excepting as an adjective to license or certificate. It is only a marriage in "high life;" it is a wedding in low. The lower class, feeling sure that divorce is only for the rich, and very costly, as a most taxable luxury, are cautious how they adopt the word marriage, which, by its connection with "Marriage Act," and Parliamentary or legal penalties, seems to bind them to a state more indissolubly than suits their intentions. We hope these changes of names do not indicate that marriage is really progressing to its downfall, nor that there is any real inkling after Communism. It is certainly spoken slightly of. Conversing the other day with an elderly tradesman, we learnt from him that his prosperity in life was owing to his having four wives. "Four good ones," we replied—"careful, busy husbands." "Oh, very well as to that," he said, "but they had all of them, and it went into my head." But think what he added, sitting—

ting easily in his chair, and twirling his thumbs in his contentment, "they are all dead, and I'm very happy." At least, he was contented with his lot: unreasonable man is not always contented where he ought to be. We once congratulated a farmer that he had done well, for he had married three wives, and had something worth having with each. "Oh, as to that," said he, surlily, "what with the carrying of 'em home, and the carrying of 'em out, there isn't much to be got by 'em." Poor wives! your very titles, you see—your legitimate titles—are grudgingly acknowledged. If you do not domineer at home—which you really ought to do in your own defence, and to keep up the respect you are entitled to—you have but a poor chance in this life, and you are to guess from this last anecdote what kind of epithets you are likely to have. A little resolution on your parts will do wonders; men are courageous with men, but to a resolute woman every man is a coward. Remember what the Spartan women were, and how the stern lawgiver Lycurgus attempted in vain to restore to the husband his proper domestic authority, which, history tells us, the women had very properly usurped. Nature has furnished you with one weapon for this very object; if you have not a voice in the family, you do not exercise your gift. It is quite a mistake which some wives have made, to try another method, and, as they would say, get their "hand into it." They keep their spouses thus in fear, and cause them to show to the world a wonderful affection; but somehow or other such wives bring the old reproach upon their children—"Your mother was a *Hittite*, and your father an *Amorite*." It is really a very shameful thing, but whether it arises from French Socialist principles spreading amongst us, or from other hidden causes, nothing is more common than to hear marriage disparaged. The consequence is, that this "exodus" of our male population leaves the women behind. The census shows this frightfully. We believe in Limerick there are three women to one man. It is thought Parliament will interfere, and make every emigrant take a wife with him, as a merchant took out once grindstones

and cheeses: he couldn't get rid of the former at any price, till he determined not to sell a cheese without a grindstone.

We are inclined to think the notion among the young emigrants is, that they are going to a land of liberty, and would not burthen themselves—thinking they shall have a much better chance and choice amongst the Bloomers; for the American newspapers are industriously circulated, in which the Progress of Bloomerism, or the Rights of Women, may be profitably studied. We have had one of these very recently in our hands, and read the accounts of their great meeting—their Congress—where "ladies" address eloquently audiences of many thousands. Now, this not only acts as a kind of invitation from the new country to the young men of the old, but it deters our women from encountering such formidable rivals. In another point of view, however, we must congratulate the fair sex upon this move—that is, if it ends in moderation, and in establishing no more than their rights. They seem to be aware that all old terms must be abolished—woman and wife will soon be branded as with the stigma of slavery. There is some fear of a little intemperance in this respect, and that, in their attempts to go "ahead," they will be above taking their hearts with them. We could not help noticing that, though some men have joined the association for establishing the Rights of Women, few of them had wives present. This does not look well. The women, indeed, seem perfectly aware that they shall have to fight for it; and there is something in their speeches which indicates that they mean to emancipate themselves from the shackles of matrimony. In fact, they show their intent to assume all the functions of men—to take all offices of government, as of everything else, off their hands, and probably to set up a community of women; and, as a prelude, they dress themselves as much like men as may be. They are of the Pythagorean philosophy, (Pythagoras was the first who wore breeches.) He inculcated the transmigration of souls by wearing the insignia of the philosophy; they seem to think that they may bodily transmigrate into the other sex,

perceiving that their souls—that is, such as think they have any—are daily, hourly, becoming more robust and masculine. Be that, however, as it may, this idea of rights of women—a community of women—though springing up in the New World, is nothing but an old fantasy of the Old World. Like the grain in the hand of the Egyptian mummy, it has been, after two or three thousand years, brought to light, put in the ground of people's minds, and is fructifying over a large field. And it seems to have lost none of its vitality from the embalming, but rather to come up spiced, a little hot in the mouth, as O'Connell accounted to an English farmer for the effect of the potato on the Irish constitution—"You see, sir, we boil them before we plant them, and then they come up hot." The fable of the Amazons, though well known, has scarcely been credited; and but that we see, now-a-days, such odd things done by human nature, we might have still withheld belief from the narrations of history. Gibbon says—"Women have often combated by the side of their husbands, but it is almost impossible that a society of Amazons should ever have existed in the Old or New World." If the historian had lived to our day, he would have seen in the New World, which he did not take into the account, that there may be Amazonian women.

As our Transatlantic friends are in this respect "revivers" or imitators, rather than originators, it may be worth while to look back upon what has been recorded of the old propagators of the Rights of Women, in order to ascertain what the new order of masculi-feminality propose to be. We are told, then, that the women of the Sauromatæ dressed in the habits of men—none allowed to marry till she had killed an enemy: according to Hippocrates, she must have killed three. Hence it happened that many died old maids, never having been able to fulfil the conditions. The Amazons, a community of women—called also Oiorpata, or, as it may be interpreted, men-slayers—having invaded Greece, were overcome at Thermopylae. The Greeks put as many of them as they were able to take captive on board three vessels; these, when out

at sea, rose against their conquerors, and put them all to death. Ignorant of navigation, and of the management of helms, sails, or oars, they trusted to the wind and tide, and were carried to a place near the Palus Mæotis, inhabited by the free Scythians. Here they disembarked, and meeting with a stud of horses, seized them, and, mounted on these, proceeded to plunder the Scythians. The Scythians were unable to explain what had happened, being neither acquainted with the language, the dress, nor the country of the invaders. Under the impression that they were men nearly of the same age, they gave them battle. Having taken some prisoners, they discovered that they were women. Consulting amongst themselves, they determined to put none of them to death, but to select a detachment of their youngest men, equal in number, as they might conjecture, to the Amazons. They were directed to encamp opposite to them: if attacked, they were to retreat without resistance; when pursuit should be discontinued, to return and encamp as near the Amazons as possible. Imperceptibly the two camps approached each other. The young Scythians and Amazons, finding no hostility offered, by degrees came nearer and nearer; and as they lived by the chase, each party frequently joined in it. Finally, they so perfectly associated that the Scythians forsook their homes, and went with the Amazons to dwell beyond the Tanais.

We learn by the "Women's Rights Convention" that the women assembled mean to claim equal rights, or the whole of the *propria quæ maribus*. It is not improbable that in our Transatlantic republic the women, who resolve to be behind the men in nothing, may form themselves into an army of "sympathisers;" and as sympathy is the old virtue of the sex—or, we should say, the virtue of the old sex—enough of it may remain, after the usual routine of warfare and truce, to become the cement of a new society in some country yet to be conquered, by which a race of savages, or worse, of civilised, shall be brought under obedience to the laws feminine.

There is a very happy version of this Amazonian bit of history in the

Spectator, in which, if we remember, a truce is entered into, which is renewed so often that at length the generals of the female army were not in a condition to fight. This version is very amusing, and worthy the wit of Addison. Our readers will not fail to recognise in this story of the Amazons, and, *mutatis mutandis*, in Shakespeare's play of "Love's Labour Lost," the originals of our modern poem, Tennyson's "Princess." Such a subject as a "Convention of Women" could not fail to draw forth all the wit and satire of Aristophanes. The wonder is that such plays could have been represented before an Athenian audience. In one, the women conspire to force the men to make peace; in the other, they assume the male dress while their husbands sleep, make a "parliament of women," and pass laws which they compel the men to confirm. Our new Convention is very likely to come to the same result; for, as they pass a resolution not to be taxed unrepresented, they will, if they succeed, be in the House of Assembly and Senate; and once there, who will doubt their power to coerce the men, not only by their matchless and unceasing eloquence, but by that secret influence which they have ever possessed? Now as senators, as we presume the name implies, *senum consilium*, will ever be composed of the more advanced in years, we think it not out of place to guard the younger members of the "Women's Rights Convention" against such a law as the comedian imagined, and which we think, in the regular course of things, must pass in the end if the Convention prevail. It was decreed, that no young women should take husbands until all the old had been thus provided for. In the end of the play a tumult arises on account of this law, some old women endeavouring to bear away a youth who had, not revering the law, attached himself to a younger woman. The coarse dramatist plainly aimed his satire at the philosophy of "Communism," and particularly at the "Republic" of Plato.

It was said of the Pedasians, who inhabited a district beyond Halicarnassus, that when they were menaced by any great calamity, the priestess of Minerva produced a large beard.

Whether the beard grew out of the calamity, or the calamity out of the beard, is not stated: it is not, however, impossible that this supposed priestess of Minerva may have been a female president of a very advanced age, when beards have been known to grow upon the faces of women, and that by her misconduct of public affairs everything went wrong. Indeed, if women are to be admitted into the Assembly, Senate, or Parliament, in any country, and to become, as they claim to be, as representatives of the people, law-givers, law-makers, and even ministers of state, a government may be brought into very great difficulties; for how could a Chancellor of the Exchequer at once be in labour of a budget and the home labour? There must be a law to provide a political accoucheur. It would be quite indecent in a prime-minister, instead of standing up in her place to reply to an Oppositionist, to retire to suckle her infant. We can imagine some unwedded Cobden rising to bid her

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

It would be equally ridiculous to see the minister of war, in her inability to answer a Peace Society member, carried out of the house in hysterics; or to have two members of the cabinet both so furiously in love with the prime-minister as to quit the house for a duel. At a moment when an interesting debate might be expected, it might be discovered that the Speaker had eloped with the minister for the home department. The wife or husband of a prime-minister would in all probability always head an Opposition. We can imagine every sort of confusion (*mulier est hominis confusio*) from this amalgamation of masculine and feminine powers brought into political collision.

Lest it be thought that we are making up a mere fable about the "Rights of Women Convention," we recommend the reader to make inquiry as to Transatlantic feminine doings. We have now before us *The New York Tribune* of Oct. 22, 1851, the columns of which are filled with particulars of the meeting of the "Rights of Women Convention," which occupied three en

double and treble sittings each day. In part of the proceedings a long letter from Miss Martineau is read, in which (no uncommon matter with her) she makes one mistake—for she speaks of equal rights of sex and of *colour*, a passage quite at variance with all the habits of thought of the fair assembly. There was likewise a letter read from two Frenchwomen, dated from the prison of St Lazare, June 15, signed Jeane Deroin and Pauline Roland. Rather oddly, they address the "Sisters of America" as "Your Socialist Sisters of France," but conclude, forgetful of their sex, by sending their "fraternal salutation." The letter is very long, and is read out by the male Choripheus, W. H. Channing. Jeane Deroin was editor of the *Voice of Women*. "Her offence," says the male conventionist, "was meeting with an assembly of working people in illegal numbers, among whom she has been active in forming co-operative unions." These women, then, are French sympathisers getting up a sympathy of French Socialist manufacture for America; and as they are, or were, imprisoned in that land of liberty and fraternity, as it was in July, it is fair to infer that their fraternity was very belligerent. The members of the Convention are, as might be supposed, mostly women; but there were among them some of those doubtful masculines, who, if they resemble them at our Bloomerism lectures, really or artificially whiskered and bearded, are represented in wax-work looking womanly sentimental in our perfumers' shops. The women themselves are far more bold. These males seem rather to put on the sweet distress of injured woman, which woman herself altogether repudiates. Her wrongs are armed. These mustached and bearded men who now mix in our Bloomerism meetings and conventions, remind us of what was said by Cardinal Angelot, on a Grecian bishop coming to Rome with a long beard, of which he took great care, at a time when Rome was filled with effeminate prelates and worse characters; the Cardinal excused him, saying, he "*thought it necessary that one he-goat should be allowed among so many nannies.*"

If we glance over the resolutions

we find them also of the epicene kind—a jargon between sense and nonsense. We take one at random:—"Resolved, that it is the duty of the women of our day to study enough of the abstruse science of surveying, to define, if possible, the boundaries of her own sphere, that man be no longer compelled to keep her informed of this great fact." It might require an *Edipus* to unriddle the "great fact;" nor is it easy to conjecture how "the abstruse science of surveying" should be required to measure the sphere of women who throw off their petticoats, lessening the rotundity of the sphere so perfectly measurable. And here we must say it seems very inconsistent that American ladies, who are so very nice that the word "legs" is tabooed, so that they even cover those appendages to tables and chairs with the disguises of flounces and frills, should yet so boldly assume the male dress, and make a visible isosceles triangle in their own persons. They are like the Giant in Rabelais, who could swallow windmills, but was in fear of being choked with a pat of fresh butter. But to take another look at the *New York Tribune*—here we find a Mrs Davis concluding a report by offering the following resolution:—"That we, as wives and mothers, will do our utmost to promote the highest education of our children at our colleges and institutions of learning, without distinction of sex, challenging the same privilege for our daughters as already accorded to our sons, making the public funds available to both in the process of mental development." Really we cannot tell what to make of this; but must guess that the mental would not be the only development in these so strangely mixed colleges. Mrs Davis perhaps was right, therefore, in speaking in the general name "as wives and mothers," and little might have been thought of it, had not the very next announcement been the presence of Miss Antoinette Brown, who, says the *Tribune*, "was introduced to the audience. She is a young woman of a cultivated mind, has educated herself to preach the gospel, and is of the orthodox faith according to the most liberal interpretation." Perhaps the reader might desire to know what

is "the orthodox faith according to the most liberal interpretation." We have heard some define liberal interpretation thus, that an affirmative may stand for a negative, a negative for an affirmative, *ad libitum dissensium*. Miss Antoinette Brown probably explained herself clearly on this point, but the editor provokingly omits all her arguments, perhaps considering questions of orthodoxy quite uninteresting to the Convention. "Miss Antoinette Brown again addressed the Convention on the sphere of woman, (this sphere of woman is a favourite phrase—what means it?) in a clear and argumentative speech, and explained those passages in St Paul's writings which were supposed to conflict with the doctrine of woman's rights. She showed very satisfactorily that St Paul has been misrepresented on this subject; but I am obliged to bring my report to a close." This is provoking, for it would have been very interesting to have had these "satisfactory arguments" on the most "liberal interpretation" of the following passages:—1 Tim. ii. 12, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." 1 Cor. xiv. 34, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." 1 Tim. ii. 9, "That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety;" 11, "Let the women learn in silence, with all subjection." Eph. v. 22, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife;" 24, "So let the wives be [subject] to their own husbands in everything." A "Mrs Emma R. Coe of Ohio" was "wondrously powerful; but the rapidity of her utterance, the imaginative flights in which she indulged, and the frequent sallies of wit and humour that marked her style, render it next to impossible to report her. She was quite a favourite with the audience, and her speeches are better adapted for immediate effect than to be read." A woman of such "good report" to be so ill reported is quite shameful; but she reappears "in her usual felicitous and happy

manner." But of all these "female worthies" we prefer honest *Mrs Mehitable* (an odd name for a husband to pronounce) Haskell, for she confesseth "she did not know what were woman's rights, but for forty, nay, fifty years, she had known what woman's wrongs were, for she had *felt* them." It is remarkable that Mehitable is the only woman that owns age—admirable honesty before a convention of women. She need not do as we have heard two elderly ladies did every New-year's Day, when one used to go to the other and say, "Madam, as we are both of the same age, I wish to know how old we are to be this year." This is really liberal, and shaking off a rooted prejudice.

We were shown a letter the other day from an emigrant, which said, "Ask Sophy Bligh of our village if she will come out to me, for I can't think of taking a wife here—they won't do for me." We fear the Convention is making the fair sex too predominant. When they have it all their own way—we can scarcely say "we wish they may get it"—there is no knowing to what legislative exactions they may come. By acts of the New World they may take revenge of the old, and of all time. We shudder to think of the married prospect of Sinbad; most men would be as great cowards. We are told that among the Getæ, when a husband died, there was a contest of affection among the wives; happy was the one who was considered the most beloved, and entitled thereby to the honour of being sacrificed. It is to be hoped the Convention, however they may extend their notion of rights, and by the principle of communism enlarge the menagerie of husbands, will not become enamoured of such sacrificial passages of history. But there undoubtedly is a fear, in spite of Miss Antoinette Brown's profession of "the gospel," and orthodox faith according to its most liberal interpretation, that Christianity is at present quite in the background of the Convention, and is becoming quite a dissolving view. He must be a very superficial observer of society who does not perceive that the "rights of man" and "rights of woman" societies are so thoroughly Frenchified,

and Germanised, that it is one of the main objects to free man and woman from the fetters of Christian morals, and the absurd and deteriorating virtues hitherto practised, or pretended to be practised, among civilised people. There is to be but one virtue, "solidarity," the true meaning of which is for future development. But here we venture to remonstrate with the fair sex, and bid them be cautious, for there may be inconveniences attending the abolishing Christianity beyond that one which Dean Swift pointed out—namely, that it would lower the Funds one per cent, which was more than any government had given to uphold it. We would suggest to the Convention, that, as the history of the world shows that no nation has ever existed without some religion, it is not likely that, even with all her freedom and emancipation, (excepting of slaves,) America will repudiate all religion. To what, then, can they resort? Having tried the Jewish and the Christian, which indeed are necessarily connected, there appears no choice, but that they must fall in with the Mahomedan. Now we know very well the Convention would oppose this, as we should say, "tooth and nail;" but when they are legislators they may not in any great number be in a condition to attend the Senate or House of Assembly, and the men may take advantage of their predicament, so that, instead of that freedom which Communism and Socialism promises, women may find themselves suddenly cooped up like so many hens. Thus, as too much liberty causes revolution, and is succeeded by military tyranny, the male tyranny may not only supersede, but quite overwhelm, the female, till at last they will not be able to say, what we are sorry to say their correspondent, Miss Martineau, has denied already, that their souls are their own. Let them consider what sort of country they live in—where already they hold in subjection three millions of slaves, male and female; and as Miss Martineau tells them there should be no difference of "colour," there may be a great addition to these three millions, especially if men, under the pretence or the reality of this Convention-conspiracy

—think it time to look to themselves. They should not forget that the crow, according to the fable, was once white.

We must say a few words upon that offset of the Convention—Bloomerism. We readily admit that the dress, as depicted in the *Illustrated News*, is not unbecoming, nor, if we had never known any other, should we have thought it indecent. But it is indecent—and why? Because, simply, it removes the separation wall, as it were, between the sexes. Men may break it down, and rudely, but no woman should voluntarily "stand in the breech." If they do, they may fancy a Spartan liberty, and come to wrestle in nudity. No, it will not do; there is a prior convention to the Woman's Rights Convention: the whole world have passed one law that women shall not dress as men. It seems to have been one of the first results of civilisation to raise woman by the difference, till at length the habit has become in its way idolising; and as idols they, women, are dressed up in a mysterious concealment. *Ex pede Herculem*—but it is only the very tip of the toe, *ex pede Papam*—and that the worshippers kiss; but the veneration for the sex scarcely ventures to reach that point.

"Madam, I do, as bound in duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie,"

really seems to express the common-sense of cultivated mankind. The Chinese have carried it to the extent that a perfect beauty should positively have no feet at all. We virtually acknowledge the correctness of their taste, when we clothe our women with long petticoats and trains which sweep the ground. There is something too terrestrial in legs and feet for a world that, in the improved state, would make angels of women. They are idealised by imagination, as in pictures, and are supposed to come and go like angels with wings; or if they are allowed to have the smallest show of feet, their very traces are to be worshipped, so that men "love the very ground they tread on." It is a very odd notion this, the concealment of feet, but it seems nearly universal. We do not know if it be an argument

valid with any, but it should be known that Bloomerism is not quite so new as people suppose—that it was of Papal introduction—indeed, at first, a real “Papal aggression.” For the Pope, knowing the *Omne ignotum pro mirifico* greatly to prevail, and that much of his own sanctity arose from his robes of concealment, and that hence the very tip of his toe was kissed by kings and emperors—worshipping the unseen holiness by the visible particle minute—was vexed to see the long trains of women attract a devotion which deteriorated the Papal sovereignty. It was easy enough to give a turn to the edict, which would conceal the object; and here is the edict, a mandate issued by the Papal legate in Germany in the fourteenth century:—“*Velamina etiam mulierum, quoad verecundiam designandam eis sunt concessa, sed nunc per insipientiam carum, in lasciviam et luxuriam excreverunt, et immoderata longitudo superpelliceorum quibus pulverem trahunt, ad moderatum usum, sicut decet verecundiam sexûs, per excommunicationis sententiam cohibeantur.*” —(“It is decreed that the apparel of women, which ought to be consistent with modesty, but now through their foolishness is degenerated into wantonness and extravagance, more particularly the immoderate length of their petticoats, with which they sweep the ground, be restricted to a moderate fashion, agreeably to the decency of the sex, under pain of the sentence of excommunication.”) It might be supposed that the Bloomers are Jesuits in disguise, for they adopt the very words of the mandate, and call the wearers of the usual dress “street-sweepers.” The arrogance of the Popes has ever been wonderful, but that it should enter into the imagination to excommunicate womankind, and thus nip society, and posterity, in the bud, is a piece of extravagance not exceeded by modern aggressions. History, say some of our politicians, is but an “old song,” and perhaps there is an old song which records this bit of history. Why may not the Pope’s mandate have given rise to the nursery rhymes of the old woman who met with the beggar, whose name was Stout—

“Who cut her petticoats all round about,
He cut her petticoats up to her knee?” &c.
Now, as there never has been in the wide world so big a beggar as His Holiness the Pope, nor one by his power and obstinacy more deserving the name of Stout, to whom can this so readily apply?—and surely there are innumerable historical conjectures not half so good. Let this be placed at least amongst “historic doubts.” Nor let it be thought *infra dignitatem Papalem* that a connection is suggested between a petticoat and the Papacy, for the dress is one specially by the mandate said to be consistent with modesty; so that it would not at all surprise us if, on further search into history, all the cardinal virtues should be found hidden under a petticoat.

This assumption of the *toga virilis* by women, and the dress of man approximating to the feminine, will inevitably make a social revolution, which will affect both trade and morals. In the first place, it will throw a large population out of employment. They say it takes “nine tailors to make a man,” but one milliner will suffice to unmake him. What will become of this industrious class? A pretty *thimble-rig* affair this will be; for our men, when they forsake their present virile occupations—which at least half mankind must do if offices are to be equally distributed between the sexes—will soon learn to thread needles for lack of something to do; and perhaps we may live to see them take in needlework, or go out by the day—and many is the Hercules to be beaten by an Omphale’s slipper.

That men will amalgamate the feminine with the masculine dress, we are assured from the following extract put into our hands while writing; it is an account of a visit to a Bloomer meeting:—

“Behind the lady we observed what we supposed must be characterised as the male of the species ‘Bloomer.’ He wore a silken cassock with sleeves, deep cuffs, and ruffles embroidered round the throat; had his collars turned down à la Byron, and his cravat tied outside his coat, the bows jutting out from each side in the modern fashion of Cheapside, and the ends falling down in a cataract of

silk to about half over his manly bosom. We could not see his nether extremities, to define what alteration had been there effected; but his cheeks were fringed with a thin whisker, and his upper lip made more *prononcé* by a rim of spare *mustache*—his countenance, on the whole, wearing that chastened aspect which so well befits the husband of a species, the female of which talks so much and so well."

Now we foresee a moral mischief too, for where man and woman are so, to say, confused in dress, so will they be to a great extent in mind. The masculine must become feminine, as the feminine masculine; and from a congenital confusion of ideas, a man, when he sees his wife after dinner cross her legs, put her feet on the fender, and smoke a cigar, will have, to say the least, sensations of doubt; and, as he looks at his spouse, be ready to say with Master Slender, whom he may be brought much to resemble, "I came yonder at Eaton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy." And the lady, looking at her spouse of the species "Bloomer," may in her mind question the strength of the registrar-bond, or only have been wedded according to the Socialist "Woman's Rights Convention," and may take up, too, a surmise from Master Slender, and think to herself, "If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him."

"Unum quodque eodem modo dissolvitur quo colligatum est."

They who marry by a leap over a broomstick have but to leap back again to find a happy release—and "all's well that ends well." In fact, to carry out by enactment the "Rights of Woman," according to the ambition of the "Convention," and the maxims of their brotherhood and sisterhood in France, so-called marriages must be made easy, and divorces as easy as marriages. As we may fairly judge from some of the Socialist writings, divorces are desired, not because man and wife would not agree if left in freedom with regard to each other, but simply, because they are under the shackles of an obligation. It has been pointed out,

that in the French Revolution, when divorce was made easy, in most cases the divorced came together again and were remarried. However bad the husband or the wife, they were taken back again—like evil habits, they are not easily shaken off: in our fancied freedom we coquet with a virtue, but we take our old vice home. At least this was the case in France, and perhaps is, but names are changed. Vice has been banished as a name, and every virtue is merged in "solidarity." We find a passage in *Jardine's Letters from France*, written many years ago, which the spread of French morals and French philosophy has made applicable to other people:—

"The French authors talk of man and woman, and fancy they speak generally of the whole race, and know not that they speak only of French men and women, fancying all the world like themselves, forgetting that French nature is not human nature, and that few of their qualities are common to the species."

French novelists invent a vice, having exhausted the old stock, and call it a new development of nature. The moral at the end is, that what mankind have been pleased to call vices are nothing more than persecuted virtues, and that, like the "Convention of Women," they should re-establish their rights in society; and in this respect there is a great correspondence going on between that people and the Transatlantic Republic; and both seem to be of the opinion that there is nothing right but what they think and do, and that it is their glory and privilege to revolutionise the world, and set it up on a new basis of Socialist fraternity. At the "Rights of Woman Convention," "Lucretia Mott of Philadelphia, and Elizabeth Blackwell of New York, were appointed a committee to correspond with Jeane Deroin and Pauline Roland of Paris, and express to them the interest of this Convention in the position of France." The "confusio hominis" is certainly commenced, for it is announced that "the Convention was called to order at two o'clock, and Mrs Pauline Dairs, from the Committee on Education, of which she is *chairman*, read the report."

Certainly, in the whole proceedings, the women do rate the men soundly—they would make those present look very small indeed, but that they are feminising, and, under that delusion, know not exactly their own state. One in a female paroxysm breaks out unconnectedly into an incoherent truth, "Madness is a fixed idea—monomania is the concentration of the whole mental force in the actions of a single faculty." However, the few men present bore the reproaches heaped upon them with perfect meekness; indeed, joined in them as if they had already disowned manhood. Not knowing their condition, we cannot pronounce that they have been used to bear reproaches. It does not seem that their wives were present; but if they have these home-truths told them at their own hearths, they cannot err from any ignorance of their faults. There is some advantage in having a flapper to remind us of our faults—it enables us the better to make a "clean breast of it." It was well said by a gentleman reproached for his many failings, "I acknowledge them all, and if you will ask my neighbour, he will tell you a good many more; indeed, before I go to confession, I make a point of angering my wife, on a principle of devotion, who never fails to read me so convincing a lecture on all my sins and failings that I never omit one." If things go on in this way, manhood will soon be at a discount in America, and feminality work more than its weight in gold; but as in this country, notwithstanding free trade, we have not learnt that the Americans have exported much of the commodity, we are enabled on this side of the water yet to look up. And although Bloomerism is reading a few lectures

here and there, and making one or two exhibitions of the "male of the species Bloomer," neither our men nor our women like the appearances. So that, notwithstanding that our legislature has, in some degree, by marriage acts and other discouragements, damaged our national matrimonial ideas, we do consider ourselves as yet within the "charmed ring" of safety. Whether the Bloomers that come over be married or single, we know no man in his senses that will take one at a venture. We should consider one adventurous enough to do so, to deserve the lot obtained once by a man who, on the eve of his marriage, following the fashion of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, dipped into Skakspere instead, and found his fortune—

"Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou owedst yesterday."

If in the course of this paper we have said one word which may seem to throw matrimonial happiness into the shade, let it be considered as the shade of the bower of a terrestrial Eden, where blessed man and woman may, in their contentment, look, as Cowper says, out "from the loopholes of retreat," upon the world without. A truly wedded pair make their own world.

We are in the cold season—yet the season for warm hearths, and we say to the single, whether of the "exodus" or of home, choose well and wisely of, not the Bloomers, but the blooming daughters of England; realise the poetry of two lines suitable to the season and to pleasant feelings—

"Go take a wife unto thine arms, and see
Winter and browning hills shall have a
charm for thee."—ROWLEY.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK IX.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

Now that I am fairly in the heart of my story, these preliminary chapters must shrink into comparatively small dimensions, and not encroach upon the space required by the various personages whose acquaintance I have picked up here and there, and who are now all crowding upon me like poor relations to whom one has unadvisedly given a general invitation, and who descend upon one simultaneously about Christmas time. Where they are to be stowed, and what is to become of them all, Heaven knows; in the meanwhile, the reader will have already observed that the Caxton family themselves are turned out of their own rooms, sent a-packing, in order to make way for the new comers.

And now that I refer to that respected family, I shall take occasion (dropping all metaphor) to intimate a doubt, whether, should these papers be collected and republished, I shall not wholly recast the Initial Chapters in which the Caxtons have been permitted to reappear. They assure me, themselves, that they feel a bashful apprehension lest they may be accused of having thrust irrelevant noses into affairs which by no means belong to them—an impertinence which, being a peculiarly shy race, they have carefully shunned in the previous course of their innocent and segregated existence. Indeed, there is some cause for that alarm, seeing that not long since, in a journal professing to be critical, this *My Novel, or Varieties in English Life*, was misnamed and insulted as “a Continuation of *The Caxtons*,” with which biographical work it has no more to do (save in the aforesaid introductions to previous Books in the present diversified and compendious narrative) than I with Hecuba, or Hecuba with me. Reserving the doubt herein suggested for maturer deliberation, I proceed with my new Initial Chapter. And I shall stint the matter therein contained to a brief comment upon PUBLIC LIFE.

Were you ever in public life, my dear reader? I don't mean, by that question, to ask whether you were ever Lord - Chancellor, Prime - Minister, Leader of the Opposition, or even a member of the House of Commons. An author hopes to find readers far beyond that very egregious but very limited segment of the Great Circle. Were you ever a busy man in your vestry, active in a municipal corporation, one of a committee for furthering the interests of an enlightened candidate for your native burgh, town, or shire?—in a word, did you ever resign your private comforts as men in order to share the public troubles of mankind? If ever you have so far departed from the Lucretian philosophy, just look back—was it life at all that you lived?—were you an individual distinct existence—a passenger in the railway?—or were you merely an indistinct portion of that common flame which heated the boiler and generated the steam that set off the monster train?—very hot, very active, very useful, no doubt; but all your identity fused in flame, and all your forces vanishing in gas.

And do you think the people in the railway carriages care for you?—do you think that the gentleman in the worsted wrapper is saying to his neighbour with the striped rug on his comfortable knees, “How grateful we ought to be for that fiery particle which is crackling and hissing under the boiler! It helps us on a fraction of an inch from Vauxhall to Putney?” Not a bit of it. Ten to one but he is saying—“Not sixteen miles an hour! What the deuce is the matter with the stoker?”

Look at our friend Audley Egerton. You have just had a glimpse of the real being that struggles under the huge copper;—you have heard the hollow sound of the rich man's coffers under the tap of Baron Levy's friendly knuckle—heard the strong man's heart give out its dull warning sound to the

scientific ear of Dr F——. And away once more vanishes the separate existence, lost again in the flame that heats the boiler, and the smoke that curls into air from the grimy furnace.

Look to it, O Public Man, whoever thou art, and whatsoever thy degree—see if thou canst not compound matters, so as to keep a little nook apart for thy private life; that is, for *thyself*! Let the great Popkins Question not absorb wholly the individual soul of thee, as Smith or Johnson. Don't so entirely consume thyself under that insatiable boiler, that when thy poor little monad rushes out from the sooty furnace, and arrives at the stars, thou mayest find no vocation

for thee there, and feel as if thou hadst nothing to do amidst the still splendours of the Infinite. I don't deny to thee the uses of "Public Life;" I grant that it is much to have helped to carry that great Popkins Question; but Private Life, my friend, is the life of thy private soul; and there may be matters concerned with that which, on consideration, thou mayest allow, cannot be wholly mixed up with the great Popkins Question—and were not finally settled when thou didst exclaim—"I have not lived in vain—the Popkins Question is carried at last!" O immortal soul, for one quarter of an hour *per diem*—de-Popkinise thine immortality!

CHAPTER II.

It had not been without much persuasion on the part of Jackeymo, that Riccabocca had consented to settle himself in the house which Randal had recommended to him. Not that the exile conceived any suspicion of the young man beyond that which he might have shared with Jackeymo, viz., that Randal's interest in the father was increased by a very natural and excusable admiration of the daughter. But the Italian had the pride common to misfortune,—he did not like to be indebted to others, and he shrank from the pity of those to whom it was known that he had held a higher station in his own land. These scruples gave way to the strength of his affection for his daughter and his dread of his foe. Good men, however able and brave, who have suffered from the wicked, are apt to form exaggerated notions of the power that has prevailed against them. Jackeymo had conceived a superstitious terror of Peschiera; and Riccabocca, though by no means addicted to superstition, still had a certain creep of the flesh whenever he thought of his foe.

But Riccabocca—than whom no man was more physically brave, and no man, in some respects, more morally timid—feared the Count less as a foe than as a gallant. He remembered his kinsman's surpassing beauty—the power he had obtained over women. He knew him versed in *every art that corrupts, and void of*

all the conscience that deters. And Riccabocca had unhappily nursed himself into so poor an estimate of the female character, that even the pure and lofty nature of Violante did not seem to him a sufficient safeguard against the craft and determination of a practised and remorseless intriguer. But of all the precautions he could take, none appeared more likely to conduce to safety, than his establishing a friendly communication with one who professed to be able to get at all the Count's plans and movements, and who could apprise Riccabocca at once should his retreat be discovered. "Forewarned is forearmed," said he to himself, in one of the proverbs common to all nations. However, as with his usual sagacity he came to reflect upon the alarming intelligence conveyed to him by Randal, viz., that the Count sought his daughter's hand, he divined that there was some strong personal interest under such ambition; and what could be that interest save the probability of Riccabocca's ultimate admission to the Imperial grace, and the Count's desire to assure himself of the heritage to an estate that he might be permitted to retain no more? Riccabocca was not indeed aware of the condition (not according to usual customs in Austria) on which the Count held the forfeited domains. He knew not that they had been granted merely on pleasure; but he was too well aware of Peschiera's nature to "

pose that he would woo a bride without a dower, or be moved by remorse in any overture of reconciliation. He felt assured, too—and this increased all his fears—that Peschiera would never venture to seek an interview himself; all the Count's designs on Violante would be dark, secret, and clandestine. He was perplexed and tormented by the doubt, whether or not to express openly to Violante his apprehensions of the nature of the danger to be apprehended. He had told her vaguely that it was for her sake that he desired secrecy and concealment. But that might mean anything: what danger to himself would not menace her? Yet to say more was so contrary to a man of his Italian notions and Machiavellian maxims! To say to a young girl, "There is a man come over to England on purpose to woo and win you. For heaven's sake take care of him; he is diabolically handsome; he never fails where he sets his heart,"—"Cospetto!" cried the Doctor, aloud, as these admonitions shaped themselves to speech in the camera-obscura of his brain; "such a warning would have undone a Cornelia while she was yet an innocent spinster." No, he resolved to say nothing to Violante of the Count's intention, only to keep guard, and make himself and Jackeymo all eyes and all ears.

The house Randal had selected pleased Riccabocca at first glance. It stood alone, upon a little eminence; its upper windows commanded the high road. It had been a school, and was surrounded by high walls, which contained a garden and lawn sufficiently large for exercise. The garden doors were thick, fortified by strong bolts, and had a little wicket lattice, shut and opened at pleasure, from which Jackeymo could inspect all visitors before he permitted them to enter.

An old female servant from the neighbourhood was cautiously hired; Riccabocca renounced his Italian name, and abjured his origin. He spoke English sufficiently well to think he could pass as an Englishman. He called himself Mr Richmond (a liberal translation of Riccabocca.) He *bought* a blunderbuss, two pair of pistols, and a huge house-dog. Thus *led for*, he allowed Jackeymo to

write a line to Randal and communicate his arrival.

Randal lost no time in calling. With his usual adaptability and his powers of dissimulation he contrived easily to please Mrs Riccabocca, and to increase the good opinion the exile was disposed to form of him. He engaged Violante in conversation on Italy and its poets. He promised to buy her books. He began, though more distantly than he could have desired—for her sweet stateliness awed him in spite of himself—the preliminaries of courtship. He established himself at once as a familiar guest, riding down daily in the dusk of evening, after the toils of office, and retiring at night. In four or five days he thought he had made great progress with all. Riccabocca watched him narrowly, and grew absorbed in thought after every visit. At length one night, when he and Mrs Riccabocca were alone in the drawing-room, Violante having retired to rest, he thus spoke as he filled his pipe:—

"Happy is the man who has no children! Thrice happy he who has no girls!"

"My dear Alphonso!" said the wife, looking up from the wristband to which she was attaching a neat mother-o'-pearl button. She said no more; it was the sharpest rebuke she was in the custom of administering to her husband's cynical and odious observations. Riccabocca lighted his pipe with a thread paper, gave three great puffs, and resumed.

"One blunderbuss, four pistols, and a house-dog called Pompey, who would have made mince-meat of Julius Cæsar!"

"He certainly eats a great deal, does Pompey!" said Mrs Riccabocca, simply. "But if he relieves your mind!"

"He does not relieve it in the least, ma'am," groaned Riccabocca; "and that is the point I was coming to. This is a most harassing life, and a most undignified life. And I who have only asked from Heaven dignity and repose! But, if Violante were once married, I should want neither blunderbuss, pistol, nor Pompey. And it is that which would relieve my mind, *cara mia*;—Pompey only relieves my larder!"

Now Riccabocca had been more

communicative to Jemima than he had been to Violante. Having once trusted her with one secret, he had every motive to trust her with another; and he had accordingly spoken out his fears of the Count di Peschiera. Therefore she answered, laying down the work, and taking her husband's hand tenderly—

"Indeed, my love, since you dread so much (though I own that I must think unreasonably) this wicked, dangerous man, it would be the happiest thing in the world to see dear Violante well married; because, you see, if she is married to one person, she cannot be married to another; and all fear of this Count, as you say, would be at an end."

"You cannot express yourself better. It is a great comfort to unbosom one's-self to a wife, after all!" quoth Riccabocca.

"But," said the wife, after a grateful kiss—"but, where and how can we find a husband suitable to the rank of your daughter?"

"There—there—there," cried Riccabocca, pushing back his chair to the farther end of the room—"that comes of unbosoming one's-self! Out flies one's secret; it is opening the lid of Pandora's box; one is betrayed, ruined, undone!"

"Why, there's not a soul that can hear us!" said Mrs Riccabocca, soothingly.

"That's chance, ma'am! If you once contract the habit of blabbing out a secret when nobody's by, how on earth can you resist it when you have the pleasurable excitement of telling it to all the world? Vanity, vanity—woman's vanity! Woman never could withstand rank—never!" The Doctor went on railing for a quarter of an hour, and was very reluctantly appeased by Mrs Riccabocca's repeated and tearful assurances that she would never even whisper to herself that her husband had ever held any other rank than that of Doctor. Riccabocca, with a dubious shake of the head, renewed—

"I have done with all pomp and pretension. Besides, the young man is a born gentleman; he seems in good circumstances; he has energy and latent ambition; he is akin to L'Es-trange's intimate friend; he seems

attached to Violante. I don't think it probable that we could do better. Nay, if Peschiera fears that I shall be restored to my country, and I learn the wherefore, and the ground to take, through this young man—why, gratitude is the first virtue of the noble!"

"You speak, then, of Mr Leslie?"

"To be sure—of whom else?"

Mrs Riccabocca leaned her cheek on her hand thoughtfully. "Now you have told me *that*, I will observe him with different eyes."

"*Anima mia*, I don't see how the difference of your eyes will alter the object they look upon!" grumbled Riccabocca, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

"The object alters when we see it in a different point of view!" replied Jemima, modestly. "This thread does very well when I look at it in order to sew on a button, but I should say it would never do to tie up Pompey in his kennel."

"Reasoning by illustration, upon my soul!" ejaculated Riccabocca, amazed.

"And," continued Jemima, "when I am to regard one who is to constitute the happiness of that dear child, and for life, can I regard him as I would the pleasant guest of an evening? Ah, trust me, Alphonso—I don't pretend to be wise like you—but, when a woman considers what a man is likely to prove to woman—his sincerity—his honour—his heart—oh, trust me, she is wiser than the wisest man!"

Riccabocca continued to gaze on Jemima with unaffected admiration and surprise. And, certainly, to use his phrase, since he had unbosomed himself to his better half—since he had confided in her, consulted with her, her sense had seemed to quicken—her whole mind to expand.

"My dear," said the sage, "I vow and declare that Machiavelli was a fool to you. And I have been as dull as the chair I sit upon, to deny myself so many years the comfort and counsel of such a—but, *corpo di Baccho!* forget all about rank; and so now to bed."

"One must not holloa till one's out of the wood," muttered the ungrateful, suspicious villain, as he lighted the chamber candle.

CHAPTER III.

Riccabocca could not confine himself to the precincts within the walls to which he condemned Violante. Resuming his spectacles, and wrapped in his cloak, he occasionally sallied forth upon a kind of outwatch or reconnoitring expedition—restricting himself, however, to the immediate neighbourhood, and never going quite out of sight of his house. His favourite walk was to the summit of a hillock overgrown with stunted bushwood. Here he would seat himself musingly, often till the hoofs of Randal's horse rang on the winding road, as the sun set, over fading herbage, red and vaporous, in autumnal skies. Just below the hillock, and not two hundred yards from his own house, was the only other habitation in view—a charming, thoroughly English cottage, though somewhat imitated from the Swiss—with gable ends, thatched roof, and pretty projecting casements, opening through creepers and climbing roses. From his height he commanded the gardens of this cottage, and his eye of artist was pleased, from the first sight, with the beauty which some exquisite taste had given to the ground. Even in that cheerless season of the year, the garden wore a summer smile; the evergreens were so bright and various, and the few flowers, still left, so hardy and so healthful. Facing the south, a colonnade, or covered gallery, of rustic woodwork had been formed, and creeping plants, lately set, were already beginning to clothe its columns. Opposite to this colonnade there was a fountain which reminded Riccabocca of his own at the deserted Casino. It was indeed singularly like it: the same circular shape, the same girdle of flowers around it. But the jet from it varied every day—fantastic and multifiform, like the sports of a Naiad—sometimes shooting up like a tree, sometimes shaped as a convolvulus, sometimes tossing from its silver spray a flower of vermillion, or a fruit of gold—as if at play with its toy like a happy child. And near the fountain was a large aviary, large enough to enclose a tree.

The Italian could just catch a gleam of rich colour from the wings of the birds, as they glanced to and fro within the network, and could hear their songs, contrasting the silence of the free populace of air, whom the coming winter had already stilled.

Riccabocca's eye, so alive to all aspects of beauty, luxuriated in the view of this garden. Its pleasantness had a charm that stole him from his anxious fear and melancholy memories.

He never saw but two forms within the demesnes, and he could not distinguish their features. One was a woman, who seemed to him of staid manner and homely appearance: she was seen but rarely. The other a man, often pacing to and fro the colonnade, with frequent pauses before the playful fountain, or the birds that sang louder as he approached. This latter form would then disappear within a room, the glass door of which was at the extreme end of the colonnade; and if the door were left open, Riccabocca could catch a glimpse of the figure bending over a table covered with books.

Always, however, before the sun set, the man would step forth more briskly, and occupy himself with the garden, often working at it with good heart, as if at a task of delight; and then, too, the woman would come out, and stand by as if talking to her companion. Riccabocca's curiosity grew aroused. He bade Jemima inquire of the old maid-servant who lived at the cottage, and heard that its owner was a Mr Oran—a quiet gentleman, and fond of his book.

While Riccabocca thus amused himself, Randal had not been prevented, either by his official cares or his schemes on Violante's heart and fortune, from furthering the project that was to unite Frank Hazeldean and Beatrice di Negra. Indeed, as to the first, a ray of hope was sufficient to fire the ardent and unsuspecting lover. And Randal's artful misrepresentation of Mr Hazeldean's conversation with him, removed all fear of parental displeasure from a mind always too disposed to give itself up to the tempta-

tion of the moment. Beatrice, though her feelings for Frank were not those of love, became more and more influenced by Randal's arguments and representations, the more especially as her brother grew morose, and even menacing, as days slipped on, and she could give no clue to the retreat of those whom he sought for. Her debts, too, were really urgent. As Randal's profound knowledge of human infirmity had shrewdly conjectured, the scruples of honour and pride, that had made her declare she would not bring to a husband her own encumbrances, began to yield to the pressure of necessity. She listened already, with but faint objections, when Randal urged her not to wait for the uncertain discovery that was to secure her dowry, but by a private marriage with Frank escape at once into freedom and security. While, though he had first held out to young Hazeldean the inducement of Beatrice's dowry as reason of self-justification in the eyes of the Squire, it was still easier to drop that inducement, which had always rather damped than fired the high spirit and generous heart of the poor Guardsman. And Randal could conscientiously say, that when he had asked the Squire if he expected fortune with Frank's bride, the Squire had replied—"I don't care." Thus encouraged by his friend and his own heart, and the softening manner of a woman who might have charmed many a colder, and fooled many a wiser man, Frank rapidly yielded to the snares held out for his perdition. And though as yet he honestly shrank from proposing to Beatrice or himself a marriage without the consent, and even the knowledge, of his parents, yet Randal was quite content to leave a nature, however good, so thoroughly impulsive and undisciplined, to the influences of the first strong passion it had ever known. Meanwhile, it was so easy to dissuade Frank from even giving a hint to the folks at home. "For," said the wily and able traitor, "though we may be sure of Mrs Hazeldean's consent, and her power over your father, when the step is once taken, yet we cannot count for certain on the Squire—he is so choleric and hasty. He might hurry

to town—see Madame di Negra, blurt out some passionate, rude expressions, which would wake her resentment, and cause her instant rejection. And it might be too late if he repented afterwards—as he would be sure to do."

Meanwhile Randal Leslie gave a dinner at the Clarendon Hotel, (an extravagance most contrary to his habits,) and invited Frank, Mr Borrowell, and Baron Levy.

But this house-spider, which glided with so much ease after its flies, through webs so numerous and mazy, had yet to amuse Madame di Negra with assurances that the fugitives sought for would sooner or later be discovered. Though Randal baffled and eluded her suspicion that he was already acquainted with the exiles, ("the persons he had thought of were," he said, "quite different from her description;" and he even presented to her an old singing-master, and a sallow-faced daughter, as the Italians who had caused his mistake,) it was necessary for Beatrice to prove the sincerity of the aid she had promised to her brother, and to introduce Randal to the Count. It was no less desirable to Randal to know, and even win the confidence of this man—his rival.

The two met at Madame di Negra's house. There is something very strange, and almost mesmeric, in the *rapproch* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognise each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men, unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they recognise each other by instant sympathy. The eyes of Franzini, Count of Peschiera, and Randal Leslie no sooner met, than a gleam of intelligence shot from both. They talked on indifferent subjects—weather, gossip, politics—what not. They bowed and they smiled; but, all the while, each was watching, plumbing the other's heart; each measuring his strength with his companion; each inly saying, "This is a very remarkable rascal; am I a match for him?" It was at dinner they met; and, following the English fashion, Madame di

Negra left them alone with their wine.

Then, for the first time, Count di Peschiera cautiously and adroitly made a covered push towards the object of the meeting.

"You have never been abroad, my dear sir? You must contrive to visit me at Vienna. I grant the splendour of your London world; but, honestly speaking, it wants the freedom of ours—a freedom which unites gaiety with polish. For as your society is mixed, there are pretension and effort with those who have no right to be in it, and artificial condescension and chilling arrogance with those who have to keep their inferiors at a certain distance. With us, all being of fixed rank and acknowledged birth, familiarity is at once established. Hence," added the Count, with his French lively smile—"hence there is no place like Vienna for a young man—no place like Vienna for *bonnes fortunes*."

"Those make the paradise of the idle," replied Randal, "but the purgatory of the busy. I confess frankly to you, my dear Count, that I have as little of the leisure which becomes the aspirer to *bonnes fortunes* as I have the personal graces which obtain them without an effort;" and he inclined his head as in compliment.

"So," thought the Count, "woman is not his weak side. What is?"

"*Morbleu!* my dear Mr Leslie—had I thought as you do some years since, I had saved myself from many a trouble. After all, Ambition is the best mistress to woo; for with her there is always the hope, and never the possession."

"Ambition, Count," replied Randal, still guarding himself in dry sententiousness, "is the luxury of the rich, and the necessity of the poor."

"Aha," thought the Count, "it comes, as I anticipated from the first—comes to the bribe." He passed the wine to Randal, filling his own glass, and draining it carelessly: "*Sur mon âme, mon cher,*" said the Count, "luxury is ever pleasanter than necessity; and I am resolved at least to give Ambition a trial—*je vais me réfugier dans le sein du bonheur domestique* — married life and a settled

If it were not for ambi-

tion, one would die of ennui. Apropos, my dear sir, I have to thank you for promising my sister your aid in finding a near and dear kinsman of mine, who has taken refuge in your country, and hides himself even from me."

"I should be most happy to assist in your search. As yet, however, I have only to regret that all my good wishes are fruitless. I should have thought, however, that a man of such rank had been easily found, even through the medium of your own ambassador."

"Our own ambassador is no very warm friend of mine; and the rank would be no clue, for it is clear that my kinsman has never assumed it since he quitted his country."

"He quitted it, I understand, not exactly from choice," said Randal, smiling. "Pardon my freedom and curiosity, but will you explain to me a little more than I learn from English rumour, (which never accurately reports upon foreign matters still more notorious,) how a person who had so much to lose, and so little to win, by revolution, could put himself into the same crazy boat with a crew of hair-brained adventurers and visionary professors."

"Professors!" repeated the Count; "I think you have hit on the very answer to your question; not but what men of high birth were as mad as the *canaille*. I am the more willing to gratify your curiosity, since it will perhaps serve to guide your kind search in my favour. You must know, then, that my kinsman was not born the heir to the rank he obtained. He was but a distant relation to the head of the house which he afterwards represented. Brought up in an Italian university, he was distinguished for his learning and his eccentricities. There too, I suppose, brooding over old wives' tales about freedom, and so forth, he contracted his *carbonaro*, chimerical notions for the independence of Italy. Suddenly, by three deaths, he was elevated, while yet young, to a station and honours which might have satisfied any man in his senses. *Que diable!* what could the independence of Italy do for him! He and I were cousins; we had played together as boys; but our lives had been separated till his succession to rank brought us necessarily together. We became

exceedingly intimate. And you may judge how I loved him," said the Count, averting his eyes slightly from Randal's quiet, watchful gaze, "when I add, that I forgave him for enjoying a heritage that, but for him, had been mine."

"Ab, you were next heir?"

"And it is a hard trial to be very near a great fortune, and yet just to miss it."

"True," cried Randal, almost impetuously. The Count now raised his eyes, and again the two men looked into each other's souls.

"Harder still, perhaps," resumed the Count, after a short pause—"harder still might it have been to some men to forgive the rival as well as the heir."

"Rival! How?"

"A lady, who had been destined by her parents to myself, though we had never, I own, been formally betrothed, became the wife of my kinsman."

"Did he know of your pretensions?"

"I do him the justice to say he did not. He saw and fell in love with the young lady I speak of. Her parents were dazzled. Her father sent for me. He apologised—he explained; he set before me, mildly enough, certain youthful imprudences or errors of my own, as an excuse for his change of mind; and he asked me not only to resign all hope of his daughter, but to conceal from her new suitor that I had ever ventured to hope."

"And you consented?"

"I consented."

"That was generous. You must indeed have been much attached to your kinsman. As a lover I cannot comprehend it; perhaps, my dear Count, you may enable me to understand it better—as a man of the world."

"Well," said the Count, with his most *roué* air, "I suppose we are both men of the world?"

"Both! certainly," replied Randal, just in the tone which Peachum might have used in courting the confidence of Lockit.

"As a man of the world, then, I own," said the Count, playing with the rings on his fingers, "that if I

could not marry the lady myself, (and that seemed to me clear,) it was very natural that I should wish to see her married to my wealthy kinsman."

"Very natural; it might bring your wealthy kinsman and yourself still closer together."

"This is really a very clever fellow!" thought the Count, but he made no direct reply.

"*Enfin*, to cut short a long story, my cousin afterwards got entangled in attempts, the failure of which is historically known. His projects were detected—himself denounced. He fled, and the Emperor, in sequestrating his estates, was pleased, with rare and singular clemency, to permit me, as his nearest kinsman, to enjoy the revenues of half those estates during the royal pleasure; nor was the other half formally confiscated. It was no doubt his Majesty's desire not to extinguish a great Italian name; and if my cousin and his child died in exile, why, of that name, I, a loyal subject of Austria—I, Franzini, Count di Peschiera, would become the representative. Such, in a similar case, has been sometimes the Russian policy towards Polish insurgents."

"I comprehend perfectly; and I can also conceive that you, in profiting so largely, though so justly, by the fall of your kinsman, may have been exposed to much unpopularity—even to painful suspicion."

"*Entre nous, mon chère*, I care not a stiver for popularity; and as to suspicion, who is he that can escape from the calumny of the envious? But, unquestionably, it would be most desirable to unite the divided members of our house; and this union I can now effect, by the consent of the Emperor to my marriage with my kinsman's daughter. You see, therefore, why I have so great an interest in this research?"

"By the marriage articles you could no doubt secure the retention of the half you hold; and if you survive your kinsman, you would enjoy the whole. A most desirable marriage; and, if made, I suppose that would suffice to obtain your cousin's amnesty and grace?"

"You say it."

"But even without such marriage, since the Emperor's clemency has

been extended to so many of the proscribed, it is perhaps probable that your cousin might be restored?"

"It once seemed to me possible," said the Count, reluctantly; "but since I have been in England, I think not. The recent revolution in France, the democratic spirit rising in Europe, tend to throw back the cause of a proscribed rebel. England swarms with revolutionists: my cousin's residence in this country is in itself suspicious. The suspicion is increased by his strange seclusion. There are many Italians here who would aver that they had met with him, and that he was still engaged in revolutionary projects."

"Aver—untrue?"

"*Ma foi*—it comes to the same thing; *les absens ont toujours tort*. I speak to a man of the world. No; without some such guarantee for his faith, as his daughter's marriage with myself would give, his recall is improbable. By the heaven above us, it shall be impossible!" The Count rose as he said this—rose as if the mask of simulation had fairly fallen from the visage of crime—rose tall and towering, a very image of masculine power and strength, beside the slight, bended form and sickly face of the intellectual schemer. Randal was startled; but, rising also, he said carelessly—

"What if this guarantee can no longer be given?—what if, in despair of return, and in resignation to his altered fortunes, your cousin has already married his daughter to some English suitor?"

"Ah, that would indeed be, next to my own marriage with her, the most fortunate thing that could happen to myself."

"How? I don't understand!"

"Why, if my cousin has so abjured his birthright, and forsworn his rank—if this heritage, which is so dangerous from its grandeur, pass, in case of his pardon, to some obscure Englishman—a foreigner—a native of a country that has no ties with ours—a country that is the very refuge of levellers and Carbonari—*mort de ma vie*—do you think that such would not annihilate all chance of my cousin's restoration, and be an excuse even to the eyes of Italy for formally confer-

ring the sequestered estates on an Italian? No; unless, indeed, the girl were to marry an Englishman of such name and birth and connection as would in themselves be a guarantee, (and how in poverty is this likely?) I should go back to Vienna with a light heart, if I could say, 'My kinswoman is an Englishman's wife—shall her children be the heirs to a house so renowned for its lineage, and so formidable for its wealth?' *Parbleu!* if my cousin were but an adventurer, or merely a professor, he had been pardoned long ago. The great enjoy the honour not to be pardoned easily."

Randal fell into deep but brief thought. The Count observed him, not face to face, but by the reflexion of an opposite mirror. "This man knows something; this man is deliberating; this man can help me," thought the Count.

But Randal said nothing to confirm these hypotheses. Recovering from his abstraction, he expressed courteously his satisfaction at the Count's prospects, either way. "And since, after all," he added, "you mean so well to your cousin, it occurs to me that you might discover him by a very simple English process."

"How?"

"Advertise that, if he will come to some place appointed, he will hear of something to his advantage."

The Count shook his head. "He would suspect me, and not come."

"But he was intimate with you. He joined an insurrection;—you were more prudent. You did not injure him, though you may have benefited yourself. Why should he shun you?"

"The conspirators forgive none who do not conspire; besides, to speak frankly, he thought I injured him."

"Could you not conciliate him through his wife—whom—you resigned to him?"

"She is dead—died before he left the country."

"Oh, that is unlucky! Still I think an advertisement might do good. Allow me to reflect on that subject. Shall we now join Madame la Marquise?"

On re-entering the drawing-room, the gentlemen found Beatrice in full dress, seated by the fire, and reading so

intently that she did not remark them enter.

"What so interests you, *ma sœur*?—the last novel by Balzac, no doubt?"

Beatrice started, and, looking up, showed eyes that were full of tears. "Oh, no! no picture of miserable, vicious Parisian life. This is beautiful; there is *soul* here."

Randal took up the book which the Marchesa laid down; it was the same that had charmed the circle at Hazeldean—charmed the innocent and fresh-hearted—charmed now the wearied and tempted votaress of the world.

"Hum," murmured Randal; "the Parson was right. This is power—a sort of a power."

"How I should like to know the author! Who can he be—can you guess?"

"Not I. Some old pedant in spectacles."

"I think not—I am sure not. Here

beats a heart I have ever sighed to find, and never found."

"Oh, *la naïve enfant*!" cried the Count; "*comme son imagination s'égare en rêves enchantés*. And to think that, while you talk like an Arcadian, you are dressed like a princess."

"Ah, I forgot—the Austrian ambassador's. I shall not go to-night. This book unfits me for the artificial world."

"Just as you will, my sister. I shall go. I dislike the man, and he me; but ceremonies before men!"

"You are going to the Austrian Embassy?" said Randal. "I too shall be there. We shall meet." And he took his leave.

"I like your young friend prodigiously," said the Count, yawning. "I am sure that he knows of the lost birds, and will stand to them like a pointer, if I can but make it his interest to do so. We shall see."

CHAPTER IV.

Randal arrived at the ambassador's before the Count, and contrived to mix with the young noblemen attached to the embassy, and to whom he was known. Standing among these was a young Austrian, on his travels, of very high birth, and with an air of noble grace that suited the ideal of the old German chivalry. Randal was presented to him, and, after some talk on general topics, observed, "By the way, Prince, there is now in London a countryman of yours, with whom you are doubtless familiarly acquainted—the Count di Peschiera."

"He is no countryman of mine. He is an Italian. I know him but by sight and by name," said the Prince stiffly.

"He is of very ancient birth, I believe."

"Unquestionably. His ancestors were gentlemen."

"And very rich."

"Indeed! I have understood the contrary. He enjoys, it is true, a large revenue."

A young *attaché*, less discreet than the Prince, here observed, "Oh, Peschiera!—Poor fellow, he is too fond of play to be rich."

"And there is some chance that the kinsman whose revenue he holds may obtain his pardon, and re-enter into possession of his fortunes—so I hear, at least," said Randal artfully.

"I shall be glad if it be true," said the Prince with decision; "and I speak the common sentiment at Vienna. That kinsman had a noble spirit, and was, I believe, equally duped and betrayed. Pardon me, sir; but we Austrians are not so bad as we are painted. Have you ever met in England the kinsman you speak of?"

"Never, though he is supposed to reside here; and the Count tells me that he has a daughter."

"The Count—ha! I heard something of a scheme—a wager of that—that Count's—a daughter. Poor girl! I hope she will escape his pursuit; for, no doubt, he pursues her."

"Possibly she may already have married an Englishman."

"I trust not," said the Prince seriously; "that might at present be a serious obstacle to her father's return."

"You think so?"

"There can be no doubt of it."

interposed the *attaché* with a grand and positive air; "unless, indeed, the Englishman were of a rank equal to her own."

Here there was a slight, well-bred murmur and buzz at the doors; for the Count di Peschiera himself was announced; and as he entered, his presence was so striking, and his beauty so dazzling, that whatever there might be to the prejudice of his character, it seemed instantly effaced or forgotten in that irresistible admiration which it is the prerogative of personal attributes alone to create.

The Prince, with a slight curve of his lip at the groups that collected round the Count, turned to Randal and said, "Can you tell me if a distinguished countryman of yours is in England—Lord L'Estrange?"

"No, Prince—he is not. You know him?"

"Well."

"He is acquainted with the Count's kinsman; and perhaps from him you have learned to think so highly of that kinsman?"

The Prince bowed, and answered as he moved away, "When a man of high honour vouches for another, he commands the belief of all."

"Certainly," soliloquised Randal, "I must not be precipitate. I was very nearly falling into a terrible trap. If I were to marry the girl, and only, by so doing, settle away her inheritance on Peschiera!—How hard it is to be sufficiently cautious in this world!"

While thus meditating, a member of Parliament tapped him on the shoulder.

"Melancholy, Leslie! I lay a wager I guess your thoughts."

"Guess," answered Randal.

"You were thinking of the place you are so soon to lose."

"Soon to lose!"

"Why, if ministers go out, you could hardly keep it, I suppose."

This ominous and horrid member of Parliament, Squire Hazeldean's favourite county member, Sir John, was one of those legislators especially odious to officials—an independent 'large-acred' member, who would no more take office himself than he would cut down the oaks in his park, and who had no bowels of human

feeling for those who had opposite tastes and less magnificent means."

"Hem!" said Randal, rather surlily. "In the first place, Sir John, ministers are not going out."

"Oh yes, they will go. You know I vote with them generally, and would willingly keep them in; but they are men of honour and spirit; and if they can't carry their measures, they must resign; otherwise, by Jove, I would turn round and vote them out myself!"

"I have no doubt you would, Sir John; you are quite capable of it; that rests with you and your constituents. But even if ministers did go out, I am but a poor subaltern in a public office. I am no minister—why should I go out too?"

"Why? Hang it, Leslie, you are laughing at me. A young fellow like you could never be mean enough to stay in, under the very men who drove out your friend Egerton!"

"It is not usual for those in the public offices to retire with every change of Government."

"Certainly not; but always those who are the relations of a retiring minister—always those who have been regarded as politicians, and who mean to enter Parliament, as of course you will do at the next election. But you know that as well as I do—you who are so decided a politician—the writer of that admirable pamphlet! I should not like to tell my friend Hazeldean, who has a sincere interest in you, that you ever doubted on a question of honour as plain as your A, B, C."

"Indeed, Sir John," said Randal, recovering his suavity, while he inly breathed a dire anathema on his county member, "I am so new to these things, that what you say never struck me before. No doubt you must be right; at all events, I cannot have a better guide and adviser than Mr Egerton himself."

"No, certainly—perfect gentleman, Egerton! I wish we could make it up with him and Hazeldean."

RANDAL, (sighing).—"Ah, I wish we could!"

SIR JOHN.—“And some chance of it now; for the time is coming when all true men of the old school must stick together.”

RANDAL.—“Wisely, admirably said, my dear Sir John. But, pardon me, I must pay my respects to the ambassador.”

Randal escaped, and, passing on, saw the ambassador himself in the next room, conferring in a corner with Audley Egerton. The ambassador seemed very grave—Egerton calm and impenetrable, as usual. Presently the Count passed by, and the ambassador bowed to him very stiffly.

As Randal, some time later, was searching for his cloak below, Audley Egerton unexpectedly joined him.

“Ah, Leslie,” said the minister, with more kindness than usual, “if you don’t think the night air too cold for you, let us walk home together. I have sent away the carriage.”

This condescension in his patron was so singular that it quite startled Randal, and gave him a presentiment of some evil. When they were in the street, Egerton, after a pause, began—

“My dear Mr Leslie, it was my hope and belief that I had provided for you at least a competence; and that I might open to you, later, a career yet more brilliant. Hush! I don’t doubt your gratitude; let me proceed. There is a possible chance, after certain decisions that the Government have come to, that we may be beaten in the House of Commons, and of course resign. I tell you this beforehand, for I wish you to have time to consider what, in that case, would be your best course. My power of serving you may then probably be over. It would, no doubt, (seeing our close connection, and my views with regard to your future being so well known,)—no doubt, be expected that you should give up the place you hold, and follow my

fortunes for good or ill. But as I have no personal enemies with the opposite party—and as I have sufficient position in the world to uphold and sanction your choice, whatever it may be, if you think it more prudent to retain your place, tell me so openly, and I think I can contrive that you may do it without loss of character and credit. In that case, confine your ambition merely to rising gradually in your office, without mixing in politics. If, on the other hand, you should prefer to take your chance of my return to office, and so resign your own; and, furthermore, should commit yourself to a policy that may then be not only in opposition, but unpopular, I will do my best to introduce you into parliamentary life. I cannot say that I advise the latter.”

Randal felt as a man feels after a severe fall—he was literally stunned. At length he faltered out—

“Can you think, sir, that I should ever desert your fortunes—your party—your cause?”

“My dear Leslie,” replied the minister, “you are too young to have committed yourself to any men or to any party, except, indeed, in that unlucky pamphlet. This must not be an affair of sentiment, but of sense and reflection. Let us say no more on the point now; but, by considering the *pros* and the *cons*, you can better judge what to do, should the time for option suddenly arrive.”

“But I hope that time may not come.”

“I hope so too, and most sincerely,” said the minister, with deliberate and genuine emphasis.

“What could be so bad for the country?” ejaculated Randal. “It does not seem to me possible, in the nature of things, that you and your party should ever go out!”

“And when we are once out, there will be plenty of wiseacres to say it is out of the nature of things that we should ever come in again. Here we are at the door.”

CHAPTER V.

Randal passed a sleepless night; but, indeed, he was one of those persons who neither need, nor are accustomed to, much sleep. However,

sons who neither need, nor are accustomed to, much sleep. However,

towards morning, when dreams are said to be prophetic, he fell into a most delightful slumber—a slumber peopled by visions fitted to lure on, through labyrinths of law, predestined chancellors, or wreck upon the rocks of glory the inebriate souls of youthful ensigns—dreams from which Rood Hall emerged crowned with the towers of Belvoir or Raby, and looking over subject lands and manors wrested from the nefarious usurpation of Thornhills and Hazeldeans—dreams in which Audley Egerton's gold and power—rooms in Downing Street, and saloons in Grosvenor Square—had passed away to the smiling dreamer, as the empire of Chaldæa passed to Darius the Median. Why visions so belying the gloomy and anxious thoughts that preceded them should visit the pillow of Randal Leslie, surpasses my philosophy to conjecture. He yielded, however, passively to their spell, and was startled to hear the clock strike eleven as he descended the stairs to breakfast. He was vexed at the lateness of the hour, for he had meant to have taken advantage of the unwonted softness of Egerton, and drawn therefrom some promises or proffers to cheer the prospects which the minister had so chillingly expanded before him the preceding night. And it was only at breakfast that he usually found the opportunity of private conference with his busy patron. But Audley Egerton would be sure to have sallied forth—and so he had—only Randal was surprised to hear that he had gone out in his carriage, instead of on foot, as was his habit. Randal soon despatched his solitary meal, and with a new and sudden affection for his office, thitherwards bent his way. As he passed through Piccadilly, he heard behind a voice that had lately become familiar to him, and turning round, saw Baron Levy walking side by side, though not arm-in-arm, with a gentleman almost as smart as himself, but with a jauntier step and a brisker air—a step that, like Diomed's, as described by Shakspeare—

“Rises on the toe;—that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.”

Indeed, one may judge of the spirits

and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and mien in walking. He who habitually pursues abstract thought, looks down on the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon some necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and even in his most musing moods, observes things around sufficiently to avoid a porter's knot or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong ganglions—of pushing lively temperament, who, though practical, is yet speculative—the man who is emulous and active, and ever trying to rise in life—sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring—looks rather above the heads of his fellow-passengers—but with a quick easy turn of his own, which is lightly set on his shoulders; his mouth is a little open—his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative—his port has something of defiance—his form is erect, but without stiffness. Such was the appearance of the Baron's companion. And as Randal turned round at Levy's voice, the Baron said to his companion, “A young man in the first circles—you should book him for your fair lady's parties. How d'ye do, Mr Leslie? Let me introduce you to Mr Richard Avenel.” Then, as he hooked his arm into Randal's, he whispered, “Man of first-rate talent—monstrous rich—has two or three parliamentary seats in his pocket—wife gives parties—her foible.”

“Proud to make your acquaintance, sir,” said Mr Avenel, lifting his hat. “Fine day.”

“Rather cold too,” said Leslie, who, like all thin persons with weak digestions, was chilly by temperament; besides, he had enough on his mind to chill his body.

“So much the healthier—braces the nerves,” said Mr Avenel; “but you young fellows relax the system by hot rooms and late hours. Fond of dancing, of course, sir?” Then, without waiting for Randal's negative, Mr Richard continued rapidly, “Mrs Avenel has a *soirée dansante* on Thursday—shall be very happy to see you in Eaton Square. Stop, I have a card;” and he drew out a dozen large

invitation cards, from which he selected one and presented it to Randal. The Baron pressed that young gentleman's arm, and Randal replied courteously that it would give him great pleasure to be introduced to Mrs Avenel. Then, as he was not desirous to be seen under the wing of Baron Levy, like a pigeon under that of a hawk, he gently extricated himself, and, pleading great haste, walked quickly on towards his office.

"That young man will make a figure some day," said the Baron. "I don't know any one of his age with so few prejudices. He is a connexion by marriage to Audley Egerton, who"—

"Audley Egerton!" exclaimed Mr Avenel; "d—d haughty, aristocratic, disagreeable, ungrateful fellow!"

"Why, what do you know of him?"

"He owed his first seat in Parliament to the votes of two near relations of mine, and when I called upon him some time ago, in his office, he absolutely ordered me out of the room. Hang his impertinence; if ever I can pay him off, I guess I shan't fail for want of good will!"

"Ordered you out of the room? That's not like Egerton, who is civil, if formal—at least to most men. You must have offended him in his weak point."

"A man whom the public pays so handsomely should have no weak point. What is Egerton's?"

"Oh, he values himself on being a thorough gentleman—a man of the nicest honour," said Levy with a sneer. "You must have ruffled his plumes there. How was it?"

"I forget now," answered Mr Avenel, who was far too well versed in the London scale of human dignities since his marriage, not to look back with a blush at his desire of knighthood. "No use bothering our heads now about the plumes of an arrogant popinjay. To return to the subject we were discussing. You must be sure to let me have this money next week."

"Rely on it."

"And you'll not let my bills get into the market; keep them under lock and key."

"So we agreed."

"It is but a temporary difficulty—royal mourning, such nonsense—panic in trade, lest these precious ministers go out. I shall soon float over the troubled waters."

"By the help of a paper boat," said the Baron, laughing; and the two gentlemen shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER VI.

Meanwhile Audley Egerton's carriage had deposited him at the door of Lord Lansmere's house, at Knightsbridge. He asked for the Countess, and was shown into the drawing-room, which was deserted. Egerton was paler than usual; and as the door opened, he wiped the unwonted moisture from his forehead, and there was a quiver in his firm lip. The Countess too, on entering, showed an emotion almost equally unusual to her self-control. She pressed Audley's hand in silence, and seating herself by his side, seemed to collect her thoughts. At length she said—

"It is rarely indeed that we meet, Mr Egerton, in spite of your intimacy with Lansmere and Harley. I go so little into your world, and you will not voluntarily come to me."

"Madam," replied Egerton, "I

might evade your kind reproach by stating that my hours are not at my disposal; but I answer you with plain truth,—it must be painful to both of us to meet."

The Countess coloured and sighed, but did not dispute the assertion.

Audley resumed. "And therefore, I presume that, on sending for me, you have something of moment to communicate."

"It relates to Harley," said the Countess, as if in apology; "and I would take your advice."

"To Harley! speak on, I beseech you."

"My son has probably told you that he has educated and reared a young girl, with the intention to make her Lady L'Estrange, and hereafter Countess of Lansmere."

"Harley has no secrets from me," said Egerton, mournfully.

"This young lady has arrived in England—is here,—in this house."

"And Harley too?"

"No, she came over with Lady N—— and her daughters. Harley was to follow shortly, and I expect him daily. Here is his letter. Observe, he has never yet communicated his intentions to this young person, now intrusted to my care—never spoken to her as the lover."

Egerton took the letter and read it rapidly, though with attention.

"True," said he, as he returned the letter: "and before he does so, he wishes you to see Miss Digby and to judge of her yourself—wishes to know if you will approve and sanction his choice."

"It is on this that I would consult you—a girl without rank;—the father, it is true, a gentleman, though almost equivocally one,—but the mother, I know not what. And Harley, for whom I hoped an alliance with the first houses in England!" The Countess pressed her hands convulsively together.

EGERTON.—"He is no more a boy. His talents have been wasted—his life a wanderer's. He presents to you a chance of re-settling his mind, of re-arousing his native powers, of a home beside your own. Lady Lansmere, you cannot hesitate!"

LADY LANSMERE.—"I do, I do! After all that I have hoped, after all that I did to prevent!"

EGERTON, (interrupting her.)—"You owe him now an atonement: that is in your power—it is not in mine."

The Countess again pressed Audley's hand, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"It shall be so. I consent—I consent. I will silence, I will crush back this proud heart. Alas! it wellnigh broke his own! I am glad you speak thus. I like to think he owes my consent to you. In that there is atonement for both—both."

"You are too generous, madam," said Egerton, evidently moved, though still, as ever, striving to repress emotion. "And now may I see the young lady? This conference pains me; you see even my strong nerves quiver; and at this time I have much to go through—ed of all my strength and firmness."

"I hear, indeed, that the government will probably retire. But it is with honour: it will be soon called back by the voice of the nation."

"Let me see the future wife of Harley L'Estrange," said Egerton, without heed of this consolatory exclamation.

The Countess rose and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with Helen Digby.

Helen was wondrously improved from the pale, delicate child, with the soft smile and intelligent eyes, who had sate by the side of Leonard in his garret. She was about the middle height, still slight, but beautifully formed; that exquisite roundness of proportion, which conveys so well the idea of woman, in its undulating pliant grace—formed to embellish life, and soften away its rude angles—formed to embellish, not to protect. Her face might not have satisfied the critical eye of an artist—it was not without defects in regularity; but its expression was eminently gentle and prepossessing; and there were few who would not have exclaimed, "What a lovely countenance!" The mildness of her brow was touched with melancholy—her childhood had left its traces on her youth. Her step was slow, and her manner shy, subdued, and timid.

Audley gazed on her with earnestness as she approached him; and then coming forward, took her hand and kissed it.

"I am your guardian's constant friend," said he; and he drew her gently to a seat beside him, in the recess of a window. With a quick glance of his eye towards the Countess, he seemed to imply the wish to converse with Helen somewhat apart. So the Countess interpreted the glance; and though she remained in the room, she seated herself at a distance, and bent over a book.

It was touching to see how the austere man of business lent himself to draw forth the mind of this quiet, shrinking girl; and if you had listened, you would have comprehended how he came to possess such social influence, and how well, some time or other in the course of his life, he had learned to adapt himself to women.

He spoke first of Harley L'Estrange

—spoke with tact and delicacy. Helen at first answered by monosyllables, and then, by degrees, with grateful and open affection. Audley's brow grew shaded. He then spoke of Italy; and though no man had less of the poet in his nature, yet, with the dexterity of one long versed in the world, and who has been accustomed to extract evidences from characters most opposed to his own, he suggested such topics as might serve to arouse poetry in others. Helen's replies betrayed a cultivated taste, and a charming womanly mind; but they betrayed also one accustomed to take its colourings from another's—to appreciate, admire, revere the Lofty and the Beautiful, but humbly and meekly. There was no vivid enthusiasm, no remark of striking originality, no flash of the self-kindling, creative faculty. Lastly, Egerton turned to England—to the critical nature of the times—to the claims which the country possessed upon all who had the ability to serve and guide its troubled destinies. He enlarged warmly on Harley's natural talents, and rejoiced that he had returned to England, perhaps to commence some great career. Helen

looked surprised, but her face caught no correspondent glow from Audley's eloquence. He rose, and an expression of disappointment passed over his grave, handsome features, and as quickly vanished.

"Adieu! my dear Miss Digby; I fear I have wearied you, especially with my politics. Adieu, Lady Lansmere; no doubt I shall see Harley as soon as he returns."

Then he hastened from the room, gained his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Downing Street. He drew down the blinds, and leant back. A certain languor became visible in his face, and once or twice he mechanically put his hand to his heart.

"She is good, amiable, docile—will make an excellent wife, no doubt," said he murmuringly. "But does she love Harley as he has dreamed of love? No! Has she the power and energy to arouse his faculties, and restore to the world the Harley of old? No! Meant by heaven to be the shadow of another's sun—not herself the sun—this child is not the one who can atone for the Past and illumine the Future."

CHAPTER VII.

That evening Harley L'Estrange arrived at his father's house. The few years that had passed since we saw him last, had made no perceptible change in his appearance. He still preserved his elastic youthfulness of form, and singular variety and play of countenance. He seemed unaffectedly rejoiced to greet his parents, and had something of the gaiety and the tenderness of a boy returned from school. His manner to Helen bespoke the chivalry that pervaded all the complexities and curves of his character. It was affectionate, but respectful. Hers to him, subdued—but innocently sweet and gently cordial. Harley was the chief talker. The aspect of the times was so critical, that he could not avoid questions on politics; and, indeed, he showed an interest in them which he had never evinced before. Lord Lansmere was delighted.

"Why, Harley, you love your country, after all?"

"The moment she seems in danger—yes!" replied the Patrician; and the Sybarite seemed to rise into the Athenian.

Then he asked with eagerness about his old friend Audley; and, his curiosity satisfied there, he inquired the last literary news. He had heard much of a book lately published. He named the one ascribed by Parson Dale to Professor Moss: none of his listeners had read it.

Harley pished at this, and accused them all of indolence and stupidity, in his own quaint, metaphorical style. Then he said—"And town gossip?"

"We never hear it," said Lady Lansmere.

"There is a new plough much talked of at Boodle's," said Lord Lansmere.

"God speed it. But is not there a new man much talked of at White's?"

"I don't belong to White's."

"Nevertheless, you may have heard of him—a foreigner, a Count di Peschiera."

"Yes," said Lord Lansmere; "he was pointed out to me in the Park—a handsome man for a foreigner; wears his hair properly cut; looks gentlemanlike and English."

"Ah, ah! He is here, then!" And Harley rubbed his hands.

"Which road did you take? did you pass the Simplon?"

"No; I came straight from Vienna."

Then, relating with lively vein his adventures by the way, he continued to delight Lord Lansmere by his gaiety till the time came to retire to rest. As soon as Harley was in his own room, his mother joined him.

"Well," said he, "I need not ask if you like Miss Digby? Who would not?"

"Harley, my own son," said the mother bursting into tears, "be happy your own way; only be happy, that is all I ask."

Harley, much affected, replied gratefully and soothingly to this fond injunction. And then gradually leading his mother on to converse of Helen, asked abruptly—"And of the chance of our happiness—her happiness as well as mine—what is your opinion? Speak frankly."

"Of *her* happiness, there can be no doubt," replied the mother proudly. "Of yours, how can you ask me? Have you not decided on that yourself?"

"But still it cheers and encourages one in any experiment, however well considered, to hear the approval of another. Helen has certainly a most gentle temper."

"I should conjecture so. But her mind—"

"Is very well stored."

"She speaks so little—"

"Yes. I wonder why? She's surely a woman!"

"Pshaw," said the Countess, smiling in spite of herself. "But tell me more of the process of your experiment. You took her as a child, and resolved to train her according to your own ideal. Was that easy?"

"It seemed so. I desired to instil habits of truth—she was already by nature truthful as the day; a taste

for nature and all things natural—that seemed inborn; perceptions of Art as the interpreter of Nature—those were more difficult to teach. I think they may come. You have heard her play and sing?"

"No."

"She will surprise you. She has less talent for drawing; still, all that teaching could do has been done—in a word, she is accomplished. Temper, heart, mind—these all are excellent." Harley stopped, and suppressed a sigh. "Certainly, I ought to be very happy," said he; and he began to wind up his watch.

"Of course she must love you?" said the Countess, after a pause. "How could she fail?"

"Love me! My dear mother, that is the very question I shall have to ask."

"Ask! Love is discovered by a glance; it has no need of asking."

"I have never discovered it, then, I assure you. The fact is, that before her childhood was passed, I removed her, as you may suppose, from my roof. She resided with an Italian family, near my usual abode. I visited her often, directed her studies, watched her improvement—"

"And fell in love with her?"

"Fall is such a very violent word. No; I don't remember to have had a fall. It was all a smooth inclined plane from the first step, until at last I said to myself, 'Harley L'Estrange, thy time has come. The bud has blossomed into flower. Take it to thy breast.' And myself replied to myself meekly, 'So be it.' Then I found that Lady N——, with her daughters, was coming to England. I asked her ladyship to take my ward to your house. I wrote to you, and prayed your assent; and, that granted, I knew you would obtain my father's. I am here—you give me the approval I sought for. I will speak to Helen to-morrow. Perhaps, after all, she may reject me."

"Strange, strange—you speak thus coldly, thus lightly; you so capable of ardent love!"

"Mother," said Harley, earnestly, "be satisfied! I am! Love, as of old, I feel, alas! too well, can visit me never more. But gentle companionship, tender friendship, the relief and

the sunlight of woman's smile—here—after the voices of children—music that, striking on the hearts of both parents, wakens the most lasting and the purest of all sympathies: these

are my hope. Is the hope so mean, my fond mother?"

Again the Countess wept, and her tears were not dried when she left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh! Helen, fair Helen—type of the quiet, serene, unnoticed, deep-felt excellence of woman! Woman, less as the ideal that a poet conjures from the air, than as the companion of a poet on the earth! Woman who, with her clear sunny vision of things actual, and the exquisite fibre of her delicate sense, supplies the deficiencies of him whose foot stumbles on the soil, because his eye is too intent upon the stars! Woman, the provident, the comforting—angel whose pinions are folded round the heart, guarding there a divine spring unmarred by the winter of the world! Helen, soft Helen, is it indeed in thee that the wild and brilliant "lord of wantonness and ease" is to find the regeneration of his life—the rebaptism of his soul? Of what avail thy meek prudent household virtues to one whom Fortune screens from rough trial?—whose sorrows lie remote from thy ken?—whose spirit, erratic and perturbed, now rising, now falling, needs a vision more subtle than thine to pursue, and a strength that can sustain the reason, when it droops, on the wings of enthusiasm and passion?

And thou thyself, O nature, shrinking and humble, that needest to be courted forth from the shelter, and developed under the calm and genial atmosphere of holy, happy love—can such affection as Harley L'Estrange may proffer suffice to thee? Will not the blossoms, yet folded in the petal, wither away beneath the shade that may protect them from the storm, and yet shut them from the sun? Thou who, where thou givest love, seekest, though meekly, for love in return;—to be the soul's sweet necessity, the life's household partner to him who receives all thy faith and devotion—canst thou influence the sources of joy and of sorrow in the heart that does not heave at thy name? Hast thou the charm and the force of the

moon, that the tides of that wayward sea shall ebb and flow at thy will? Yet who shall say—who conjecture how near two hearts can become, when no guilt lies between them, and time brings the ties all its own? Rarest of all things on earth is the union in which both, by their contrasts, make harmonious their blending; each supplying the defects of the helpmate, and completing, by fusion, one strong human soul! Happiness enough, where even Peace does but seldom preside, when each can bring to the altar, if not the flame, still the incense. Where man's thoughts are all noble and generous, woman's feelings all gentle and pure, love may follow, if it does not precede;—and if not,—if the roses be missed from the garland, one may sigh for the rose, but one is safe from the thorn.

The morning was mild, yet somewhat overcast by the mists which announce coming winter in London, and Helen walked musingly beneath the trees that surrounded the garden of Lord Lansmere's house. Many leaves were yet left on the boughs; but they were sere and withered. And the birds chirped at times; but their note was mournful and complaining. All within this house, until Harley's arrival, had been strange and saddening to Helen's timid and subdued spirits. Lady Lansmere had received her kindly, but with a certain restraint; and the loftiness of manner, common to the Countess with all but Harley, had awed and chilled the diffident orphan. Lady Lansmere's very interest in Harley's choice—her attempts to draw Helen out of her reserve—her watchful eyes whenever Helen shyly spoke, or shyly moved, frightened the poor child, and made her unjust to herself.

The very servants, though staid, grave, and respectful, as suited a dignified, old-fashioned household, painfully contrasted the bright welcoming

smiles and free talk of Italian domesticities. Her recollections of the happy warm Continental manner, which so sets the bashful at their ease, made the stately and cold precision of all around her doubly awful and dispiriting. Lord Lansmere himself, who did not as yet know the views of Harley, and little dreamed that he was to anticipate a daughter-in-law in the ward whom he understood Harley, in a freak of generous romance, had adopted, was familiar and courteous, as became a host. But he looked upon Helen as a mere child, and naturally left her to the Countess. The dim sense of her equivocal position—of her comparative humbleness of birth and fortunes, oppressed and pained her; and even her gratitude to Harley was made burthensome by a sentiment of helplessness. The grateful long to requite. And what could she ever do for him?

Thus musing, she wandered alone through the curving walks; and this sort of mock country landscape—London loud, and even visible, beyond the high gloomy walls, and no escape from the windows of the square formal house—seemed a type of the prison bounds of Rank to one whose soul yearns for simple loving Nature.

Helen's reverie was interrupted by Nero's joyous bark. He had caught sight of her, and came bounding up, and thrust his large head into her hand. As she stooped to caress the dog, happy at his honest greeting, and tears that had been long gathering to the lids fell silently on his face, (for I know nothing that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us,) she heard behind the musical voice of Harley. Hastily she dried or repressed her tears, as her guardian came up, and drew her arm within his own.

"I had so little of your conversation last evening, my dear ward, that I may well monopolise you now, even to the privation of Nero. And so you are once more in your native land?"

Helen sighed softly.

"May I not hope that you return under fairer auspices than those which your childhood knew?"

Helen turned her eyes with ingenu-

ous thankfulness to her guardian, and the memory of all she owed to him rushed upon her heart.

Harley renewed, and with earnest, though melancholy sweetness—"Helen, your eyes thank me; but hear me before your words do. I deserve no thanks. I am about to make to you a strange confession of egotism and selfishness."

"You!—oh, impossible!"

"Judge yourself, and then decide which of us shall have cause to be grateful. Helen, when I was scarcely your age—a boy in years, but more, methinks, a man at heart, with man's strong energies and sublime aspirations, than I have ever since been—I loved, and deeply—"

He paused a moment, in evident struggle. Helen listened in mute surprise, but his emotion awakened her own; her tender woman's heart yearned to console. Unconsciously her arm rested on his less lightly.

"Deeply, and for sorrow. It is a long tale, that may be told hereafter. The worldly would call my love a madness. I did not reason on it then—I cannot reason on it now. Enough; death smote suddenly, terribly, and to me mysteriously, her whom I loved. The love lived on. Fortunately, perhaps, for me, I had quick distraction, not to grief, but to its inert indulgence. I was a soldier; I joined our armies. Men called me brave. Flattery! I was a coward before the thought of life. I sought death: like sleep, it does not come at our call. Peace ensued. As when the winds fall the sails droop—so when excitement ceased, all seemed to me flat and objectless. Heavy, heavy was my heart. Perhaps grief had been less obstinate, but that I feared I had cause for self-reproach. Since then I have been a wanderer—a self-made exile. My boyhood had been ambitious—all ambition ceased. Flames, when they reach the core of the heart, spread, and leave all in ashes. Let me be brief: I did not mean thus weakly to complain—I to whom heaven has given so many blessings! I felt, as it were, separated from the common objects and joys of men. I grew startled to see how, year by year, wayward humours possessed me. I resolved again to attach

myself to some living heart—it was my sole chance to rekindle my own. But the one I had loved remained as my type of woman, and she was different from all I saw. Therefore I said to myself, 'I will rear from childhood some young fresh life, to grow up into my ideal.' As this thought began to haunt me, I chanced to discover you. Struck with the romance of your early life, touched by your courage, charmed by your affectionate nature, I said to myself, 'Here is what I seek.' Helen, in assuming the guardianship of your life, in all the culture which I have sought to bestow on your docile childhood, I repeat, that I have been but the egotist. And now, when you have reached that age, when it becomes me to speak, and you to listen—now, when you are under the sacred roof of my own mother—now I ask you, can you accept this heart, such as wasted years, and griefs too fondly nursed, have left it? Can you be, at least, my comfort-er? Can you aid me to regard life as a duty, and recover those aspirations which once soared from the paltry and miserable confines of our frivolous daily being? Helen, here I ask you, can you be all this, and under the name of—Wife?"

It would be in vain to describe the rapid, varying, indefinable emotions that passed through the inexperienced heart of the youthful listener as Harley thus spoke. He so moved all the springs of amaze, compassion, tender respect, sympathy, childlike gratitude, that when he paused and gently took her hand, she remained bewildered, speechless, overpowered. Harley smiled as he gazed upon her blushing, downcast, expressive face. He conjectured at once that the idea of such proposals had never crossed her mind; that she had never contemplated him in the character of wooer;

never even sounded her heart as to the nature of such feelings as his image had aroused.

"My Helen," he resumed, with a calm pathos of voice, "there is some disparity of years between us, and perhaps I may not hope henceforth for that love which youth gives to the young. Permit me simply to ask, what you will frankly answer—"Can you have seen in our quiet life abroad, or under the roof of your Italian friends, any one you prefer to me?"

"No, indeed, no!" murmured Helen. "How could I?—who is like you?" Then, with a sudden effort—for her innate truthfulness took alarm, and her very affection for Harley, childlike and reverent, made her tremble lest she should deceive him—she drew a little aside, and spoke thus:—

"Oh, my dear guardian, noblest of all human beings, at least in my eyes, forgive, forgive me if I seem ungrateful, hesitating; but I cannot, cannot think of myself as worthy of you. I never so lifted my eyes. Your rank, your position—"

"Why should they be eternally my curse? Forget them, and go on."

"It is not only they," said Helen, almost sobbing, "though they are much; but I your type, your ideal!—I!—impossible! Oh, how can I ever be anything even of use, of aid, of comfort to one like you!"

"You can, Helen—you can," cried Harley, charmed by such ingenuous modesty. "May I not keep this hand?"

And Helen left her hand in Harley's, and turned away her face, fairly weeping. A stately step passed under the wintry trees.

"My mother," said Harley L'Es-trange, looking up, "I present to you my future wife."

STRUGGLES FOR FAME AND FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

"To-morrow is the day of examination," said my mother to me, "and I hope you will distinguish yourself as much as you expect."

"I don't see what's to hinder me," I replied, with the assurance and self-reliance of youthful genius. "I am head of the school. There isn't a fellow that can touch me at longs and shorts; and I only wish the examiners were better able to judge of scholarship. But what can a set of pin-makers know of Latin and Greek?"

"The pin-makers, my dear, are the founders of the school, and advance a great deal of money to support it; but the examiners are remarkably clever men from Oxford, who will try to puzzle you with all their mights."

"I defy them," I said; "and nothing shall keep me from joining the exhibition to St John's. So you had better prepare my things, mother, for I shall go up to reside next term."

"And who is to keep you there? for the exhibition is only eighty pounds a-year, and I hear nobody can live at the university under a hundred and fifty."

"We must make another attempt on my uncle the colonel. He would never miss a couple of hundreds a-year out of his millions of rupees."

"You may write to him yourself, Charles. I can't address him again on the subject of money. He seems to take delight in recalling to my remembrance that your father was poor, and that you're likely to be a beggar."

"Does he?" I said. "I'll teach the old hunk to be more civil in his language; and immediately after the examination, hang me if I don't satirise him in the fiercest hexameters. He shall be the laughing-stock of India—the mean, contemptible, ungentlemanly curmudgeon."

This conversation took place between me and my mother about seven years ago, and ended, as usual, in one of the interlocutors getting into a passion, and the other falling into tears. And no wonder it had that effect on

both of us. My uncle had gone to India as a cadet; had risen through all the intervening ranks, till now he was colonel in command; had pay and allowances without end; had laid out his savings and prize-money to great advantage; and, in short, was rolling in wealth and honours. He must have been a clever man in his way, for there were few operations either in peace or war that were carried on without his participation. His signature flourished in the newspapers to every variety of report. Sometimes there was a survey of a hitherto unexplored district—the country excellently described—the population classified—the revenue calculated—the capabilities explained—and then there was the unfailing name—"Hildebrand Bawls, C.B."

In the next newspaper there would be an account of a meeting of bank proprietors—a flourishing description of the pecuniary affairs of the company; fortunate speculations entered into—balance in hand six million rupees—dividend 10 per cent.—"Hildebrand Bawls, C.B., chairman."

The same name presented itself at the end of a plan for the introduction of railways—for the improvement of steam-navigation—for a speedier means of raising the revenue due by the native princes. In short, we were quite tired—though sometimes we were a little proud—of seeing the perpetual recurrence of the well-known signature, and were lost in vain calculations of the amount of money that must have been accumulated by so much energy in so many years. In the mean time it was much easier, though not so satisfactory, to calculate our own resources. They were very small; but my mother was a wonderful manager, and I cannot yet understand how we contrived to live so comfortably, to dress so well, and make altogether so respectable an appearance, even in the cheap and modest country town to which she had retired for the benefit of my education. What an amazing thing that

management is! and what a charming addition to a small fortune is a little taste! Why, whatever my mother touched, grew beautiful at once. Our cottage on the London road looked like a perfect villa in miniature; the walk was so trimly kept, the flower-beds so prettily laid out; and if you did not see that the little grass plot was intended for a lawn and shrubbery, you had very little imagination, and would have wished the Koh-i-noor to be as big as Benlomond. Then, inside, the same transfigurations went on; the papers agreed so well with the carpets, the cottage chairs seemed in such exact harmony with the tables and chiffoniers, that you never observed they were all of the cheapest materials and commonest kinds of wood. What taste is to furniture, manners are to people; and nobody, to see my mother walk down the street, or enter a shop, or receive a few visitors to tea, could have supposed for a moment that she was a poor curate's widow, with an income on which the bishop's butler would look down with a sneer. Rather, she seemed a duchess of Devonshire in disguise, and you expected every moment to hear her say, "Order the carriage and four posters, for they must be wondering what has become of me at Chatsworth." I often wondered if her bilious old brother knew what a gentle, ladylike creature she was. If he did, what a double-distilled, hard-hearted wretch he must be! Why didn't he send for us to Madras to take care of his house, to preside at his dinners, to ride his horses, to be his aide-de-camp and acknowledged heir? If he did *not* know the treasure he possessed in such a sister—not to mention her son—what an uninquiring ass! what a dull, pudding-headed impostor! He to lay out roads in the Ram Jam hills! He to prepare a code of laws for a newly-ceded territory as large as France and Spain! He to regulate the revenue of great nations, and send steam-fleets puffing and panting among the spicy islands of the South, or up the mysterious rivers of the Flowery land! He to do all this, and yet not to know me or my mother!—the thing was impossible; and I wrote him down in my secret

soul as an immeasurable humbug. And perhaps I despised him too on another ground—his name was unknown in the peerage, whereas my blood was as blue as Eglinton's or Medina Celi's.

My father's family came in with the Conquest, and I suspect must have gone out very shortly afterwards—gone out, I mean, as a lamp might do, for want of oil; for the lands had rapidly been dispersed. In reading the history of England I almost became a republican, and bore a personal enmity to kings. When Henry the First was in want of money, he got up a quarrel with my ancestor, Reginald de Bohun, and fined him twenty manors in Yorkshire and six in Berks. The Empress Maud was still worse, for she burnt down our family house in Hampshire, and laid waste the estate with fire and sword. Godfrey de Bohun sided with that intolerable blockhead Henry the Third, and had fourteen manors forfeited by Simon de Montfort—which manors that pusillanimous king, instead of restoring to the rightful owner after the battle of Evesham, retained to his own use—giving my denuded progenitor a right to indemnify himself on the bodies and estates of ten of the Jews in Nottingham. The Jews had probably lost all their teeth, or been tortured out of all their money before, for there seems to have been no great revival of the wealth of the De Bohuns after that date. In the subsequent reigns they were generally put to death, which is a sign of a family being impoverished. Henry the Seventh got possession of the last remaining estate in Yorkshire; and the sole property now left to support the dignity of the name was the original seat of the companion of the Conqueror, which the Empress Maud had burned, but which was still a stately mansion surrounded by broad fields and sheltered by extensive woods. My ancestor rode away from the ancient hall to join King Charles at Oxford, and a gallant Independent was presented to it by Oliver Cromwell, the grant being ratified by Charles II., who, however, shook hands with the old Cavalier whenever he went to court, and invited him

once to play a game at skittles, not remembering that he had lost his right arm on the field of Worcester. After that the De Bohuns retired from the public stage of history into the modest obscurity of middle life, but trailing clouds of glory from that previous brilliant existence that never ceased to shed their light upon them wherever they moved. My grandfather was a captain in the marines, and was wounded by a splinter at Trafalgar; but, in the midst of his exertions on that glorious day, he felt sure there was a whole bevy of the De Bohuns of old seated on the cross-trees, spectators of their descendant's prowess; and when my father was appointed to his curacy in a rather marshy part of Essex, he comforted himself with the reflection that many of his name had pined for years in the dungeons of the Saracens, and that one was reported to have been precipitated down an Austrian *oubliette*. But the strange thing all this while was, that antiquaries and

genealogists were busy from morn to night in endeavouring to prove that new-made peers and fresh batches of baronets were descended from the De Bohuns. When Samuel Smith was made a knight of the Hanoverian order, an ingenious herald discovered that Godfrey de Bohun had a sister, Sibille, who married, in the time of Stephen's usurpation, a German baron, ambassador from the Emperor, whose name was possibly Schmidt, and from this marriage Sir Samuel was undoubtedly derived. Others of higher pretensions affiliated themselves in the same manner, hanging on by the far-off branches, jumping up to clutch them though far out of their reach, and climbing up towards them with all manner of ludicrous contortion—and all the time they left the veritable tree, with straight stem and healthy budding branches, to stand as well as it could the cold winds of a swamp in Essex. And do I forget you for these things, ye snobs of false aristocrats? No.

CHAPTER II.

So the next day we were all in our places at the appointed hour. I sat, as usual, at the head of the school, and with ill-disguised contempt looked down the line of terrified visages that were turned with such awe and veneration towards the door. My mother and many other ladies had taken possession of seats in the upper part of the hall. Crowds of the relations of the pupils were standing in front of our benches; and an easy triumph, I felt, was in store for me; for I had studied very hard, and had long been recognised as the wonder of the school. The door opened which communicated with the master's house, and for a moment the perturbed countenance of the pedagogue was seen taking a hurried glance at the assemblage. He nodded to me, as if to give me notice that the examiners were about to appear. And, amidst a universal clapping of hands and stamping of feet, the distinguished visitors made their appearance. It was not the magnates from Oxford who presented themselves at first. A stout fat man, who nearly tumbled over the skirts of the long gown in

which he had enveloped his person, broke upon our enraptured sight in all the glory of gold chain and flowing garments; for he was Sheriff, or some other high dignitary, of the city of London. He was the senior pin-maker, and represented the august founders and supporters of the school. The other was a tall man, of rather stately demeanour, with no peculiar decoration or badge of office. A ruddy hue—but whether of health or port wine I did not know—gave a glow to his very handsome features and good-humoured expression, which heightened the favourable effect of his appearance; and, clinging close to his side, and holding him by the hand, was a tall graceful girl of twelve or thirteen, with features so much resembling those of her conductor, though softened and purified by her age and sex, that there was no mistaking the relationship that existed between them. There was not a boy in the school that did not fall in love with that girl to the full extent that his agitation and fear of the approaching examination allowed him. We even liked the pompous-looking father

for her sake; and I determined to put forth all my powers to distinguish myself in the presence of such a beauty. That two people should have grown so rich and influential by being pinmakers struck us all as very strange. Did they make all the pins that were sold in all England? Did they make shirt-pins and breast-pins as well as the common round-headed brass ones? If so, why not nine-pins, thole-pins, lynch-pins, and all other sorts of pins in iron and wood? That might account for their wealth, and enable them to found a school and endow fellowships at Oxford. But these lucubrations were interrupted by the entrance of the examiners. They wore their college gowns and caps. One was a little man of preternatural ugliness, with the most hideous expression I ever saw. A mouth of enormous size was the vast arena on which all the contemptible passions displayed themselves by turns. A simper of sycophantic adulation filled its whole expanse when he looked on the pinmakers; a curl of superiority made it almost as disgusting when he turned his face to the boys; and when a smile of admiration rested on it when he saw the little girl whom the junior patron led by the hand, I hated the fellow as if he had done me some personal injury. I perceived, however, a shudder of disgust pass through the girl as he shook her by the hand; and there was a community of feeling established between us at once. I only longed to tell her what a brute I thought the reverend Philip Scowl. The other was a pale sallow-faced young man, who seemed to look up to his coadjutor with the greatest respect. They both wore straight cut coats, low waistcoats, and enormous white neckcloths. If they had been a trifle dirtier, they might have passed very well as Popish priests. After the buzz of their entrance had subsided, the business of the day began. I read the prize essay of the year; I repeated the prize speech; I recited the prize poem. The applause was terrific. I saw my mother in tears. The little girl kept her eyes fixed on me the whole time, and involuntarily nodded her head in time with the cadence of the verses. The

pinmakers sat on lofty chairs, and the junior at intervals smiled to the little girl at his side with the strongest symptoms of approval. The construing began; it was the *Andria* of Terence. Didn't I throw fire into the description of the beautiful Glycerium, and make the rooms echo with laughter at the humours of Simo and Davus? The master presented me with a prize—a beautifully-bound Virgil—and began a speech wishing me as triumphant a career in Oxford as I had run in Puddlecomb-Regis, when a short cough from the senior examiner interrupted him, and at his request we withdrew into the doctor's private study for the written examination—Tom Swallow, Giles Winkup, Harry Losel, and I. I had been in the habit, for three years, of writing all their versions and making all their verses; and all were grateful for my assistance, except Tom Swallow. He always denied that I gave him any help; so sometimes I used to thrash him after cricket; for he was a sulky, dull fellow, two years older than any other boy in the school, and as big as any butcher in the town. The other three sat down to their papers, for show more than any effort they were going to make. Mr Scowl set us all to different tables; and, on going out, made Tom Swallow promise, on his honour, that he would give no help to me, either in translation or history! Tom Swallow!—to me! We all laughed, as the hideous countenance of Mr Scowl was withdrawn. Even Tom looked rather ashamed, and gave the promise at once. For an hour we wrote and wrote. Tom looked up occasionally to the ceiling, and asked me for a date, or the quantity of a syllable, or the situation of a town. The promise of non-assistance had not extended to me, and I told him. I also told him the meaning of eleemosynary, and how to spell it; and when the younger classes had all been examined in the school, and the little boys had finished their Ovid and Latin grammar, we were ushered into the august presence of the pinmakers, amidst the profound silence of all the room. Mr Scowl was detained in the doctor's study looking over the papers—the junior examiner was summoned to join him. The doctor

shook hands with me, and thanked me for doing such credit to the school,—the junior pinmaker called me up to him, and putting the little girl's hand into mine, said, "Thank Mr De Bohun yourself, Emily. My daughter," he continued, "is so delighted with your verses that she insisted on my making your acquaintance." I gave the small hand that lay in mine a pressure that came from my heart—and blushed and stammered for having done so before so many people. The examiners came in—dead silence again, and every boy in his place. The senior examiner, the Reverend Mr Scowl, stumbled through two or three sentences of introduction, looked towards the fat old pinmaker, as if to gather strength from his encouraging looks, and concluded by stating that his colleague and he, after mature consideration, but with no hesitation, had decided in favour of Thomas Swallow. Talk of the charge at Waterloo!—or the Black Hole of Calcutta!—or the earthquake at Lisbon! after that. I felt that some-

body had pushed me into the sea, and was keeping my head under water with all his might; the sky grew fiery red, and the earth reeled to and fro; and there, amid all its undulations, and amid all that lurid and gloomy light, I saw my mother's face as pale as ashes, and a grin of malignant satisfaction on the features of Mr Scowl. Here were all our hopes and plannings at once overthrown!—five years of pinching and saving altogether thrown away! and the triumphant and biting letter I intended for my uncle in India, scattered for ever to the winds! There was an interval during which I sat, I was told, quite calm and unconcerned-looking; then the room began to clear—then my mother came up to me—then the junior pinmaker, in passing, shook my hand, and the little girl again looked in my face with a sweeter expression than ever, but said nothing; and after a while I found myself in the little low parlour, with nobody but my mother, and neither of us able to speak.

CHAPTER III.

At last a knock came to the door. It startled us as if it had been a peal of thunder; and before we had time to prepare ourselves for the interview, the junior pinmaker and his young companion were ushered into the parlour.

"Madam," he said, "I come to tell you that you are not more disappointed in the result of to-day's examination than I am; but with the decision, I beg to tell you, I had nothing to do."

"Sir," replied my mother, who liked the stately manner and formal language of her visitor, "your kindness is very great, and I hope this will be a lesson both to Charles and me not to have exaggerated notions of our own superiority. I did not give young Swallow credit for the talents he possesses."

"Madam, his principal talent, in this instance, consists in a vacancy which at present exists in the rectory of Snivelton, in Bucks, to which my colleague, Mr Potts, as senior pinmaker, has the right of presentation."

"I do not see the connection," said my mother.

"Madam, I do," replied the gentleman. "Tom Swallow is nephew of Mrs Potts, and the Reverend Mr Scowl is aware of the relationship."

"I told you he was a horrid man," said the little girl to me, whose conversation, in fact, almost entirely consisted of a succession of bitter railings against the pinmaker and the examiner.

"Therefore, madam," continued the visitor, "I beg you not to give way to despair; your son so evidently deserved the prize, that I feel it a point of conscience to prevent him from being a loser; and with your permission, madam, I desire to be always considered his friend; and that you will allow me to bear all the expenses of his college education. My name is Matthew Pybus, a merchant in the city, residing at Muswell Hill."

My mother was silent for a good while, during which the little girl took my hand and said, "Isn't that

so delightful? I knew papa was going to do something kind."

"Is he your papa?" I said in a whisper.

"Yes—my name is Emily—I am his only child. They say he is sure to spoil me; but I don't think he will."

"What do you say to this proposition, Charles?" said my mother.

"I say decidedly no," I replied. "It is most kindly made, and I am very grateful; but it is charity, and I can't forget that my name is De Bohun."

"Does that hinder you from going to college?" said Emily. "Why don't you change it?"

I let go the hand, which she had not withdrawn from mine. "I will rather enlist," I said, "and go out as a common soldier to India in the regiment of my uncle—or break stones on the road—or go on the stage—or write a book—or, in fact, do anything unfit for a gentleman, rather than accept a stranger's assistance." I spoke passionately: it looked like anger.

"In the first place," replied Mr Pybus, "I commenced by begging to be considered a friend, and not a stranger; secondly, if you stand so much on your independence, I have a scheme by which you can repay me for the expense which I propose to incur; and thirdly, with the exception of your proposal to break stones, I don't see how you will be able to support yourself in any of the ways you mention. Books, I believe, do not pay; and the stage, I am told, is exploded—"

"And the scheme of repayment?" I inquired, gulping down the attack, as I considered it, on my literary and dramatic abilities.

"Simply that in the vacations you reside with us at Muswell Hill, and act as tutor to my daughter in mathematics and Latin."

"O, delightful!" cried Emily; "but you mustn't be very severe—will you?"

"No, Miss Pybus, I will not be severe, for I have no intention of accepting your father's offer. I regret, sir, extremely, that it is impossible to avail myself of your kindness. I must retain my independence, at any sacrifice."

"And do you approve of this

answer, madam?" said Mr Pybus to my mother.

"I admire the feeling that prompts it," she replied, "though I wish very much he had taken another view of your offer."

"Well," said Mr Pybus, rising, "I can't say that I don't approve of the feeling myself; but it is a disappointment to me, I confess; and I only beg you to consider that the offer is always open, and I shall be delighted if you bring yourselves to accept of it at any time."

"Farewell," said Emily, as they went away; "I wish you would learn to forget that your name is De Bohun, for most likely my tutor will be an ugly horrid old man like Mr Scowl. I wish your name had been Smith."

She looked rather angry as she spoke, and there was a sneering tone in her voice which I did not like. But she was so pretty, and had such beautiful eyes, and was so graceful in all her motions, and the father had so benevolent an expression, and was so solemn and dignified in his manners, that I felt angry with myself for having been so ungracious. However, I felt I was right; and next day, when my mother sat down to write a long letter to her brother, with the contents of which she did not intrust me, I took a long walk among the chalk downs near the town, with a copy of *Hamlet* in my hand, and got all the speeches in the first act by heart. I also began a drama on the subject of Hengist and Horsa. I was seventeen years of age, according to the baptismal register; full grown, according to all appearance; and eminently handsome, according to my mother. I gave implicit faith to all these authorities, and was perfectly satisfied as to age, and height, and looks. There was no farther occasion for our residence at Puddlecomb-Regis; so we gave up the cottage in the London road, sold off the little furniture we possessed, and had the world before us where to choose. In my opinion the choice is very limited. There is but one spot on the surface of English earth which can satisfy the longings of an intelligent being, and that spot must be decidedly within hearing of the great bell of St Paul's. To be a

single unit in the immense sum total which is formed by that most stupendous population, is itself a gratification to the ambition, which dies away, or eats bitterly into its own heart, in solitude. Never mind of what snobs, and fools, and rascals, and dupes, the great aggregate is composed. A thousand silly fellows—taken in their separate capacities—shall make you a most acute and judicious critic, if crammed into the pit of a theatre; and five or six hundred country gentlemen, whose talk is of bullocks, and their vision contracted to the limits of their park palings, interspersed with a few dozen middling lawyers, and a score or two of presumptuous cheesemongers and bagmen, make the most fastidious and tasteful audience in the world. So the innumerable congregation of cockneys, and schemers, and railway directors, and stock-brokers, and thimble-riggers, of all orders and degrees, make out, among them, a power whose lightest pulse is felt at the extremity of the globe. And to London I was determined to go. From the seethings of that cauldron rose prophetic heads more intelligible to me than the armed phantoms that gave confidence to Macbeth. "Be steady, bold, and resolute," they said to me. "Bestir yourself as fits a man, and life throws open all her paths before you. Finish your tragedy," they added in a more confidential voice, "and get up the other four acts of *Hamlet*, and take your choice whether you will be Garlick or Shakspeare." So we took a suite of three rooms in a nice quiet street in the outskirts of the town, which the tide of new building had fortunately passed by unsubmerged, and I now felt that the serious business of my existence was begun.

Didn't I work at the immortal *Dane*? The little maid whom we had brought with us from Puddlecomb-Regis must have thought I had gone mad, or that the house was haunted, for she very often came in on me, with my eyes fixed on vacancy, and holding mysterious conversations with a ghost. The attitudes I found it very difficult to study. There was no mirror in our lodging larger than a foot square. However, by placing a "looking-glass on the ground, and

my mother's on the lowest step of the stair, I could gesticulate in the passage with a full view of my lower extremities; and so by elevating the glasses on a chair and the window sill, I could command the upper portion, with the exception of the head; but that I could study whenever I chose, and even save time by doing two things at once; for by putting the glass on my writing table, I could assume the startled and puzzled looks of Hamlet while I was composing my tragedy of Hengist and Horsa. For some months I couldn't get beyond the first scene. There was a venerable priest of the Saxons who began the play, by informing his subordinate what were the motives of the aggression on the ancient Britons. It was not very easy to find out any good reason for the descent, but the aged divine managed to let it be understood, at all events, by the gentleman to whom he conveyed the information, that Hengist and Horsa, unknown to each other, were both in love with a mysterious young lady whom they had seen in one of their friendly visits to the tribes on the shores of Kent. But farther than this I found it impossible to go. The man would talk on for ever, in spite of all I could do to stop him; but not a step would he move. I could devise no means of getting him off the scene, or even of interrupting him; and the attendant Druid could give me no help; so there these two intolerable twaddlers stood on my paper for three whole months, neither able to make an exit themselves, nor to admit the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*. I suspect this is the great difficulty of dramatic composition—to make your chattering people leave off chattering, and teach them to push along and keep moving. And yet the poetry was so fine, the similes so simple, and the dialogue altogether so natural and well sustained, that I couldn't miss out a line of it. At last, in the very middle of a description of moonlight upon a lake, I made the attendant cry, "Hark! did'st thou not on the tympanum of thine ear feel a great stroke of sound?"

Druid.—"I did; as if
Our mighty Thor with his clenched fist had
done it."

On which, after waiting in mute expectation for some time, they rush out into the woods to discover the cause of the commotion. Need I mention it is the arrival of Hengist and Horsa? Things now got on in a surprising manner. The brothers quarrelled and made it up; the lady smiled sometimes on one, sometimes on the other, being all the while so devoted to the cause of her country that she intended to be the murderer of both; but in the course of her efforts to charm the young and gallant Hengist, she herself fell a victim to the tender passion; and in the middle of the fifth act it was quite doubtful whether the play was to be tragedy or comedy. It soon, however, discovered itself; for, at the very time of the mutual confession, and protestations of unending devotion, word was brought of the success of Editha's previous plots against the Saxons, and the death of Horsa by the dagger of her brother. Whereupon Hengist took vengeance on her perfidy by stabbing her, after a lecture of thirty lines; and had only strength left to immolate himself, when the old original Druid of the first act rushed in to say it was a false report, and that Horsa was alive and well, the passionate Cadwallar having slain his tyrannical uncle in mistake for the Saxon leader. The nights I spent meditating the catastrophe!—the days I laboured at heightening and strengthening the language! The Roman virtue I showed in resisting all my mother's entreaties to give the play a happy ending! I verily believe she began to have a bad opinion of my disposition when I persisted in putting so many people to death. However, we went over the tragedy nearly every day, and always began to have watery eyes at the same scene. It was a very happy year this year of composition and hope; and few people have worked harder to establish a reputation. Even my flute, on which at one time I considered myself a first-rate performer, was neglected or taken up at remote intervals. A letter had arrived from India in answer to our announcement of our removal from Puddlecombe. It was very short, as all Colonel Bawls' epistles were; but it contained a cheque for a small sum of money,

and my mother was satisfied. It said nothing about my disappointment at the school, nor of my not going to college, nor, in fact, alluded to me at all, except by expressing a hope that I wasn't such a fool from family pride as my father had been; and that I would set to and support myself by some honest occupation. Honest occupation! I determined to return the miserable blockhead all the money he had advanced, and to cut his acquaintance the moment my play was acted. I resolved to send him a copy when it was printed, with the numbers of the *Edinburgh* and *Blackwood* and *Quarterly* in which the reviews appeared. If the Queen asked me to Court, I would send him the *Times* in which the interview was announced; but not a word would I write to him, or acknowledge our relationship. And how to get it on the stage was now the only difficulty. The high drama, I was told, had gone out of fashion. Macready had gone to America; and there was horsemanship at Drury Lane. Be it mine, I exclaimed, to consecrate a new temple, since the old ones have been secularised and defiled! I will offer it to the manager of some theatre unknown to fame, and on the success of "Hengist and Horsa," that discerning and tasteful manager—whoever he is—shall rise to the wealth and reputation which England is always ready to bestow on its benefactors! I therefore looked into a Sunday newspaper for a list of places of entertainment, and fixed on the *Stepney Star*. To this I was partly guided by the aristocratic patronymics of the performers. The manager was "Marmaduke Montalban, Esquire;" and the chief tragedian "the celebrated Walter Fitz-Edward." What a sweet creature the principal lady must be, "the popular and astonishing Emily de la Rose!" I had never heard of the celebrated Fitz-Edward, nor of the astonishing De la Rose; but I nothing doubted that their talents were worthy of their names. And I wrote to Mr Montalban, requesting an interview for the purpose of showing him a tragedy, and making other propositions which might be useful to the theatre. To which he replied, that he would be happy to see me in his business-room at the establishment on the following day.

CHAPTER IV.

Through a very dark passage I groped my way up a very narrow stair, and emerged at last into a small chamber, in which a man about fifty years of age was smoking a penny cigar. He was very tall and thin, with a small winking eye placed on each side of a preposterously long nose; his chin was also very long and prominent, and projected considerably beyond the yellow silk handkerchief which formed the ornament of his neck. He wore a dark green coat and buff waistcoat, and kept his feet on a chair, and eyed them from time to time, as if he were very proud of his boots.

"Servint, sir," he said, but not taking the cigar from his mouth. "Mister De Bowling, I presume?"

I bowed to this polite address, and he renewed the conversation by saying, "What do you want?"

"I want you, sir, to hear me read a tragedy on which I have bestowed many months' labour; and perhaps you will find it adapted to the powers of your very talented company."

"There ain't such a company for talent in all London," he replied. "I ain't one of they asses as cares for Mr Macready and Mr Phelps, and them. I have a man in this company as can roar three times louder than either of them. I found him in a sand-cart, in Derby, and pay him sixteen bob a-week."

"I doubt, sir," I said with a smile, "whether roaring is the best qualification of a tragedian."

"Do you?" he said; "that shows all you knows about it. When does the pit applaud most? Why, when the actor roars, to be sure! When did you ever hear a single hand follow a quiet speech like this here that you and I are now making to each other? I tell you, there's nothing can be done without good lungs, and Mr Martingdale always holloas as if he had a speaking-trumpet in his throat. But let's hear some of your play; I'll tell you in five minutes whether it will do." As I unrolled the manuscript he lighted a fresh cigar, settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and, reclining his head

on the back, gave to a casual observer the appearance of being asleep.

"Them's two of the cussedest fools I ever heard in my life," he said, when the Druid and his attendant had opened the first scene of the play. "All that about stars and roses must be cut out, for you may take for granted that no man at ten shillings a-week can do justice to a simile."

I submitted in silence to his criticisms, and went on.

"Fitz-Edward will never stand this," he said, when I had finished the first burst of passion between the rival brothers. "Why, you have given as much of the fat to Martingdale as to the first performer. You will have to make Mister Horsa sing much smaller than that."

"I thought you said Mr Martingdale gained great applause by his powers of voice."

"Ay, but he never roars in presence of Fitz-Edward. When Fitz-Edward is off the stage, then Martingdale can do as he likes, and generally cracks a lamp or two at the footlights; but when the leading tragedian is on the boards, he never rises above an ordinary talk. Therefore, out with all that 'ere about telling the north wind that it may sink navies, but never shall subdue the courage of a victorious sea-king. You must let Hengist take that 'ere lion by the beard, and teach it the might that dwells in a warrior's arm. Second-rate actors never take lions by the beard—mind that; as why should they?"

I had no reason at hand for any such hostile proceedings towards a lion, or any other animal, on the part of Mr Martingdale; and said I thought it possible to transfer the speech to the superior actor; and with a nod, and a fresh puff of smoke, the manager signalled me to proceed.

Without any farther interruption I finished the second act. I went on with the third, and took the long-continued silence for approval. I gave all the effect I could to the speeches. I was soft and pathetic when I read the speeches of Edith, and fancy I might have stood a competition even

with the stentorian Martingdale in the part of the boisterous Horsa ; but my auditor was imperturbable in his chair. He never moved—till suddenly, when I closed the roll of paper, he sat upright, and taking the cigar from his lips, asked me if I had done.

"Certainly," I said, a little nettled; "most of the people are killed, and all the rest miserable—I don't see what more could be added."

"Well, I never trouble myself about these things," he said, "for I leave judgments of plays, and all that sort of thing, to Ginger the stage-manager. If you like to leave your play, he shall read it in a short time, and let you know whether he can cobble it into shape. But here comes Ginger himself: he can judge of a play by half a page." Mr Ginger now made his appearance—a red-faced, dissipated-looking man, very shabbily dressed, and remarkably dirty.

"I'm glad you're come, Ginger," began the manager. "Here's a young gent has been reading a play to me for the last two hours, but it might as well have been an act of parliament, for bless the syllable of it could I understand; but it seems full of grand-sounding words and plenty of work. Something could be made of it, perhaps, if we cut it down into two acts, or put in some songs and dances, and made a 'melo' of it."

"Will the gentleman stand anything?" inquired Mr Ginger, snuffling through his nose, and looking inquiringly at me.

"I have stood a good deal already," I said; "and you may guess from that whether I shall flinch from standing more. Pray look at the play, and give me your opinion."

"O! that makes a great difference," said Ginger, looking at me with more respect than he had shown on his first entrance. He turned over a few pages, mumbled a speech or two, nodded his head in approval, and in a very few minutes handed the manuscript to the manager, and said, "I would undertake to run it for a fortnight certain, and guarantee it for fifty pound."

"Would that please you, Mr De Bowing?" inquired the manager.

"The offer," I said, "I understand

to be this, that you will produce the play, and pay me fifty pounds for every fortnight of its run. I expected, certainly, a different arrangement, as I had made up my mind to a payment down—but—"

Here the two gentlemen, who had exchanged looks of surprise with each other for some time, burst into a laugh.

"Ho! ho! you expected to be paid, did you? I should like to know what for? I should like to know what right you would have to take my money for doing you the favour to make your name as famous as Shakspeare's. Don't I take all the trouble, and pay for scenery, and acting, and dresses—and everything? And yet you want me, besides all this, to give you a lumping sum of money. I never hear tell of such a thing; did you, Ginger?"

It was quite evident, from Mr Ginger's expression, that such a thing had never suggested itself to his imagination. He stared, as if trying to command a view of the astonishing proposition, but evidently in vain; for after an effort to understand my words, by repeating them to himself, he turned in a hopeless manner to the manager and asked, "Does the young gentleman really expect to get money for his play?"

"Shakspeare wouldn't get a far-ding," resumed the manager, "if he were alive at the present moment. As how could he, with such a vast amount to pay for scenery and dresses, beside thirty shilling a-week to many of the actors? They had nothing but a board in those days, I'm told, hung down from the ceiling, with the name of the place written on it;—all very good;—board eighteen-pence;—name of the place a penny a letter. But what have we? If the town be Athens, haven't we temples and churches and whole sets of old men in kilts, and woods and academies, costing no end of money; and processions and banquets, with no end of supernumeraries? So what money can be left for the manager, with his rent to pay, and actors to keep, and wardrobe to furnish? Why, none, or very little; and I should think it a most impertinent proceeding in Shakspeare, or any one

else, that had merely written with perhaps a halfpenny worth of ink on twopenny worth of paper, to claim any of the hard-earned profit of manager and actor."

"You will observe, sir," I said, "that the author—"

"Has nothing to do with it—no more than the carpenter that laid down the floor of this here theatre has to do with the dances that take place upon it. The author furnishes the deal boards; but we, sir—we are the people that dance upon them; and I suppose an audience don't come here to look at the planks, but at the legs of the *corps de ballet*—eh, Ginger?"

"I was not aware of the estimate in which original works were held," I said, folding up the manuscript. "I thought theatres were opened for the encouragement of the drama—and—"

"So they are; but why should the encouragement be all on one side? Why shouldn't the drama be started for the encouragement of theatres? I don't like all play and no pay—eh, Ginger?"

"Then I withdraw my tragedy," I said coldly, "only thanking you for the trouble you took in hearing it read."

"Don't mention it," replied Montalban; "I didn't attend to what was said. I only counted the number of scenes; and perhaps you don't know that you change thirty-two times, with fifteen different flats."

"But the young gentleman will gain experience as well as fame," interposed Mr Ginger, who saw me take my hat and prepare to go; "he scarcely understood your proposal."

"Well, explain it to him yourself. I think it's uncommon liberal, and what I wouldn't offer, let me tell you, to Bulwer or Sheridan Knowles."

"Mr Montalban is so pleased with

your work," said Mr Ginger, thus empowered, "that he will not object to give you a very large sum in case of success; but his expenses are so great in bringing out a new play, that he requires some sort of guarantee against loss. This is fair enough, you will grant, in the case of an unknown author."

I bowed to this; and in fact it appeared very reasonable.

"Well, sir, Mr Montalban will give you four hundred pounds for your tragedy of Hengist and Horsa"—

Here I sprang up and shook hands in a vehement manner with the generous manager.

"—Receiving from you fifty pounds towards preliminary expenses, and the said sum of four hundred pounds to be made up by nightly payments, beginning on and after the thirtieth night, at the rate of five pounds for every night on which it shall be enacted."

"I don't know," I said hesitatingly, staggered by the proposed advance of fifty pounds; "I must consult a friend before I close with this offer. It certainly is tempting. How many nights should you think a good play likely to run?"

"O, that is a matter of chance," replied the manager. *The Bloody Milkmaid* had a run of a hundred and sixty nights, and I have known unmitigated 'screamers' go on for three hundred; I should say, at an average, your tragedy may run a hundred nights."

By a rapid calculation, I made out that there were seventy nights at five pounds secured to me by this calculation—and once more I shook hands with the benevolent fosterer of dramatic genius; and saying I would see him again on the morrow, and give him my final answer, I descended the dark steps, and stumbled over some person halfway down.

CHAPTER V.

What was to be done in order to raise the required fifty pounds, and so secure the benefit of a run of seventy nights? Three hundred and fifty pounds, besides the fame of a successful dramatist, were by no means to be thrown away; and I laid the whole

matter before my mother. Ah! it was a happy consultation that we held that night. She had the money in her drawer, prepared for the house-keeping and expenditure of the next three months, so there was no difficulty about giving Mr Montalban the

sum he required. The month of non-paying nights would soon pass, and then there would be seventy nights—two months and a half—of fame and fortune! What were we to do with the profits at the end of that time? Was it too late yet to go to Oxford at my own expense, and support myself in good style while there, by a tragedy every year? Or, should I go into the medical profession, or enter at Lincoln's Inn? Or—as my own inclinations suggested to me—should I persist in my theatric intention, and make my appearance in Hamlet? Building many castles upon these various foundations—a bishopric, a baronetcy, the chancellorship, a fame like Kean's, and a fortune like Garrick's—we at last determined to secure the present opening, at all events, and leave the uses to be made of our gains to after-consideration. With ten new and glossy five-pound notes in my pocket, I proceeded next day to the Stepney Star. There is something in a full purse which acts magnetically upon all who come into contact with the bearer of it. The very door-keeper, a half-starved-looking man, who sat on a three-legged stool at the private entrance to the theatre, rose with alacrity when I appeared, and put on a sort of smile. The scene-shifters touched their paper-caps as I passed the wing where they were at work, and "Come in, my dear sir!" was pronounced in a very cheerful and friendly voice as I gave a tap at the manager's door.

He saw from my face that I agreed to his terms.

"It ain't the money I value," he said, "for this here fifty pound wont pay for the colours of the scenery; but I wish to have gentlemen, and none but gentlemen, concerned with my theatre; and a little security like this keeps the stage select. Besides, what is it after all but a loan? for you see how soon it is paid back again, with three or four hundred pounds added to it by way of interest."

"I consider it a very satisfactory arrangement, and beg to place these notes in your hand at once." So saying, I stretched the purse towards him; but he held up his hands, and recoiled with a sort of horror.

"You don't know business so well as I do, Mr Dipbowing, and you don't know the delicacy I feel on all these matters of pounds, shillings, and pence, among gentlemen. Let me sign the agreement to accept your tragedy first, and then I can safely accept your deposit."

He drew out a sheet of paper. "Now this here," he continued, "is the agreement drawn out by old Ginger. I can't help thinking him too hard at a bargain; but what can you expect from a fellow like he, that has never associated with gentlemen and ladies, as you and I have done, Mr Dipbowing? and, therefore, I have altered the clause which delays your receiving your nightly payments till the thirtieth night. You shall receive your five pounds, sir, every night after the eighteenth; and I wish, for both our sakes, it may run from here till Christmas twelvemonth. But don't say anything of this to Ginger—he is always blaming me for extravagance; and as he is treasurer and book-keeper, I must not quarrel with him about his bargains."

He signed the agreement, and put my notes in his pocket. "You are now entered on your dramatic career; and as a first proof, I beg you to consider yourself free of this theatre. You'll come and see us, perhaps, to-night."

I said I would, and asked if he had given Hengist and Horsa another perusal.

"No," he said, "I sent it to Fitz-Edward, who is ten minutes behind his time. He is always unpunctual, is that Fitz-Edward. O, you're here, sir," he continued, as the tragedian at this moment glided into the room. "The call was for twelve o'clock, and I fine you threepence. The author of the new play, sir. I introduce you, Mr Dipbowing, to Mr Fitz-Edward."

"You shan't have a copper farthing—Sir, my respects to you—A pretty old rascal you are to insist on forfeits, when the notice is only stuck up in the morning—I have read your play, sir—And you are nothing but an old-clothes Jew, to talk about your paltry threepences in presence of a stranger—I have the greatest pleasure in making your acquaint-

ance, and hope it will be mutually advantageous."

To each of these observations he attached the proper look and action; scowling, and speaking with a very husky voice whenever he addressed the manager, and smiling in a very fascinating manner whenever he spoke to me.

"Your fine is forgiven, my dear fellow," said Mr Montalban, who was in high good-humour. "Say no more about it, I beg, but tell us what you think of the play."

"I think very highly of the play, sir." Here I felt my cheek glowing with a thousand blushes. "The characters are for the most part well drawn; but it wants construction, and without that, you know, sir, language is of no use, and character ineffective."

"In what respect is it so deficient in construction?" I inquired.

"The interest is too diffused, sir. Horsa, in my opinion, ought to be cut out altogether, and I would certainly shorten Edith. The Druid's speeches are too flowery; and in the fifth act Hengist has undoubtedly too little to do."

"Why, sir," I interposed, "he does everything that is done: he rescues Edith from the burning temple; he defeats the confederated Britons; he reprimands Horsa; he soliloquises on the state of the world if the sun were to be extinguished. I don't see what more he could possibly do, unless he had the whole act to himself."

"Perhaps, sir," replied Mr Fitz-Edward with a smile, "that might not be a bad idea; but as you wish, of course, to concentrate the interest in the principal character, it is quite out of keeping to give such a very prominent scene to Edith as that where she recovers, first from the fainting fit into which she was thrown by Horsa's appearance, and then from the insanity into which she was driven by the news she heard of me. That is sure to bring down three rounds; and that is what I can't afford. Faintings and madness are great advantages the ladies have over us, and are only admissible in a regular woman's play."

I suggested Ophelia as a proof that insanity was sometimes admitted in a secondary personage of a tragedy.

"O, Shakspeare—ah, clever man, no doubt," said Mr Fitz-Edward; "but great allowances are always made for him. A great man—but still I think he may be improved."

"Do you act Hamlet, sir?" I inquired.

Fitz-Edward frowned. "I am principal tragedian, sir," he replied, "and have the round of all parts of the kind. I thought I was better known to fame; but I believe it all arises from the jealousy of Mr Macready. I have every reason, sir, to believe that he sends home from America every week a set of infamous attacks, that appear against me in the *Stepney Rosciad*, a detestable publication, which I never see, and of course disregard."

"Oh, of course," said Mr Montalban; "who cares what a halfpenny paper says? And yet, Mr Debowing," he added in a lower key, "it might not be a bad move if you sent the editor five shillings occasionally."

"Corrupt the press, sir?" I exclaimed. "The purity of the press is the palladium of British liberty. If that fountain of fame, of justice, is defiled at its very source, what are we to expect?"

"Why, favourable notices, and puffs that do us good," replied Mr Montalban; "but for my part, I wishes them 'ere fountains would keep themselves clear, for they do no more benefit to a real good thing than to a precious bad one. I know I've corrupted 'em long enough, and got very little return for my money. Here are sixty box-seats set apart for the gentlemen of the press. When we have a very taking performance, and could fill the house with a paying audience, don't they, or their friends, come with their sixty orders—a shilling a-piece—three pounds—and pocket eighteen pounds a-week of my money! And perhaps, after all, notice us in three lines, or even find fault with the whole performance! It's just the same as if I gave 'em the coin; only they would turn up their noses at the hard cash, but take their front seats with all the dignity of a set of gents as has paid for their admittance."

"And yet, sir," said the tragedian, "it wouldn't do to quarrel altogether

with the press. There is the *Stepney Drop Scene*, a remarkably fair and intelligent publication, whose judgments are always to be depended on."

"He writes in it himself," whispered the manager to me, "and cuts up poor Martingdale in the cruellest way possible."

"As for me," I said, scarcely attending to Montalban's explanation, "I will keep free of the press—I will neither bully nor bribe, but trust entirely for success to the merit of the play and the genius of the performers."

"What I can do, sir," replied Mr Fitz-Edward, softened by the compliment, "shall not be wanting."

We shook hands. "Now, I conclude," he added, "you will attend to the few hints I have ventured to give you, and you will shorten Horsa and Edith down to three lengths a-piece."

"I will see what can be done without damaging the general composition," I replied, as I received the manuscript from his hand, and wished Mr Fitz-Edward good morning. "You see what a life a manager's is," said Mr Montalban when we were again alone. "I would far rather keep a lunatic asylum than a theatre, if it weren't for the attachment I feel to the stage. The quarrels I have to appease, and the good-temper I have to exercise, would wear out any other man in a month! Come in," he added, in a voice of thunder. "What brings you here bothering me in this manner when I am settling important business with an author of distinction?" The person, who had opened the door at the first intimation, now came into the room—a little woman, very round and fat, dressed in a gay-coloured silk mantle, and a pink bonnet, with a white veil doubled over the upper part of her face, revealing nothing of her countenance but her mouth and chin. The veil she threw up, and fixed very bright and very angry eyes upon the manager.

"You will never learn politeness, you intolerable old swindler," she began, "and I give you fair notice I won't stand any more of your impertinence. If Ginger ha'n't spirit enough to revenge me, I will show you I have spirit enough myself. Your servant, sir," she said, turning

to me. "I believe we met on the stair yesterday?"

"Miss de la Rose?" I timidly inquired.

"The same," she said, with a stage curtsy—"and delighted to hear we are likely to have something novel from your pen."

"I was not aware," I said, "the secret had spread quite so far."

"Oh, Ginger told me," she replied with a smile. "Annabella has the measles, and Ginger, who was sober last night for a wonder, gave me a sketch of Edith."

I looked a little confused, I suppose; for Mr Montalban flew to the rescue. "Miss de la Rose," he said, "is married to Mr Ginger, and has eight children; but we still keep her stage name in the bills; for, as she is our youthful heroine, we don't like the pit to fancy that Juliet and Desdemona have been married for fifteen years."

"Fourteen, Mr Montalban," she interposed. "I was wedded almost in my infancy, before judgment had expanded, or sense had come into my foolish little head—a creature of impulse then as now; and grievous has the expiation been." When she pronounced the word judgment, she looked wise; when she spoke of her foolish little head, she tossed it as if she had been still fifteen; and when she quoted Lady Randolph's melancholy line from Douglas, she put on the most dismal expression I ever saw.

"I am enchanted with the notion of that noble Saxon maiden—all fire and passion—all tenderness and despair.—Ah! Mr de Bohun, if you had seen me before fate united me to Mr Ginger!—I feel as if it were a portrait, and have made up my mind to do every justice to your excellent creation."

"Then," said Mr Montalban, "we will put the play in rehearsal at once, and in a week from this time, perhaps, sir, you will do us the favour to come and judge of our two first acts."

"But Mr Fitz-Edward," I said, "he proposed some alterations." "O! did he?" interrupted Miss de la Rose—"then I know what he wanted you to do—to extinguish me, sir! But he shan't. I have as many friends in the gallery as he has, and

I'll show proper spirit—I will—against the pretensions of a contemptible muff like that rascally Mr Snook—”

“Oho,” I said—

“Why, Snook is his name. I recollect him as call-boy in a barn at Nottingham; and many's the time I've seen his vulgar little face come out of the porridge-pot in Macbeth. He shan't diminish me a single scream—I'll have 'em all; and as to dying, I'll die with any woman on the stage.”

“Never mind Fitz-Edward,” said the manager, “leave me the manuscript to be copied, and let them fight it out their own way.”

With this arrangement I was, of course, very well pleased, and took my leave, with a persuasion that there was as much acting off the boards as on them. My mother was enchanted. She saw fame and fortune fairly within our reach. “And good news seldom comes single,” she said, “for I saw in the papers to-day, after you had gone to the theatre, that your uncle, Colonel Bawls, has been deputed to England on some important business with the ministry, and is expected in London next month.”

“Just in time,” I replied, “to hear of the triumph of my play. He will perhaps expect the dedication. I can tell him he will be woefully disappointed. He is a hard-hearted, purse-proud nabob.”

“His letters are very short, certainly; but in the main he is as kind as I could expect, after offending him so much in my marriage. And afterwards too,” she added, with a slight blush visible on her cheek.

“In your marriage with the representative of the De Bohuns he could surely see nothing objectionable.”

“O yes, he did. Your father was only a curate—not very rich, and Hildebrand thought I threw myself away. He never wrote to my husband, nor my husband to him, but each thought very unkindly of the other. Your father couldn't bear him because his grandfather had been in trade; and he sneered at your father because he boasted about his ancestors in the time of Richard the First.”

“William the Conqueror,” I interposed.

“So my life was made unhappy by the quarrels of two such near relations. And when your father died, Hildebrand, though he offered as much assistance as I required in money, wrote so unfeelingly of my loss that I declined his aid. In about a month after I had thrown off my widow's dress, a gentleman sent in his card, and said he had come from Captain Bawls. When he was shown into the room, I saw a tall white-haired man, supporting himself on a stick, and evidently suffering much from rheumatism or some other painful complaint. His name was Major Bowster. He told me all the adventures of his life; how he had got an appointment in some ceded territory, that gave him a great income; how he had saved thousands and thousands out of it; how he had come home, having no friends of his own, and was anxious to be comfortable the remainder of his days; and so he would leave me his friend Bawls' letter, and call for an answer next day. I opened the letter, and found it to contain these words: “This is our major, old Bowster; a good hearted fellow, and as rich as a Jew. I have told him you are just the wife for him, therefore marry him without delay, and he will never trouble you about his penniless ancestors who went to the Crusades; for his father was a miller.”

“I am glad you ordered the miserable plebeian out of the house. I wish I had been old enough to kick him down stairs.”

“The last time I heard of him,” replied my mother, “he was General Sir Alfred Bowster, and one of the most influential men in India; but he may be dead now, for I haven't heard of him for several years.”

I thought there was a tone of regret in my mother's voice, as if she would have been pleased to be Lady Bowster, with all that Indian influence; but as I knew that her only object in wishing for the possession of wealth and power was to pour them all on my unworthy self, I had not a word to reply; and, after a hasty dinner, hurried off, to avail myself of my new-found privilege of a free admission to the Stepney Star.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

AMONGST the men who have taken a conspicuous part in the political affairs of Great Britain, Lord George Bentinck will be long remembered for the brilliancy of his brief career. He was not, like others, educated and trained to statecraft, taught from boyhood to regard politics as the sole occupation of his life, or fostered in the faith that the acquisition and retention of office are the highest objects of an Englishman's ambition. Rank and fortune had so favoured him that he was independent of any profession. A sincere, but, as it afterwards proved, an undue distrust in the measure of his own abilities, induced him to remain for many years a silent member of the senate—ready to follow a leader in whom he had placed implicit confidence, whose principles he approved, and whose motives he did not doubt—but unwilling, in his own person, to take an active part in debate. Other pursuits, more congenial to his frank nature and robust constitution than those which engross the politician, gave free development to that energy which was his peculiar characteristic; and, like Hampden, he might have lived and died without a place in the page of history, but for the occurrence of one of those great public events which, like the sound of the trumpet in a beleaguered city, summons all to the contest, and impels the man of truly heroic spirit to take his place amongst the foremost.

The event which effected such a marked change in the position of Lord George Bentinck was so truly extraordinary that, although a long time must elapse before it can fade from the memory of men of the present generation, we may yet be allowed to refer to it very briefly. That Sir Robert Peel, after so many years' tenure of office, and such ample opportunities of considering the subject as he enjoyed, should at last have arrived at the conviction, apart from all extraneous motives, that the continuance of a Corn Law was an act of impolicy or injustice, was, if not pro-

bable, at least within the bounds of possibility. But adopting his own statements, and admitting that his conviction was sincere—an admission, by the way, most fatal to his reputation as a statesman, since it is an acknowledgment that for thirty years he had used every effort in his power to enforce and support a false and vicious system of commercial policy—admitting this, still his conduct as a political leader exhibits a degree of blindness, and of moral insensibility, which is perfectly astonishing when we recollect the large experience of the man. Brought into office avowedly as the champion of Protection, and the defender of the very laws of which, in their modified shape, he was the author, what was his evident and imperative duty as a man of honour, when the new light flashed before his eyes, and his ancient errors were revealed to him? To that there can be but one answer—his duty was at once to have resigned. There were men belonging to another party in the State who were notoriously able and ready to conduct the experiment, and their leader had already expressed in the most public manner—for he did so through the columns of the daily press—that the time at length had arrived when the duties upon corn should determine. On the Whigs, therefore, ought to have been devolved the honour, such as it was, and the responsibility, of abolishing those laws which Sir Robert Peel had so long supported. There was an additional reason for this. In his famous letter from Edinburgh, which appeared on 22d November 1845, Lord John Russell thus alluded to the manner in which his proposals for the adjustment of the question, by a proposition of a fixed duty instead of the sliding-scale, had been received by his rival. "The present First Lord of the Treasury met them in 1839, 1840, and 1841, by eloquent panegyrics on the existing system—the plenty it had caused, the rural happiness it had diffused. He met the propositions

for diminished protection in the same manner in which he had met the offer of securities for Protestant interests in 1817 and 1825—in the same way in which he met the proposal to allow Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham to send members of Parliament in 1830. The result of resistance to qualified concessions must be the same in the present instance as in those I have mentioned. It is no longer worth while to contend for a fixed duty." Here it was clearly intimated by Lord John Russell that Sir Robert Peel was the party who stood in the way of an adjustment of the question on the footing of an 8s. duty, he not considering that duty adequate or sufficient: that being the case, how was it possible for a man, consistently with his honour, to originate a measure which would have the effect of depriving the agricultural interest even of that qualified protection? And yet it is a fact that, in the Cabinet Councils held immediately after the publication of that letter, Sir Robert Peel proposed the adoption of his measures, without a surrender of power to the opposite party; and it was only in consequence of the inflexible resolution of Lord Stanley that the resignation of the Ministry was tendered.

Although we have not yet said a word with regard to the book before us, let us here introduce an extract from it in reference to this very interesting point. To us it has a very peculiar interest, because, undoubtedly, if it could be shown that in this affair Sir Robert Peel had acted with that candour which we acknowledge to be the attribute of an English gentleman, not only would his memory be freed from a most serious reproach, but we should feel ourselves bound to express regret for language far stronger than ought to be employed in any case of mere difference of opinion. We may here premise that, throughout this work, Mr Disraeli, though not disguising his opinions as to the conduct of the late Sir Robert Peel, uniformly speaks of him, as a man, in such terms as might be expected from a chivalrous and honourable opponent.

"Here arises an interesting inquiry.

In his subsequent statements in Parliament, Sir Robert Peel more than once expressed his feeling that, whatever his conviction, he was not the person who ought to propose a repeal of the Corn Laws. When Sir Robert Inglis, in a tone of dignified reproach, regretted that the measure, if carried at all, was not carried by those who for years had been its advocates, and not by those who, till the last three months, had been all along its opponents, Sir Robert Peel admitted the justice of the comment, but vindicated himself on the ground *that he had himself so wished it*, and had only failed from the inability of the Whigs to form a Government. In his explanatory statements on the reassembling of Parliament, Sir Robert said he had 'to choose between organising a decided and interminable opposition to all change with respect to the Corn Laws, and undertaking, if the noble Lord found himself unable to undertake it, the foundation of final legislation on the subject.' A strictly constitutional and perfectly honourable proceeding. But if this be an accurate description of the feelings and principles of the First Minister, how came he, a week before he gave the opportunity to Lord John Russell, to attempt to induce *his own cabinet* to carry the Repeal? This inquiry was frequently urged by a supporter of Lord George Bentinck during the important and unexpectedly protracted debates to which the Government proposition gave rise, and always occasioned great embarrassment to the Minister. Indeed, it was the only point which he never contrived successfully to encounter, though it was not from want of efforts. He himself more than once recurred to it, for he was tenderly alive to the necessity of Parliamentary explanations in the long run. He seldom left a weak point in his public conduct without a plausible vindication. In the present instance he once even gave formal notice to the House that he was about to explain this mysterious passage, though at the cost of reading a confidential minute of the Cabinet. But the highly interesting paper left the knot unsolved; and there appears to be only one solution left for the critical historian—namely, that when Sir Robert Peel was of opinion that the Corn Laws must be repealed, he was resolved to be the repealer. Almost at the moment when he was about to be driven from office, in the middle of June 1846, Sir Robert said, 'If it is asserted that I wished to interfere with the settlement of this question by the noble Lord opposite, that is the foulest calumny which the vindic-

tive imagination of a political opponent ever dictated.' What was his wish to interfere in this matter, which broke up his cabinet on the 6th of December 1845!"

In the very simplest view of the case, it would appear sufficiently obvious to an unprejudiced observer, that this sudden change of opinion and policy on the part of Sir Robert Peel could have no other effect than that of weakening and dividing the Conservative party. In England, much weight is justly given to party considerations by members of the House of Commons. Once having selected a chief on the basis of a common policy, they will continue to give him their support upon matters of detail, even though their private opinion should on some points differ from his. Indeed, without this degree of yielding it would be impossible for any Minister effectually to discharge his function. But the original condition of support, founded on the basis of a common policy, still remains in force. So soon as a leader deserts or abnegates the grand principles of his party, he has forfeited all claim to support, and in fact has ceased to be a leader. It is amazing that a proposition so plain and evident as this should have escaped the notice of Sir Robert Peel. He does not appear to have contemplated the possibility of any material defalcations from the ranks of his usual followers, in consequence of his entire change both of opinion and policy with regard to the most important public question of the day. To the last hour of his life he seems to have been unable to comprehend why, in former years, the Conservative party accorded him their support on questions which it was well known were not altogether palatable to the majority; and why they refused him the like support when he declared himself a convert to Free Trade. His astonishment at the result was not feigned, but real. It never entered into his calculations that he might possibly be driven from power by the hostile voices of those who had followed him so long and so faithfully, whilst he still professed his adherence to the common cause and principle. Putting aside altogether the abstract merits of the question

then at issue, we say that, had the bulk of the Conservative party in the last House of Commons acted otherwise than they did—had they tamely acquiesced in the decision of their leader on a point which violated the first conditions of the contract between the chief and his supporters—they would have as greatly tended to lower the character of English gentlemen, as Sir Robert Peel has lowered, for a time, the character of British statesmen. Their resistance to his mandate became a point of honour. They had received and held a sacred trust from their constituents, which they were bound not to betray at the will of any living man. Their course lay clear before them. At all hazards, they were bound to resist.

It was at this crisis that Lord George Bentinck may be said to have commenced his active career as a politician. The situation of the Conservative party in the House of Commons was then most anomalous. With great dexterity Sir Robert Peel had contrived to carry along with him almost every member officially connected with his administration. In this way about forty votes were secured; and about seventy other members, trusting probably to the prestige of his name, were prepared to accord him their support. But the great bulk of the Conservative party separated from him at once and forever. Two hundred and forty gentlemen, supporters of the Protective cause, found themselves suddenly without a leader, in hostile array to their quondam chief and his satellites, who were necessarily compelled to trust for support to the Whig and Radical parties. The great difficulty was to find a leader for this important section. Of all men alive, Lord Stanley was most admirably qualified to have discharged that function, but in the course of the previous year he had been called up to the House of Peers. There was no want of talent or energy among the Protectionists, but unfortunately there was difficulty in finding a man of sufficient experience, or rather confidence, to undertake the duties of a leader. Nor is this at all surprising, when we consider the enormous amount of labour and fatigue, both mental and physical,

which necessarily must be undergone by the chief of a party placed in such circumstances of exigency. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell had each of them a trained and organised staff, perfect in the knowledge of their required duties, and able to relieve their chiefs from the vexation and annoyance of details. The Protectionists had no such organisation. The adventurous individual who might be selected as their head, could not depend upon any such amount of ready and effective assistance. The formation of a Parliamentary party is not the work even of a single session. In order to be made effective, great caution, skill, and vigilance are required in its arrangements—habits of discipline must be taught and acquired—and the leader, moreover, must be known to possess, in addition to other qualities, that degree of tactical experience, without which he can scarcely command the implicit confidence of his followers. The materials for the construction of a great party were there, but where was the man to construct it?

Let us take Mr Disraeli's picture of the House of Commons on the 22d January 1846, when Parliament met.

"Great speculation was afloat as to the course of debate, when, on the conclusion of the speech of the seconder, the question should be put by Mr Speaker. Would the Manchester confederation advance to seal their triumph, or demand more specific details of the ministerial policy? Would the Whigs at once, by the mouth of their leader, give to the House the reasons why they had not succeeded in forming a government when summoned by their Sovereign, or would some eminent and 'large-acred' member of their connection publicly announce the adhesion of their party to the spontaneous and startling manifesto of Lord John Russell? What would the Tory country gentlemen do? What the great bulk of the still larger Conservative party—the shipping members, the sugar members, the home-trade town members? Would the converts be silent? Would they prudently rest content with the elegant excuses of Lord Francis (Egerton), or come forward like men, and bear their share of the awful brunt?

"A practised observer of debate would have anticipated the first move from the country party, for the silence of Manchester rather assisted the Minister who was

playing their game, and reserve seemed the natural course of the Whigs, until ministerial explanations required an opposition revelation as a rejoinder. But the country party, although they possessed, in the members for Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, and Lincolnshire, and several others, gentlemen of high standing in the House, and fully capable to represent the opinions of their friends, were entirely without concert or discipline. The greater portion, indeed, had only just arrived from their counties, where they had remained to the last moment, reluctantly rejoining a scene which, after what had occurred during the recess, could only bring to them mortification; where they could only witness the triumph of bitter antagonists, and be placed in painful collision with men whom they personally regarded, who, in private life, were their companions, and whose establishment in power and public authority had been the labour and pride of their lives.

"Many of these gentlemen were members of the Protection Society, over which presided the Duke of Richmond, a Society doubtless favourable to counsel and combination. But the ministerial crisis having occurred at a season of the year when its members were dispersed, no effective gathering of this association had been possible, and most of its parliamentary members met for the first time since those remarkable events on the floor of the House of Commons. The name of Lord George Bentinck was not even enrolled in this Society: with the exception of some of his intimates at a country-house, he had communicated to no one his intention of resisting the Government schemes. He, too, had only just arrived in town, and sat below the gangway at the head of the third bench, with a stern look and a glittering eye, watching the Treasury bench as an eagle would his quarry."

On that memorable night Mr Disraeli was the Antilochus who first hurled his spear; and then began that great parliamentary battle, which did not end even with the downfall of the Minister.

It was not until a later period that Lord George Bentinck came prominently forward in debate. He took, however, an active share in the deliberations which were held for the immediate organisation of the party, and for the settlement of a line of action; and in the House he succeeded in eliciting from Sir Robert Peel an expression of opinion as to the prospective effects of his measures,

which has not yet lost its importance. In answer to a question from Lord George relative to the equitable payment of tithe, should wheat be brought down by legislative enactments "to 45s. the quarter, instead of what it now was, 58s. 8d," Sir Robert Peel, with less caution than he afterwards observed, made the following answer, which we quote from Hansard. He said: "He did not propose to make any alteration in the law as to tithes. *In the first place, he was not prepared to assume that there would be any material alteration in prices.* It might be so. But the same question might have been put to him in 1842; he might have been asked in 1842, when a great reduction was made in the amount of protection, whether he was prepared to make any alteration in the arrangement as to tithes. *The noble lord assumed that there would be a great falling off in the price of corn; he did not concur in that opinion.* . . . He hoped the result of the measure would be so much of increased consumption *that there would not necessarily be any reduction of the prices of agricultural produce which would materially interfere with the agricultural interests.*" This passage is valuable as showing how completely Sir Robert Peel was mistaken in his estimates of the effect of his measures, and how false were the data upon which these were founded. The question of Lord George Bentinck was limited to the course which was to be pursued with regard to tithes, provided the price of wheat fell on an average to 45s. Sir Robert Peel, as we have seen, expressed his entire conviction that no such fall could occur, and yet many of his followers, who still profess his opinions, have lived to see it stationary at 36s. Does Mr Gladstone recollect the tenor of the speech which he made at a meeting of the Fettercairn Farmers' Club towards the close of 1849?

The first great appearance which Lord George Bentinck made in the House was upon the night which closed the debate on Mr P. Miles's amendment. Timidity or irresolution formed no part of Bentinck's character; but it very often happens that men of the boldest temperament are the most averse to public appear-

ances, either from a mistrust in their own powers, or from that indescribable feeling of confusion which accompanies the first efforts of a public speaker. In this country far too little attention is paid to rhetoric as a branch of education. The majority, even of those who are intended for public life, do not comprehend the simple precepts by following which, vigour and arrangement, the two great requisites for every speaker, may be attained. Oratory, of whatever grade, ought to be made the subject of early study. By the observance of a few rules, which are not artificial, but in fact dictated by nature, the public speaker rapidly gets rid of that embarrassment which is at first felt to be so painful, and is enabled to display his thoughts and matter to the audience with that arrangement which adds beauty to the mass of even the most exquisite articles of workmanship. Lord George Bentinck had the benefit of no such training—he had not even the advantage of that constant early practice which in many cases supplies, though but imperfectly, the want of an oratorical education. He had remained for so many years a silent member of the House that he could hardly summon up confidence to appear in the character of an active debater; nor, in all human probability, would he ever have come prominently forward but for the pressing nature of the emergency, which overbalanced all other considerations. Even so late as the opening of the session he had not overcome this repugnance.

"So little desirous was Lord George Bentinck to interfere actively in that great controversy in which ultimately he took so leading a part, that before the meeting of Parliament in 1846 he begged a gentleman whom he greatly esteemed, a member of the legal profession, and since raised to its highest honours, to call upon him at Harcourt House, when he said that he had taken great pains to master the case of the Protective System; that he was convinced its abrogation would ultimately be very injurious to this country; but, although both in point of argument and materials he feared no opponent, he felt constitutionally so incapable of ever making a speech that he wished to induce some eminent lawyer enter the House of Commons and

himself of his views and materials, which he had with that object reduced to writing. He begged, therefore, that his friend, although a Free-Trader, would assist him by suggesting a fitting person for this office.

"Accordingly, the name of a distinguished member of the bar, who had already published a work of merit impugning the principles of the new commercial system, was mentioned; and this learned gentleman was applied to, and was not indisposed to accept the task. A mere accident prevented this arrangement being accomplished. Lord George then requested his friend to make some other selection, but his adviser very sensibly replied, that although the House of Commons would have listened with respect to a gentleman who had given evidence of the sincerity of his convictions by the publication of a work which had no reference to Parliament, they would not endure the instance of a lawyer brought into the House merely to speak from his brief, and that the attempt would be utterly fruitless. He earnestly counselled Lord George himself to make the effort; but Lord George, with characteristic tenacity, clung for some time to his project, though his efforts to accomplish it were fortunately not successful."

No man, perhaps, ever rose in the House of Commons to make a first important public appearance under circumstances of greater disadvantage. The debate upon Mr Miles's amendment had been protracted for twelve days, and almost every leading member, and a host of others who had no claim to such distinction, had spoken. It was the universal wish of the House that the debate should terminate that night. Even the chiefs of the Protectionist party, though their policy was undoubtedly Fabian, saw that further delay was impossible. Even then Bentinck was reluctant to rise, nor did he do so until long past midnight. "He came out," says Mr Disraeli, "like a lion forced from his lair. And it so happened that, after all his labours of body and mind—after all his research and unwearied application and singular vigilance, after having been at his post for a month, never leaving the House even for refreshment—he had to undertake the most difficult enterprise in which a man ever will embark, with a concurrence of every disadvantage which could insure failure and defeat.

It would seem that the audience, the subject, and the orator, must be equally exhausted, for the assembly had listened for twelve nights to the controversy, and he who was about to address them had, according to his strange habit, taken no sustenance the whole day, it being his custom to dine after the House was up, which was very often long after midnight; and this, with the exception of a slender breakfast, rigidly restricted to dry toast, was his only meal in the four-and-twenty hours."

But Bentinck was nerved to his task. Once fairly committed, all risk of failure was gone. Notwithstanding some impatience, most natural when we consider the peculiar situation of the audience, he launched at once into his subject, and displayed, in the course of a masterly and comprehensive speech, such an intimate knowledge of the details and working of our commercial system as excited the surprise, while it commanded the admiration, both of friend and opponent. He evaded no point,—he shrunk from no investigation. He seized upon the very examples which Sir Robert Peel had cited as so many proofs that a relaxation of the tariff did not affect the interests of home industry; and, by a clear and shrewd anatomy of these, he demonstrated that the actual results were opposed to the theories of the Minister. It is, however, unnecessary for us even to sketch the outline of this remarkable speech, which, more than any other uttered during the whole debate, exposed the weakness of the ground upon which the ministerial case was rested.

"The fact is," says Mr Disraeli, "though the Protectionist party had made a most unexpected and gallant defence, no one was really prepared for the contest except Bentinck. Between the end of November and the meeting of Parliament he had thrown all the energies of his passionate mind into this question. He had sought information on all points, and always at the fountain-head. He had placed himself in immediate communication with the ablest representatives of every considerable interest attacked, and being ardent and indefatigable—gifted with a tenacious memory and a very clear and searching spirit—there was scarcely a detail or an argument connected with his subject which was not immediately at his com-

mand. No speeches in favour of the Protective System have ever been made in the House of Commons compared with his in depth and range of knowledge ; and had there been any member, not connected with the Government, who had been able to vindicate the merits of British agriculture as he did when the final struggle occurred, the impression which was made by the too often unanswered speeches of the Manchester confederation would never have been effected. But the great Conservative party, exhausted by the labours of ten years of opposition, thought that, after the triumph of '41, it might claim a furlough. The defence of their cause was left entirely to the Ministers of their choice ; and Ministers, distracted with detail and wearied with official labour, are not always the most willing or the most efficient champions of the organic principles of a party."

It is not a little remarkable, and now significant, that upon this important division, gentlemen who were considered as the representatives of interests which have since suffered most severely, by the extension of the Free-Trade policy, were found opposed to the Protectionists. Thus, for example, many members who were supposed more especially to represent the West Indian interest, did not come forward in support of the land. They had, as one of them alleged, "made a satisfactory arrangement for themselves." If so, they committed a most grievous blunder ; for, in the course of a few months, the Peel ministry, with whom alone they could negotiate, were driven from office, leaving the Whigs pledged to nothing except the extension of their policy to interests which were still protected. The truth is, that Free Trade could not have been carried in the British House of Commons except by instalments. At no time was it deliberately considered as a national system, applicable to all interests. Expediency, the most questionable of all motives, was that which notoriously actuated Sir Robert Peel : and, under his guidance, members had become so accustomed to gradual innovations, that they lost sight altogether of the necessary operation of a principle. Had the representatives of the different great British and Colonial interests which have been assailed and prostrated *seriatim*, since 1816, been

aware in any degree of the policy which even then was contemplated,—could they have foreseen that the sacrifice of one industrial class was but the sure prelude to the offering of another on the altar of a heathen economy,—they would, most assuredly, have made such a determined resistance to the first innovation as even Sir Robert Peel, with all his plausibility, power, and resources, could not have overcome. But that artful strategist, by confining himself to one point of attack on each occasion, and by using terms of amity to those who were not immediately assailed, contrived to loose the common bond which should have kept the confederates together, and enabled his successors in office, since he could not accomplish it himself, to meet and vanquish them in detail. We have ever expressed ourselves strongly against that reserved policy which modern Ministers seem invariably to claim as their prerogative—against that system of enunciating a specific measure as a whole, whereas, in reality, it only forms an integral portion of their scheme. It would, according to our view, be just as prudent and as rational to pass one-half of an act of Parliament, whilst the remaining contemplated provisions were studiously concealed from the public view. A great scheme of public policy should be considered as a whole—not in fractional parts. There is a certain amount of candour which a British Minister, who duly appreciates the responsibility of his own situation, and the duty which he owes to his sovereign and his country, is bound to observe—and yet, two successive administrations at least have acted on the opposite principle. It is difficult to reconcile their course either with honesty or honour, or the generally accepted ideas of the nature of the British constitution. Now, there is no such thing as perfect confidence between Ministers and Parliament. A member may be asked any day to support a measure to which, by itself, he entertains no specific objection, but which, nevertheless, he would most certainly oppose if he knew that it were to be founded upon afterwards as part of a scheme of national policy. But no such

tion is given him, although the scheme may be actually prepared. He does not perhaps anticipate that a proposition, which, separately considered, might seem politic enough, or, at all events, sufficiently plausible, will, if acquiesced in, be brought forward as a cogent reason for further innovation; yet such are the tactics now ordinarily pursued by our Cabinets. They do not understand what truth or truthfulness really is. Sir Robert Peel's notions were precisely those of the Jesuits. He might have passed his examination with great credit at the seminary of St Omers. He never once appealed to the country, to Parliament, or even to his own personal supporters, without "mental reservation." We say it unwillingly—because we are speaking of a deceased statesman, and a man estimable in private life—but we say advisedly, that the late Sir Robert Peel has done more for the advance of democracy, by lowering the standard of public confidence in the candour of public men, than could have been accomplished by a frank acknowledgment, on his part, of his adherence to republican principles. It is one thing to sap, and another to carry by storm. We have had, of late years, many notable instances of the skill of mining engineers—for instances of valour, heroism, and devotedness, we must look to the other side.

The history of the session, as written by Mr Disraeli in that brilliant and pointed style of which he is so consummate a master, is deeply interesting. It is a political drama, the theme of which is the retribution that follows perfidy.

Early in the session, Earl St Germain, on the part of Ministers, brought in a Coercion Bill for Ireland, which was immediately passed in the House of Peers. Admitting the necessity for such a measure in the then turbulent state of the sister island, it is evident that a vote of acquiescence in such a bill, which vests extraordinary and unconstitutional power in the hands of the executive, must imply a certain degree of confidence in the Ministry on the part of their supporters. It was well known that the bill would be resisted most strenuously by the Irish members, and many

of the English Radicals, in the House of Commons—the policy which the Whigs might adopt with regard to the measure was still doubtful, though, from the language used by some influential noblemen belonging to that party in the Upper House, it was supposed that they would support the Government. Under these circumstances, it became necessary to consider what line of conduct should be taken by the Protectionists, and for that purpose a preliminary meeting was convened. We must again quote from Mr Disraeli.

"In the present case there was only one individual who took any considerable lead in the management of the party who ventured to suggest the expediency of pausing before they pledged themselves to support an unconstitutional measure, proposed by a Government against which they were arrayed under circumstances of urgent and unusual opposition. The support of an unconstitutional measure may be expedient, but it cannot be denied that it is the most indubitable evidence of confidence. This suggestion, though received with kindness, elicited little sympathy; and Lord George Bentinck, who had not yet spoken, and who always refrained at these meetings from taking that directing part which he never wished to assume, marking the general feeling of those present, and, wishing to guide it to a practical result advantageous to their policy, observed that the support of the Coercion Bill by the Protectionists ought to be made conditional, on the Government proving the sincerity of their policy by immediately proceeding with their measure; that if life were in such danger in Ireland as was officially stated, and as he was bound to believe, no corn or customs' bill could compete in urgency with the necessity of pressing forward a bill the object of which was to prevent wholesale assassination. He was, therefore, for giving the Government a hearty support, provided they proved they were in earnest in their determination to put down murder and outrage in Ireland, by giving a priority in the conduct of business to the measure in question."

These views being approved of, Lord George Bentinck, at the earnest entreaty of all present, consented to act as their organ in the matter, and from that time was justly regarded as the Protectionist leader in the House of Commons. The Ministry, however, manifested little appreciation

mand. No speeches in favour of the Protective System have ever been made in the House of Commons compared with his in depth and range of knowledge ; and had there been any member, not connected with the Government, who had been able to vindicate the merits of British agriculture as he did when the final struggle occurred, the impression which was made by the too often unanswered speeches of the Manchester confederation would never have been effected. But the great Conservative party, exhausted by the labours of ten years of opposition, thought that, after the triumph of '41, it might claim a furlough. The defence of their cause was left entirely to the Ministers of their choice ; and Ministers, distracted with detail and wearied with official labour, are not always the most willing or the most efficient champions of the organic principles of a party."

It is not a little remarkable, and now significant, that upon this important division, gentlemen who were considered as the representatives of interests which have since suffered most severely, by the extension of the Free-Trade policy, were found opposed to the Protectionists. Thus, for example, many members who were supposed more especially to represent the West Indian interest, did not come forward in support of the land. They had, as one of them alleged, "made a satisfactory arrangement for themselves." If so, they committed a most grievous blunder ; for, in the course of a few months, the Peel ministry, with whom alone they could negotiate, were driven from office, leaving the Whigs pledged to nothing except the extension of their policy to interests which were still protected. The truth is, that Free Trade could not have been carried in the British House of Commons except by instalments. At no time was it deliberately considered as a national system, applicable to all interests. Expediency, the most questionable of all motives, was that which notoriously actuated Sir Robert Peel : and, under his guidance, members had become so accustomed to gradual innovations, that they lost sight altogether of the necessary operation of a principle. Had the representatives of the different great British and Colonial interests which have been assailed and prostrated *seriatim*, since 1846, been

aware in any degree of the policy which even then was contemplated,—could they have foreseen that the sacrifice of one industrial class was but the sure prelude to the offering of another on the altar of a heathen economy,—they would, most assuredly, have made such a determined resistance to the first innovation as even Sir Robert Peel, with all his plausibility, power, and resources, could not have overcome. But that artful strategist, by confining himself to one point of attack on each occasion, and by using terms of amity to those who were not immediately assailed, contrived to loose the common bond which should have kept the confederates together, and enabled his successors in office, since he could not accomplish it himself, to meet and vanquish them in detail. We have ever expressed ourselves strongly against that reserved policy which modern Ministers seem invariably to claim as their prerogative—against that system of enunciating a specific measure as a whole, whereas, in reality, it only forms an integral portion of their scheme. It would, according to our view, be just as prudent and as rational to pass one-half of an act of Parliament, whilst the remaining contemplated provisions were studiously concealed from the public view. A great scheme of public policy should be considered as a whole—not in fractional parts. There is a certain amount of candour which a British Minister, who duly appreciates the responsibility of his own situation, and the duty which he owes to his sovereign and his country, is bound to observe—and yet, two successive administrations at least have acted on the opposite principle. It is difficult to reconcile their course either with honesty or honour, or the generally accepted ideas of the nature of the British constitution. Now, there is no such thing as perfect confidence between Ministers and Parliament. A member may be asked any day to support a measure to which, by itself, he entertains no specific objection, but which, nevertheless, he would most certainly oppose if he knew that it were to be founded upon afterwards as part of a scheme of national policy. But no such intima-

country gentleman, whom he had himself selected and invited, but six years back, to move a vote of want of confidence in the Whig Government, in order, against the feeling of the court, to instal Sir Robert Peel in their stead.

"They trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened, and whose counsel he had so often solicited in his fine Conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens; Mr Bankes, with a Parliamentary name of two centuries, and Mr Christopher, from that broad Lincolnshire which Protection had created; and the Mileses and the Henleys were there; and the Duncombes, the Liddells, and the Yorkes; and Devon had sent there the stout heart of Mr Buck, and Wiltshire the pleasant presence of Walter Long. Mr Newdegate was there, whom Sir Robert had himself recommended to the confidence of the electors of Warwickshire, as one of whom he had the highest hopes; and Mr Alderman Thompson was there, who, also through Sir Robert's selection, had seconded the assault upon the Whigs, led on by Sir John Buller. But the list is too long, or good names remain behind.

"When Prince Metternich was informed at Dresden, with great ostentation, that the Emperor had arrived—'Yes, but without his army,' was the reply. Sir Robert Peel was still First Minister of England, as Napoleon remained for a while after Moscow. Each perhaps for a moment had indulged in hope. It is so difficult for those who are on the pinnacle of life to realise disaster. They sometimes contemplate it in their deep and far-seeing calculations, but it is only to imagine a contingency which their resources must surely baffle: they sometimes talk of it to their friends, and oftener of it to their enemies, but it is only as an insurance of their prosperity, and as an offering to propitiate their Nemesis. They never believe in it.

"The news that the Government were not only beaten, but by a majority so large as seventy-three, began to circulate. An incredulous murmur passed it along the Treasury bench.

"'They say we are beaten by 73,' whispered the most important member of the cabinet in a tone of surprise to Sir Robert Peel.

"Sir Robert did not reply, or even turn his head. He looked very grave, and extended his chin, as was his habit when he was annoyed, and cared not to speak. He began to comprehend his position, and that the Emperor was without *his army*."

So fell the curtain over the ministerial life of the Wallenstein of British politics!

We have dwelt thus far upon the measures and transactions of the famous session of 1846, because we think it highly useful, at the present day, to recall the circumstances connected with the most momentous change that ever was made on the fabric of British commercial policy. The great experiment has been made, and we have had time to judge of it by its fruits. The most remarkable of these are a continued agricultural depression in Great Britain, such as we have never known before, the rapid depopulation of Ireland, the ruin of the Scottish Highlands, the universal stagnation of the home trade in the most important branches of manufacture; and, above all, the continuance of the Income-Tax, imposed upon the middle classes ten years ago, for the purpose of stimulating those very manufactures. How these evils are to be cured—whether by extended suffrage or otherwise—our present rulers have not yet deigned to tell us; and, to say the truth, we do not expect much enlightenment on the subject from their explanation when it comes. The Whigs accepted the legacy of Sir Robert Peel, and they have found to their cost, like many other legatees, that they had better have left the succession alone. Certain liabilities there are which they cannot conveniently discharge. After all, and on a calm review of all that has taken place during late years, we cannot resist the conviction, that it would have been more prudent for the Whig party to have mitigated their lust for power, and to have allowed Sir Robert Peel to have developed his own measures. They have succeeded to the odium, without the credit, of originality. The Edinburgh letter was a dexterous card at the moment, but it was nothing more. No political document has ever been cursed more sincerely than that unhappy sheet of foolscap has since been by a majority of the landed Whigs. It rises before them, night and day, as a bar to that compromise which they are now most anxious to effect. Let them keep their minds easy; the time is not far distant when they will be relieved

from further responsibility. But what must be most galling to the gentlemen of that party—to those who followed Lord Melbourne rather than Lord John Russell, and who are Whigs rather in a traditional sense, than as pinning their faith to the late proceedings of the Cabinet—is the knowledge of that shameful mal-administration of the public funds which took place immediately after Lord John Russell accepted office. Under Whig treatment, what has Ireland become? We hesitate not to say that, at the present moment, notwithstanding the unexampled lavishness of public money which, without reckoning the exemptions of the people from imperial taxation, is within the memory of the youngest of our readers, the social position of Ireland is worse than it has been at any period that can be mentioned since the Normans took possession of its shores. And why is this? Simply because, by following out the policy of Sir Robert Peel, the Whigs struck a fatal blow at the staple produce of the island. Had the advice of Lord George Bentinck been adopted—and there was nothing save party jealousy to interfere with its adoption—there would, at this moment, have been established in Ireland a thorough railway communication, at an expense far less than that which was thrown away upon works which were positively detrimental; and one great step, at all events, would have been taken for the opening up of the sister island, which, if it complains of wrongs from the Saxon, has certainly received a most ample pecuniary compensation.

Our space will not admit of our dwelling at much greater length on the contents of this most interesting volume. The exertions of Lord George Bentinck in behalf of every assailed or depressed branch of British and Colonial industry are well known to the political reader, and have frequently, even by his opponents, been made the theme of laudation. But the vast pains which he took in procuring authentic information, upon even the most minute points of detail—the searching scrutiny to which he subjected the statements of his correspondents—the enormous amount of private labour

which he underwent in the collection and preparation of those materials which have thrown a novel light upon disputed doctrines of economy, could not be known except to a partner and sharer of his toils. They are faithfully chronicled here; nor can we peruse the record of such incessant and fearful toil without coming to the melancholy conclusion, that he sacrificed even his life for the cause of which he was the most strenuous defender.

How just are the reflections of Mr Disraeli, on the occasion of the narration of his last interview with his friend and fellow-labourer!

“About to part probably for many months, and listening to him as he spoke according to his custom, with so much fervour and sincerity, one could not refrain from musing over his singular and sudden career. It was not three years since he had in an instant occupied the minds of men. No series of parliamentary labours had ever produced so much influence in the country in so short a time. Never was a reputation so substantial built up in so brief a space. All the questions with which he had dealt were colossal questions: the laws that should regulate competition between native and foreign labour; the interference of the State in the development of the resources of Ireland; the social and commercial condition of our tropical colonies; the principles upon which our revenue should be raised; the laws that should regulate and protect our navigation. But it was not that he merely expressed opinions upon these subjects; he came forward with details in support of his principles and policy which it had been before believed none but a Minister could command. Instead of experiencing the usual and almost inevitable doom of private members of Parliament, and having his statements shattered by official information, Lord George Bentinck, on the contrary, was the assailant, and the successful assailant, of an administration on these very heads. He often did their work more effectually than all their artificial training enabled them to do it. His acute research, and his peculiar sources of information, roused the vigilance of all the public offices of the country. Since his time, there has been more care in preparing official returns and in arranging the public correspondence placed on the table of the House of Commons.”

It is well for us, and for those who are to come after us, that in an age

which has unfortunately afforded so many instances of political defalcation of principle, we can point to one great example like this, of public virtue and devotion. True—the cause which he supported so strenuously, and so bravely, has not yet been triumphant; but fame is not measured by success. Many of the names which are universally received and honoured by us as types and patterns of patriotism, were borne by men whose lives were spent in one continued struggle against falsehood and oppression, and who died without the palm of victory. Even now, we would ask, is there one, alive or dead, among the number of those who, in 1846, abandoned their political faith, whose name in any public assembly would be received with such universal tokens of reverence and respect as would that of Lord George Bentinck? Undeniedly there is none. Men who dissented from his opinions, and were strongly opposed to his conclusions, yet bear willing and ardent testimony to the greatness of his mind, the entireness of his convictions, his infinite superiority to all chicanery and deceit, and the gallantry of the effort which he made to retrieve the fortunes of his party. Upon his memory even political rancour cannot cast the shadow of a suspicion. It is quite possible that, had he lived and been successful, he might not, as a minister, have fulfilled the high expectations which he excited as a leader of Opposition. For those very qualities of mind which he possessed in an extraordinary degree, sincerity and a high sense of duty, made him reluctant to repress any opinion which he had deliberately formed, even though its enunciation might be detrimental to the interests, and hostile to the convictions, of the great majority of his party. Thus, upon two points of very large importance—the endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and the admission of Jews to Parliament without the statutory oath—Lord George Bentinck was known to entertain opinions diametrically opposed to those of the friends with whom he acted. The share which he took in the debate upon the latter of these questions not unnaturally excited a feeling of strong

dissatisfaction amongst a section of his followers, and led to a remonstrance on their part, and upon his a resignation of his functions as their leader. We allude to these passages in his career, the particulars of which are fully given by Mr Disraeli, simply as showing the extreme tenacity of opinion which Lord George Bentinck constantly displayed, and that to a degree which must undoubtedly have interfered with his usefulness had he subsequently been summoned to office. But, putting that consideration aside, it is impossible not to admire his self-devotion in pursuing a course which he believed to be the right and true one, even at the risk of alienating some of his most valuable supporters, and of being compelled to abandon the position which it had cost him such extraordinary efforts to attain. We do not share in his belief. Upon both questions we entertain views contrary to those which he held. Our conviction is, that the endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood would be another step towards the entire abnegation of Protestantism as part of the British constitution; and that the admission of Jews to Parliament would be a forfeiture of its Christian character. Still—right or wrong—we must accord honour to the man who never for one moment lost sight of honour as his guiding star, and who has left us such a noble example of devotion, and exalted patriotism.

Most earnestly do we trust that this example will not be given to us in vain! There never was a period when the gentlemen of England were more imperatively required than now, to consider the responsibility of their position, and to prepare themselves, at whatever sacrifice of ease and comfort, to take an active part in the direction of public affairs. It is impossible to deny that the political changes which have occurred during the last twenty years have tended to a very great development of practical talent among the mercantile and manufacturing classes, which has not been properly responded to by a similar exertion on the part of the aristocracy. We do not mean to insinuate that the educational standard has been lowered; but we maintain

that our gentry have not, as a body, acquired those practical habits which make men useful in public life, and that they do not readily or willingly take the pains which are necessary to qualify them for engaging in a political struggle. In these times, even the indulgence of a highly cultivated taste cannot be accepted as a valid excuse for declining the duties of a citizen. Public virtue is not passive; it is essentially active. It consists in a renunciation of our own favourite pursuits, if these are found to interfere with the discharge of those duties which are incumbent upon every man in his sphere—in the resolution to face difficulties, not to avoid them—in the glorious resolve to augment an ancestral name, where that exists, by strenuous exertions of our own. Nor is it possible to find anywhere a more signal instance of this spirit of self-denial than that afforded us by the career of Lord George Bentinck. No man was more deeply attached than he to the pursuits which he had followed from an early age—no man ever felt more poignant regret at being compelled to relinquish them. And how was he so compelled? Simply because he felt and knew that his duty called him elsewhere. Who could have blamed him, if, after recording a silent vote against the change of policy, he had relapsed into his former habits, and left the field of contest? Who could even have taunted him, so long a cipher in the House of Commons, with want of courage in not coming forward to assume a prominent place? Therefore the greater was his merit, and the more powerful the example which he has left behind him. In the roll of eminent English names his must stand conspicuous, as that of one who thought no sacrifice too mighty—not even that of life itself—to be made in the discharge of his duty; and who entered upon his task with a determination and energy indomitable, and only not successful because treachery was on the other side.

This biography cannot fail to attract the deep attention of the public. It is, we believe, the first work of the kind which Mr D'Israeli has undertaken; and, perhaps, to some of those who are familiar with the exceedingly

sparkling style in which his novels are written, the transition to a graver mood may convey a feeling of disappointment. That is a penalty always exacted under similar circumstances; but we are bound to say that, as a Political Biography, we have rarely, if ever, met with a work more dexterously handled, or more replete with interest.

The only part of this book which we should feel inclined to censure is the chapter upon the Jews, which we cannot help thinking rather out of place. The views here enforced, though ingenious, are not novel; for, if we mistake not greatly, they have been already expounded by Mr Disraeli himself. The question which has been in dependence since 1847 is not personal to the Jews, against whom, in this country, we are unable to discover the slightest trace of existing persecution. It relates simply to the Christian character of the British Senate. Baron Rothschild or Mr Salomons are not refused their seats because they are of Hebrew extraction; they are simply excluded from sitting because they openly deny themselves to be Christians.

We should also wish to direct attention to a passage in Mr Disraeli's volume, too long for quotation, but very important at the present time. It refers to the secret societies now well-known to exist in all the European states, whose revolutionary efforts have resulted in so much anarchy and bloodshed. Late events have shown that their influence is not unfelt even in this country. The absurd and blinded enthusiasm with which the leaders of revolt have been received in England—the institution amongst ourselves of sympathising associations, ostensibly for the purpose of spreading information regarding the state of foreign countries, but in reality for forwarding the views of an abandoned junta of foreign conspirators against religion, law, and society—render it very desirable that the true object of such appeals should be made known to the public, many of whom may otherwise be induced, under false pretences, to give their countenance and support to a cause which is simply that of Red Republicanism. That the Ministry are at length aware of the

danger which they have incurred by giving countenance to sedition abroad, and of the decline of British influence in the European councils, on account of the outrageous sympathy which has of late been lavished upon rebels, is a symptom of some amendment. The withdrawal from the cabinet of Lord Palmerston, who has contrived to disgust and alienate nearly the whole of our allies, is calculated to inspire us with a hope that, in future, our foreign relations may be conducted in a more friendly spirit; and, unless the infatuation of the middle classes is such that no events passing before them will open their eyes to the hideous character of Democracy and Socialism, the scenes enacted at Clemency may serve as a sufficient warning.

Let us close this necessarily hasty notice with the concluding words of the gifted author. Sad and solemn is the scene which he now recalls. In the midst of his efforts—in the prime of life, Lord George Bentinck was taken from us. We need not recall the universally expressed feeling of the public mind on that day when the woeful intelligence was made known. It was a mourning worthy of the man.

"The day of the interment was dark, and cold, and drizzling. Although the last offices were performed in the most scrupulously private manner, the feelings of the commu-

nity could not be repressed. From nine till eleven o'clock that day all the British shipping in the docks and the river, from London Bridge to Gravesend, hoisted their flags half-mast high, and minute-guns were fired from appointed stations along the Thames. The same mournful ceremony was observed in all the ports of England and Ireland; and not only in these, for the flag was half-mast high on every British ship at Antwerp, at Rotterdam, at Havre.

"Ere the last minute-gun sounded, all was over. Followed to his tomb by those brothers who, if not consoled, might at this moment be sustained by the remembrance that to him they had ever been brothers not only in name but in spirit, the vault at length closed on the mortal remains of GEORGE BENTINCK.

"One who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle; who often shared his counsels, and sometimes perhaps soothed his cares; who knew well the greatness of his nature, and esteemed his friendship among the chief of worldly blessings, has stepped aside from the strife and passion of public life to draw up this record of his deeds and thoughts, that those who come after us may form some conception of his character and career, and trace in these faithful though imperfect pages the portraiture of an ENGLISH WORTHY."

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXXXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET;
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

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THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MR ALISON'S *Life of the Duke of Marlborough* is an enchaining romance—the romance of a dazzling but stern reality; and Marlborough is its equally stern and dazzling hero. It is, moreover, a romance equally exciting and instructive to both soldier and civilian; told, too, with the scrupulous truthfulness befitting reality, and by one of sagacity sufficient to perceive that, by so doing, he would preserve the ethereal essence of the romance, rendering it intense to the reader for mere excitement, (whose name, alas! is now legion,) while irradiating the path of the plodding inquirer after mere matter of fact. We assert that in these volumes are to be found many essential elements of the most enthralling romance of actual life.* Hairbreadth personal 'scapes of the hero, from captivity and death; glorious battles, but of long doubtful issue; devouring and undying love; plots and counterplots without end, now on a grand, then on

a paltry scale, national and individual; implacable animosities, deadly jealousies; enthusiastic gratitude suddenly converted into execrable ingratitude; court favour now blazing in its zenith, then suddenly and disastrously eclipsed; stern fortitude, magnificent heroism amidst exquisite trials and tremendous dangers; the wasting anxieties of the statesman's cabinet and the warrior's tent; what would one have more? And yet there is more, and much more, to be found in these volumes, as we shall hereafter see.

Mr Alison's hero is he who was known as "the handsome Englishman;" a title conferred upon him, not by sighing ladies fair, but by a man who saw him in his blooming youth, in his twenty-second year—by no less a personage than the great warrior Turenne, under whose auspices he began playing, very eagerly, the brilliant game of soldiering. This was in the matter (as the lawyers say)

The Life of John Duke of Marlborough; with some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.D. Second edition, greatly enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1852.

* "How much do the events of real life outstrip all that romance has figured or would venture to portray!" observes Mr Alison, (vol. i. p. 403,) in describing the pious and enthusiastic greeting given by Prince Eugene to his aged mother, whom he had not seen since his youth, having been driven into exile by the haughty Louis XIV., on whom he had since inflicted such crushing defeats, and at whose expense he had become so great a hero! This interview took place at Brussels, whilst Eugene eagerly repaired, immediately after the bloody victory of Oudenarde. "For tonight I spent with her was the happiest of my life," said her laurelled son.

carefully-prepared map of France and the Netherlands, "so arranged as to show the positions of every place, in strict accordance with the text;" and plans of the battles, accurately reduced from the great German work of Kausler, "so well known from the splendour of its finishing, and the accuracy of its details." To all this we have yet to add, that Mr Alison appears also to have consulted every other work hitherto published, having reference to the personal or military life of his hero, and to be familiarly acquainted with everything of importance that has appeared, either contemporaneously or subsequently, concerning the part which the Duke of Marlborough took, or is supposed to have taken, in the momentous politics of the day.

We have taken the trouble of being thus particular, out of justice to Mr Alison; for without this detail, neither the value nor the extent of his labours could have been appreciated by the reader; who, if he share our fate, will be carried evenly and rapidly along, from the beginning to the end of these two eloquent volumes, charmed with the result, but never adverting to the laborious and praiseworthy *process*. And we repeat that all this is thoroughly *tanti*—as a matter of even justice to the sedulously-slandered illustrious dead, in this respect sharing the fate of a prophet, who is not without honour, *save in his own country*, (for abroad, Marlborough's memory is radiant with imperishable glory,) and also because, as we have intimated, there is a portentous resemblance between Marlborough's time and our own. He was the great champion of Protestantism, in its tremendous encounter with Popery, of which Louis XIV. was the worthy and formidable exponent. "The siege of Lille," says Mr Alison, at the close of his first volume, "one of the most memorable and glorious of which there is any mention in history, like those of Troy and Carthage in ancient, and Malta and Jerusalem in modern times, was not merely the theatre of contest between rival powers, but of struggle between contending principles and rival faiths.

The great contest between the Romish Church and the Reformation ultimately issued, as all such schisms in belief must issue, in a terrible war. Louis was the head of the ancient, Marlborough the champion of the new, faith. The circumstance of the Spanish Succession was but an accident, which brought into the field forces on either side, previously arranged under these opposite banners. It was the great division of men's minds which drew them forth, in such strength, into the field of war."* Now let any *thinking* person of 1852 survey the existing attitudes of these fearful and implacable belligerents, as exhibited in their relations, both in this country and on the Continent, and in certain recently-developed political conditions, which they are rapidly moulding, and arranging with a view to action on a scale such as the world has perhaps never witnessed; and the "boldest may hold his breath for a time." He will at length, probably, ask, not without anxiety—Where are we to look for *our* Marlborough by and by? and perhaps he may add, with an indignant sigh, We would not treat him as our fathers treated *theirs*!

The romance of the *Life of Marlborough* begins with the very beginning of that life. He bursts upon us a beautiful boy, fascinating everybody by his charming manners—the little heir to the all but ruined fortunes of an ancient and loyal family, which, on the father's side, had come in with the Conqueror, while in his mother's veins ran the blood of the illustrious Sir Francis Drake. He had an only sister, who, a victim to the licentiousness of the times, became mistress of the future James II., the great patron of her brother, and to whom she bore a son: who, as Duke of Berwick, was destined, almost single-handed, to uphold the tottering throne of Louis XIV. against the terrible sword of her brother! That son, commanding the forces of France and Spain during the War of the Succession, almost counterbalanced, by his military genius, his uncle's victories in Germany and Flanders! Lord Boling-

* Vol. i. p. 447, 448.

functions, unless she records truthfully, for the guidance of mankind, both the faults and the excellencies of the great characters whom she has undertaken to delineate. Without scrupulous fidelity here, history may degenerate into a libel, and a lie—a lie of unspeakable baseness, for it is regarding the dead, who cannot burst indignant from the tomb in which they were laid with honour, it may have been amidst the tears and sighs of a proud and bereaved nation;—a lie of unspeakable wickedness, for it is designed to live, and, living, to lie to all future ages, in proportion to the strength of the pen which writes it. These are truths to which the heart of mankind instantly responds; and we enunciate them here, only by way of making *continual claim*, to adopt the now exploded phraseology of English law, upon the attention of all biographers and historians. Not that we think this to have been rendered necessary by any recent and glaring cases—for we know of none whatever among English men of letters, in the departments just referred to, in which we have detected any *intention* to slander the dead, or misrepresent the living. We indignantly repudiate the bare possibility; and only desire to impress the necessity of a caution all but excessive, in making derogatory imputations upon the dead, through placing too great a reliance upon the tittle-tattle of days gone by, written or spoken; upon the means of knowledge possessed by those who gave currency to discreditable rumours; and the trustworthiness of contemporaries, often eager rivals outwitted in the game, and distanced in the race of life and distinction, by him whom they thereupon revengefully resolve to blacken before the eyes of posterity. We concur, in a word, cordially with Lord Mahon in saying that which we are bound to add he has uniformly acted up to, in his candid, luminous, and elegant *History*: “Unjustly to lower the fame of a political adversary, or unjustly to raise the fame of an ancestor—to state any fact without sufficient authority, or draw any character with-

out thorough conviction, implies not merely literary failure, *but moral guilt.*” *

That the Duke of Marlborough is one of the foremost figures in the picture of England's glory, in that radiant quarter crowded by her warriors and statesmen, is undeniable; and so is Lord Bacon, who stands forth among her philosophers a very giant. But would any biographer or historian deal justly, who failed to apprise us of the real blot upon the character of each? Surely, however, he would not dwell upon that blot with eagerness or exultation! but point it out in the spirit of a benignant sadness—in the reluctant discharge of a painful duty—and that only after having deliberately weighed everything that a judicial mind would require, before arriving at a conclusion so humiliating to humanity.

Four living writers—of high personal character, of great eminence in the ranks of literature, and characterised almost equally by painstaking industry in the collection of materials, but clothing the results of their researches in very different styles of composition—have respectively placed on record their deliberate estimate of the moral and political character of the Duke of Marlborough. These writers are—Mr Hallam, Lord Mahon, Mr Macaulay, and Mr Alison. Mr Hallam's writings are already English classics. He is a stern, straightforward, independent, learned man, of great and exact knowledge. His style is pure, yet characterised chiefly by a kind of rugged vigour. Thus has *he*, in his *Constitutional History*, dealt with the Duke of Marlborough: “What, then, must we think, if we find, in the whole of this great man's political life, nothing but ambition and rapacity in his motives, nothing but treachery and intrigue in his means? In short, his whole life was such a picture of meanness and treachery that we must rate military services very high indeed, to preserve any esteem for his memory.” “The extreme selfishness and treachery of his character make it difficult to believe that he had any further view

* *History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to that of Aix-la-Chapelle*, vol. i. p. 8.

than to secure himself in the event of a revolution, which he deemed probable. His interest, which was always his deity, did not lie in that direction; and his great sagacity must have perceived it." These are blighting words, and they fall from a writer of great authority, yet liable to the suspicion of occasionally labouring, however unconsciously, under political bias. Lord Mahon, in his *History of England*, speaks with the utmost temper, forbearance, and unwillingness, but in unequivocal condemnation of one important act of Marlborough. He states that "the extent of infidelity" to the cause of the Revolution, among leading ministerial statesmen, "which has more recently come to light from the publication of original papers, is truly appalling. Above all, it is with shame and sorrow that I write it, the Duke of Marlborough's conduct to the Stuarts is, indeed, a foul blot on his illustrious name." After reciting facts which seem, unfortunately, incontestable, he adds, mournfully, "What defence can possibly be offered for such conduct?" Mr Macaulay writes in a spirit of deadly detestation of Marlborough. This gentleman, it need hardly be said, is a gifted disciple of the same political school as Mr Hallam; and, without desiring to convey erroneous inferences and impressions, he seems to us, nevertheless, a glaring instance of one-sidedness. Mr Macaulay is a man of very great ability; and his *History* promises to constitute a splendid addition to the stock of enduring English literature. It will also have a powerful and wide-spread influence, whether for good or for evil, over the minds not only of literary and political students, but of that huge class who are content to let others think for them; for its tone is one very confident and peremptory; the knowledge which it displays is obviously as extensive as minute; and he is a consummate master of English, and writes with such alluring brilliance as renders it nearly impossible to lay down his volumes till the perusal of them has been finished, or to pause, as one goes along, to reflect and weigh. Hence the great moral responsibility which such

a writer incurs; and all are interested in warning him, as he proceeds with his great undertaking, to throw himself as thoroughly as he may be able into the *judicial* character. We wish that such a writer had never cared a single straw for either Whig or Tory! As for his style, it is one of ceaseless glitter, and lacks the simplicity, repose, and dignity of history. What a contrast to the immortal composition of Hume! to whom he stands in perilous proximity, absolutely challenging comparison. Before parting with this brilliant writer, we would, as one of the public which is proud of him, offer him, in the most friendly spirit, an earnest hint that he would, in continuing his labours, disengage the true events of history from merely local and temporary details; and be searchingly on his guard in dealing with characters and principles which run counter to his own views and opinions. Let us now see in what terms Mr Macaulay has ventured to speak of one of the greatest men who ever figured in our history. He says that Marlborough was a man "not less distinguished by avarice and baseness than by capacity and energy—as one whose renown was strangely made up of infamy and glory; thrifty in his very vices, levying ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers." A "letter written with a certain elevation, was a sure mark that he was going to commit a baseness." Another is written "with that decorum which he never failed to preserve in the midst of guilt and dishonour." And finally, he *already* thus stands before posterity in the pages of Mr Macaulay:—

"So inconsistent is human nature, that there are tender spots even in seared consciences. And thus this man, [!] who had owed his rise in life to his sister's shame, who had been kept by the most profuse, imperious, and shameless of harlots, and whose public life, to those who can look steadily through the dazzling blaze of genius and glory, will appear a prodigy of turpitude, believed implicitly in the religion which he had learned [!] as a boy, and shuddered at the thought of formally abjuring it. A terrible alternative was before him. The earthly evil which he most dreaded was poverty. The one

crime from which his heart recoiled was apostacy. And if the designs of the Court succeeded, he could not doubt that, between poverty and apostacy, he must soon make his choice. He therefore determined to cross those desigus; and it soon appeared that there was no guilt and no disgrace which he was not ready to incur, in order to escape from the necessity of parting either with his places or with his religion." *

Such was Marlborough, according to Mr Macaulay; and when we bear in mind that he has yet to deal with thirty-four years' public life of this illustrious personage, whom he may at this moment be painting in, if possible, still darker colours than the above, we may feel excused in feeling anxiety, not only on patriotic grounds, but on Mr Macaulay's own account.

The last of our four living writers dealing with Marlborough is Mr Alison—a gentleman who has conferred world-wide service, and earned an enduring celebrity in English letters, by the fidelity and power with which he has recorded the mightiest series of events which the world has hitherto seen, and enforced their true teaching. That his *History of Europe* is not open to criticism, it were childishness to deny; but the *macule* totally disappear when set against his uniform and even fastidious fidelity, his prodigious industry, his dispassionate candour in dealing with men and events, his huge accumulation of important, instructive, and deeply-interesting facts—which, but for him, might have been irrecoverably scattered abroad—and his vivid and picturesque eloquence. Few must they be of his readers who have not hung breathless over his battle-scenes on flood and field; hearing again the awful roar of the cannonade, the deadly rattle of musketry, the thundering charge of cavalry, the steady tramp of vast columns of infantry; beholding the glistening of sabre and bayonet, and all the bloody scene, now fearfully visible, and then, again, as fearfully invisible, for a while, amid the sulphurous smoke! Again, Mr Alison always *places* his attentive reader well, before entering into the battle or siege; giving him an admirable idea of localities, without a know-

ledge of which his picture would become like the cloudy but glistening confusion of the later productions of Turner. All this, however, is subordinate to the moral and political aspect of those turbulent times and multitudinous transactions with which Mr Alison had to deal—an aspect which he keeps steadily before his reader's eye, and thus instructs while delighting him; making the past truly and practically tributary to the future. He is ever watchful of the effect produced on affairs, civil or military, by overmastering personal character, which, with its workings, he develops patiently and distinctly: and so with combinations of men and parties; with systems of policy abruptly changed, or subtly varied to suit purposes, and gain objects, not at first sight visible or easily suspected. Either by natural constitution or from long habit, there may be observed in Mr Alison a disposition to take large views of human affairs—to deal with mankind and their transactions in masses, and on a grand scale—a tendency this, which, if accompanied by accurate thinking, and due attention to details, proportionably indicates the highest order of historical genius. But we must repeat the remark, and with it close these general observations, that Mr Alison's capital qualification as an author, especially a biographical and historical author, appears to us to be his unvarying love of truth, in comparison with which all other objects which can be contemplated by an author are absolutely as nothing.

It was with no little interest that we saw the announcement of Mr Alison's being engaged upon an elaborate Life of Marlborough, who would now be depicted by the same brilliant and faithful pencil which has delineated Wellington. These are two of the names which glitter brightest in the rolls of fame, and Mr Alison is able thoroughly to appreciate each. Let us ask, in passing, what if these two heroes had changed times and places? Each was thrown on troubled and terrible times; each possessed great intellect, and resplendent military genius. Would Marlborough

* MACAULAY'S *History of England, from the Accession of James II.*, p. 255.

infinite importance to have better known than in fact it is.

If Mr Alison's object, in the work before us, were to produce a *biography*, to delineate character, and so to group events as to illustrate *individuality*—he has eminently succeeded; but his very success renders it difficult for those in our position to allow him to speak for himself, as copiously as doubtless he, and also our readers, would wish. As he has mastered his subject, so have we mastered his treatment of it, as, at least, we suppose; and as he took his own course, so shall we; wishing that we could give our readers the pleasure which his book has afforded ourselves. In order, however, to attain that object, they must read the book itself; and to induce them to do so, we proceed to indicate its leading characteristics in our own words, using his own, as far as is consistent with our space and our object.

To appreciate the mighty doings of Marlborough, let us glance for a moment at the position in which he found, and the position in which he left, the redoubtable Louis XIV.—him whose memory is for ever rendered detestable by his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and his bloody exterminating persecution of the Protestants. Marlborough found him the centre of a galaxy of glory of almost every description of military, political, and intellectual distinction. He was blazing in the zenith of his power and success: he was making France the world, and installing the Roman Catholic religion in a black and bloody predominance. "Unbroken good fortune," says Mr Alison, "had attended all his enterprises, since he had launched into the career of foreign aggrandisement." But how did Marlborough leave him? Let the dying monarch speak for himself. When he felt death ap-

proaching, he ordered his infant heir, afterwards Louis XV., to be brought to his bedside; and placing his lean and withered hand* on the head of the child, said with a firm voice,— "My child, you are about to become a great king; but your happiness will depend on your submission to God, and on the care which you take of your subjects. To attain that, you must avoid as much as you can engaging in wars, which are the ruin of the people: do not follow in that respect the bad example which I have given you. I have often engaged in wars from levity, and continued in them from vanity. Do not imitate me, but become a pacific prince." Thus he had learned, at last, a great lesson through the tremendous teaching of Marlborough!†

That great man seems to have fathomed the character and the purposes of Louis, in all their depth and comprehensiveness, from the first, with an intuitive sagacity; and the patient determination with which he carried out, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, his own great conceptions, exhibits perhaps the grandest spectacle that history can point to, in the case of a single individual. The reader of these volumes will frequently boil over with indignation at the obstacles which were thrown in the way of Marlborough, by envy, faction, selfishness, and stupidity interposing, with a fell punctuality, at almost every great crisis during his career, and blighting the most splendid prospects of success. One only a little inferior in magnanimity to Marlborough would have broken down on many different occasions, and fled from the scene of action in disgust and despair. With him, however, it was not so; and yet he was a man of keen sensibility, and has left on record various traces of heart-wrung anguish. Here are

* ALISON, ii. p. 300.

† "Even the great William," says Professor Smyth, "trained up amid a life of difficulties and war, with an intrepid heart and a sound understanding, was able only to stay the enterprises of Louis; successfully to resist, but not to humble him. It was for Marlborough to teach that unprincipled monarch the danger of ambition, and the instability of human grandeur; it was for Marlborough to disturb his dreams of pleasure and of pride, by filling them with spectres of terror and images of desolation." The lecture from which this is taken is well worthy of a careful

sent Duke of Marlborough. In the lumber-room of a house for a long series of years used as the steward's residence, there lay, one upon another, three large boxes; and it was in the undermost one that Mr Whately made the fortunate discovery, with which his name will ever be deservedly associated, of eighteen folio books, bound in vellum—ineestimable documents! "being," says that gentleman, "manuscript copies of despatches and letters of John Duke of Marlborough, in English, French, and some few in Latin,"—extending over the resplendent *decennium* from 1702–1712. These had been, to that moment, totally unknown to any one living; and, what is exceedingly singular, had also escaped the watchful and anxious eye of Archdeacon Coxe, the author of the compendious, elaborate, and authentic "Life" of the great Duke. These precious documents were placed in the hands of an eminent and accomplished military authority, the late Sir George Murray, who published at intervals, beginning in 1845, a selection from the *Despatches*, in five large octavo volumes, most ably edited, with copious historical and military notes. As Mr Alison has remarked, Sir George's *Marlborough Despatches* constitute a work of inestimable importance to the historian, and also to the military reader; but they will rarely, if ever, be opened by the general reader. We ourselves have turned from its pages, more than once, hopelessly, with yet a feeling that they contained matter of great interest and importance to a competent and determined military or historical reader. This is Mr Alison's first and richest mine, sunk in his own country. In quest of another he crosses the Channel, and there encounters the *Military Life of Marlborough*, in three volumes, written in France in 1807, at the instance of his mighty admirer, Napoleon: * "towards the composition of which," says Sir George Murray, "every facility of information was

afforded which the power of the Emperor could command." This Mr Alison pronounces "the best military narrative of the Duke's exploits which has yet appeared." But Mr Alison is indebted to France for another grand source of authentic information on "the Continental side of the great wars waged by Marlborough"—General *Pelot's* Collection of original Memoirs and Despatches, published in nine quarto volumes, and entitled, "*Mémoires Militaire Relatifs à la Succession d'Espagne*." Again, we have the *Dutch* account of this ever-memorable war, published at the Hague in 1721—the "magnificent work" of *Rousset*, in three volumes folio. And yet again, *Kausler's* "admirable summary of great battles, collected from the best authorities, and annexed to his splendid military Atlas." To these must be added, Archdeacon Coxe's *Life*, in three volumes quarto—"the most authentic and valuable which exists," founded on a close examination of all the correspondence known to be in existence at the time; but liable to a serious drawback—that "it is long and expensive, and too full of long documents, and letters, *in the text*." What are all these works, exclaims the embarrassed general reader, to me!—having neither time, nor inclination, nor means for mastering them? You might as well place a man seeking for a richly-chased golden goblet in the midst of the Californian or Australian gold-fields, and point him with exultation to piles of sacks filled with the auriferous dust! Now Mr Alison has, in the two moderate-sized volumes before us, presented the impatient applicant with his desired goblet, and entitled himself thereby to due gratitude. He is scrupulous in owning his obligations, and also in enabling his reader at once, if disposed, to verify facts, and extend his inquiries, by placing at the end of every paragraph, as in his *History of Europe*, the authorities on which that paragraph is founded. To these are added a very

* "Napoleon hummed the well-known air, *Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*, when he crossed the Niemen to commence the Russian campaign. The French nurses used to frighten their children with stories of *Malbrook*!—as the Orientals, when their horses start, say they see the shadow of Richard Cœur-de-Lion crossing their path." —*Pref.*, iv. v.

carefully-prepared map of France and the Netherlands, "so arranged as to show the positions of every place, in strict accordance with the text;" and plans of the battles, accurately reduced from the great German work of Kausler, "so well known from the splendour of its finishing, and the accuracy of its details." To all this we have yet to add, that Mr Alison appears also to have consulted every other work hitherto published, having reference to the personal or military life of his hero, and to be familiarly acquainted with everything of importance that has appeared, either contemporaneously or subsequently, concerning the part which the Duke of Marlborough took, or is supposed to have taken, in the momentous politics of the day.

We have taken the trouble of being thus particular, out of justice to Mr Alison; for without this detail, neither the value nor the extent of his labours could have been appreciated by the reader; who, if he share our fate, will be carried evenly and rapidly along, from the beginning to the end of these two eloquent volumes, charmed with the result, but never adverting to the laborious and praiseworthy *process*. And we repeat that all this is thoroughly *tanti*—as a matter of even justice to the sedulously-slandered illustrious dead, in this respect sharing the fate of a prophet, who is not without honour, *save in his own country*, (for abroad, Marlborough's memory is radiant with imperishable glory,) and also because, as we have intimated, there is a portentous resemblance between Marlborough's time and our own. He was the great champion of Protestantism, in its tremendous encounter with Popery, of which Louis XIV. was the worthy and formidable exponent. "The siege of Lille," says Mr Alison, at the close of his first volume, "one of the most memorable and glorious of which there is any mention in history, like those of Troy and Carthage in ancient, and Malta and Jerusalem in modern times, was not merely the theatre of contest between rival powers, but of struggle between contending principles and rival faiths.

The great contest between the Romish Church and the Reformation ultimately issued, as all such schisms in belief must issue, in a terrible war. Louis was the head of the ancient, Marlborough the champion of the new, faith. The circumstance of the Spanish Succession was but an accident, which brought into the field forces on either side, previously arranged under these opposite banners. It was the great division of men's minds which drew them forth, in such strength, into the field of war."* Now let any *thinking* person of 1852 survey the existing attitudes of these fearful and implacable belligerents, as exhibited in their relations, both in this country and on the Continent, and in certain recently-developed political conditions, which they are rapidly moulding, and arranging with a view to action on a scale such as the world has perhaps never witnessed; and the "boldest may hold his breath for a time." He will at length, probably, ask, not without anxiety—Where are we to look for *our* Marlborough by and by? and perhaps he may add, with an indignant sigh, We would not treat him as our fathers treated *theirs*!

The romance of the *Life of Marlborough* begins with the very beginning of that life. He bursts upon us a beautiful boy, fascinating everybody by his charming manners—the little heir to the all but ruined fortunes of an ancient and loyal family, which, on the father's side, had come in with the Conqueror, while in his mother's veins ran the blood of the illustrious Sir Francis Drake. He had an only sister, who, a victim to the licentiousness of the times, became mistress of the future James II., the great patron of her brother, and to whom she bore a son: who, as Duke of Berwick, was destined, almost single-handed, to uphold the tottering throne of Louis XIV. against the terrible sword of her brother! That son, commanding the forces of France and Spain during the War of the Succession, almost counterbalanced, by his military genius, his uncle's victories in Germany and Flanders! Lord Boling-

* Vol. i. p. 447, 448.

broke said of the nephew, that "he was the *best* great man that ever existed"—and of the uncle, that "he was the perfection of genius, matured by experience—the greatest general and greatest minister that our country, or any other, has produced." These two great personages were signalised by the same grand qualities of military genius, of humanity in war, of virtuous conduct in private life: would, however, we could say that the elder hero had no bar sinister on his moral, as the younger had on his heraldic, 'scutcheon! Forgetting, however, for a moment, that solitary blot—would we could forget it for ever!—let us concur with Mr Alison in noting so singular and interesting a coincidence, that "England has equal cause to be proud of her victories, and her defeats, in that warfare; for they both were owing to the military genius of the same family, and that, *one of her own*."* There was a difference of twenty years between them; and it is again singular, that each, at the same early age, fifteen, showed a sudden irrepressible ardour for arms, impelling them, at the same age, to quit the seductive splendour of the court of Charles II. for foreign service—the uncle, as a volunteer in the expedition to Tangiers, against the Moors; the nephew, twenty years afterwards, against the Turks, under Charles, duke of Lorraine, in Hungary. It is indeed a most extraordinary fact, already adverted to, that, while the uncle all but subverted the throne of France by his Flemish campaigns, and, but for infamous domestic faction, would have done so, his nephew, single-handed, preserved that of Spain for the house of Bourbon! If this be the first step in this romance of reality, the next is one profoundly sug-

gestive to a contemplative mind. We have spoken of a splendid *Decennium* in the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns—that from 1702 to 1712. But what a preceding *Quinquennium*—that from 1672 to 1677—have we here, for a moment, before us! The "handsome young Englishman"—an idol among the profligate beauties of the court of Charles II.—had made at length a conquest of his celebrated and favourite mistress, the Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland. To remove so dangerous a rival in her fickle affections,† Charles gave him a company in the Guards, and then sent him to the Continent—*proh pudor!*—to aid Louis XIV. in subduing the United Provinces. There he sedulously learnt the art of war under Louis's consummate generals, Turenne, Condé, and Vauban: thus acquiring, under Louis's own auspices, that masterly knowledge of the science of war, which was destined to be wielded so soon afterwards, with triumphant and destructive energy, against himself! How little was such a contingency dreamed of, when Louis XIV. publicly, at the head of his army, thanked the handsome young hero for his services, and afterwards prevailed on his brother sovereign, Charles, to promote him to high command! And here is suggested the first of several deeply interesting and instructive parallels to be found in this work, between our own incomparable Wellington, and his illustrious predecessor: that Wellington went through the same practical course of study, but in inverse order—his first campaign being *against* the French, in Flanders, and his next against the bastions of Tippoo, and the Mahratta horse, in Hindostan. Shortly after his return occurred that event which is of great

* Vol. ii. p. 298.

† It would seem that Charles II. would have surprised him, on one occasion, in the company of the Countess; but, to save her credit with the King, he leaped through the window at the risk of his life; in return for which she presented him with £5000. With reference to this latter part of the business may be noted a diversity between two of Marlborough's biographers. Archdeacon Coxe ludicrously attempts to explain this splendid present of £5000, on the ground of Churchill's being in some way *distantly related* to the Duchess! "If the reverend Archdeacon," says Mr Alison—with a quaint approach to sarcasm very rare with him—"had been as well acquainted with *women* as he was with *his books*, he would have known that beautiful ladies do not, in general, bestow £5000 on distant cousins, whatever they may do on favourite lovers!"

importance in the lives of all men to whom it happens—marriage; but which to the young soldier was pregnant, for both good and evil, with immense influence upon the whole of his future career, and also upon his personal character. He married the beautiful lady in attendance on the Princess Anne—Miss Sarah Jennings, of spotless purity of character, and like himself, of an ancient and ruined Royalist family. He was then in his twenty-eighth, she in her eighteenth year: and, to anticipate for a moment, after a fond union of forty-four years' duration, he died in his seventy-second year; she, twenty-two years afterwards, in her eighty-fourth! Want of fortune for some time delayed their union, which, however, an enthusiastic declaration of his passion at length accelerated. She married, in the young and already celebrated general, a man of not only transcendent capacity, but gentle and generous feelings, and a magnanimity which displayed itself on a thousand trying occasions. Their hearts were passionately true to each other, through every moment of their protracted union. Her fair fame was never, even in those days of impunity, tarnished by the momentary breath of slander. She possessed great talents, but was also of a haughty ambitious temper, bent upon aggrandisement, and grievously avaricious; and to the ascendancy over her husband, which she maintained unabated from first to last, may perhaps be attributed the development of those features in his character which have excited the grief of honourable posterity, and afforded scope for the foulest misrepresentations of his conduct and motives to contemporary and succeeding traducers, rabid with the virus of political hostility. Though impatient to quit the topic, but only for the present, we shall here advert to Marlborough's inexcusable conduct towards James II., for the purpose of citing a passage in the Duchess's own Vindication, on which Mr Macaulay relies, as conclusively demonstrating the mercenary motives influencing Marlborough. That passage, however, does not necessarily sustain the

imputation made by Mr Macaulay, though it may justify a suspicion of the sort of motives which *she* might have been in the habit of urging on her confiding husband:—"It were evident to all the world that, as things were carried on by King James II., everybody, sooner or later, *must be ruined* who would not become a Roman Catholic. *This* consideration made me very well pleased at the Prince of Orange's undertaking to rescue me from such slavery."*

That Marlborough should be in high favour with William III. may be easily conceived; for he not only essentially facilitated the enterprise of William, but actively supported him in all those critical measures necessary to consolidate his power and strengthen his novel and splendid position. He acquitted himself so admirably in the Netherlands in 1689, in Ireland in 1690, and again in Flanders in 1691, where he served under William himself, that he was on the way to almost unbounded power with William. But behold! to the consternation of the whole country, almost immediately after his return with William, early in 1692, he was suddenly arrested and committed to the Tower, on a charge of *high treason*, in having entered into an association for bringing about the restoration of James II.! As the charge, however, could not be legally substantiated—and was indeed proved to have been supported by fabricated evidence†—he was liberated, but not restored for a considerable time to his former position, there being good reason for believing him, at all events, no stranger to a clandestine correspondence with the exiled family. Well, indeed, may Lord Mahon lament his "perseverance in these deplorable intrigues."‡ We concur with Mr Alison in his remark, that, with all the light subsequently thrown on Marlborough's history, upon this portion of it there still rests a mystery: and moreover, within five years afterwards he was completely reinstated in William's confidence; and in June 1698 the King positively intrusted his recently-discarded servant with the all-important function of tutor

* MACAULAY, 256, note.

† ALISON, i. 22.

‡ MAHON, i. 21, 22.

to the young Duke of Gloucester, William's nephew, and heir-presumptive to the throne!—saying, on apprising him of the appointment, “My lord, *make my nephew to resemble yourself*, and he will be everything which I can desire!” When William's stern and guarded character is borne in mind, this transaction becomes exceedingly remarkable. Marlborough continued ever after to rise higher and higher in the confidence of his sovereign, who thrice named him one of the Lords Justiciars, to whom the administration of affairs in this country was intrusted, during William's absence in Holland; and also appointed him, in 1701, ambassador-extraordinary at the Hague, and commander-in-chief of the Allied forces in Flanders. This double appointment, observes Mr Alison, in effect invested Marlborough with the entire direction of affairs civil and military, so far as England was concerned, on the Continent. And even yet further, previously to his unexpected death shortly afterwards, William enjoined on his successor, the Princess Anne, that she should intrust Marlborough with the supreme direction of the affairs of the kingdom, both civil and military! Three days after her accession, accordingly, she made him a Knight of the Garter, Captain-general of the English forces at home and abroad, Master-general of the Ordnance, and Plenipotentiary at the Hague; Lady Marlborough, Mistress of the Robes and Ranger of Windsor Forest; and her two daughters Ladies of the Bedchamber. He instantly went over to the Netherlands to assume the command of the Allied army, sixty thousand strong, then lying before Nimeguen, threatened by a superior French force; and, after displaying infinite skill, succeeded in constructing that famous Alliance which was soon to work such wonders in Europe. Here commences the lustrous *decennium* of which we have spoken; and, most fortunately, here also, as we have seen, commence the Despatches so recently recovered. Here he became invested with that unsullied and im-

perishable glory, which dazzled all eyes but those of his rancorous and inveterate detractors; who were probably influenced not only by venomous jealousy, the canker of little minds, but also, in no slight degree, by his having extinguished all their fond hopes of his co-operation in restoring the discarded Stuarts.

From this point Mr Alison starts brilliantly on his course of chequered and exciting narrative, military and political; revelling amidst marches, counter-marches, feints, surprises, stratagems, sieges, battles; intercalating vivid glimpses of domestic tenderness, grief, and joy; then the plots and counter-plots of tortuous faction and intrigue, in the senate, in the cabinet, and even in the palace. And with all this, the interest ever centres in one object—

“In shape and gesture proudly eminent,”

John Duke of Marlborough: not because the author appears to wish it, but because of his faithfulness; he has almost unconsciously exhibited his hero, equally whether off his guard or on his guard, manifesting the full power and intensity of a grand character impressing its will upon men and affairs, irresistibly, and in defiance of agencies capable of annihilating one only a single degree inferior to the energy which in Marlborough mastered everything, everybody. “To write the life of Marlborough,” said the late eloquent Professor Smyth of Cambridge,* “is to write the history of the reign of Queen Anne;” let us add—and also, to write it in light. Mr Alison makes a similar observation in the preface to his present work. He intimates that Marlborough was so great that his Life runs into general history: exactly as he who undertakes to write the history of the French Revolution will soon find his narrative turn into the biographies of Wellington and Napoleon, so he who sets about the Life of Marlborough will ere long find that he has insensibly become engaged in a general history of the War of the Succession. Well, be it so, if only because that war it is of

* Lectures in Modern History, delivered in the University of Cambridge. (Lecture xxiii.)

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If Mr Alison's object, in the work before us, were to produce a *biography*, to delineate character, and so to group events as to illustrate *individuality*—he has eminently succeeded; but his very success renders it difficult for those in our position to allow him to speak for himself, as copiously as doubtless he, and also our readers, would wish. As he has mastered his subject, so have we mastered his treatment of it, as, at least, we suppose; and as he took his own course, so shall we; wishing that we could give our readers the pleasure which his book has afforded ourselves. In order, however, to attain that object, they must read the book itself; and to induce them to do so, we proceed to indicate its leading characteristics in our own words, using his own, as far as is consistent with our space and our object.

To appreciate the mighty doings of Marlborough, let us glance for a moment at the position in which he found, and the position in which he left, the redoubtable Louis XIV.—him whose memory is for ever rendered detestable by his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and his bloody exterminating persecution of the Protestants. Marlborough found him the centre of a galaxy of glory of almost every description of military, political, and intellectual distinction. He was blazing in the zenith of his power and success: he was making France the world, and installing the Roman Catholic religion in a black and bloody predominance. "Unbroken good fortune," says Mr Alison, "had attended all his enterprises, since he had launched into the career of foreign aggrandisement." But how did Marlborough leave him? Let the dying monarch speak for himself. When he felt death ap-

proaching, he ordered his infant heir, afterwards Louis XV., to be brought to his bedside; and placing his lean and withered hand* on the head of the child, said with a firm voice,—“My child, you are about to become a great king; but your happiness will depend on your submission to God, and on the care which you take of your subjects. To attain that, you must avoid as much as you can engaging in wars, which are the ruin of the people: do not follow in that respect the bad example which I have given you. I have often engaged in wars from levity, and continued in them from vanity. Do not imitate me, but become a pacific prince.” Thus he had learned, at last, a great lesson through the tremendous teaching of Marlborough!†

That great man seems to have fathomed the character and the purposes of Louis, in all their depth and comprehensiveness, from the first, with an intuitive sagacity; and the patient determination with which he carried out, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, his own great conceptions, exhibits perhaps the grandest spectacle that history can point to, in the case of a single individual. The reader of these volumes will frequently boil over with indignation at the obstacles which were thrown in the way of Marlborough, by envy, faction, selfishness, and stupidity interposing, with a fell punctuality, at almost every great crisis during his career, and blighting the most splendid prospects of success. One only a little inferior in magnanimity to Marlborough would have broken down on many different occasions, and fled from the scene of action in disgust and despair. With him, however, it was not so; and yet he was a man of keen sensibility, and has left on record various traces of heart-wrung anguish. Here are

* ALISON, ii. p. 300.

† “Even the great William,” says Professor Smyth, “trained up amid a life of difficulties and war, with an intrepid heart and a sound understanding, was able only to stay the enterprises of Louis; successfully to resist, but not to humble him. It was for Marlborough to teach that unprincipled monarch the danger of ambition, and the instability of human grandeur; it was for Marlborough to disturb his dreams of pleasure and of pride, by filling them with spectres of terror and images of desolation.” The lecture from which this is taken is well worthy of a careful perusal.

one or two, among many scattered over these volumes:—"The unreasonable opposition I have met with has so heated my blood that I am almost mad."—"I am, at this moment, *ten years* older than I was four days ago!"—"My spirits are so broke, that whenever I can get from this employment, I must live quietly, or die."—"My crosses make my life a burthen to me." All this while, nevertheless, the great warrior-statesman was steadily, yet rapidly, demolishing the vast fabric of French power and glory, and building up in massive proportions that of his own country. "More, perhaps, than to any other man," justly observes Mr Alison at the close of his work, "Marlborough was the architect of England's greatness; for he at once established on a solid basis the Protestant succession, which secured its religious freedom, and vanquished the formidable enemy which threatened its national independence. His mighty arm bequeathed to his country the honour and the happiness of the eighteenth century—the happiest period, by the admission of all historians, which has dawned upon the world since that of the Antonines in ancient story."*

Let us now take a very hasty view of his radiant career, remembering the while that he ever bore about with him that which hung like a millstone round his neck—his indefensible conduct towards James II., the recollection of which must have galled and chafed the sensitive spirit of a soldier infinitely more than was known to any human being.

Mr Alison opens with a very imposing picture of the state of public affairs, both in this country and on the Continent, when Marlborough commenced his campaigns; and also delineates with truth and force the characters of the leading actors, all remarkable personages. Louis XIV. stands foremost, and is sketched with freedom and power.† Then come

James II., William III., Queen Anne, Charles XII., Prince Eugene, and last of all Marlborough, who, at the close of his first campaign, was regarded, both at home and abroad, as "*The Man of Destiny*," raised up by Providence to rescue the Protestant religion and the liberties of Europe from the thralldom of France."‡ It is impossible to conceive any conjuncture of circumstances more critical and perilous than those of this country at the period in question. Not only our religion, but our independence as a nation, and the very existence of social order, were at stake. If one may use such an expression, the odds were immensely against us—against all who were opposed to the giant energy of Louis XIV. The first step to be taken was to form an alliance against him—and it was undertaken by Marlborough with consummate ability; then to induce the British Cabinet to take its right place as "the very soul of the Grand Alliance"—in that, also, he at length succeeded; and then came the trumpet-sound of war against France, which was forthwith proclaimed at London, the Hague, and Vienna. Yet still a practical difficulty remained—one of peculiar delicacy—for the post of commander-in-chief of the allied forces was greatly coveted by several powerful candidates. Marlborough's own sovereign, Queen Anne, so strongly supported one of them—Prince George of Denmark, her husband—that she even protested she would not declare war unless he was appointed. The Dutch government, however, were resolute on behalf of Marlborough, as the only man equal to sustain the fearful responsibility; and thus Marlborough became invested with the chief direction, both civil and military, of the forces of the coalition. And it was not difficult to foresee the interminable anxieties and vexations which were in store for him, derived from the jealousies and jarring

* ALISON, ii. p. 347.

† In Sir James Stephen's *Lectures on the History of France*, just published, there is an admirable and elaborate portraiture of Louis XIV. If the rest of the work is equal to this portion, which is all that we have as yet been able to examine, Cambridge has cause to congratulate herself on the accession of so accomplished and able a professor of modern history.

‡ ALISON, i. p. 108.

interests of the various states, their ministers and generals, who were under the guidance of Marlborough. The plan of operations on the part of Marlborough and Louis XIV. was as follows:—

“A German army, under Louis, Margrave of Baden, was to be collected on the Upper Rhine, to threaten France from the side of Alsace; a second corps, 25,000 strong, composed of Prussian troops from the Palatinate, and Dutch under the Prince of Sarbruck, was to undertake the siege of Kaiserworth; the main army, under the orders of the Earl of Athlone, 35,000 strong, was destined to cover the frontier of Holland from the Rhine to the Meuse, and at the same time cover the siege of Kaiserworth; a fourth body of 10,000, under Cohorn, the celebrated engineer, was collected near the mouth of the Scheldt, and threatened the district of Bruges.

“The preparations on the part of the French were not less vigorous; and from the more concentrated position of their troops, and unity of action among their commanders, they, in the first instance, were enabled to bring a preponderating force into the field. On the Lower Rhine, a force, under the Marquis Bedmar and the Count de la Motte, were stationed opposite to Cohorn, to protect the western Netherlands from insult; Marshal Tallard was detached from the Upper Rhine, with 13,000 men, to interrupt the siege of Kaiserworth; while the main army, under the command nominally of the Duke of Burgundy, really of Marshal Boufflers, a veteran and experienced officer, was stationed in the bishopric of Liege, resting on the strong fortresses with which that district of Flanders abounded. Not only were the forces under his command superior by a third to those that Athlone had at his disposal, the latter being 45,000, the former only 35,000 strong, but they had the immense advantage of being in possession of the whole strong places of Brabant and Flanders, which were all garrisoned by French or Spanish troops, forming not only the best and most secure possible basis for offensive operations, but an iron defensive barrier, requiring to be cut through in successive campaigns, and at an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure, before by any road the frontiers of France could be reached.”*

Such as it was, however, says Mr Alison, the barrier required to be cut

through; and Marlborough resolved to commence it with the siege of Kaiserworth, a place of very great importance. He took it—but at a cost of 5000 men; and then took Venloo, and finally Liege—all places of extreme importance, and desperately defended; and with these feats he concluded the brief but brilliant campaign which laid the foundation of all his future victories. It stripped the French of many of the chief advantages with which they had opened the war. He had broken through their line, so formidable for offensive and defensive war; he had “thrust his iron gauntlet,” says Mr Alison, “into the centre of their resources.” And the entire merit was his own, as Lord Athlone, his rival and second in command, thus nobly testified:—“The success of the campaign is entirely owing to its incomparable commander-in-chief; for I, the second in command, was, on every occasion, of an opposite opinion to that which he adopted!” His success was like a bright burst of sunshine over a long-troubled land! But here an incident occurred which might have ruined all. While dropping down the Meuse, on his return to England at the conclusion of the campaign, he was positively taken prisoner by a small French force,—whose commander, however, ignorant of the prize which was within his reach, and skilfully misled by a sagacious device of Marlborough’s servant, suffered him to depart! The peril in which he had been spread consternation everywhere, equalled only by joy at his escape, which was powerfully expressed to him by the Pensionary Heinsius. “Your captivity was on the point of causing the slavery of these provinces, and restoring to France the power of extending her uncontrollable dominion over all Europe. No hope remained, if she had retained in bondage the man whom we revere as the instrument of Providence to restore independence to the greater part of the Christian world!” On what apparently trivial incidents often depend the greatest events that can happen, to mankind! Marlborough was received with transports

* ALISON, i. p. 92-3.

in England, and raised to the dukedom of Marlborough. The difficulties which the Dutch deputies had thrown in his way during the first campaign, owing, says Mr Alison, to timidity, ignorance of the military art, personal presumption, and the spirit of party, on several great occasions thwarted the most decisive measures of Marlborough,—but proved only a foretaste of what was in store for the harassed commander. Mr Alison gives an interesting letter which Marlborough wrote to his Countess, immediately on his arrival at the Hague. It is full of the passionate fondness of a lover to his mistress; yet was written by a man of fifty-two to a wife to whom he had been married twenty-three years! There are innumerable other instances, in these volumes, of the romantic fervour of their attachment. Such was Marlborough's first campaign, the herald of a long series of resplendent successes, many of them marked by features similar to those of the first. "He never," indeed, "fought a battle which he did not gain, nor sat down before a town which he did not take; and—alone of the great commanders recorded in history—*never sustained a reverse!*" On many occasions throughout the war he was only prevented, by the timidity of the Dutch deputies, or the feeble co-operation of the Allied powers, from gaining early and decisive success; and as it was, he broke the power of the Grand Monarque, and if his hands had not in the end been tied up by an intrigue at home, he would have planted the British standards on Montmartre, and anticipated the triumphs of Blücher and Wellington." Here is the key to his position, from first to last—an inkling of the tortures which wrung that great soul throughout his career.

In this first campaign, Marlborough had laid the basis of great operations—which, indeed, followed in such rapid succession, each eclipsing its predecessor in magnitude of result and splendour of achievement, as to throw its foregoer comparatively into the shade. In order to appreciate the greatness of Marlborough, his position—harassed daily by the jea-

lousies and selfishnesses of the Allied forces, which he commanded—should be compared with that of Louis XIV., where all was an overwhelming *unity* of will and purpose, perfect subordination, accompanied by immense military resources and consummate generalship. The war had, indeed, become already one of awful magnitude; for Louis XIV. and his advisers could not have failed to observe the settled determination of purpose, and forecasting sagacity, which characterised their great opponent. Louis brought all his power and resources to bear upon the plan of a second and magnificent campaign; showing that he felt the gravity of the situation, and the necessity of making commensurate efforts. "The great genius of Louis XIV. in strategy," says Mr Alison, "here shone forth in full lustre. Instead of confining the war to one of forts and sieges in Flanders and Italy, he resolved to throw the bulk of his forces at once into Bavaria, and operate against Austria from the heart of Germany, by pouring down the valley of the Danube." . . . "The genius of Louis," he adds, after a lucid explanation of the projected campaign, which was indeed grandly conceived, "had outstripped the march of time; and the year 1703 promised the triumphs which were realised on the same ground, and by following the same plan, by Napoleon in 1805."* It was all, however, in vain, though his plans were carried into execution with infinite skill and energy. Marlborough got intelligence of them; and instantly conceived a masterly counter-plan, which, but for his being thwarted, as usual, by the Dutch deputies, would have been completely successful in the first instance. The resources which Marlborough's genius displayed in this transcendent campaign were prodigious. His rapidity of perception, his far-sighted sagacity, his watchful circumspection, his prompt energy, at length triumphed over all obstacles, and eventuated in the glorious battle of Blenheim—than which none more splendid stands on record. The fearful consequences of failure were very eagerly pressed upon him by his own

* ALISON, i. p. 125.

officers. "I know the danger," said he calmly, "yet a battle is absolutely necessary; and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages." * Mr Alison's description of this battle is equally brilliant and impressive, and we wish we could transfer it entire into our columns. It was a fearful day for Louis XIV. The total loss of the French and Bavarians, including those who deserted during the calamitous retreat through the Black Forest, was 40,000—"a number greater than any subsequently lost by France till the still more disastrous day of Waterloo." "The decisive blow struck at Blenheim resounded through every part of Europe. It at once destroyed the vast fabric of power which it had taken Louis XIV., aided by the genius of Turenne and Vaubau, so long to construct. Instead of proudly descending the valley of the Danube, and threatening Vienna, as did Napoleon in 1805 and 1809, the French were driven in the utmost disorder across the Rhine. Thus, by the operation of one single campaign, was Bavaria crushed, Austria saved, and Germany delivered . . . and the Empire, delivered from invasion, was preparing to carry its victorious arms into the very heart of France! Such achievements require no comment. They speak for themselves, and deservedly place Marlborough in the very highest rank of military commanders. The campaigns of Napoleon exhibit no more decisive or important results." † His reception at the courts of Berlin and Hanover was like that of a sovereign prince; and, on his return home, the nation welcomed him with ecstasy. The Honour and manor of Woodstock were settled upon him; and the erection of the palace of Blenheim was commenced on a magnificent scale. Before the opening of this campaign he lost his only surviving son, in his seventeenth year—an event which occasioned him a week's paroxysm of grief. Shortly before, two of his daughters, very beautiful women, were married respectively to the Earl of Bridgewater and Lord Monthermer, whose father was

subsequently raised to the rank of Duke of Montague. Another daughter had been married to Lord Sunderland, who occasioned the Duke of Marlborough intense mortification, by suddenly opposing his policy in the House of Lords. And, indeed, he seems to have suffered exquisitely during this period, from the animosities with which he was assailed at home by the Tories. He sought permission from the Queen to resign, and retire into private life; and it was only on her sending him a holograph letter, couched in terms of unusual affection, that he was induced to abstain from a step which would have been so fatal to the fortunes of his country. ‡ It was in this campaign that Marlborough and Prince Eugene came together—the latter a man of great military genius, and a chivalrously noble and generous character. The intimacy and co-operation of such a man must have cheered the spirit of Marlborough in many a dark hour of trial, difficulty, and danger. They never had a difference during all the campaigns in which they acted together. "The records of human achievements can present few, if any, greater men; but beyond all question they can exhibit none in whom so pure and generous a friendship existed, alike unbroken by the selfishness consequent on adverse, and the jealousies springing from prosperous, fortune."

From this period the affairs of perplexed and convulsed Europe may be said to have rested upon the Atlantean shoulders of this marvellous man. The impression left on one's mind, after reading these volumes, is that of wonder how human faculties could sustain, and for such a length of time, so vast and constantly increasing a pressure, alike upon his heart and his intellect. Never, perhaps, was greatness so perseveringly harassed by littleness. He may have exclaimed on a thousand occasions—

"The times are out of joint! O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right!"

There is something at once exciting and oppressive in the following vivid picture :—

* ALISON, i. p. 159.

† *Ibid.* p. 187.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 141.

"No adequate idea can be formed of the greatness of Marlborough's capacity, or the overwhelming load of cares with which he was oppressed, if the other contests which, in addition to his own, he was obliged to carry on, are not taken into consideration. It was not merely his own campaigns, often of the most active kind, which he was called on to direct; he was at the same time charged with the almost entire direction of those in every other quarter, and constantly appealed to whenever a difficulty occurred. At the very moment when his blood was heated by combat, and he was obliged to be ten or twelve hours a-day on horseback with his own troops, he was compelled to steal half the night to carry on his multiplied correspondence with the Allied generals or cabinets in every part of Europe. Such was the weight of his authority, the avidity for his direction, that not only was he intrusted with the general design of every campaign, alike in Germany, Italy, Spain, and Flanders, but the details of their execution were constantly submitted to him; and, what was much more vexatious, he was continually called on to adjust by his authority, or heal by his urbanity, the quarrels of the generals, and discord of the cabinets to whom their direction was intrusted. His correspondence affords ample evidence of this. Appeals were made to Marlborough at every time, and from every side: from the Imperial ministers against the inactivity of the Margrave of Baden; from the Margrave against the imbecility of the Imperial cabinet; from Lord Peterborough against the jealousy and tardiness of the Spaniards at the court of the Archduke Charles; from them against the irritability and eccentricity of the English general; from the Hungarian insurgents against the exactions and cruelty of the Imperial government; from them against the restless and rebellious spirit with which the Magyars in every age have been animated.

"The confidence universally reposed, not only in his wisdom and justice, but in his conciliatory manners and irresistible address, was the cause of this extraordinary load of important cares with which, in addition to the direction of his own army, he was daily overwhelmed. From Eugene alone he was assailed by no appeals, except for such addition to his forces as might put him in a condition to measure his strength with the enemy. Their ideas were so identical, their minds so entirely cast in the same mould, their

military knowledge and capacity so much alike, that it invariably happened that what the one of his own accord *did*, was precisely what the other of his own accord would *have recommended*. Nor was it enough that foreign affairs of such overwhelming magnitude daily oppressed the English general; he had in addition the divisions of the cabinet at home to heal, and the deadly animosity of faction, increasing with every triumph which he won, to appease. No warrior of modern times, not even excepting Wellington, had such a mass of affairs, both civil and military, to conduct at the same time, and none ever got through them with such consummate ability. The correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon alone, since the days of Cæsar, will bear a comparison with it; but although nothing could exceed the energy and capacity of the French emperor, there was this difference, and it was a vital one, between his position and that of Marlborough—Napoleon commanded, after he attained to greatness, everywhere as a master: he directed his generals with equal authority on the Danube and the Tagus, and dictated to cabinets at Vienna or St Petersburg nearly as effectively as at St Cloud; but Marlborough had not even the uncontrolled direction of his own army, and beyond it had no influence but what had been extorted by exploits or won by condescension."

The great event of this third campaign was the battle of Ramillies, where Marlborough was within a hair's-breadth of being taken prisoner on the field, and had to fight his way out from his throng of assailants, like the knights of old, sword in hand. No sooner had he succeeded in this, than he had another escape—his horse fell in leaping a ditch; and his equerry's head was carried off by a cannon-ball while holding the Duke's stirrup as he mounted another.* This was a very great battle, and attended by signal results—the acquisition of *nearly all Austrian Flanders*! What now was the position of Louis XIV.?" "After five years of continued effort, he found himself stripped of all his conquests, shorn of his external influence, and compelled to maintain at once on the frontiers of Germany, Flanders, Spain, and Italy, a contest, from his own resources, with the forces of all Europe. . . . His haughty

* ALISON, i. 247.

spirit, long accustomed to prosperity, supported with difficulty the weight of adversity. The war, and all its concerns, was a forbidden subject at court. A melancholy gloom pervaded the halls of Versailles; and frequent bleedings of the monarch himself attested both the violence of his internal agitation and the dread which his physicians entertained of still greater dangers. Overcome by so many calamities, the fierce spirit of Louis was at length shaken, and he was prevailed on *to sue for peace!** After the battle of Ramillies, Marlborough was offered the government of the Netherlands, the emoluments of which were no less than £60,000 a-year; but he magnanimously refused it, from a regard to the public good, and on every subsequent offer of the same splendid and lucrative post, did the same. On his return to England he met with a rapturous reception—was thanked by Parliament—£5000 a-year was settled on him and his duchess, and their descendants—and the dukedom extended to *heirs female*, “in order,” as it was finely expressed, “that England might never be without a title which might recall the remembrance of so much glory.”† Equally indefatigable at home as abroad, in peace as in war, he addressed himself at once to his parliamentary duties, and took a leading part in the great and beneficial measure for uniting Scotland with England. His vast influence in the country, and at court, excited intense jealousy among both Whigs and Tories.

The ensuing campaign (A.D. 1707) found Louis XIV. “reduced on all sides to his own resources,” and thoroughly awakened from his dream of foreign conquests—seeking only, and that with anxiety and alarm, to defend his own frontier. Here, however, two new actors appear on the chequered scene—the Duke of Marlborough’s nephew, the Duke of Berwick, who by his great victory of Almanza counteracted in Spain his uncle’s efforts—and Charles XII. of Sweden, a “new and formidable actor on the theatre of affairs in Germany.” Louis XIV. made desperate efforts to win

over Charles XII., but the exquisite adroitness of Marlborough frustrated them altogether. But Louis, encouraged by the gleams of success which had been visible in Spain and elsewhere, made immense efforts to recover his lost ground. Marlborough’s energies were equally divided between delicate and perilous negotiations with the various European potentates, and another decisive campaign in the field. Both he and Louis made prodigious exertions, and at length were on the point of fighting another great battle; “and, by a most extraordinary coincidence, the two armies were of the same strength, and occupied the same ground, as did those of Napoleon and Wellington a hundred and eight years afterwards!” Marlborough was eager for the fight, confident of a great victory; but, at the eleventh hour, a panic seized his old friends the Dutch deputies, and they compelled him to retire to his former position, and decline the encounter, to his unspeakable mortification. The enemy, showing no disposition to encounter him, at length retreated, Marlborough advancing, but finding it impossible to bring on a general action. Both armies were led into winter-quarters, and Marlborough repaired to England, “where his presence had become indispensably necessary for arresting the progress of public discontent, fanned as it was by court and parliamentary intrigues, and threatening to prove immediately fatal to his own influence and ascendancy, as well as to the best interests of England.”‡ Here we are plunged into the vortex of political intrigues,—the principal actors being Harley and St John and Mrs Masham on the one side, and on the other the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, whose ascendancy over the Queen and the country, and even their own party the Whigs, is evidently beginning to give way, and rapidly. Mr Alison here shows his dispassionate character to great advantage, holding the balance evenly between all parties. His candid and luminous statement is equally interesting and instructive; and one thing he brings out in a very striking manner, though not in so

* ALISON, i. 277, 278.

† *Ibid.* p. 287.‡ *Ibid.* p. 330.

many words: we mean the retributive justice with which the duke's treachery to James II. was brought home to himself, and also to the duchess—the latter being utterly incredulous of the ingratitude and treachery of Mrs Masham towards her, and the former equally so in the case of Harley and St John. How often and how bitterly may such reflections have occurred to the duke and duchess! Their position at court had become exceedingly trying; but their treatment of the Queen was highly imprudent, the Duke being doubtless greatly influenced by his imperious and intractable duchess. Mr Alison regards her as the "faithful representative of the whole Whig party," whose "arrogant domination and grasping disposition were the real causes of their fall from power, and the total change in the foreign policy of England—results not attributable exclusively to female partiality, or a bed-chamber intrigue, which were, nevertheless, the ultimate *agents* in the change, and apparently its immediate precursors. The Whigs were haunted as incessantly by dread of a reaction as the Jacobins of France of a counter-revolution, and apprehended from a change of ministry not merely the usual subversion of their party, but serious personal consequences, in respect of the part which had been played to James II." Such is the general conclusion arrived at by Mr Alison—indicative, undoubtedly, of his candour and moderation. Early in 1708, and while Marlborough was placed in these critical circumstances, occurred the attempt of Louis XIV. to imitate, in some respect, the example of his Allied opponents, by invading Great Britain, in order to place the Pretender on the throne. Louis's terrible antagonist, however, Marlborough, was here again to confront him. As commander-in-chief, the Duke crushed the attempt, and the ambitious Chevalier was forced to creep back to Dunkirk ridiculously—the result serving only suddenly to reinstate Marlborough at the summit of popularity, and to silence all slanderous imputations upon his fidelity to the cause of the Revolution.

The precarious position of political matters in England, at this crisis,

was profoundly appreciated by Marlborough, who said that any considerable reverse on the Continent, or even a campaign as nugatory as the last, would, probably, not only dissolve the Grand Alliance, and undo all that had been done, but place a new administration in power, and possibly seat another dynasty on the throne. He also surveyed, with unerring sagacity and accuracy, the whole position of Louis XIV., and saw that he was preparing for yet one more grand demonstration of force. Marlborough took his plans accordingly; and on the 12th April 1708, in concert with the incomparable Eugene, arranged the plan of operations. Marlborough resolved to use the precious opportunity yet available, before the accession of the Tory ministry, for the purpose of striking a tremendous blow. And he did what he purposed; for this campaign was signalised by most resplendent results, glorious to Marlborough almost beyond parallel, and equally disastrous to Louis XIV. Bring what forces the latter might into the field—array them under what consummate generals he pleased, and let him select his site, and mature his plan of operations as he chose—all was, as usual, in vain! Vendôme was here the directing military genius of Louis; and he succeeded in surprising Ghent and Bruges into a surrender, greatly to the vexation of Marlborough. But the latter instantly resolved on a scheme as masterly as it proved successful. He resolved to throw himself on his opponent's communication, and, by interposing between him and the French frontier, compel him to fight with his face towards Paris, and his back to Antwerp. This manœuvre was executed with a rapidity commensurate with its importance—and Vendôme's skilful plans were entirely disconcerted. He moved off precipitately, followed by Marlborough, who resolved to force him to a decisive action; and succeeded—adding OUDENARDE to his other laurels. This was indeed a fearful affair. Both parties fought with desperation—Vendôme with eighty-five thousand men, Marlborough with eighty thousand. Nothing could resist his generalship and valour; and Vendôme was defeated, with a loss,

including deserters, of fully twenty thousand men. "If I had had two hours more of daylight," said Marlborough, "the French army would have been irretrievably routed, great part of it killed or taken, and the war terminated on that day." The results of this sanguinary but glorious battle were immense, entirely altering the character and fate of the campaign. By his admirable movement in interposing between Vendôme and France, Marlborough had gained the incalculable advantage of throwing his opponent, in the event of defeat, into a corner of Flanders, and so leaving exposed the French frontier, and all its great fortresses. Marlborough's eagle eye, perceiving the capabilities of his new position, resolved to discard all minor objects, pass the whole fortified towns on the frontier, and advance direct on the capital. This daring but prudent design, says Mr Alison, was precisely that of Wellington and Blücher a century afterwards; but Marlborough was overruled—Eugene for once concurring in regarding it as too hazardous; and it was resolved to commence the invasion of the territories of the Grand Monarque, by laying siege to the inestimably-important frontier fortress of LILLE, the strongest place in French Flanders, and which could give the Allies a solid footing, a commanding position, in the territories of Louis. The undertaking, however, was most formidable—"for not only was the place itself, the masterpiece of Vauban, of great strength, but the citadel within its walls was still stronger; and, moreover, it was garrisoned by the celebrated Marshal Boufflers, with fifteen thousand choice troops, and every requisite for a vigorous defence."* Besides all this, Vendôme and the Duke of Berwick, at the head of more than a hundred thousand men, lay in an impregnable camp, covered by the canal of Bruges, completely fortified, between Ghent and Bruges, ready to interrupt or raise the siege. But of what avail? Marlborough sat down before Lille, and it fell. To avert that event, Vendôme and Berwick led forth

their magnificent army, a hundred and ten thousand men, preceded by two hundred pieces of cannon, in the finest order, to within a quarter of a league of Marlborough—"everybody expecting the greatest battle, on the morrow, which Europe had ever seen."† Thus grandly they advanced; but as ridiculously retired without firing a shot! Marlborough, however, was of a different humour, and resolved to follow and fight them; and the Duke of Berwick himself has told us what the issue would have been—that Marlborough would have utterly routed his enemy, and probably finished the war that day." But—the Dutch deputies again! They interposed, and Marlborough's heart nearly burst as he beheld the foe retire unmolested. "If Cæsar or Alexander," said Eugene, "had had the Dutch deputies by their side, their conquests would have been less rapid."‡ The siege went on—a ball striking Eugene on the head, and wounding him severely, whereby the whole burthen of directing and sustaining the vast operations fell on Marlborough alone, till Eugene's recovery. After sixty days' siege, Boufflers was compelled to capitulate, being treated very nobly by his captors. Still the citadel remained—but that also fell; and so fell the strongest frontier fortress of France, under the eyes of its best generals and most powerful army! A siege perhaps the most memorable, and also one of the most bloody, in modern Europe,—standing forth, as Mr Alison elsewhere remarks, in solitary and unapproachable grandeur in European warfare. The Allies were now within reach of the very heart of France; and Louis XIV. was trembling in his halls at Versailles.§ Before Marlborough could close his campaign, however, he recovered Ghent and Bruges. Such was the campaign of 1708, one of the most glorious in the military annals of England, and one in which the extraordinary capacity of the English general shone forth with perhaps the brightest lustre. The strife of opinion, the war of independence, was alike brought to an issue in that memorable contest, and,

* ALISON, I. 406.

† *Ibid.* p. 419.‡ *Ibid.* p. 423.§ *Ibid.* p. 448.

as far as military success could do it, to a glorious termination. "But at this moment," says Mr Alison, with a sigh, "faction stepped in to thwart the efforts of patriotism; and his subsequent life is but a record of the efforts of selfish ambition to wrest from the hero the laurels, from the nation the fruits, of victory."*

When the laurelled victor returned to England, he received no favour from the Queen, and was treated with studied coldness at court. Faction and intrigue had been and were then busy at their foul work. This was doubtless hard to bear; but what was the situation of the great Louis? His fortunes were desperate; his exchequer was beggared; the land was filled with lamentation; and the horrors of famine were superadded. Then Louis supplicated for peace to those whom he had so long striven to crush and annihilate: a bitter humiliation! And in his extremity he bethought himself of bribing his great conqueror; offering him, directly, no less a sum than nearly a quarter of a million sterling, as the price of his influence for the purpose of obtaining terms advantageous to France. It need not be said that the attempt was scornfully repulsed. The triumphant Allies insisted on terms of compromise which Marlborough himself, with noble disinterestedness, condemned, and Louis could do nothing but repudiate. Once again, therefore, he took the field, with an enormous army of 112,000 men, under his renowned marshal, Villars; and all France was animated, at this momentous crisis, by the conviction that then "it behoved every Frenchman to conquer or die." Marlborough commenced the campaign with 110,000 men; and great results were looked for, from "the contest of two armies of such magnitude, headed by such leaders, and when the patriotic ardour of the French nation, now raised to the uttermost, was matched against the military strength of the Confederates, matured by a series of victories so long and brilliant." So confident was Villars in the strength of his army, and his intrenched position, that he sent a trumpeter to the

Allies' headquarters, to announce that "they would find him behind his lines; or, if they were afraid to attack, he would level them, to give entrance!" With consummate prudence Marlborough declined the invitation, and besieged Tournay—which he took, after a siege of almost unequalled horrors; but he gained by it a fertile and valuable province in French Flanders. Then he determined to take Mons, the next great fortress on the direct road to Paris; but for this it would be necessary to break through Villars' long lines of defence. By a dexterous movement, he succeeded in turning these formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, the results of two months' severe labour, and the subject of such vainglorious boasting by their constructor. They were now rendered utterly useless; and this great feat had been accomplished easily, and without bloodshed. Then came another terrible battle—that of MALPLAQUET, in which Marlborough, with 93,000 men, after the most bloody and obstinately contested contest that had occurred in the war, defeated an army of 95,000,—the noblest which the French monarchy had ever sent forth—strongly posted between two woods—trebly intrenched! "It was," says Mr Alison, "a desperate duel between France and England, in which the whole strength of each nation was put forth. Nothing like it had occurred since Agincourt, nor afterwards occurred till Waterloo." Both Villars and Boufflers performed prodigies of strategy and valour; but of what avail against Marlborough? Then he laid siege to, and took Mons: after which there remained only two more fortresses between the Allies and Paris! These prodigious operations, however, formed the subject of vexatious insults, paltry and presumptuous criticism, to his malignant enemies in England, with a view to lower his overwhelming influence at home. He was disgusted and disheartened, and went so far as to say to the Queen, with natural but imprudent indignation—"After all I have done, it has not been able to protect me against the malice of a bed-chamber woman!"

* ALISON, i. 448.

The affairs of the Allies becoming exceedingly critical, Marlborough, after strenuous but futile efforts at negotiation, was forced again to take the field; and projected operations on a grander scale than ever, with a view to promptly closing the war. Again he succeeded in passing immensely strong lines of defence without shot or bloodshed, and sat down before Douai, another fortress of the utmost importance, in every way, to France. Villars received imperative instructions, from the alarmed court at Versailles, to raise the siege at all hazards; and, at the head of a splendid army of upwards of 90,000 men, most ably generalled, approached, "with all the pomp and circumstance of war," to within musket-shot of Marlborough's position—around whose bayonets, however, played the lustre of Blenheim and Ramilies. Villars advanced—to retire without firing a shot, though his army greatly outnumbered that of Marlborough! *Of course*, he took Douai, after a bloody siege; and then Bethune, after thirty days of open trenches; where, says the *French* annalist, "Vanban beat the *chamade*—the sad signal which terminated all the sieges undertaken by Marlborough!"* It had to sound twice more in that campaign—on the fall of St Venant, and of Aire, after severe sieges; and the trembling Louis, disarrayed of four great frontier fortresses in one campaign, now placed all his hopes on the result of base intrigues in England against Marlborough and the war ministry. "What we lose in Flanders," said his triumphant minister, Torcy, "we shall gain in England!" And there, indeed, his enemies were doing their work with the utmost skill and determination, in order to secure his speedy downfall, and the advent of a ministry which should surrender all that had been gained in the war, humble England before France, and seal the fate of Protestantism and the Succession which upheld it. Their scandalous doings almost wore out Marlborough, making him, as he said, "every minute wish to be a hermit." He nobly resolved, however, harassed and thwarted as he was, to retain his

command, "as affording the only security for a good power, and the Protestant succession to the throne." His enemies in England were this time successful—the Whig ministry fell; and thus ended Marlborough's career as a statesman. And to such a deplorable depth could national meanness sink, that attempts were made to inveigle him into *personal* liability for the expense of prosecuting the works at Blenheim, till then carried on by the Treasury! He was received enthusiastically by the people; but neither the Queen nor the Parliament thanked him for his services and sacrifices. Mr Alison at this point presents us with a dazzling summary of these services:—

"This, therefore, is a convenient period for casting the eyes back on what he had done during the ten years that he had been the real head of the Alliance; and marvellous beyond all example is the retrospect! He began the war on the Waal and the Meuse, with the French standards waving in sight of the Dutch frontier, and the government of the Hague trembling for the fate of their frontier fortress, Nimeguen. He had now brought the Allied ensigns to the Scarpe, conquered Flanders, subdued all its fortresses, and nearly worked through the iron frontier of France itself. Nothing was wanting but the subjugation of its last fortress, Arras, to enable the Allies to march to Paris, and dictate a glorious peace in the halls of Versailles. He had defeated the French in four pitched battles and as many combats; he had taken every town to which he had laid siege; he had held together, when often about to separate, the discordant elements of the Grand Alliance. By his daring march to Bavaria, and victory of Blenheim, he had delivered Germany when in the utmost danger; by the succours he sent to Eugene, he had conquered Italy at Turin; by his prudent dispositions he had saved Spain, after the battle of Almanza. He had broken the power of Louis XIV. when at the zenith of his fame; he had been only prevented by faction at home from completing his overthrow by the capture of his capital. He had never suffered a reverse; he had never alienated a friend; he had conquered by his mildness many enemies. Such deeds require no comment; they are without a parallel in European history, and justly place Marlborough in the

* ALISON, ii. 125.

place assigned him by Napoleon—at the head of European captains.”

The overthrow of Marlborough effected an object quite unlooked for by his eager and shortsighted enemies. The efforts of faction, aided by a palace intrigue, showed what had been due to the greatness of one man. Instantly, as if by enchantment, the fabric of victory raised by his all-potent arm was dissolved. Spain was lost, Flanders reconquered, Germany threatened! The arch of the Grand Alliance fell to pieces. These show in brighter colours than ever the greatness and patriotism of Marlborough. Again he took the command of the Hague, though no longer possessing the confidence of the government, and intrusted with no control over diplomatic measures; and again dazzled Europe and petrified his enemies by the splendour of his first achievement. Louis, in order to prevent the irruption of his foes into France, now that almost all his fortresses had been broken through, resolved on the construction of a line of defence on a scale so stupendous as to attract universal wonder—lines subsequently paralleled only by the prodigious lines of Torres Vedras. They were supplied with abundance of cannon, and manned by ninety thousand choice troops of infantry and cavalry under the command of Villars, who at length seemed both impregnable and unconquerable. Marlborough was then in his sixty-second year, and almost worn out by long service, and intense anxieties, and incessant mortifications. “I find myself decay so very fast,” he wrote to his Duchess, “that from my heart and soul I wish the Queen and my country a peace, by which I might have the advantage of having a little quiet, which is my greatest ambition.”* But his mighty powers addressed themselves once more to a commensurate object—the devising an enterprise which should at a stroke deprive his enemy of all his huge defences, and drive him to fight a decisive battle or lose his last frontier fortress. Shortly afterwards, he was confounded by Prince Eugene being withdrawn from him, together

with a large section of the army, to repair disasters in a distant part of the Continent. This rendered Villars suddenly anxious for an encounter; but Louis, his eyes intently fixed on the progress of intrigues in London, had peremptorily prohibited him from fighting. Villars vaingloriously styled his lines “Marlborough’s *ne plus ultra*,” a subject on which he was abundantly jocular. But Marlborough, having carefully studied them, devised a plan which very soon banished his boasts, and plunged him into consternation. We must refer our readers to Mr Alison’s exciting description of this feat of strategy, by which Marlborough passed the imaginary “*ne plus ultra*” without having fired a shot, without having lost one man—frustrating by a sudden march nine months’ labour, and suddenly exhibiting to Marshal Villars the palmy spectacle of Marlborough’s whole army drawn up in battle array on the *inner* side of the impregnable lines! All this was the work of Marlborough alone. The military critics of the Continent were at a loss for words adequately expressing their admiration of this great exploit:—

“Marlborough’s manœuvre,” says Rousset, “covered him with glory: it was a duel in which the English beat the French general; the armies on either side were present only to render the spectacle more magnificent. In battles and sieges, fortune and the valour of soldiers have often a great share in success; but here everything was the work of the Duke of Marlborough. To gain the lines, they would willingly have compounded for the loss of several thousand lives: thanks to the Duke, they were won without the loss of one; that bloodless victory was entirely owing to his wisdom.”†

Marlborough instantly besieged Bouchain, another great fortress, having prevented Villars, by brilliant manœuvring, from coming to its assistance. “The works effecting that purpose,” said a Hanoverian officer engaged on the occasion, “were worthy of Julius Cæsar or Alexander Farnese, and the siege one of the prodigies of war. You could not fire a cannon-shot from the trenches with-

* ALISON, vol. ii. p. 185, note.

† *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 194.

out Villars seeing its smoke. He omitted nothing which could suspend or interrupt the works. Vain hope! Our general, invincible on all sides, has foreseen and frustrated all his enterprises."* Marlborough was then pressing on the siege of Quesnoy, the capture of which would have completely broken through the French barrier, when he suddenly found himself undermined by the intrigues secretly carrying on between the Tories and Louis XIV.; preliminaries of peace were signed between them, afterwards embodied in the execrable Treaty of Utrecht—abandoning the main object of the long, glorious, and successful war—the exclusion of the Bourbon family from the throne of Spain. And what, thinks the reader, was done by Marlborough's enemies, in order to anticipate and frustrate his opposition to these base proceedings? He was ridiculed and libelled everywhere in the bitterest terms; accused of avarice, fraud, extortion; of indolence, cruelty, ambition, and misconduct: even his courage was questioned; and he was denounced as the lowest of mankind! His magnificent passage of the French lines was ridiculed as "the crossing of the kennel;" and the siege of Bouchain stigmatised as an inexorable sacrifice of sixteen thousand men for "the capture of a dovecot!"† He was charged with having embezzled £63,319 of the public money during the war in Flanders, and Parliamentary commissioners were employed to investigate the charge, which the indignant warrior in one moment blew into the air. Then he was charged with having prolonged the war for his own pecuniary interests; and finally, he was charged with other pecuniary peculations to an immense amount; and the Queen, on the advice of her infamous ministers, dismissed her illustrious servant from all his employments, in order that the atrocious calumnies might be investigated. The intelligence was received with transport by the enemies of England abroad; and Louis XIV. exclaimed, rapturously, "*The dismissal of Marlborough will do all we can*

desire."‡ At that moment the fallen warrior-statesman's resplendent services had reduced Louis to a state of desperation, and he, with his whole kingdom, lay at the mercy of Marlborough. Louis had announced his resolve to lead the last army he could muster in person, and conquer or die; but the measures of the ministry averted the alternative, and saved his throne at the instant of its having become defenceless. The perfidious desertion of England from the Grand Alliance paralysed it. England consummated her treachery and dishonour by the peace of Utrecht, which Mr Pitt justly stigmatised as "the indelible reproach of the age," and which has entailed on her long-continuing disaster. As for Marlborough, almost every conceivable kind of insult and provocation was heaped upon him; scurrilous mercenaries haunted him with libel and ridicule; and to complete the climax of national meanness, the Treasury payments for the works at Blenheim were discontinued, and the contractors and workmen stimulated to sue the Duke for the arrears due to them, to the extent of £30,000; while a peer, in his place in Parliament, actually charged the veteran hero—John Duke of Marlborough—in his presence, with "having led his troops to certain destruction, in order to profit by the sale of the officers' commissions!"§ The Duke deigned no reply, but on leaving the house sent his slanderer a challenge, which the terrified peer communicated to the proper quarter, and the Queen's interference saved him from standing at twelve paces distance from John Duke of Marlborough. To escape the torturing indignities and outrages to which he was exposed, Marlborough obtained passports and went abroad.

The Duke of Marlborough was received on the Continent with almost the honours due to a crowned head. At Antwerp his arrival and departure were signalised by triple discharges of artillery; the governor received him outside the walls with obsequious respect; deafening acclamations resounded from the multitude as he

* ALISON, ii. 199, 200.

† *Ibid.* p. 203.‡ *Ibid.* p. 213.§ *Parl. Hist.* vi. p. 1137.

passed through the streets, every one struggling to catch a glimpse of dishonoured greatness. "All," says Mr Alison, "were struck with his noble air and demeanour, softened, though not weakened, by the approach of age. They declared that his appearance was not less overpowering than his sword. Many burst into tears when they recollected what he had been, and what he was, and how unaccountably the great nation to which he belonged had fallen from the height of glory to such degradation." What pangs must have wrung the heart of the illustrious veteran at such a moment! "Yet was his manner so courteous, and yet animated, his conversation so simple, and yet cheerful, that it was commonly said at the time, 'that the only things he had forgotten were his own deeds, and the only things he remembered were the misfortunes of others!'"

During his absence, his shameless traducers redoubled their efforts to secure his ruin. The terror of his name, the shadow of his distant greatness, must, however, frequently have made themselves felt; if only with the effect of blinding them to the folly of their own machinations. Their calumnious charges were annihilated by him from abroad the moment they reached him; and those who had prepared such charges, ignominiously silenced by his clear and decisive representations. But Blenheim was within the power of a magnanimous people, and they caused the erection of it at the public cost to be suspended! The principal creditors sued the Duke personally for what was due to them; and ultimately Blenheim, "this noble pile, this proud monument of a nation's gratitude," would have remained a ruin to this day, but for the Duke's own private contribution of no less a sum than £60,000! One's cheek tingles with shame at the recital; but there is the humiliating fact—

"*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse repelli.*"

The Duke of Marlborough spent nearly two years on the Continent. Having quitted England on the 30th October 1712, he returned on the 4th August 1714; but under what circumstances? In the full splendour of the romance of history. In con-

tact with Marlborough, every event seems to swell into great proportions, as if owning the presence and power of greatness.

While abroad, his commanding intellect engaged itself in the noblest of causes—upholding the interests of civil and religious liberty, which were bound up indissolubly with the Hanoverian succession. He might have retired for ever from the world, in stern disgust at the treatment which he had experienced; but his magnanimity would not suffer him. He knew that civil despotism, and the triumph of the Romish faith, were identified with the success of the Louis of his day, as they appear to be with a Louis of our day—the Louis, at this moment, of France. The restoration of the Stuart line was the symbol of the triumph of Popery; and Marlborough continued anxiously to watch the progress of public events, with reference to that "consummation" so "devoutly" to be deprecated. The two years referred to were those of an immeasurably momentous crisis, big with the ultimate destinies of this country. Marlborough was, throughout that crisis, as clear-sighted, resolute, energetic, and skilful in securing the Protestant succession, as he had ever been in the conduct of his wars, every one of which had direct reference to that high and glorious object. He continued the very life and soul of the good cause, which he advanced by incessant watchfulness and discreet and energetic action, carrying on a constant correspondence with his friends both at home and abroad. At length Bolingbroke reached the summit of advancement, and became virtually prime minister. Bent upon the restoration of the Stuarts, in two days' time he had organised a thoroughly Jacobite cabinet, which would unquestionably have proceeded to seat the Stuarts on the throne. But the awful hand of God appeared suddenly in the ordering of events: "The angel of death," to use Mr Alison's words, "defeated the whole objects for which the ministers were labouring so anxiously, and for which they had sacrificed the security and glory of their country." Civil war was almost in the act of breaking

out, when the Queen died; having at the last moment taken a step, in nominating the Duke of Shrewsbury to be Lord-Treasurer, which annihilated the guilty hopes of Bolingbroke and his party. This was the last act of her life; and on her death the Protestant party took prompt and vigorous measures. George I. was instantly proclaimed king, and in three days' time the great Marlborough reappeared on the scene, the very guardian angel of the newly-proclaimed king. His enemies were struck with consternation. "*We are all frightened out of our wits upon the Duke of Marlborough's going to England,*"* wrote one of them to Bolingbroke. The illustrious personage was welcomed with enthusiasm similar to that with which he had been formerly familiar; an immense concourse of citizens attended him into the city, shouting—"Long live George I. Long live the Duke of Marlborough!" He was at once sworn in of the Privy Council, and visited by the foreign ministers and all the nobility and gentry within reach, and in the evening appeared in the House of Lords, and took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, his old companions in arms, the Grenadier Guards, firing a *feu-de-joie* on the auspicious occasion. "That day effaced the traces of years of injustice. The death of a single individual"—the weak, ungrateful, vacillating Anne—"had restored the patriotic hero to the position in which he stood after the battle of Blenheim!" Though he had resolved to take part no more in the conduct of affairs, he was prevailed upon to resume his post of commander-in-chief, in which great capacity his new sovereign received him with extraordinary demonstrations of satisfaction, "proud to do honour to the chief *under whom he himself had gained his first honours on the field of Oudenarde!*"† The discomfited Jacobites, Bolingbroke, Ormond, and Oxford, were impeached for high treason, for their conduct in seeking to overturn the Act of Settlement, and restore the Stuarts. The former two fled to France, but Oxford remained, and was prosecuted, but

acquitted. Here again the character of Marlborough has been malefied, by the charge of having done all in his power to thwart the prosecution, for fear of Lord Oxford's revealing the correspondence of the Duke in early life, after the Revolution. This slander, however, is decisively refuted by two facts—that the Duke *voted in every stage of the prosecution!* and by the still more decisive fact, that he was found to have been specially exempted from the proffered amnesty published by the Pretender when he landed in Scotland.‡ This last event—the Rebellion in Scotland—must have been indeed, as Mr Alison remarks, a sore trial to Marlborough—"more severe than any he had experienced since James II. had been precipitated from the throne; for here was the son of his early patron and benefactor asserting, in arms, his right to the throne of his fathers!" But the Duke was here true as steel to his principles; and his energy and sagacity extinguished the formidable insurrection, and with it the hopes of the Stuarts. The Pretender returned humbled and ruined to the Continent, in time to witness the death of the monarch Louis XIV., whose guilty ambition had lighted the terrible conflagration, of which a spark had been thus kindled in this country, and which he had lived to see extinguished by such torrents of blood. He was then seventy-seven years of age, miserable in contemplating the widespread misery and ruin which he had prostituted all his greatness in order to effect, and shuddering at the recollection of his share in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His death-bed reflections and injunctions to his successor we have already laid before the reader. §

Only a few months previously, Louis's great conqueror had received two startling messages, telling him, in heart-breaking tones, of the transient nothingness of life. His two lovely daughters, the Countess of Bridgewater and the Countess of Sunderland, were cut off in the flower of their beauty, by almost sudden deaths, within a few days of each other. These events pierced him to

* ALISON, ii. 263, note.

† *Ibid.* p. 266.‡ *Ibid.* p. 303.§ *Ante*, p. 146.

the heart. Two years afterwards, having, during the interval, experienced various warnings, he was struck with palsy, which deprived him for a time of both speech and resolution. He recovered sufficiently, in a few months' time, to be capable of removal to the country, for the benefit of change of air and of scene. He visited Blenheim; and on going through such of the rooms as were finished, was shown a picture of himself at the battle of Blenheim. He turned away with a mournful air, saying only—but in memorable and significant words—"Something *then!*—but *now!*"

He continued, on earnest solicitation, to hold his high military office and discharge its duties for five years, living also in the tranquil enjoyment of domestic happiness, superintending the education of his grandchildren, and taking special delight in the rising architectural grandeur of Blenheim, down even to the period of his death. He made his last appearance in the House of Lords on the 27th November 1721, but in June following had a severe and fatal attack of paralysis. It at once prostrated his physical without impairing his mental powers. To a question of his Duchess, whether he heard the prayers which were being read as usual at night in his apartment, he replied, "Yes; and I joined in them!" These were the last words of this great man, who expired calmly a few hours subsequently, in the seventy-second year of his age. He who thus joined in prayers † on his deathbed had, with solemn reverence, joined in them on the eves of Blenheim and of Malplaquet with his whole army; and, amidst all the bloody horrors of war, had, in like manner, remembered his God on every occasion, joining precept with example in a noble spirit of piety. Let us hope that the prayers of the dying warrior were heard

and accepted by Him who heareth prayer, and that he quitted life in a spirit different from that of Peter the Great, who said on his death-bed, "I trust that, *in respect of the good I have striven to do my people*, God will pardon my sins!" ‡ Mr Alison "charitably hopes that these words have been realised"—he might have lamented the fallaciousness of Peter's reliance.

Marlborough's funeral obsequies were celebrated with extraordinary magnificence, and all ranks and all parties joined in doing him honour. On the sides of the car bearing the coffin, shields were affixed containing emblematic representations of his battles and sieges. Blenheim was there, and the Schellemburg, Ramilles, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet; Ruremonde and Liege, Menin and Dendermonde, Antwerp and Brussels, Ostend and Ghent, Tournay and Lille, Mons and Bouchain, Bethune, St Venant, and Aire. "The number, and the recollections with which they were fraught, made the English ashamed of the manner in which they had used the hero who had filled the world with his renown." §

Thus lived, and thus died, and thus was buried, John Duke of Marlborough, of whom Lord Mahon ¶ takes leave in a strain of solemnity and dignity befitting the occasion:—

"England lost one of her noblest worthies in John Duke of Marlborough. His achievements do not fall within my limits, and his character seems rather to belong to the historians of another period. Let them endeavour to delineate his vast and various abilities—that genius which saw humbled before it the proudest marshals of France—that serenity of temper which enabled him patiently to bear, and bearing to overcome, all the obstinacy of the Dutch deputies, all the slowness of the German generals—those powers of combination so provident of failure, and so careful of details, that it might almost be said of him, that before he gave any

* Alison, ii. p. 305.

† Marlborough had received the sacrament with great solemnity at the midnight preceding the day of the battle of Blenheim; and shortly before, divine service had been performed at the head of every regiment and squadron in the Allied army. After the battle he said, that "he had prayed to God more frequently during its continuance than all the chaplains of both armies put together which served under his orders."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 166.

‡ *Ibid.* ii. 100.

§ *Ibid.* p. 307.

¶ *History of England*, ii. 41, 42.

battle he had already won it! Let them describe him in council as in arms, not always righteous in his end, but ever mighty in his means!"

There was grandeur in the words with which the Garter-King-at-Arms closed the ceremonial at the tomb:—"Thus it has pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory world, into his mercy, the most high, mighty, noble prince, John Duke of Marlborough." He has passed to his great account, and must stand hereafter before the Searcher of Hearts, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, and be judged accordingly. It becomes us, shortsighted and fallible as we are, to deal cautiously and tenderly with the memory of the illustrious departed. There may have been many palliating circumstances in the case of Marlborough's desertion of James which have never yet been taken into account, and which now, probably, never will. Could we hear his own explanation of his conduct towards James, that explanation might greatly change our estimate of his fault, and mitigate the asperity of our censures. No one can venture to justify Marlborough's conduct towards James, in remaining in his service, apparently devoted to his interests—then one of the most confiding masters whom man ever had—after he had irrevocably committed himself to that master's enemy, and effectually secured the downfall and destruction of one who had actually saved the life of his treacherous servant, and showered upon him every possible mark of affection and distinction. That Marlborough was conscientiously attached to the cause of Protestantism while he thus acted, we have no doubt whatever; nor that he cherished that attachment to the last moment of his life, and respected it as the star by which he steered throughout his career. We must remember that he had done everything in his power to divert James from his purpose of re-establishing Popery. "My places, and the King's favour," said he, in 1687, "I set at nought, in comparison of being true to my religion. In all things but this the King may command me; and I call God to witness

that even with joy I should expose my life in his service, so sensible am I of his favours—I being resolved, though I cannot live the life of a saint, if there be occasion for it, to live the life of a martyr." This he said to William, then Prince of Orange. And during the same year he had thus sternly addressed James himself, when remonstrating with him for "paving the way for the introduction of Popery." He spoke with great warmth, and thus—"What I spoke, sir, proceeded from my zeal for your Majesty's service, which I prefer above all things, next to that of God; and I humbly beseech your Majesty to believe that no subject in the three kingdoms will venture farther than I will to purchase your favour and good liking. But as I have been bred a Protestant, and intend to live and die in that communion, and as above nine out of ten in England are of that persuasion, I fear, from the genius of the people, and their natural aversion to the Roman Catholic worship, some consequences which I dare not so much as name, and which I cannot contemplate without horror."* That he said this to his infatuated master is indisputable; but it was his duty to have at once quitted the service of that master, on finding that he could not conscientiously continue in it. "Had he done so," says Mr Alison, "and then either taken no part in the Revolution, or never appeared in arms against him, the most scrupulous moralist could have discovered nothing reprehensible in his conduct." That course Marlborough did not take; and that which he did must have entailed upon his sensitive mind unspeakable misery and mortification throughout life. He must also have foreseen the blot which that conduct would fix for ever on his fair fame—a reflection which must have dimmed the splendour of his greatest triumphs, and wrung his heart in its proudest moments of justifiable exultation. When we reflect upon his long and illustrious course of public service, the spotless purity of his private conduct in all the relations of life, as husband, father, friend; his uniform piety, his humanity, genero-

* ALISON, i. 14, 15, note.

sity, magnanimity, under the most trying circumstances in which man can be placed, we are filled with as much wonder as lamentation at this instance of treachery, this temporary oblivion of all sense of honour and loyalty. But has it not been heavily punished, and has it not been atoned for?

The charge, however, of a far more damning character than that of his conduct towards the Stuarts—that of having prolonged the war for his own selfish ends—is annihilated, after having been reiterated with almost fiendish malignity and perseverance. Mr Alison has placed this matter in the clearest possible light, and accumulated such an overwhelming mass of disproof that it seems perfectly monstrous that any such charge should have been for a moment entertained by even the most rancorous of his enemies. It now appears, from his correspondence throughout the war, that he pined and languished for its close, in order that he might cease to be the butt of malevolence and calumny, and escape from the crushing pressure of his thankless toils and responsibilities into the repose of private life. Out of a great number of similar passages which we had marked for quotation, here is one both eloquent and affecting. He is writing to the Duchess from Flanders in 1705, and alluding to the calumnies against himself, which were reported to him from England. "This vile enormous faction of theirs vexes me so much, that I hope the Queen will after this campaign *allow me to retire*, and end my days in praying for her prosperity and making my peace with God."* He repeatedly supplicated to be allowed to resign his command, and only the command of the sovereign, and the importunities of his friends and of the Allies, prevailed upon him to persevere. He made the most desperate efforts to bring the war to a speedy close, but also a *safe* one; for he never lost sight for a moment of the great objects with which it had been undertaken. He saw distinctly, from first to last, that there was no real peace for Europe, no guarantee for our own independence, and for

our civil and religious liberties, but the complete prostration of the ambition and power of Louis XIV.; and if his own enlightened sagacity had not been repeatedly thwarted by the stupidity or faction of those with whom he had to deal, he would early have deprived his traducers of even the faintest pretext for their imputations upon him. "I have had to modify my opinion of Marlborough," said the late eloquent Professor Smyth,† "since considering the lately published 'Life' of Archdeacon Coxe. I can no longer consider him as so betrayed by a spirit of personal ambition as I had once suspected, and I have a still stronger impression of his amiable nature in domestic life. The *great* Duke of Marlborough has been always his proper appellation, and he is only made greater by being made more known by the publication of Mr Coxe; nor can it be doubted that he would appear greater still, the more the difficulties with which he was surrounded, on all occasions, could be appreciated." This is said in a candid and honourable spirit, by a professor whose sacred duty was to give true notions of history, and of the characters figuring in it, to the students of a great university. "These difficulties," continues the professor, "may now be partly estimated; the impetuous temper and consequent imprudence of a wife, whom for her beauty, her talents, and her affection, he naturally idolised; the low narrow mind and mulish nature of the Queen he served; the unreasonable wishes and strange prejudices of the men of influence in his own country; the discordant interests and passions of different states and princes on the Continent; the pertinacity of the field-deputies of Holland, whom he could not send over into the camp of the enemy, their more proper station, and to whose absurdities it gave him the headache to listen." This pithy paragraph well groups together the leading "difficulties" with which this amazing man had to contend; and in Mr Alison's volumes a flood of light is thrown upon them all. None of his readers can fail to feel the profoundest sympha-

* ALISON, i. 211, note.

† *Lectures*, i. 143.

thy with harassed greatness. Without compromising his own sense of what is right, or attempting to conceal or disguise the failings of his hero, Mr Alison has painted a picture, at once noble and affecting, of the Duke of Marlborough, in every aspect of his character, in every position in which he was placed. In private and in public life—as a friend, as a father, as a husband—as a diplomatist, as a statesman, as a warrior—where is his equal to be found, and how can we be too grateful to one who has placed him, in all these characters, so vividly before us? “If the preceding pages,” says Mr Alison, modestly, at the close of his biography, “shall contribute in any degree to the illustration of so great a character, and to shed the light of historic truth on the actions of one of the most illustrious men whom the world has ever produced, the author’s labours will not have been incurred in vain.” They have not; and we doubt not that these volumes will add greatly to the well-earned reputation of the historian of the French Revolution. We repeat that the knowledge gained by Mr Alison, in preparing that work, has given him peculiar qualifications for writing the present. We had marked a great number of instances in which the events in Marlborough’s campaigns, and those events which led to them and followed them, are most plentifully and instructively compared and contrasted with those of the great campaigns of Wellington and Napoleon. The resemblance is sometimes startling; but the length to which this article has run compels us to rest

satisfied with referring the reader to the present work. The last chapter consists of five deeply-interesting portraits, — Marlborough, Eugene, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Wellington—the five great generals of modern times. The distinctive features of each are given with fidelity and force. It is, however, in the full flow of his military narrative that the peculiar excellence of Mr Alison is to be found. His battles* are always dashed off boldly and brilliantly, as far as effect is concerned, and at the same time with the most exact attention to details.

We are not disposed to be critical with an author who has afforded us such great gratification —

“Ubi plura nitent—uni ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cærit natura !”

There are, however, occasional traces of haste, involving repetitions and confused expressions, which, doubtless, will disappear in future editions. We doubt not that they will be called for; and are happy to have had this opportunity of calling attention to a new work proceeding from a gentleman standing so deservedly high with the public, and which, moreover, as we have more than once intimated, is very well timed. Let any one contemplate France at the present moment, and observe the attitude of the Romish and Protestant forms of faith throughout Europe, and in Great Britain, and he will think with no little anxiety of the days of another Louis, now on the scene of action; and perhaps inquire anxiously, with reference to the future, where is *our* Marlborough?

* A very happy idea is embodied in a work recently published, and which has quickly reached a second edition—Mr Creasy’s *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo*. The idea was suggested by a remark of Mr Hallam, placed on the title-page by way of motto, “These few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.” Mr Alison frequently puts such cases, in both *The Life of Marlborough* and his *History of Europe*. Mr Creasy, as a distinguished scholar and a professor of history, has acquitted himself very ably. His fifteen battles are well selected, as radiating centres of enduring influence upon human affairs in their greatest crises—as so many nuclei of historical knowledge.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK IX. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER IX.

WITH a slow step and an abstracted air, Harley L'Estrange bent his way towards Egerton's house, after his eventful interview with Helen. He had just entered one of the streets leading into Grosvenor Square, when a young man, walking quickly from the opposite direction, came full against him, and drawing back with a brief apology, recognised him, and exclaimed, "What! you in England, Lord L'Estrange! Accept my congratulations on your return. But you seem scarcely to remember me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr Leslie. I remember you now by your smile; but you are of an age in which it is permitted me to say that you look older than when I saw you last."

"And yet, Lord L'Estrange, it seems to me that you look younger."

Indeed, this reply was so far true that there appeared less difference of years than before between Leslie and L'Estrange; for the wrinkles in the schemer's mind were visible in his visage, while Harley's dreamy worship of Truth and Beauty seemed to have preserved to the votary the enduring youth of the divinities.

Harley received the compliment with a supreme indifference, which might have been suitable to a Stoic, but which seemed scarcely natural to a gentleman who had just proposed to a lady many years younger than himself.

Leslie renewed — "Perhaps you are on your way to Mr Egerton's. If so, you will not find him at home; he is at his office."

"Thank you. Then to his office I must re-direct my steps."

"I am going to him myself," said Randal hesitatingly.

L'Estrange had no prepossessions in favour of Leslie, from the little he had seen of that young gentleman; but Randal's remark was an appeal to his habitual urbanity, and he replied with

well-bred readiness, "Let us be companions so far."

Randal accepted the arm proffered to him; and Lord L'Estrange, as is usual with one long absent from his native land, bore part as a questioner in the dialogue that ensued.

"Egerton is always the same man, I suppose—too busy for illness, and too firm for sorrow?"

"If he ever feel either, he will never stoop to complain. But indeed, my dear lord, I should like much to know what you think of his health."

"How? You alarm me!"

"Nay, I did not mean to do that; and, pray, do not let him know that I went so far. But I have fancied that he looks a little worn, and suffering."

"Poor Audley!" said L'Estrange in a tone of deep affection. "I will sound him, and, be assured, without naming you; for I know well how little he likes to be supposed capable of human infirmity. I am obliged to you for your hint—obliged to you for your interest in one so dear to me."

And Harley's voice was more cordial to Randal than it had ever been before. He then began to inquire what Randal thought of the rumours that had reached himself as to the probable defeat of the government, and how far Audley's spirits were affected by such risks. But Randal here, seeing that Harley could communicate nothing, was reserved and guarded.

"Loss of office could not, I think, affect a man like Audley," observed Lord L'Estrange. "He would be as great in opposition—perhaps greater; and as to emoluments"—

"The emoluments are good," interposed Randal with a half sigh.

"Good enough, I suppose, to pay him back about a tenth of what his place costs our magnificent friend—No, I will say one thing for English

statesmen, no man amongst them ever yet was the richer for place."

"And Mr Egerton's private fortune must be large, I take for granted," said Randal carelessly.

"It ought to be, if he has time to look to it."

Here they passed by the hotel in which lodged the Count di Peschiera.

Randal stopped. "Will you excuse me for an instant? As we are passing this hotel, I will just leave my card here." So saying, he gave his card to a waiter lounging by the door. "For the Count di Peschiera," said he aloud.

L'Estrange started; and as Randal again took his arm, said—

"So that Italian lodges here? and you know him?"

"I know him but slightly, as one knows any foreigner who makes a sensation."

"He makes a sensation?"

"Naturally; for he is handsome, witty, and said to be very rich—that is, as long as he receives the revenues of his exiled kinsman."

"I see you are well informed, Mr Leslie. And what is supposed to bring hither the Count di Peschiera?"

"I did hear something, which I did not quite understand, about a bet of his that he would marry his kinsman's daughter; and so, I conclude, secure to himself all the inheritance; and that he is therefore here to discover the kinsman and win the heiress. But probably you know the rights of the story, and can tell me what credit to give to such gossip."

"I know this at least, that if he did lay such a wager, I would advise you to take any odds against him that his backers may give," said L'Estrange drily; and while his lip quivered with anger, his eye gleamed with arch ironical humour.

"You think, then, that this poor kinsman will not need such an alliance in order to regain his estates?"

"Yes; for I never yet knew a rogue whom I would not bet against, when he backed his own luck as a rogue against Justice and Providence."

Randal winced, and felt as if an arrow had grazed his heart; but he soon recovered.

"And indeed there is another vague rumour that the young lady in question is married already—to some Englishman."

This time it was Harley who winced. "Good Heavens! that cannot be true—that would undo all! An Englishman just at this moment! But some Englishman of correspondent rank I trust, or at least one known for opinions opposed to what an Austrian would call revolutionary doctrines?"

"I know nothing. But it was supposed, merely a private gentleman of good family. Would not that suffice? Can the Austrian Court dictate a marriage to the daughter as a condition for grace to the father?"

"No—not that!" said Harley, greatly disturbed. "But put yourself in the position of any minister to one of the great European monarchies. Suppose a political insurgent, formidable for station and wealth, had been proscribed, much interest made on his behalf, a powerful party striving against it, and just when the minister is disposed to relent, he hears that the heiress to this wealth and this station is married to the native of a country in which sentiments friendly to the very opinions for which the insurgent was proscribed are popularly entertained, and thus that the fortune to be restored may be so employed as to disturb the national security—the existing order of things;—this, too, at the very time when a popular revolution has just occurred in France,* and its effects are felt most in the very land of the exile:—suppose all this, and then say if anything could be more untoward for the hopes of the banished man, or furnish his adversaries with stronger arguments against the restoration of his fortune? But pshaw—this must be a chimera! If true, I should have known of it."

"I quite agree with your lordship—there can be no truth in such a rumour. Some Englishman hearing,

* As there have been so many revolutions in France, it may be convenient to suggest that, according to the dates of this story, Harley no doubt alludes to that revolution which exiled Charles X. and placed Louis Philippe on the throne.

perhaps, of the probable pardon of the exile, may have counted on an heiress, and spread the report in order to keep off other candidates. By your account, if successful in his suit, he might fail to find an heiress in the bride?"

"No doubt of that. Whatever might be arranged, I can't conceive that he would be allowed to get at the fortune, though it might be held in suspense for his children. But indeed it so rarely happens that an Italian girl of high name marries a foreigner, that we must dismiss this notion with a smile at the long face of the hypothetical fortune-hunter. Heaven help him, if he exist!"

"Amen," echoed Randal devoutly.

"I hear that Peschiera's sister is returned to England. Do you know her too?"

"A little."

"My dear Mr Leslie, pardon me if I take a liberty not warranted by our acquaintance. Against the lady I say nothing. Indeed, I have heard some things which appear to entitle her to compassion and respect. But as to Peschiera, all who prize honour suspect him to be a knave—I know him to be one. Now, I think that the longer we preserve that abhorrence for knavery which is the generous instinct of youth, why, the fairer will be our manhood, and the more reverend our age. You agree with me?" And

Harley suddenly turning, his eyes fell like a flood of light upon Randal's pale and secret countenance.

"To be sure," murmured the schemer.

Harley surveying him, mechanically recoiled, and withdrew his arm.

Fortunately for Randal, who somehow or other felt himself slipped into a false position, he scarce knew how or why, he was here seized by the arm; and a clear, open, manly voice cried, "My dear fellow, how are you? I see you are engaged now; but look into my rooms when you can, in the course of the day."

And with a bow of excuse for his interruption, to Lord L'Estrange, the speaker was then turning away, when Harley said—

"No, don't let me take you from your friend, Mr Leslie. And you need not be in a hurry to see Egerton; for I shall claim the privilege of older friendship for the first interview."

"It is Mr Egerton's nephew, Frank Hazeldean."

"Pray, call him back, and present me to him. He has a face that would have gone far to reconcile Timon to Athens."

Randal obeyed; and after a few kindly words to Frank, Harley insisted on leaving the two young men together, and walked on to Downing Street with a brisker step.

CHAPTER X.

"That Lord L'Estrange seems a very good fellow."

"So-so;—an effeminate humourist;—says the most absurd things, and fancies them wise. Never mind him. You wanted to speak to me, Frank?"

"Yes; I am so obliged to you for introducing me to Levy. I must tell you how handsomely he has behaved."

"Stop; allow me to remind you that I did not introduce you to Levy; you had met him before at Borrowell's, if I recollect right, and he dined with us at the Clarendon—that is all I had to do with bringing you together. Indeed I rather cautioned you against him than not. Pray don't think I introduced you to a man who, however pleasant, and perhaps

honest, is still a money-lender. Your father would be justly angry with me if I had done so."

"Oh, pooh! you are prejudiced against poor Levy. But just hear: I was sitting very ruefully, thinking over those cursed bills, and how the deuce I should renew them, when Levy walked into my rooms; and after telling me of his long friendship for my uncle Egerton, and his admiration for yourself, and (give me your hand, Randal) saying how touched he felt by your kind sympathy in my troubles, he opened his pocket-book, and showed me the bills safe and sound in his own possession."

"How?"

"He had bought them up. 'It

must be so disagreeable to me,' he said, 'to have them flying about the London money-market, and these Jews would be sure sooner or later to apply to my father. And now,' added Levy, 'I am in no immediate hurry for the money, and we must put the interest upon fairer terms.' In short, nothing could be more liberal than his tone. And he says, 'he is thinking of a way to relieve me altogether, and will call about it in a few days, when his plan is matured.' After all, I must owe this to you, Randal. I dare swear you put it into his head."

"O no, indeed! On the contrary, I still say, 'Be cautious in all your dealings with Levy.' I don't know, I'm sure, what he means to propose. Have you heard from the Hall lately?"

"Yes—to-day. Only think—the Riccaboccas have disappeared. My mother writes me word of it—a very odd letter. She seems to suspect that I know where they are, and reproaches me for 'mystery'—quite enigmatical. But there is one sentence in her letter—see, here it is in the postscript—which seems to refer to Beatrice: 'I

don't ask you to tell me your secrets, Frank, but Randal will no doubt have assured you that my first consideration will be for your own happiness, in any matter in which your heart is really engaged.'"

"Yes," said Randal, slowly; "no doubt this refers to Beatrice; but, as I told you, your mother will not interfere one way or the other,—such interference would weaken her influence with the Squire. Besides, as she said, she can't *wish* you to marry a foreigner; though once married, she would—But how do you stand now with the Marchesa? Has she consented to accept you?"

"Not quite; indeed I have not actually proposed. Her manner, though much softened, has not so far emboldened me; and, besides, before a positive declaration, I certainly must go down to the Hall and speak at least to my mother."

"You must judge for yourself, but don't do anything rash: talk first to me. Here we are at my office. Good-bye; and—and pray believe that, in whatever you do with Levy, I have no hand in it."

CHAPTER XI.

Towards the evening, Randal was riding fast on the road to Norwood. The arrival of Harley, and the conversation that had passed between that nobleman and Randal, made the latter anxious to ascertain how far Riccabocca was likely to learn L'Estrange's return to England, and to meet with him. For he felt that, should the latter come to know that Riccabocca, in his movements, had gone by Randal's advice, Harley would find that Randal had spoken to him disingenuously; and, on the other hand, Riccabocca, placed under the friendly protection of Lord L'Estrange, would no longer need Randal Leslie to defend him from the machinations of Peschiera. To a reader happily unaccustomed to dive into the deep and mazy recesses of a schemer's mind, it might seem that Randal's interest in retaining a hold over the exile's confidence would terminate with the assurances that had reached him, from more than one quarter, that

Violante might cease to be an heiress if she married himself. "But perhaps," suggests some candid and youthful conjecturer—"perhaps Randal Leslie is in love with this fair creature?" Randal in love!—no! He was too absorbed by harder passions for that blissful folly. Nor, if he could have fallen in love, was Violante the one to attract that sullen, secret heart; her instinctive nobleness, the very stateliness of her beauty, womanlike though it was, awed him. Men of that kind may love some soft slave—they cannot lift their eyes to a queen. They may look down—they cannot look up. But, on the one hand, Randal could not resign altogether the *chance* of securing a fortune that would realise his most dazzling dreams, upon the mere assurance, however probable, which had so dismayed him; and, on the other hand, should he be compelled to relinquish all idea of such alliance, though he did not contemplate the base perfidy

of actually assisting Peschiera's avowed designs, still, if Frank's marriage with Beatrice should absolutely depend upon her brother's obtaining the knowledge of Violante's retreat, and that marriage should be as conducive to his interests as he thought he could make it, why,—he did not then push his deductions farther, even to himself—they seemed too black; but he sighed heavily, and that sigh foreboded how weak would be honour and virtue against avarice and ambition. Therefore, on all accounts, Riccabocca was one of those cards in a sequence, which so calculating a player would not throw out of his hand: it *might* serve for repique at the worst—it might score well in the game. Intimacy with the Italian was still part and parcel in that knowledge which was the synonym of power.

While the young man was thus meditating, on his road to Norwood, Riccabocca and his Jemima were close conferring in their drawing-room. And if you could have there seen them, reader, you would have been seized with equal surprise and curiosity; for some extraordinary communication had certainly passed between them. Riccabocca was evidently much agitated, and with emotions not familiar to him. The tears stood in his eyes at the same time that a smile, the reverse of cynical or sardonic, curved his lips; while his wife was leaning her head on his shoulder, her hand clasped in his, and, by the expression of her face, you might guess that he had paid her some very gratifying compliment, of a nature more genuine and sincere than those which characterised his habitual hollow and dissimulating gallantry. But just at this moment Giacomo entered, and Jemima, with her native English modesty, withdrew in haste from Riccabocca's sheltering side.

"Padrone," said Giacomo, who, whatever his astonishment at the connubial position he had disturbed, was much too discreet to betray it—"Padrone, I see the young Englishman riding towards the house, and I hope, when he arrives, you will not forget the alarming information I gave to you this morning."

"Ah—ah!" said Riccabocca, his face falling.

"If the Signorina were but married!"

"My very thought—my constant thought!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "And you really believe the young Englishman loves her?"

"Why else should he come, Excellency?" asked Giacomo, with great *naïveté*.

"Very true; why, indeed?" said Riccabocca. "Jemima, I cannot endure the terrors I suffer on that poor child's account. I will open myself frankly to Randal Leslie. And now, too, that which might have been a serious consideration, in case I return to Italy, will no longer stand in our way, Jemima."

Jemima smiled faintly, and whispered something to Riccabocca, to which he replied—

"Nonsense, *anima mia*. I know it *will* be—have not a doubt of it. I tell you it is as nine to four, according to the nicest calculations. I will speak at once to Randal. He is too young—too timid to speak himself."

"Certainly," interposed Giacomo; "how could he dare to speak, let him love ever so well?"

Jemima shook her head.

"O, never fear," said Riccabocca, observing this gesture; "I will give him the trial. If he entertain but mercenary views, I shall soon detect them. I know human nature pretty well, I think, my love; and, Giacomo,—just get me my Machiavel;—that's right. Now leave me, my dear; I must reflect and prepare myself."

When Randal entered the house, Giacomo, with a smile of peculiar suavity, ushered him into the drawing-room. He found Riccabocca alone, and seated before the fire-place, leaning his face on his hand, with the great folio of Machiavel lying open on the table.

The Italian received him as courteously as usual; but there was in his manner a certain serious and thoughtful dignity, which was perhaps the more imposing, because but rarely assumed. After a few preliminary observations, Randal remarked that Frank Hazeldean had informed him of the curiosity which the disappearance of the Riccaboccas had excited

at the Hall, and inquired carelessly if the Doctor had left instructions as to the forwarding of any letters that might be directed to him at the Casino.

"Letters," said Riccabocca simply—"I never receive any; or, at least, so rarely, that it was not worth while to take an event so little to be expected into consideration. No; if any letters do reach the Casino, there they will wait."

"Then I can see no possibility of indiscretion; no chance of a clue to your address."

"Nor I either."

Satisfied so far, and knowing that it was not in Riccabocca's habits to read the newspapers, by which he might otherwise have learnt of L'Estrange's arrival in London, Randal then proceeded to inquire, with much seeming interest, into the health of Violante—hoped it did not suffer by confinement, &c. Riccabocca eyed him gravely while he spoke, and then suddenly rising, that air of dignity to which I have before referred, became yet more striking.

"My young friend," said he, "hear me attentively, and answer me frankly. I know human nature"—Here a slight smile of proud complacency passed the sage's lips, and his eye glanced towards his Machiavel.

"I know human nature—at least I have studied it," he renewed more earnestly, and with less evident self-conceit; "and I believe that when a perfect stranger to me exhibits an interest in my affairs, which occasions him no small trouble—an interest (continued the wise man, laying his hand upon Randal's shoulder) which scarcely a son could exceed, he must be under the influence of some strong personal motive."

"Oh, sir!" cried Randal, turning a shade more pale, and with a faltering tone. Riccabocca surveyed him with the tenderness of a superior being, and pursued his deductive theories.

"In your case, what is that motive? Not political; for I conclude you share the opinions of your government, and those opinions have not favoured mine. Not that of pecuniary or ambitious calculations; for how can such calculations enlist you on behalf of a ruined exile? What remains?

Why, the motive which at your age is ever the most natural, and the strongest. I don't blame you. Machiavel himself allows that such a motive has swayed the wisest minds, and overturned the most solid states. In a word, young man, you are in love, and with my daughter Violante."

Randal was so startled by this direct and unexpected charge upon his own masked batteries, that he did not even attempt his defence. His head drooped on his breast, and he remained speechless.

"I do not doubt," resumed the penetrating judge of human nature, "that you would have been withheld by the laudable and generous scruples which characterise your happy age, from voluntarily disclosing to me the state of your heart. You might suppose that, proud of the position I once held, or sanguine in the hope of regaining my inheritance, I might be over-ambitious in my matrimonial views for Violante; or that you, anticipating my restoration to honours and fortune, might seem actuated by the last motives which influence love and youth; and, therefore, my dear young friend, I have departed from the ordinary custom in England, and adopted a very common one in my own country. With us, a suitor seldom presents himself till he is assured of the consent of a father. I have only to say this—If I am right, and you love my daughter, my first object in life is to see her safe and secure; and, in a word—you understand me."

Now, mightily may it comfort and console us ordinary mortals, who advance no pretence to superior wisdom and ability, to see the huge mistakes made by both these very sagacious personages—Dr Riccabocca, valuing himself on his profound acquaintance with character, and Randal Leslie, accustomed to grope into every hole and corner of thought and action, wherefrom to extract that knowledge which is power! For whereas the sage, judging not only by his own heart in youth, but by the general influence of the master passion on the young, had ascribed to Randal sentiments wholly foreign to that able diplomatist's nature, so, no sooner had Riccabocca brought

his speech to a close, than Randal, judging also by his own heart, and by the general laws which influence men of the mature age and boasted worldly wisdom of the pupil of Machiavel, instantly decided that Riccabocca presumed upon his youth and inexperience, and meant most nefariously to take him in.

"The poor youth!" thought Riccabocca, "how unprepared he is for the happiness I give him!"

"The cunning old Jesuit!" thought Randal; "he has certainly learned, since we met last, that he has no chance of regaining his patrimony, and so he wants to impose on me the hand of a girl without a shilling. What other motive can he possibly have! Had his daughter the remotest probability of becoming the greatest heiress in Italy, would he dream of bestowing her on me in this off-hand way? The thing stands to reason."

Actuated by his resentment at the trap thus laid for him, Randal was about to disclaim altogether the disinterested and absurd affection laid to his charge, when it occurred to him that, by so doing, he might mortally offend the Italian—since the cunning never forgive those who refuse to be duped by them—and it might still be conducive to his interest to preserve intimate and familiar terms with Riccabocca; therefore, subduing his first impulse, he exclaimed,

"O too generous man! pardon me if I have so long been unable to express my amazement, my gratitude; but I cannot—no, I cannot, while your prospects remain thus uncertain, avail myself of your—of your inconsiderate magnanimity. Your rare conduct can only redouble my own scruples, if you, as I firmly hope and believe, are restored to your great possessions,—you would naturally look so much higher than me. Should those hopes fail, then, indeed, it may be different; yet even then, what position, what fortune, have I to offer to your daughter worthy of her?"

"You are well born: all gentlemen are equals," said Riccabocca, with a sort of easy nobleness. "You have

youth, information, talent—sources of certain wealth in this happy country—powerful connections; and, in fine, if you are satisfied with marrying for love, I shall be contented;—if not, speak openly. As to the restoration to my possessions, I can scarcely think that probable while my enemy lives. And even in that case, since I saw you last, something has occurred (added Riccabocca with a strange smile, which seemed to Randal singularly sinister and malignant) that may remove all difficulties. Meanwhile, do not think me so extravagantly magnanimous—do not underrate the satisfaction I must feel at knowing Violante safe from the designs of Peschiera—safe, and for ever, under a husband's roof. I will tell you an Italian proverb—it contains a truth full of wisdom and terror:—

"*Hai cinquanta Amici?—non basta.—hai un Nemico?—è troppo.*"

"Something has occurred!" echoed Randal, not heeding the conclusion of this speech, and scarcely hearing the proverb which the sage delivered in his most emphatic and tragic tone. "Something has occurred! My dear friend, be plainer. What has occurred?" Riccabocca remained silent. "Something that induces you to bestow your daughter on me?"

Riccabocca nodded, and emitted a low chuckle.

"The very laugh of a fiend," muttered Randal. "Something that makes her not worth bestowing. He betrays himself. Cunning people always do."

"Pardon me," said the Italian at last, "if I don't answer your question; you will know later; but, at present, this is a family secret. And now I must turn to another and more alarming cause for my frankness to you." Here Riccabocca's face changed, and assumed an expression of mingled rage and fear. "You must know," he added, sinking his voice, "that Giacomo has seen a strange person loitering about the house, and looking up at the windows; and he has no doubt—nor have I—that this is some spy or emissary of Peschiera's."

* Have you fifty friends!—it is not enough.—Have you one enemy!—it is too much.

"Impossible; how could he discover you?"

"I know not; but no one else has any interest in doing so. The man kept at a distance, and Giacomo could not see his face."

"It may be but a mere idler. Is this all?"

"No; the old woman who serves us said that she was asked at a shop 'if we were not Italians?'"

"And she answered?"

"'No;' but owned that 'we had a foreign servant, Giacomo.'"

"I will see to this. Rely on it that if Peschiera has discovered you, I will learn it. Nay, I will hasten from you in order to commence inquiry."

"I cannot detain you. May I think that we have now an interest in common?"

"O, indeed yes; but—but—your daughter! how can I dream that one so beautiful, so peerless, will confirm the hope you have extended to me?"

"The daughter of an Italian is brought up to consider that it is a father's right to dispose of her hand."

"But the heart?"

"*Cospetto!*" said the Italian, true to his infamous notions as to the sex, "the heart of a girl is like a convent—the holier the cloister, the more charitable the door."

CHAPTER XII.

Randal had scarcely left the house, before Mrs Riccabocca, who was affectionately anxious in all that concerned Violante, rejoined her husband.

"I like the young man very well," said the sage—"very well indeed. I find him just what I expected from my general knowledge of human nature; for as love ordinarily goes with youth, so modesty usually accompanies talent. He is young, *ergo* he is in love; he has talent, *ergo* he is modest—modest and ingenuous."

"And you think not in any way swayed by interest in his affections?"

"Quite the contrary; and to prove him the more, I have not said a word as to the worldly advantages which, in any case, would accrue to him from an alliance with my daughter. In any case; for if I regain my country, her fortune is assured; and if not, I trust (said the poor exile, lifting his brow with stately and becoming pride) that I am too well aware of my child's dignity as well as my own, to ask any one to marry her to his own worldly injury."

"Eh! I don't quite understand you, Alphonso. To be sure, your dear life is insured for her marriage portion; but—"

"*Pazzie*—stuff!" said Riccabocca petulantly; "her marriage portion would be as nothing to a young man of Randal's birth and prospects. I think not of that. But listen: I have

never consented to profit by Harley L'Estrange's friendship for me; my scruples would not extend to my son-in-law. This noble friend has not only high rank, but considerable influence—influence with the government—influence with Randal's patron—who, between ourselves, does not seem to push the young man as he might do; I judge by what Randal says. I should write, therefore, before anything was settled, to L'Estrange, and I should say to him simply, 'I never asked you to save me from penury, but I do ask you to save a daughter of my house from humiliation. I can give to her no dowry; can her husband owe to my friend that advance in an honourable career—that opening to energy and talent—which is more than a dowry to generous ambition?'"

"Oh, it is in vain you would disguise your rank," cried Jemima with enthusiasm, "it speaks in all you utter, when your passions are moved."

The Italian did not seem flattered by that eulogy. "Pish," said he, "there you are! rank again!"

But Jemima was right. There was something about her husband that was grandiose and princely, whenever he escaped from his accursed Machiavel, and gave fair play to his heart.

And he spent the next hour or so in thinking over all that he could do for Randal, and devising for his intended son-in-law the agreeable sur-

prises, which Randal was at that very time racking his yet cleverer brains to disappoint.

These plans conned sufficiently, Riccabocca shut up his Machiavel, and hunted out of his scanty collection of books Buffon on Man, and various other psychological volumes, in which he soon became deeply ab-

sorbed. Why were these works the object of the sage's study? Perhaps he will let us know soon, for it is clearly a secret known to his wife; and though she has hitherto kept one secret, that is precisely the reason why Riccabocca would not wish long to overburthen her discretion with another.

CHAPTER XIII.

Randal reached home in time to dress for a late dinner at Baron Levy's.

The Baron's style of living was of that character especially affected both by the most acknowledged exquisites of that day, and, it must be owned, also, by the most egregious *parvenus*. For it is noticeable that it is your *parvenu* who always comes nearest in fashion (so far as externals are concerned) to your genuine exquisite. It is your *parvenu* who is most particular as to the cut of his coat, and the precision of his equipage, and the minutiae of his *ménage*. Those between the *parvenu* and the exquisite who know their own consequence, and have something solid to rest upon, are slow in following all the caprices of fashion, and obtuse in observation as to those niceties which neither give them another ancestor, nor add another thousand to the account at their banker's;—as to the last, rather indeed the contrary! There was a decided elegance about the Baron's house and his dinner. If he had been one of the lawful kings of the dandies, you would have cried, "What perfect taste!"—but such is human nature, that the dandies who dined with him said to each other, "He pretend to imitate D——! vulgar dog!" There was little affectation of your more showy opulence. The furniture in the rooms was apparently simple, but, in truth, costly, from its luxurious comfort—the ornaments and china scattered about the commodores were of curious rarity and great value; and the pictures on the walls were gems. At dinner, no plate was admitted on the table. The Russian fashion, then uncommon, now more prevalent, was adopted—fruits and flowers in old Sèvres dishes of

priceless *vertu*, and in sparkling glass of Bohemian fabric. No livery servant was permitted to wait; behind each guest stood a gentleman dressed so like the guest himself, in fine linen and simple black, that guest and lacquey seemed stereotypes from one plate.

The viands were exquisite; the wine came from the cellars of deceased archbishops and ambassadors. The company was select; the party did not exceed eight. Four were the eldest sons of peers (from a baron to a duke;) one was a professed wit, never to be got without a month's notice, and, where a *parvenu* was host, a certainty of green pease and peaches—out of season; the sixth, to Randal's astonishment, was Mr Richard Avenel; himself and the Baron made up the complement.

The eldest sons recognised each other with a meaning smile; the most juvenile of them, indeed, (it was his first year in London,) had the grace to blush and look sheepish. The others were more hardened; but they all united in regarding with surprise both Randal and Dick Avenel. The former was known to most of them personally; and to all, by repute, as a grave, clever, promising young man, rather prudent than lavish, and never suspected to have got into a scrape. What the deuce did he do there? Mr Avenel puzzled them yet more. A middle-aged man, said to be in business, whom they had observed "about town" (for he had a noticeable face and figure)—that is, seen riding in the park, or lounging in the pit at the opera, but never set eyes on at a recognised club, or in the coteries of their 'set';—a man whose wife gave horrid third-rate parties, that took up half-a-

column in the *Morning Post* with a list of "The Company Present,"—in which a sprinkling of dowagers out of fashion, and a foreign title or two, made the darkness of the obscurer names doubly dark. Why this man should be asked to meet *them*, by Baron Levy, too—a decided tuft-hunter and would-be exclusive—called all their faculties into exercise. The wit, who, being the son of a small tradesman, but in the very best society, gave himself far greater airs than the young lords, impertinently solved the mystery. "Depend on it," whispered he to Spendquick—"depend on it the man is the X.Y. of the *Times* who offers to lend any sums of money from £10 to half-a-million. He's the man who has all your bills; Levy is only his jackall."

"'Pon my soul," said Spendquick, rather alarmed, "if that's the case, one may as well be civil to him."

"*You*, certainly," said the wit. "But I never yet found an X.Y. who would advance me the L. s.; and, therefore, I shall not be more respectful to X.Y. than to any other unknown quantity."

By degrees, as the wine circulated, the party grew gay and sociable. Levy was really an entertaining fellow; had all the gossip of the town at his fingers' ends; and possessed, moreover, that pleasant art of saying ill-natured things of the absent, which those present always enjoy. By degrees, too, Mr Richard Avenel came out; and as the whisper had circulated round the table that he was X.Y., he was listened to with a profound respect, which greatly elevated his spirits. Nay, when the wit tried once to show him up or mystify him, Dick answered with a bluff spirit, that, though very coarse, was found so humorous by Lord Spendquick and other gentlemen similarly situated in the money-market, that they turned the laugh against the wit, and silenced him for the rest of the night—a circumstance which made the party go off much more pleasantly. After dinner, the conversation, quite that of single men, easy and *débonnair*, glanced from the turf, and the ballet, and the last scandal, towards politics; for the times were such that politics were

discussed everywhere, and three of the young lords were county members.

Randal said little, but, as was his wont, listened attentively; and he was agast to find how general was the belief that the government was doomed. Out of regard to him, and with that delicacy of breeding which belongs to a certain society, nothing personal to Egerton was said, except by Avenel, who, however, on blurting out some rude expressions respecting that minister, was instantly checked by the Baron.

"Spare my friend, and Mr Leslie's near connection," said he, with a polite but grave smile.

"Oh," said Avenel, "public men, whom we pay, are public property—aren't they, my lord?" appealing to Spendquick.

"Certainly," said Spendquick, with great spirit—"public property, or why should we pay them? There must be a very strong motive to induce us to do that! I hate paying people. In fact," he subjoined in an aside, "I never do!"

"However," resumed Mr Avenel graciously, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr Leslie. As to the feelings of our host, the Baron, I calculate that they have got tolerably tough by the exercise they have gone through."

"Nevertheless," said the Baron, joining in the laugh which any lively saying by the supposed X.Y. was sure to excite—"nevertheless, 'love me, love my dog,' love me, love my Egerton."

Randal started, for his quick ear and subtle intelligence caught something sinister and hostile in the tone with which Levy uttered this equivocal comparison, and his eye darted towards the Baron. But the Baron had bent down his face, and was regaling himself upon an olive.

By-and-by the party rose from table. The four young noblemen had their engagements elsewhere, and proposed to separate without re-entering the drawing-room. As, in Goethe's theory, monads which have affinities with each other are irresistibly drawn together, so these gay children of pleasure had, by a common impulse, on rising from table, moved each to each, and formed

a group round the fireplace. Randal stood a little apart, musing; the wit examined the pictures through his eyeglass; and Mr Avenel drew the Baron towards the sideboard, and there held him in whispered conference. This colloquy did not escape the young gentlemen round the fireplace: they glanced towards each other.

"Settling the percentage on renewal," said one, *sottu voce*.

"X.Y. does not seem such a very bad fellow," said another.

"He looks rich, and talks rich," said a third.

"A decided independent way of expressing his sentiments; those moneyed men generally have."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Spendquick, who had been keeping his eye anxiously fixed on the pair, "do look; X.Y. is actually taking out his pocket-book; he is coming this way. Depend on it he has got our bills—mine is due to-morrow!"

"And mine too," said another, edging off. "Why, it is a perfect *guet-apens*."

Meanwhile, breaking away from the Baron, who appeared anxious to detain him, and failing in that attempt, turned aside, as if not to see Dick's movements—a circumstance which did not escape the notice of the group, and confirmed all their suspicions, Mr Avenel, with a serious, thoughtful air, and a slow step, approached the group. Nor did the great Roman general more nervously "flutter the dove-cotes in Corioli," than did the advance of the supposed X.Y. agitate the bosoms of Lord Spendquick and his sympathising friends. Pocket-book in hand, and apparently feeling for something formidable within its mystic recesses, step by step came Dick Avenel towards the fireplace. The group stood still, fascinated by horror.

"Hum," said Mr Avenel, clearing his throat.

"I don't like that hum at all," muttered Spendquick.

"Proud to have made your ac-

quaintance, gentlemen," said Dick, bowing.

The gentlemen, thus addressed, bowed low in return.

"My friend the Baron thought this not exactly the time to"—Dick stopped a moment; you might have knocked down those four young gentlemen, though four finer specimens of humanity no aristocracy in Europe could produce—you might have knocked them down with a feather! "But," renewed Avenel, not finishing his sentence, "I have made it a rule in life never to lose securing a good opportunity; in short, to make the most of the present moment. And," added he with a smile, which froze the blood in Lord Spendquick's veins, "the rule has made me a very warm man! Therefore, gentlemen, allow me to present you each with one of these"—every hand retreated behind the back of its well-born owner—when, to the inexpressible relief of all, Dick concluded with—"a little *soirée dansante*," and extended four cards of invitation.

"Most happy!" exclaimed Spendquick. "I don't dance in general; but to oblige X—I mean to have a better acquaintance, sir, with you—I would dance on the tight-rope."

There was a good-humoured pleasant laugh at Spendquick's enthusiasm, and a general shaking of hands and pocketing of the invitation cards.

"You don't look like a dancing man," said Avenel, turning to the wit, who was plump and somewhat gouty—as wits who dine out five days in the week generally are; "but we shall have supper at one o'clock."

Infinitely offended and disgusted, the wit replied drily, "that every hour of his time was engaged for the rest of the season," and, with a stiff salutation to the Baron, took his departure. The rest, in good spirits, hurried away to their respective cabriolets; and Leslie was following them into the hall, when the Baron, catching hold of him, said, "Stay, I want to talk to you."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Baron turned into his drawing-room, and Leslie followed.

"Pleasant young men, those," said

Levy, with a slight sneer, as he threw himself into an easy chair and stirred the fire. "And not at all proud;

but, to be sure, they are—under great obligations to me. Yes; they owe me a great deal. *Apropos*, I have had a long talk with Frank Hazeldean—fine young man—remarkable capacities for business. I can arrange his affairs for him. I find, on reference to the Will Office, that you were quite right; the Casino property is entailed on Frank. He will have the fee simple. He can dispose of the reversion entirely. So that there will be no difficulty in our arrangements."

"But I told you also that Frank had scruples about borrowing on the event of his father's death."

"Ay—you did so. Filial affection! I never take that into account in matters of business. Such little scruples, though they are highly honourable to human nature, soon vanish before the prospect of the King's Bench. And, too, as you so judiciously remarked, our clever young friend is in love with Madame di Negra."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No; but Madame di Negra did!"

"You know her?"

"I know most people in good society, who now and then require a friend in the management of their affairs. And having made sure of the fact you stated, as to Hazeldean's contingent property, (excuse my prudence,) I have accommodated Madame di Negra, and bought up her debts."

"You have—you surprise me!"

"The surprise will vanish on reflection. But you are very new to the world yet, my dear Leslie. By the way, I have had an interview with Peschiera—"

"About his sister's debts?"

"Partly. A man of the nicest honour is Peschiera."

Aware of Levy's habit of praising people for the qualities in which, according to the judgment of less penetrating mortals, they were most deficient, Randal only smiled at this eulogy, and waited for Levy to resume. But the Baron sate silent and thoughtful for a minute or two, and then wholly changed the subject.

"I think your father has some property in —shire, and you pro-

bably can give me a little information as to certain estates of a Mr Thornhill—estates which, on examination of the title-deeds, I find once, indeed, belonged to your family." The Baron glanced at a very elegant memorandum book—"The manors of Rood and Dulmonsberry, with sundry farms thereon. Mr Thornhill wants to sell them as soon as his son is of age—an old client of mine, Thornhill. He has applied to me on the matter. Do you think it an improvable property?"

Randal listened with a livid cheek and a throbbing heart. We have seen that, if there was one ambitious scheme in his calculation which, though not absolutely generous and heroic, still might win its way to a certain sympathy in the unbiassed human mind, it was the hope to restore the fallen fortunes of his ancient house, and repossess himself of the long alienated lands that surrounded the dismal wastes of the mouldering hall. And now to hear that those lands were getting into the inexorable gripe of Levy—tears of bitterness stood in his eyes.

"Thornhill," continued Levy, who watched the young man's countenance—"Thornhill tells me that that part of his property—the old Leslie lands—produces £2000 a-year, and that the rental could be raised. He would take £50,000 for it—£20,000 down, and suffer the remaining £30,000 to lie on mortgage at four per cent. It seems a very good purchase. What do you say?"

"Don't ask me," said Randal, stung into rare honesty; "for I had hoped I might live to repossess myself of that property."

"Ah! indeed. It would be a very great addition to your consequence in the world—not from the mere size of the estate, but from its hereditary associations. And if you have any idea of the purchase—believe me, I'll not stand in your way."

"How can I have any idea of it?"

"But I thought you said you had."

"I understood that these lands could not be sold till Mr Thornhill's son came of age, and joined in getting rid of the entail."

"Yes, so Thornhill himself supposed, till, on examining the title-

deeds, I found he was under a mistake. These lands are not comprised in the settlement made by old Jasper Thornhill, which ties up the rest of the property. The title will be perfect. Thornhill wants to settle the matter at once—losses on the turf, you understand; an immediate purchaser would get still better terms. A Sir John Spratt would give the money;—but the addition of these lands would make the Spratt property of more consequence in the county than the Thornhill. So my client would rather take a few thousands less from a man who don't set up to be his rival. Balance of power in counties as well as nations."

Randal was silent.

"Well," said Levy, with great kindness of manner, "I see I pain you; and though I am what my very pleasant guests would call a *parvenu*, I comprehend your natural feelings as a gentleman of ancient birth. *Parvenu*! Ah! is it not strange, Leslie, that no wealth, no fashion, no fame can wipe out that blot. They call me a *parvenu*, and borrow my money. They call our friend, the wit, a *parvenu*, and submit to all his insolence—if they condescend to regard his birth at all—provided they can but get him to dinner. They call the best debater in the Parliament of England a *parvenu*, and will entreat him, some day or other, to be prime minister, and ask him for stars and garters. A droll world, and no wonder the *parvenus* want to upset it."

Randal had hitherto supposed that this notorious tuft-hunter—this dandy capitalist—this money-lender, whose whole fortune had been wrung from the wants and follies of an aristocracy, was naturally a firm supporter of things as they are—how could things be better for men like Baron Levy? But the usurer's burst of democratic spleen did not surprise his precocious and acute faculty of observation. He had before remarked, that it is the persons who fawn most upon an aristocracy, and profit the most by the fawning, who are ever at heart its bitterest disparagers. Why is this? Because one full half of democratic opinion is made up of envy; and we can only envy what is brought before our eyes, and

what, while very near to us, is still unattainable. No man envies an archangel.

"But," said Levy, throwing himself back in his chair, "a new order of things is commencing; we shall see. Leslie, it is lucky for you that you did not enter parliament under the government; it would be your political ruin for life."

"You think, then, that the ministry really cannot last?"

"Of course I do; and what is more, I think that a ministry of the same principles cannot be restored. You are a young man of talent and spirit; your birth is nothing compared to the rank of the reigning party; it would tell, to a certain degree, in a democratic one. I say, you should be more civil to Avenel; he could return you to parliament at the next election."

"The next election! In six years! We have just had a general election."

"There will be another before this year, or half of it, or perhaps a quarter of it, is out."

"What makes you think so?"

"Leslie, let there be confidence between us; we can help each other. Shall we be friends?"

"With all my heart. But, though you may help me, how can I help you?"

"You have helped me already to Frank Hazeldean—and the Casino estate. All clever men can help me. Come, then, we are friends; and what I say is secret. You ask me why I think there will be a general election so soon? I will answer you frankly. Of all the public men I ever met with, there is no one who has so clear a vision of things immediately before him as Audley Egerton."

"He has that character. Not *far-seeing*, but *clear-sighted* to a certain limit."

"Exactly so. No one better, therefore, knows public opinion, and its immediate ebb and flow."

"Granted."

"Egerton, then, counts on a general election within three months; and I have lent him the money for it."

"Lent him the money! Egerton borrow money of you—the rich Audley Egerton!"

"Rich!" repeated Levy in a tone impossible to describe, and accompanying the word with that movement of the middle finger and thumb, commonly called a "snap," which indicates profound contempt.

He said no more. Randal sate stupefied. At length the latter muttered, "But if Egerton is really not rich—if he lose office, and without the hope of return to it——"

"If so, he is ruined!" said Levy coldly; "and therefore, from regard to you, and feeling interest in your future fate, I say—Rest no hopes of fortune or career upon Audley Egerton. Keep your place for the present, but be prepared at the next election to stand upon popular principles. Avenel shall return you to parliament; and the rest is with luck and energy. And now, I'll not detain you longer," said Levy, rising and ringing the bell. The servant entered.

"Is my carriage here?"

"Yes, Baron."

"Can I set you down anywhere?"

"No, thank you; I prefer walking."

"Adieu, then. And mind you remember the *soirée dansante* at Mrs Avenel's." Randal mechanically shook the hand extended to him, and went down the stairs.

The fresh frosty air roused his intellectual faculties, which Levy's ominous words had almost paralysed.

And the first thing the clever schemer said to himself was this—

"But what can be the man's motive in what he said to me?"

The next was—

"Egerton ruined! What am I, then?"

And the third was—

"And that fair remnant of the old Leslie property! £20,000 down—how to get the sum? Why should Levy have spoken to me of this?"

And lastly, the soliloquy rounded back—"The man's motives! His motives?"

Meanwhile, the Baron threw himself into his chariot—the most comfortable easy chariot you can possibly conceive—single man's chariot—perfect taste—no married man ever has such a chariot; and in a few minutes he was at ——'s hotel, and in the presence of Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera.

"*Mon chère*," said the Baron in very good French, and in a tone of the most familiar equality with the descendant of the princes and heroes of grand mediæval Italy—" *Mon chère*, give me one of your excellent cigars. I think I have put all matters in train."

"You have found out——"

"No; not so fast yet," said the Baron, lighting the cigar extended to him. "But you said that you should be perfectly contented if it only cost you £20,000 to marry off your sister, (to whom that sum is legally due,) and to marry yourself to the heiress."

"I did, indeed."

"Then I have no doubt I shall manage both objects for that sum, if Randal Leslie really knows where the young lady is, and can assist you. Most promising able man is Randal Leslie—but innocent as a babe just born."

"Ha, ha! Innocent? *Que diable!*"

"Innocent as this cigar, *mon chère*—strong, certainly, but smoked very easily. *Soyez tranquille!*"

CHAPTER XV.

Who has not seen—who not admired, that noble picture by Daniel Maclise, which refreshes the immortal name of my ancestor Caxton! For myself, while with national pride I heard the admiring murmurs of the foreigners who grouped around it, (nothing, indeed, of which our nation may be more proud had they seen in the Crystal Palace,)—heard, with no

less a pride in the generous nature of fellow-artists, the warm applause of living and deathless masters, sanctioning the enthusiasm of the popular crowd;—what struck me more than the precision of drawing, for which the artist has been always renowned, and the just though gorgeous affluence of colour which he has more recently acquired, was the profound depth of

conception, out of which this great work had so elaborately arisen. That monk, with his scowl towards the printer and his back on the Bible, over which *his form casts a shadow*—the whole transition between the mediæval Christianity of cell and cloister, and the modern Christianity that rejoices in the daylight, is depicted there, in the shadow that obscures the Book—in the scowl that is fixed upon the Book-diffuser;—that sombre musing face of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, with the beauty of Napoleon, darkened to the expression of a Fiend, looking far and anxiously into futurity, as if foreseeing there what antagonism was about to be created to the schemes of secret crime and unrelenting force;—the chivalrous head of the accomplished Rivers, seen but in profile, under his helmet, as if the age when Chivalry must defend its noble attributes, in steel, was already half passed away: and, not least grand of all, the rude thews and sinews of the artisan forced into service on the type, and the ray of intellect, fierce, and menacing revolutions yet to be, struggling through his rugged features, and across his low knitted brow;—all this, which showed how deeply the idea of the discovery in its good and its evil, its saving light and its perilous storms, had sunk into the artist's soul, charmed me as effecting the exact union between sentiment and execution, which is the true and rare consummation of the Ideal in Art. But observe, while in these personages of the group are depicted the deeper and graver agencies implicated in the bright but terrible invention—observe how little the light epicures of the hour heed the scowl of the monk, or the restless gesture of Richard, or the troubled gleam in the eyes of the artisan—King Edward, handsome *Poco curante*, delighted, in the surprise of a child, with a new toy; and Clarence, with his curious yet careless glance—all the while Caxton himself, calm, serene, untroubled, intent solely upon the manifestation of his discovery, and no doubt supremely indifferent whether the first proofs of it shall be dedicated to a Rivers or an Edward, a Richard or a Henry, Plantagenet or Tudor—'tis all the same to

that comely, gentle-looking man. So is it ever with your Abstract Science!—not a jot cares its passionless logic for the woe or weal of a generation or two. The stream, once emerged from its source, passes on into the Great Intellectual Sea, smiling over the wretch that it drowns, or under the keel of the ship which it serves as a slave.

Now, when about to commence the present chapter on the Varieties of Life, this masterpiece of thoughtful art forced itself on my recollection, and illustrated what I designed to say. In the surface of every age, it is often that which but amuses, for the moment, the ordinary children of pleasant existence, the Edwards and the Clarences, (be they kings and dukes, or simplest of simple subjects,) which afterwards towers out as the great serious epoch of the time. When we look back upon human records, how the eye settles upon WRITERS as the main landmarks of the past! We talk of the age of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV., of Anne, as the notable eras of the world. Why? Because it is their writers who have made them so. Intervals between one age of authors and another lie unnoticed, as the flats and common lands of uncultured history. And yet, strange to say, when these authors are living amongst us, they occupy a very small portion of our thoughts, and fill up but desultory interstices in the bitumen and tufo wherefrom we build up the Babylon of our lives! So it is, and perhaps so it should be, whether it pleases the conceit of penmen or not. Life is meant to be active; and books, though they give the action to future generations, administer but to the holiday of the present.

And so, with this long preface, I turn suddenly from the Randals and the Egertons, and the Levys, Avenels, and Peschieras—from the plots and passions of practical life, and drop the reader suddenly into one of those obscure retreats wherein Thought weaves, from unnoticed moments, a new link to the chain that unites the ages.

Within a small room, the single window of which opened on a fanciful and fairy-like garden, that has been before described, sate a young man

alone. He had been writing: the ink was not dry on his manuscript, but his thoughts had been suddenly interrupted from his work, and his eyes, now lifted from the letter which had occasioned that interruption, sparkled with delight. "He will come," exclaimed the young man; "come here—to the home which I owe to him. I have not been unworthy of his friendship. And she"—his breast heaved, but the joy faded from his face. "Oh strange, strange, that I feel sad at the thought to see her again. See *her*—Ah no!—my own comforting Helen—my own Child-angel! *Her* I can never see again! The grown woman—that is not my Helen. And yet—and yet, (he resumed, after a pause,) if ever she read the pages, in which thought flowed and trembled under her distant starry light—if ever she see how her image has rested with me, and feel that, while others believe that I invent, I have but remembered—will she not, for a moment, be my own Helen again! Again, in heart and in fancy, stand by my side on the desolate bridge—hand in hand—orphans both, as we stood in the days so sorrowful, yet, as I recall them, so sweet.—Helen in England, it is a dream!"

He rose, half consciously, and went to the window. The fountain played merrily before his eyes, and the birds in the aviary carolled loud to his ear. "And in this house," he murmured, "I saw her last! And there, where the fountain now throws its stream on high—there her benefactor and mine told me that I was to lose *her*, and that I might win—fame. Alas!"

At this time a woman, whose dress was somewhat above her mien and air, which, though not without a certain respectability, were very homely, entered the room; and, seeing the young man standing thus thoughtful by the window, paused. She was used to his habits; and since his success in life, had learned to respect them. So she did not disturb his reverie, but began softly to arrange the room—dusting, with the corner of her apron, the various articles of furniture, putting a stray chair or two in its right place, but not touching a single paper. Virtuous woman, and rare as virtuous!

The young man turned at last, with

a deep, yet not altogether painful sigh—

"My dear mother, good day to you. Ah, you do well to make the room look its best. Happy news! I expect a visitor!"

"Dear me, Leonard, will he want? lunch—or what?"

"Nay, I think not, mother. It is he to whom we owe all—'*Hæc otia fecit.*' Pardon my Latin; it is Lord L'Estrange."

The face of Mrs Fairfield (the reader has long since divined the name) changed instantly, and betrayed a nervous twitch of all the muscles, which gave her a family likeness to old Mrs Avenel.

"Do not be alarmed, mother. He is the kindest—"

"Don't talk so; I can't bear it!" cried Mrs Fairfield.

"No wonder you are affected by the recollection of all his benefits. But when once you have seen him, you will find yourself ever after at your ease. And so, pray smile and look as good as you are; for I am proud of your open honest look when you are pleased, mother. And he must see your heart in your face as I do."

With this, Leonard put his arm round the widow's neck and kissed her. She clung to him fondly for a moment, and he felt her tremble from head to foot. Then she broke from his embrace, and hurried out of the room. Leonard thought perhaps she had gone to improve her dress, or to carry her housewife energies to the decoration of the other rooms; for "the house" was Mrs Fairfield's hobby and passion; and now that she worked no more, save for her amusement, it was her main occupation. The hours she contrived to spend daily in bustling about those little rooms, and leaving everything therein to all appearance precisely the same, were among the marvels in life which the genius of Leonard had never comprehended. But she was always so delighted when Mr Norreys or some rare visitor came; and said, (Mr Norreys never failed to do so,) "How neatly all is kept here. What could Leonard do without you, Mrs Fairfield?"

And, to Norreys' infinite amusement, Mrs Fairfield always returned

the same answer. "'Deed sir, and thank you kindly, but 'tis my belief that the drawin'-room would be awful dusty."

Once more left alone, Leonard's mind returned to the state of reverie, and his face assumed the expression that had now become to it habitual. Thus seen, he was changed much since we last beheld him. His cheek was more pale and thin, his lips more firmly compressed, his eye more fixed and abstract. You could detect, if I may borrow a touching French expression, that "sorrow had passed by there." But the melancholy on his countenance was ineffably sweet and serene, and on his ample forehead there was that power, so rarely seen in early youth—the power that has conquered, and betrays its conquests but in calm. The period of doubt, of struggle, of defiance, was gone for ever; genius and soul were reconciled to human life. It was a

face most loveable; so gentle and peaceful in its character. No want of fire; on the contrary, the fire was so clear and so steadfast, that it conveyed but the impression of light. The candour of boyhood, the simplicity of the villager were still there—refined by intelligence, but intelligence that seemed to have traversed through knowledge—not with the footstep, but the wing—unsullied by the mire—tending towards the star—seeking through the various grades of Being but the lovelier forms of truth and goodness; at home as should be the Art that consummates the Beautiful—

"In den heitern Regionen
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen." *

From this reverie Leonard did not seek to rouse himself, till the bell at the garden gate rang loud and shrill; and then starting up and hurrying into the hall, his hand was grasped in Harley's.

CHAPTER XVI.

A full and happy hour passed away in Harley's questions and Leonard's answers; the dialogue that naturally ensued between the two, on the first interview after an absence of years so eventful to the younger man.

The history of Leonard during this interval was almost solely internal, the struggle of intellect with its own difficulties, the wanderings of imagination through its own adventurous worlds.

The first aim of Norreys, in preparing the mind of his pupil for its vocation, had been to establish the equilibrium of its powers, to calm into harmony the elements rudely shaken by the trials and passions of the old hard outer life.

The theory of Norreys was briefly this. The education of a superior human being is but the development of ideas in one for the benefit of others. To this end, attention should be directed—1st, To the value of the ideas collected; 2dly, To their discipline; 3dly, To their expression. For the first, acquirement is necessary;

for the second, discipline; for the third, art. The first comprehends knowledge, purely intellectual, whether derived from observation, memory, reflection, books or men, Aristotle or Fleet Street. The second demands *training*, not only intellectual, but moral; the purifying and exaltation of motives; the formation of habits; in which method is but a part of a divine and harmonious symmetry—a union of intellect and conscience. Ideas of value, stored by the first process; marshalled into force, and placed under guidance, by the second; it is the result of the third, to place them before the world in the most attractive or commanding form. This may be done by actions no less than words; but the adaptation of means to end, the passage of ideas from the brain of one man into the lives and souls of all, no less in action than in books, requires study. Action has its art as well as literature. Here Norreys had but to deal with the calling of the scholar, the formation of the writer, and so to guide the

* At home—"In the serene regions
Where dwell the pure forms."

perceptions towards those varieties in the sublime and beautiful, the just combination of which is at once CREATION. Man himself is but a combination of elements. He who combines in nature, creates in art.

Such, very succinctly and inadequately expressed, was the system upon which Norreys proceeded to regulate and perfect the great native powers of his pupil; and though the reader may perhaps say that no system laid down by another can either form genius or dictate to its results, yet probably nine-tenths at least of those in whom we recognise the luminaries of our race, have passed, unconsciously to themselves, (for self-education is rarely conscious of its phases,) through each of these processes. And no one who pauses to reflect will deny, that according to this theory, illustrated by a man of vast experience, profound knowledge, and exquisite taste, the struggles of genius would be infinitely lessened; its vision cleared and strengthened, and the distance between effort and success notably abridged.

Norreys, however, was far too deep a reasoner to fall into the error of modern teachers, who suppose that education can dispense with labour. No mind becomes muscular without rude and early exercise. Labour should be strenuous, but in right directions. All that we can do for it is to save the waste of time in blundering into needless toils.

The master had thus first employed his neophyte in arranging and compiling materials for a great critical work in which Norreys himself was engaged. In this stage of scholastic preparation, Leonard was necessarily led to the acquisition of languages, for which he had great aptitude—the foundations of a large and comprehensive erudition were solidly constructed. He traced by the ploughshare the walls of the destined city. Habits of accuracy and of generalisation became formed insensibly; and that precious faculty which seizes, amidst accumulated materials, those that serve the object for which they are explored,—(that faculty which quadruples all force, by concentrating it on one point)—once roused into action, gave purpose to every toil and

quickness to each perception. But Norreys did not confine his pupil solely to the mute world of a library; he introduced him to some of the first minds in arts, science, and letters—and active life. "These," said he, "are the living ideas of the present, out of which books for the future will be written: study them; and here, as in the volumes of the past, diligently amass and deliberately compile."

By degrees Norreys led on that young ardent mind from the selection of ideas to their æsthetic analysis—from compilation to criticism; but criticism severe, close, and logical—a reason for each word of praise or of blame. Led in this stage of his career to examine into the laws of beauty, a new light broke upon his mind; from amidst the masses of marble he had piled around him, rose the vision of the statue.

And so, suddenly one day Norreys said to him, "I need a compiler no longer—maintain yourself by your own creations." And Leonard wrote, and a work flowered up from the seed deep buried, and the soil well cleared to the rays of the sun and the healthful influence of expanded air.

That first work did not penetrate to a very wide circle of readers, not from any perceptible fault of its own—there is luck in these things; the first anonymous work of an original genius is rarely at once eminently successful. But the more experienced recognised the promise of the book. Publishers, who have an instinct in the discovery of available talent, which often forestalls the appreciation of the public, volunteered liberal offers. "Be fully successful this time," said Norreys; "think not of models nor of style. Strike at once at the common human heart—throw away the corks—swim out boldly. One word more—never write a page till you have walked from your room to Temple Bar, and, mingling with men, and reading the human face, learn why great poets have mostly passed their lives in cities."

Thus Leonard wrote again, and woke one morning to find himself famous. So far as the chances of all professions dependent on health will permit, present independence, and, with foresight and economy, the pros-

pects of future competence were secured.

"And, indeed," said Leonard, concluding a longer but a simpler narrative than is here told—"indeed, there is some chance that I may obtain at once a sum that will leave me free for the rest of my life to select my own subjects and write without care for remuneration. This is what I call the true (and, perhaps, alas! the rare) independence of him who devotes himself to letters. Norreys, having seen my boyish plan for the improvement of certain machinery in the steam-engine, insisted on my giving much time to mechanics. The study that once pleased me so greatly, now seemed dull; but I went into it with good heart; and the result is, that I have improved so far on my original idea, that my scheme has met the approbation of one of our most scientific engineers; and I am assured that the patent for it will be purchased of me upon terms which I am ashamed to name to you, so disproportioned do they seem to the value of so simple a discovery. Meanwhile, I am already rich enough to have realised the two dreams of my heart—to make a home in the cottage where I had last seen you and Helen—I mean Miss Digby; and to invite to that home her who had sheltered my infancy."

"Your mother, where is she? Let me see her."

Leonard ran out to call the widow, but, to his surprise and vexation, learned that she had quitted the house before L'Estrange arrived.

He came back perplexed how to explain what seemed ungracious and ungrateful, and spoke with hesitating lip and flushed cheek of the widow's natural timidity and sense of her own homely station. "And so overpowered is she," added Leonard, "by the recollection of all that we owe to you, that she never hears your name without agitation or tears, and trembled like a leaf at the thought of seeing you."

"Ha!" said Harley, with visible emotion. "Is it so?" And he bent down, shading his face with his hand. "And," he renewed, after a pause, but not looking up—"and you ascribe this fear of seeing me, this

agitation at my name, solely to an exaggerated sense of—the circumstances attending my acquaintance with yourself?"

"And, perhaps, to a sort of shame that the mother of one you have made her proud of is but a peasant."

"That is all," said Harley, earnestly, now looking up and fixing eyes in which stood tears, upon Leonard's ingenuous brow.

"Oh, my dear lord, what else can it be? Do not judge her harshly."

L'Estrange rose abruptly, pressed Leonard's hand, muttered something not audible, and then drawing his young friend's arm in his, led him into the garden, and turned the conversation back to its former topics.

Leonard's heart yearned to ask after Helen, and yet something withheld him from doing so, till, seeing Harley did not volunteer to speak of her, he could not resist his impulse.

"And Helen—Miss Digby—is she much changed?"

"Changed, no—yes; very much."

"Very much!" Leonard sighed.

"I shall see her again?"

"Certainly," said Harley, in a tone of surprise. "How can you doubt it? And I reserve to you the pleasure of saying that you are renowned. You blush; well, I will say that for you. But you shall give her your books."

"She has not yet read them, then?—not the last? The first was not worthy of her attention," said Leonard, disappointed.

"She has only just arrived in England; and, though your books reached me in Germany, she was not then with me. When I have settled some business that will take me from town, I shall present you to her and my mother." There was a certain embarrassment in Harley's voice as he spoke; and, turning round abruptly, he exclaimed, "But you have shown poetry even here. I could not have conceived that so much beauty could be drawn from what appeared to me the most commonplace of all suburban gardens. Why, surely where that charming fountain now plays stood the rude bench in which I read your verses."

"It is true; I wished to unite all together my happiest associations. I think I told you, my lord, in one of

my letters, that I had owed a very happy, yet very struggling time in my boyhood to the singular kindness and generous instructions of a foreigner whom I served. This fountain is copied from one that I made in his garden, and by the margin of which many a summer day I have sat and dreamt of fame and knowledge."

"True, you told me of that; and your foreigner will be pleased to hear of your success, and no less so of your graceful recollections. By the way, you did not mention his name."

"Riccabocca."

"Riccabocca! My own dear and noble friend!—is it possible? One of my reasons for returning to England is connected with him. You shall go down with me and see him. I meant to start this evening."

"My dear lord," said Leonard, "I think that you may spare yourself so long a journey. I have reason to suspect that Signor Riccabocca is my nearest neighbour. Two days ago I was in the garden, when suddenly lifting my eyes to yon hillock I perceived the form of a man seated amongst the bushwood; and, though I could not see his features, there was something in the very outline of his figure and his peculiar position, that irresistibly reminded me of Riccabocca. I hastened out of the garden and ascended the hill, but he was gone. My suspicions were so strong that I caused inquiry to be made at the different shops scattered about, and learned that a family consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, had lately come to live in a house that you must have passed in your way hither, standing a little back from the road, surrounded by high walls; and though they were said to be English, yet from the description given to me of the gentleman's person by one who had noticed it, by the fact of a foreign servant in their employ, and by the very name 'Rich-mouth,' assigned to the new comers, I can scarcely doubt that it is the family you seek."

"And you have not called to ascertain?"

"Pardon me, but the family so evidently shunning observation, (no one but the master himself ever seen without the walls), the adoption of an-

other name too—lead me to infer that Signor Riccabocca has some strong motive for concealment; and now, with my improved knowledge of life, I cannot, recalling all the past, but suppose that Riccabocca was not what he appeared. Hence, I have hesitated on formally obtruding myself upon his secrets, whatever they be, and have rather watched for some chance occasion to meet him in his walks."

"You did right, my dear Leonard; but my reasons for seeing my old friend forbid all scruples of delicacy, and I will go at once to his house."

"You will tell me, my lord, if I am right."

"I hope to be allowed to do so. Pray, stay at home till I return. And now, ere I go, one question more: You indulge conjectures as to Riccabocca, because he has changed his name—why have you dropped your own?"

"I wished to have no name," said Leonard, colouring deeply, "but that which I could make myself."

"Proud poet, this I can comprehend. But from what reason did you assume the strange and fantastic name of Oran?"

The flush on Leonard's face became deeper. "My lord," said he, in a low voice, "it is a childish fancy of mine; it is an anagram."

"Ah!"

"At a time when my cravings after knowledge were likely much to mislead, and perhaps undo me, I chanced on some poems that suddenly affected my whole mind, and led me up into purer air; and I was told that these poems were written in youth, by one who had beauty and genius—one who was in her grave—a relation of my own, and her familiar name was Nora—"

"Ah!" again ejaculated Lord L'Estrange, and his arm pressed heavily upon Leonard's.

"So, somehow or other," continued the young author, falteringly, "I wished that if ever I won to a poet's fame, it might be to my own heart, at least, associated with this name of Nora—with her whom death had robbed of the fame that she might otherwise have won—with her who—"

He paused, greatly agitated.

Harley was no less so. But as if by a sudden impulse, the soldier bent down his manly head and kissed the

poet's brow; then he hastened to the gate, flung himself on his horse, and rode away.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lord L'Estrange did not proceed at once to Riccabocca's house. He was under the influence of a remembrance too deep and too strong to yield easily to the lukewarm claim of friendship. He rode fast and far; and impossible it would be to define the feelings that passed through a mind so acutely sensitive, and so rootedly tenacious of all affections. When he once more, recalling his duty to the Italian, retraced his road to Norwood, the slow pace of his horse was significant of his own exhausted spirits; a deep dejection had succeeded to feverish excitement. "Vain task," he murmured, "to wean myself from the dead! Yet I am now betrothed to another; and she, with all her virtues, is not the one to—" He stopped short in generous self-rebuke. "Too late to think of that! Now, all that should remain to me is to insure the happiness of the life to which I have pledged my own. But—" He sighed as he so murmured. On reaching the vicinity of Riccabocca's house, he put up his horse at a little inn, and proceeded on foot across the heathland towards the dull square building, which Leonard's description had sufficed to indicate as the exile's new home. It was long before any one answered his summons at the gate. Not till he had thrice rung did he hear a heavy step on the gravel walk within; then the wicket within the gate was partially drawn aside, a dark eye gleamed out, and a voice in imperfect English asked who was there.

"Lord L'Estrange; and if I am right as to the person I seek, that name will at once admit me."

The door flew open as did that of the mystic cavern at the sound of 'Open, Sesame;' and Giacomo, almost weeping with joyous emotion, exclaimed in Italian, "The good Lord! Holy San Giacomo! thou hast heard me at last! We are safe now." And dropping the blunderbuss with which he had taken the precaution to arm himself, he lifted Harley's hand

to his lips, in the affectionate greeting familiar to his countrymen.

"And the Padrone?" asked Harley, as he entered the jealous precincts.

"Oh, he is just gone out; but he will not be long. You will wait for him?"

"Certainly. What lady is that I see at the far end of the garden?"

"Bless her, it is our Signorina. I will run and tell her that you are come."

"That I am come; but she cannot know me even by name."

"Ah, Excellency, can you think so? Many and many a time has she talked to me of you, and I have heard her pray to the holy Madonna to bless you, and in a voice so sweet—"

"Stay, I will present myself to her. Go into the house, and we will wait without for the Padrone. Nay, I need the air, my friend." Harley, as he said this, broke from Giacomo, and approached Violante.

The poor child, in her solitary walk in the obscurer parts of the dull garden, had escaped the eye of Giacomo when he had gone forth to answer the bell; and she, unconscious of the fears of which she was the object, had felt something of youthful curiosity at the summons at the gate, and the sight of a stranger in close and friendly conference with the unsocial Giacomo.

As Harley now neared her with that singular grace of movement which belonged to him, a thrill shot through her heart—she knew not why. She did not recognise his likeness to the sketch taken by her father, from his recollections of Harley's early youth. She did not guess who he was; and yet she felt herself colour, and, naturally fearless though she was, turned away with a vague alarm.

"Pardon my want of ceremony, Signorina," said Harley, in Italian; "but I am so old a friend of your father's, that I cannot feel as a stranger to yourself."

Then Violante lifted to him her dark eyes, so intelligent and so innocent—eyes full of surprise, but not

displeased surprise. And Harley himself stood amazed, and almost abashed, by the rich and marvellous beauty that beamed upon him. "My father's friend," she said, hesitatingly, "and I never to have seen you!"

"Ah, Signorina," said Harley, (and something of its native humour, half arch, half sad, played round his lip,) "you are mistaken there; you have seen me before, and you received me much more kindly then—"

"Signor!" said Violante, more and more surprised, and with a yet richer colour on her cheeks.

Harley, who had now recovered from the first effect of her beauty, and who regarded her as men of his years and character are apt to regard ladies in their teens, as more child than woman, suffered himself to be amused by her perplexity; for it was in his nature, that the graver and more mournful he felt at heart, the more he sought to give play and whim to his spirits.

"Indeed, Signorina," said he demurely, "you insisted then on placing one of those fair hands in mine; the other (forgive me the fidelity of my recollections) was affectionately thrown around my neck."

"Signor!" again exclaimed Violante; but this time there was anger in her voice as well as surprise, and nothing could be more charming than her look of pride and resentment.

Harley smiled again, but with so much kindly sweetness, that the anger vanished at once, or rather Violante felt angry with herself that she was no longer angry with him. But she had looked so beautiful in her anger, that Harley wished, perhaps, to see her angry again. So, composing his lips from their propitiatory smile he resumed, gravely—

"Your flatterers will tell you, Signorina, that you are much improved since then, but I liked you better as you were; not but what I hope to return some day what you then so generously pressed upon me."

"Pressed upon you!—I? Signor, you are under some strange mistake."

"Alas! no; but the female heart is so capricious and fickle! You pressed it upon me, I assure you. I own that I was not loath to accept it."

"Pressed it! Pressed what?"

"Your kiss, my child," said Harley; and then added, with a serious tenderness, "And I again say that I hope to return it some day—when I see you, by the side of father and of husband, in your native land—the fairest bride on whom the skies of Italy ever smiled! And now, pardon a hermit and a soldier for his rude jests, and give your hand, in token of that pardon, to—Harley L'Estrange."

Violante, who at the first words of this address had recoiled, with a vague belief that the stranger was out of his mind, sprang forward as it closed, and, in all the vivid enthusiasm of her nature, pressed the hand held out to her, with both her own. "Harley L'Estrange—the preserver of my father's life!" she cried; and her eyes were fixed on his with such evident gratitude and reverence, that Harley felt at once confused and delighted. She did not think at that instant of the hero of her dreams—she thought but of him who had saved her father. But, as his eyes sank before her own, and his head, uncovered, bowed over the hand he held, she recognised the likeness to the features on which she had so often gazed. The first bloom of youth was gone, but enough of youth still remained to soften the lapse of years, and to leave to manhood the attractions which charm the eye. Instinctively she withdrew her hands from his clasp, and, in her turn, looked down.

In this pause of embarrassment to both, Riccabocca let himself into the garden by his own latch-key, and, startled to see a man by the side of Violante, sprang forward with an abrupt and angry cry. Harley heard, and turned.

As if restored to courage and self-possession by the sense of her father's presence, Violante again took the hand of the visitor. "Father," she said simply, "it is he—he is come at last." And then, retiring a few steps, she contemplated them both; and her face was radiant with happiness—as if something, long silently missed and looked for, was as silently found, and life had no more a want, nor the heart a void.

A CANTER TO CALIFORNIA.

To be very sure of what he is about to say, and to say it in the fewest possible words, are golden rules which every young author should inscribe, in letters of the same metal, upon the most prominent panel of his study. Had the Hon. Henry Coke done this when he stepped out of his stirrup, on his return from his Ride to California, he would have spared himself the painful throes which appear to have attended the commencement of his literary labour—would have spared his readers, too, the triviality and platitudes which deface some of the earlier pages of his otherwise spirited narrative of a most adventurous expedition. We reckon it amongst the remarkable and hopeful signs of the times, that young men of family and fortune voluntarily abandon the luxurious ease of home for such breakneck and laborious expeditions as that whose record is before us. Whatever the faults of the nobles of Great Britain, effeminacy is certainly not of the number. May the day be far distant when this is otherwise, and when we cease to possess, in a bold and manly aristocracy, one important guarantee of our national greatness.

It is, indeed, from no featherbed journey or carpet-knight's tour that Mr Coke has recently returned. Take the map, reader, and trace his route. From England to Jamaica, Cuba, Charleston, New York and St Louis, the great and rising capital of the Western States. We omit the minor intermediate places at which he touched or paused. Thus far all was plain sailing and easy civilised travel. The rough work began when St Louis was left behind. Across the wide wastes of Missouri territory, through the inhospitable passes of the Rocky Mountains, the traveller passed on to Oregon city and Fort Vancouver, thence took ship to the Sandwich Islands, returned to San Francisco, visited the gold diggings, steamed to Acapulco, rode across Mexico, and came home to England after an ab-

sence of a year and a half, during which he had been half round the world and back again.

Mr Coke started from St Louis with two companions: one an old college friend, whom he designates as Fred; the other "a British parson, whose strength and dimensions most justly entitled him to be called a pillar of the church." What the parson did in the prairies of the Far West does not clearly appear. He certainly did not go as a missionary, so far as we can ascertain from his friend's book, and indeed his habits and tendencies were evidently sporting and jovial rather than clerical, although we do catch him reading Sunday prayers to Mr Coke, when the latter had the chills, and lay wrapped up in wet blankets on the banks of Green River, with a boxful of Brandreth's pills in his stomach. We regret to believe that instances *have* been known of parsons employing their time far worse than in an adventurous ramble across the American continent. Mr Coke, nevertheless, thinks proper to veil his chaplain's identity under the heroic cognomen of Julius Cæsar, against which distinguished Roman, could he be recalled to life, we would unhesitatingly back the reverend gentleman to box a round, wrestle a fall, or handle a rifle, for any number of ponies the ancient's backers might be disposed to post. A stalwart priest and a powerful was Parson Julius, and is still, we trust, if nothing has happened to him since Mr Coke left him at the court of his majesty Tamehameha III., at Honolulu, on the eve of setting sail for the island of Owyhee. No better companion could be desired on a rough and perilous expedition; and although his careless friend manages to let his true name slip out before ending his volume, we will not allow that the slip affords grounds for regret, or that there is anything in his journey of which, as a clergyman, he need be ashamed.

Considerably over-provided with attendants, horses, mules, and, above all, with baggage, the three friends left St Louis. Their "following" comprised "four young Frenchmen of St Louis; Fils, a Canadian *roya-gueur*; a little four-foot-nothing Yankee, and Fred's *valet-de-champs*, familiarly called Jimmy." The journey was commenced on the 28th May 1850, per steamer, up the Missouri. On the morning of the 29th a disagreeable discovery was made. Fils, the guide, had disappeared. The scamp had levanted in the night; how, none could tell. Drowning was suggested; but as he had taken his baggage, and had forgotten to leave behind him the rifle and three months' advance of pay which he had received from his employers, the hypothesis was contemptuously scouted. Consoling themselves with the reflection that his desertion would have been far more prejudicial at a later period of their journey, the travellers continued their progress up the Missouri (for whose scenery Mr Coke can find no better comparison than the Cockney one of "Rosherville or Cremorne") to St Joseph, which the Yankees familiarise into *St Joe*. Here they were to exchange the deck for the saddle; and so impatient were they for the substitution that they actually felt "annoyed at being obliged to sleep another night on board the steamer." They had yet to learn the value of a coarse hammock in a close cabin. At last they made a fair start:—

"3d June.—After much bother about a guide, and loss of lynch-pins, fitting of harness, kicking and jibbing of mules, &c., we left the Missouri, and camped five miles from the town. We pitched our tents in a beautiful spot, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by a large wood. A muddy little stream ran at the bottom. To this (with sleeves turned up and braces off, trying, I suppose, to look as much like grooms or dragoons as we were able) we each led our horses: no doubt we succeeded, for we felt perfectly satisfied with everything and everybody. The novelty put us all in excellent humour. The potatoes in the camp-kettle had a decidedly bivouacking appearance; and though the grass was wet, who, I should like to know, would have condescended to prefer a camp-stool? As to the pis-

tols, and tomahawks, and rifles, it was evident that they might be wanted at a moment's notice, that it would have been absolutely dangerous not to have them all in perfect readiness. Besides, there was a chance of finding game in the wood. If the chance had been a hundred times as diminutive, we were in duty bound to try it."

Playing at travelling, like playing at soldiers, is all very well when the campaign is brief. The raw recruit or amateur campaigner plumes himself on a night passed upon straw in a barn. Give him a week's bivouacking in damp ploughed fields, and he sings small and feels rheumatic, and prefers the domestic nightcap to the warrior's laurel. Thus with Messrs Coke and Company. They were in a monstrous hurry to begin gipsying. What would they not have given, a week or two later, for a truckle bed and a tiled roof? The varnish of the picture, the anticipated romance, was soon rubbed off by the rough fingers of hardship and reality. What a start they made of it! Mr Coke is tolerably reserved on this head; but through his reserve it is not difficult to discern that, unless they had taken hair powder and a grand piano, they could hardly have encumbered themselves with more superfluities than those with which their mules and wagons were overloaded. Many who read these lines will remember the admirable and humorous account given by our lamented friend Ruxton, of the westward-bound caravan which fell in with Killbuck and La Bonté at the big granite block in Sweet Water Valley. Few, who have ever read, will have forgotten that characteristic sketch;—the dapper shooting-jackets, the fire-new rifles, the well-fitted boots and natty cravats, the Woodstock gloves and elaborate powder-horns, the preserved soup, hotch-potch, pickles, porter, brandy, coffee, sugar, of the amateur backwoodsmen who found the starving trappers dining on a grilled snake in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and generously ministered to their necessities. With somewhat similar but still more extravagant provision did our jockey of Norfolk, Fred, and Julius Cæsar, go forth into the prairie. Less fortunate

than Ruxton's Scotchman, they failed to retain or enjoy what they had dearly paid for. Sadly altered was their trim, piteous their plight, long, long before they reached the Rocky Mountains. Disasters soon arrived, with disgust and discord in their train. At their first halting place, five miles from St Joseph, a pouring rain, pattering on their tent, forbade sleep; a horse and mule, disgusted by the dirty weather and foretaste of rough work, broke loose and galloped back to the town. These recovered, and the new guide, successor to the faithless Fils, having joined, they again went ahead. We may cull from Mr Coke's pages a few of the impediments and annoyances encountered at this early period of the journey:—

"Nothing could be more provoking than the behaviour of our teams; each animal seemed to vie with its yoke-mate in making itself disagreeable. They had no idea of attempting to pull together, and all exertions on our parts were discouraged by the most vehement kicks and plunges on theirs. . . . The men were as incapable of driving as the mules were unwilling to be driven, and before we had travelled three miles the heaviest of our waggons was stuck fast. . . . A doubt here arose as to which road we had better take, and I clearly perceived that our guide was deplorably ignorant of his calling, since in the very outset he was undecided as to which route we should pursue. . . . 7th June.—Started at seven. Roads worse than ever. Heavy waggon, as usual, sticks in a rut, and is nearly upset. Discharge cargo, and find it hard work to carry heavy boxes up the hill. . . . My black mare, Gipsy, has run away. Take Louis, the Canadian, and go after her. Find her tracks in a large wood, and hunt the whole day in every direction, but are at last obliged to give her up."

Incidents such as these, and others still more disagreeable, were of daily occurrence. Nothing could tame the wilfulness of the mules, or check the erratic propensities common to them and to the horses. The waggons, overladen, continually broke down. Indeed, so aggravating were most of the circumstances of the journey in this its early stage, and so few the compensating enjoyments, that we

believe most persons in the place of Mr Coke and his friends would have turned back within the week, and desisted from an expedition which had been undertaken solely with a view to amusement and excitement. With extraordinary tenacity of purpose the three Englishmen persevered. Their followers proved terribly helpless, and they were indebted to an old Mormon, a Yorkshireman, whom they met upon the road, for the repairs of their frequently broken wheels. Here is the journal for the 12th June:—

"Blazard (the Mormon) repairs our wheels. We three go out hunting in different directions. See the tracks and skin of a deer, also fresh tracks of wolves. Put up a wild turkey—horse too frightened to allow me to fire at it. Killed a large snake marked like a rattlesnake, and shoot a grey squirrel and two wild ducks, right and left, with my rifle. When we came home we made a bargain with Blazard, letting him have the small waggon for fifteen dollars, on condition that he took 300 lb. weight for us as far as the mouth of the Platte. We talk of parting with four of our men, and packing the mules, when we get to Council Bluffs."

This project was soon put into execution. The district known as Council Bluffs lies on the Missouri, and takes its name from a meeting of Indian tribes held there some years ago. There the travellers camped, at about four miles from the river; and Mr Coke and Fred rode over to Trader's Point, crossed the Missouri, and called on Major Barrow, an Indian agent, who cashed them a bill, recommended them a half-breed servant, bought their remaining waggon and harness at an "alarming sacrifice;" bought of them also "forty pounds of powder, a hundred pounds of lead, quantities of odds and ends, and all the ginger beer"!!! They had previously sent back or sold several hundred pounds' weight of lead and provisions; so we get some idea of the scale on which the young gentlemen's stores had been laid in. By this time, Mr Coke says, "we begin to understand the mysteries of 'trading' a little better than formerly; but somehow or other a Yankee always takes us in, and that too in so successful a manner as

to leave the impression that we have taken *him* in." Besides buying their goods a dead bargain, the Major—a remarkably smart man, who doubtless thought that greenhorns capable of taking ginger beer to the Rocky Mountains were fair game—attempted to make money out of them in another way.

"The day cleared, and as we could not start till the evening, the Major proposed to get up a race. He knew of a horse (his own) that could beat any in our 'crowd.' He had seen him run a good many times, and 'just knowed how he could shine.' Fifty dollars was the stake, and 'let him what won take the money.'"

Fred volunteered to ride a fast little grey of Mr Coke's. Three-quarters of a mile were measured on the prairie. The Major brought out his animal, greased its hoofs, washed its face, brushed its hair, mounted the half-breed upon it barebacked, and took his station at the winning-post. At first the half-breed made the running. Major and friends were cock-a-hoop; but the Englishman was a bit of a jockey.

"They were now about three hundred yards from the post. Fred had never used the spur; he needed but to slack the reins—away dashed the little grey, gaining at every stride upon the old horse. It is our turn to cheer! The Major begins to think seriously of his fifty dollars, when, in an instant, the fate of the game is changed. The little grey stumbles; he has put his foot in a hole—he staggers, and with difficulty recovers himself. The big horse must win. Now for whip and spur! Neck and neck, in they come—and which has won the race? 'Well, sir!' said the Major, 'slick work, wasn't it? what is your opinion?' I might have known by this deferential question what his opinion was; but, to tell the truth, I could not decide which horse was the winner, and so I said. He jumped at this favourable decision on my part, and 'calculated' forthwith that it was a dead heat. I learned afterwards that he had confessed we had won, and thought little of our 'smartness' for not finding it out. My little grey was thenceforth an object of general admiration; and the utilitarian minds of the Yankees could not understand why I was not travelling through the States with such a pony, and making my fortune

by backing him against everything of its size."

Mr Coke is a good appreciator of the Yankees, and so lively and successful in his sketches of their national traits and peculiarities, that it is to be regretted he does not talk rather more about them. His stay at New York he passes over in a couple of pages.

"I am not ambitious," he says, "of circulating more American notes, nor do I care to follow in the footsteps of Mrs Trollope. Enough has been written to illustrate the singularities of second-rate American society. Good society is the same all the world over. General remarks I hold to be fair play. But to indulge in personalities is a poor return for hospitality; and those Americans who are most willing to be civil to foreigners, receive little enough encouragement to extend that civility, when, as is too often the case, those very foreigners afterwards attempt to amuse their friends on one side the Atlantic, at the expense of a breach of good faith to their friends on the other. . . . I have a great respect for almost everything American. I do not mean to say that I have any affection for a thorough-bred Yankee, in our acception of the term; far from it. I think him the most offensive of all bipeds in the known world."

We English are perhaps too apt to judge a whole nation upon a few unfavourable specimens; also to attach exaggerated importance to trifling peculiarities. This latter tendency is fostered, in the case of America, by those relentless bookmakers, who, to point a chapter and raise a laugh, are ready, as Mr Coke justly remarks, to sacrifice a friend and caricature facts. In our opinion, Englishmen and Americans will like each other better when they see each other more. The free and easy manners of our Transatlantic cousins may be rather shocking to English reserve, but they, on the other hand, may justly take exception to the stiffness and formality, which, although less conspicuous than formerly, and daily diminishing, are still prominent features in our national character. In time we may hope to meet half way. The increase of intercourse with Europe will polish American asperities; and, either we are mistaken in our observations, or the facilities of passage between Eng-

land and the Continent have already lessened that shyness, chilling reserve, and repellent *noli me tangere* manner, which have long made us ridiculous and unpopular in the eyes of our neighbours. American "gentlemen," in the emphatic sense of the word, are said to be very rare productions of the Union; yet Americans have qualities whose ripening and development may convert them, in no long time, into one of the most chivalrous and courteous of modern nations. Prominent amongst those qualities are the universal deference, consideration, and protection which they accord to women. "All Americans I have met," says Mr Coke, "were agreeable enough if humoured a little, and perfectly civil if civilly treated." Brutes and ruffians (like good society) are the same in all countries. At Sacramento, Mr Coke one day took up a newspaper to read an account of a Lynch execution which had taken place at four that morning.

"I was perusing the trial, when a ruffian-looking individual interrupted me with, 'Say, stranger, let's have a look at that paper, will you?' 'When I have done with it,' said I, and continued reading. This answer would have satisfied most Christians endowed with any moderate degree of patience; but not so the ruffian. He bent himself over the back of my chair, put one hand on my shoulder, and with the other held the paper, so that he could read as well as I. 'Well, I guess you're readin' about Jim, aint you?' 'Who's Jim?' said I. 'Him as they hung this morning,' he answered, at the same time resuming his seat. 'Jim was a particular friend of mine, and I helped to hang him.'"

The narrative that follows, and which is rather too lengthy to extract entire, is very graphic and striking—an excellent specimen of Life in California. Jim, it appeared, was a "Britisher," an ex-convict from the penal settlements, a terrible scamp and desperado. His offences were many, but murder was the crime he suffered for. Here is the horribly thrilling account of his execution, as given to Mr Coke by the "friend" who helped to Lynch him.

"It was just about daylight. They carried him to the horsemarket, set him on a table, and tied the rope round one of the lower branches of a big elm tree.

All the time I kept by his side, and when he was getting on the table he asked me to lend him my revolver to shoot one of the jurymen, who had spoken violently against him. When I refused, he asked me to tie the knot so as it wouldn't slip. 'It ain't no account,' said I, 'to talk in that way, Jim, old fellow, you're bound to die; and if they didn't hang you I'd shoot you myself.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'give me hold of the rope, and I'll show you how little I care for death.' He seized the cord, pulled himself in an instant out of the reach of the crowd, and sat cross-legged on the bough. Half-a-dozen rifles were raised to bring him down, but reflecting that he could not escape, they forbore to fire. He tied a noose in the rope, put it round his neck, slipped it up till it was pretty tight, and then stood up and addressed the mob. He didn't say much, except that he hated them all. He cursed the man he shot; he then cursed the world; and last of all he cursed himself, and with a terrible oath he jumped into the air, and with a jerk that shook the tree swung backwards and forwards over the heads of the crowd."

We are cantering rather ahead of Mr Coke and his friends, whom we left at Trader's Point, with a long trail before them. Their councils were already divided. The members of the triumvirate could not agree as to how many of their attendants should be retained. Finally, most of them were paid off and sent back. This was a very painful and arduous part of the journey. On the second day after leaving Major Barrow's station, they reached Elk Horn ferry. It had been broken up by the Indians, and a raft had to be made, and the baggage taken across piecemeal. "The animals were not so easy to get across. Some of us were obliged to swim the river (which was sixty or seventy yards wide) eight or nine times, taking one horse at a time, or driving two or three by flogging and shouting behind them." The mosquitoes were in the ascendant; the rains heavy and frequent; the Sioux Indians, it was reported, had received from the Pawnees intimation of the movements of the Pale-face band.

"All the party rather out of sorts," writes Mr Coke on the 26th June. "Our two best men, Louis and Jim, are

very unwell. Nelson, a most willing and hard-working fellow, is unused to the sort of life, and wants to turn back. As to Jacob, his utter uselessness is a constant source of provocation to me; and the parson's indifference, and Fred's fidgetty disposition, make the chapter of our miseries complete. The mules are not much better off than we are; five of them are suffering from severe back-sores, and all of them object strongly to carrying the packs; they frequently cast themselves in the night, and get their legs badly cut with the picket ropes. It seems after all doubtful how far we shall get. Some of us talk of going on alone."

Trials of temper are inseparable from expeditions of this kind, and here was a trio manifestly ill-assorted; one of its members rather fanciful and capricious, another too phlegmatic and easy-going, the third—Mr Coke, could not be expected to set forth his own failings, but we suspect him of being a little irritable and hot-tempered, although evidently a good fellow, with plenty of pluck and perseverance. As yet, however, there was no break-up. The party kept together, often in straggling order, but usually re-uniting at evening, to feed on rancid ham, mouldy biscuit, and such flesh or fowl as their rifles had procured them during the day. Nor were fish and reptiles despised when obtainable. Occasional attempts at angling were not very fortunate, the American fish being apparently unused to English flies; but sometimes a fine salmon or two were got by barter, from the Indians who had speared them. And a roast snake is by no means a despicable thing. Both Mr Coke and the Parson—for whom we entertain an intense respect, as a man of few words but energetic action, a little tardy to move, perhaps, (a slight dash of Athelstane the Unready in his character) but most effective and vigorous when movement was decided upon—went a-snaking now and then. He of Norfolk seems to have been a fair shot at starting, and a first-rate one before he had half got over his journey, and he stalked the buffalo very successfully, shot snakes through the head, and contributed a large quota to the contents of the camp kettle. The

chaplain also was considerable of a sportsman, and ready with his rifle. Fat cow, tender loin, and juicy hump at times were plentiful in camp. Failing those delicate viands, all was made game of that offered itself to the wanderers' muzzles.

"12th July.—Shot two prairie dogs. Jim killed a hare and rattle-snake. They were all capital eating, not excepting the snake, which the parson cooked and thought as good as eel."

Following a band of buffaloes, Mr Coke was charged by a bull, and awaited his onset, but waited a little too long. "My horse never stirred; I had no time for anything but to take aim, and having fired between the neck and shoulder, I was, the next minute, sprawling on my back, with the mare rolling over four or five yards beyond me. Recovering from the shock, I could not help admiring the picturesque group we presented; I rubbing my bruised limbs, and the buffalo looking on, half stupified and astonished at the result of his charge." The contents of the rifle's second barrel roused the bull from his stupefaction, and he moved off. Up came the unfeeling parson and followed the wounded brute, perfectly heedless of his friend's mishaps. Quite a man of business was this parson. Mr Coke gives a description of his appearance in the prairies, on the occasion of his purchase of an Indian pony fourteen hands high. "He weighs fifteen stone, rides on a heavy saddle with a heavy pair of holster pistols, carries a very heavy rifle and telescope, a heavy blanket and great-coat, a pouch full of ammunition, a girdle stuck with small arms and bowie-knives, and always has his pockets crammed with *et ceteras*."

Not altogether the right costume for a stall in a cathedral, although highly appropriate upon the trail to California.

Incompatibility of tastes and temper at last produced a split in the caravan. Fred went on ahead, expecting to march thirty or thirty-five miles a-day. Mr Coke and the parson kept together, proposing to limit their daily progress to twenty-five miles. It was much oftener sixteen or eighteen, sometimes only seven or ten. The

men hired for the journey had become so mutinous and discontented, and, upon the whole, were of so little use, that to two of them a share of the provisions were given, and they were allowed to go alone. Two others marched with Fred, the fifth and last went alone, but occasionally joined company with Mr Coke and the parson, who were otherwise without attendants, and who had eleven animals to drive and look after—"an awful number for two men," especially when they were unused to horse-driving and to the management of the abominably vicious, obstinate, perverse brutes of American mules, which were constantly kicking off their loads, biting their masters, and straying from camp. The first day's march after the separation was the most unpleasant they had yet had. The rain fell in chilling torrents; a little black mule, the vixen of the party, kicked Mr Coke to the ground; and a grey one, her rival in mischief, who bit like a dog, made a furious attack upon his calves. The distance accomplished was but six miles. There were worse times coming, however, even than these. The trouble occasioned by the mules and horses was soon diminished by the loss of three or four of them, strayed, stolen, or foundered. The country was barren and inhospitable, and destitute of game, and often grass and water were for long distances unobtainable.

"Our provisions are barely sufficient to last, with the greatest economy, to Fort Hall, even at the rate we are travelling at now. Should the horses give up, it will be impossible for us to carry enough food to reach that station on foot. . . . The only way to get out of the scrape was to lighten the burthen of the pack-mules, by throwing away every ounce of superfluous weight. Turning out the contents of our bags on the ground, we selected such things only as were absolutely necessary to existence. What with lead, bullets, powder, geological specimens, and old clothes, we diminished our load so as to make one pack out of two, and left the ground strewn with warnings for future emigrants."

Sand, sage bushes, and weeds uneatable by the horses, were now the chief productions of the country. Wood for fires was often lacking; raw

ham is heating and unsatisfactory food; the sun was blazing hot, and its rays were fiercely reflected from the sand. Mr Coke lost his appetite, and suffered much from weakness. At last matters mended a little. They came to a succession of small streams; caught some trout, and obtained other fresh provisions; fell in with trappers, and with an express despatch from Oregon to the States, escorted by twelve soldiers. These had come by the same road the Englishmen were about to travel, and the Boss, or head man of the party, furnished information concerning grass, water, and halting places. From Fort Hall, he told them, they were still two hundred miles, and from Oregon nine hundred! A trifling distance in railroad-furrowed Europe, but oh! what a weary way in yonder arid wastes, with those fractious mules, and amidst incessant toils and hardships. "No one," says Mr Coke "can form any idea of the real length of *one* mile till he has travelled a thousand with pack-mules." By this time, for various reasons, the travellers had given up the idea of going straight to California, and had fixed upon Oregon as their destination.

"October 1st.—This month, please God, will see us through. The animals, I am sure, will not survive another. As for ourselves, we have but few provisions. The season, too, is getting late; and if we are out much longer, I fear we shall suffer greatly from cold. Already a blanket and a buffalo-robe are little enough covering for the nights. My buffalo-robe, which I spread over the blanket, is always frozen quite stiff. . . . Yesterday I met with a disaster, which distresses me exceedingly; I broke my pipe, and am able neither to repair nor to replace it. Julius has one, the fumes of which we are compelled to share. If this should go, (and it is already in four pieces, and bound up like a mummy,) I tremble to think of the consequences. In all our troubles the pipe is the one and only consolation. 4th.—Oh, how cold it was this morning, and how cold it was in the night! I could not sleep for the cold, and yet I dreaded the approach of daylight, and the tugging at the frozen ropes which it entailed. . . . Our poor beasts actually cringed when the saddle touched the great raws on their backs; the frost had made them so painful. . . . It seems as

if this sort of life were to last for ever. Day follows day, without the slightest change."

Things got worse and worse. One after the other, the animals perished. By-and-by Mr Coke found himself a-foot. They had nothing to eat but salt meat and salmon, and little enough of that. "Yesterday I tightened my belt to the last hole; we are becoming more and more attenuated; and the waist of my gigantic companion is almost as delicate as that of a woman." At last, on the 12th October, in rags, and with two mules alone remaining out of their once numerous team, but still of good courage and in reviving spirits, Mr Coke and Julius reached the Dalles, an American military post in Oregon, where they found Fred, who had arrived two days before them, and received a kind welcome and good treatment from the officers of the garrison.

After a few days' repose at the Soldier's House, as the post at the Dalles is called, the three friends, who had again joined company, boated down the Columbia. This was a rather amusing part of their expedition. The boat was manned by a Maltese sailor and a man who had been a soldier in the American army. The only passenger besides themselves was a big officer of the Yankee Mounted Rifles, a regular "heavy," and awful braggadocio, who boasted continually of himself, his corps, his army and its campaigns. What were the Peninsular campaigns to the Mexican war? Talk of Waterloo! Look at Chapultepec. Wellington could not shine in the same crowd with General Scott. All this vastly amused the Englishmen. What was less amusing was the utter ignorance of seamanship displayed by the soldier-skipper, who, as part-owner of the boat, assumed the command. They were nearly swamped by his clumsiness, and Mr Coke, who has served in the navy, was obliged to take the rudder. The rudder broke, the wind freshened, the river was rough, the boat drifted into the surf and narrowly escaped being dashed to splinters on the rocks. They drew her up high and dry on the beach, lit a fire and waited for the storm to blow over. Wrangling ensued. The Yankee,

who had got drunk upon his passengers' whisky, swore that, soldier though he was, he knew as much about boat-sailing as any midshipman or post-captain in the British navy. The "heavy" backed him, and the military skipper swore he would be taught by none, and wound up with the stereotyped Yankee brag, that "his nation could whip all creation."

"We had been laughing so much at his boasting that he doubtless thought himself safe in accompanying the remark with an insolent look of defiance. But what was his surprise when the parson, usually a most pacific giant, suggested that if Fred would take the Maltese, I the amphibious captain, he himself would with great pleasure thrash the mounted rifle, and so teach the trio to be more civil and submissive for the future. Whatever the other two might have thought, the 'heavy' was by no means inclined to make a target of his fat ribs for the sledge-hammer blows of Julius's brawny arms; and with a few remarks upon the folly of quarrelling in general, and of fighting on the present occasion in particular, not forgetting to remind us of 'one original stock,' 'Saxon race,' &c., the good-natured 'plunger' effected an armistice, which was sealed and ratified with the remains of the whisky-bottle."

After his recent severe experience, it seemed unlikely that Mr Coke would soon regret life in the prairies, with its painful alternations of bitter cold and parching heat; its frequent privations, hunger, thirst, fatigue, restive mules, hard labour, and scanty rest. During a seven weeks' passage between Fort Vancouver and the Sandwich Islands, on board the *Mary Dare*, a wretched little coal-tub of a brig, he and his companions actually found themselves vaunting the superior comforts of their late land-journey. Confined by constant wet weather to a cabin twelve feet by eight, without a mattress to lie on, but with a superabundance of fleas, rats, and cockroaches, they blessed the hour when they first caught sight of the palm-crowned shores of the Sandwich group. Mr Coke's account of his stay at the Hawaiian court is lively enough, but of no particular interest; and the sort of thing has been much better done before by Herman Melville and others. After the adven-

turous journey across the Rocky Mountains, this part of the book reads but tamely, and we are not sorry to get Mr Coke back to North America. He and Fred landed at San Francisco. A long letter which he wrote thence, after a month's stay in the country, is here reprinted, having originally been inserted in the *Times* newspaper by the friend to whom it was addressed. He adds some further particulars and characteristic anecdotes. His account of the diggings, both wet and dry, but especially of the latter, fully confirms the mass of evidence already adduced as to their incalculable richness.

"The quartz rock," he says, "which is supposed to be the only permanent source from which gold will eventually be derived, extends north and south for more than a degree and a half of latitude. At Mariposa, a society, possessing several 'claims,' have established, at a great expense, machinery for crushing the rock. They employ thirty men, whom they pay at the rate of 100 dollars each a month. This society is now making a clear gain of 1500 dollars a-day. This will show you what is to be expected when capital sets to work in the country."

Some of the sketches at *table-d'hôtes* and gambling-tables are extremely natural and spirited. Mr Coke and Fred, whilst at San Francisco, lived at El Dorado, the best hotel there; four meals a-day, dinner as good as at Astor's at New York, venison, grizzly bear, Sandhill crane and other delicacies; cost of board and lodging eight dollars a-day—not dear for California. At the dinner-table they made some queer acquaintances; amongst others a certain Major M., whose first mark of good-will, after his introduction to them by a judge, (judges and majors swarm at San Francisco,) was to offer to serve as their friend in any "difficulty" into which they might get. The judge suggested that the two English gentlemen might probably have no need of a "friend" in that sense of the word. The Major's reply will be our last extract.

"Sir," said the Major, "they are men of honour; and as men of honour, you

observe, there is no saying what scrapes they may get into. I remember—it can't be more than twenty years ago—a brother officer and I were opponents at a game of poker.* That officer and I were most intimately acquainted. Another bottle of champagne, you nigger, and fill those gentlemen's glasses. Very fine that, sir—I never tasted better wine," said the Major, as he turned his mustachios up, and poured the gooseberry down. "Where was I, Judge? Ah! precisely,—most intimate acquaintance, you observe. I had the highest opinion of that officer's honour—the highest possible opinion," with an oath. "Well, sir, the luck was against me—I never won a point! My partner couldn't stand it. 'Gad, sir, he *did* swear. But my friend—another slice of crane, nigger, and rather rare; come, gentlemen, help yourselves and pass the bottle—that's what I call a high old wine, you observe. Where was I, Judge? Ah! just so.—Well, my friend, you observe, did not say a word; but took it all as coolly as could be. We kept on losing; they kept on winning; when, as quick as greased lightning, what do you think my partner did, sir? May I be stuck, forked end up, in a 'coon hole, if he didn't whip out his knife and chop off three of my friend's fingers. My friend, you observe, halloo'd loud enough. "You may halloo," says my partner, "but (an oath) if you'd had five trumps, sir, (an oath,) you'd have lost your hand," (an oath.) My intimate friend, you observe, had been letting his partner know how many trumps he had by putting out a finger for each one; and having the misfortune, you observe, to hold three when my partner found him out, why, sir, you observe, he lost three of his fingers."

Between his roguish friend and his ruffianly partner, the Major felt himself in a dilemma how to act.

"I think," said the Judge, "I have heard the story before; but, excuse me, I do not see exactly what relation it bears to these gentlemen and your offer to serve them." "That," said the major, "if you will give me time, is exactly what I am coming to.—Nigger, bring me a dozen cigars.—The sequel is soon told. Considering my duty as an officer, a friend, and a gentleman, I cut my friend, and shot my partner for insulting him; and if, you observe, these gentlemen shall honour me with their friendship, I will be most happy to do the same by them."

* A sort of whist.

Whilst deprecating the good offices of this Yankee O'Trigger in the shooting or cutting line, Mr Coke and his companion availed of him as a guide to an adjacent faro table, where the gallant Major lost eight hundred dollars with infinite coolness, drank a cocktail, buttoned his coat, and walked away.

As matter of mere amusement, Mr Coke's last chapter is his best. It is crammed with diverting stories of "smart" Yankees and other ori-

ginals whom he encountered in California. The whole book, although in parts a little drawn out, does him credit, and will doubtless be extensively read and well liked. For various classes it has features of attractive interest. The emigrant, the gold-seeker, the sportsman, the mining speculator, the lover of adventure for mere adventure's sake, will all derive pleasure from its pages, and occasionally glean from them a hint worth remembering.

STRUGGLES FOR FAME AND FORTUNE.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the curtain drew up, the stage was occupied by the two heroes of the establishment, who said not a word, but rushed at each other with prodigious swords, and hacked and hewed with the most amazing vigour. The fight had a running accompaniment from the partisans of the two belligerents. "Go it, Fitz-Neddie!" (this was familiar for Fitz-Edward) was answered with outcries of "At him, Martingale!" And, inspired by these demonstrations, the battle was prolonged till the combatants were fairly out of breath. While they were resting on their swords, and grinning horribly at each other, Miss de la Rose rushed upon the stage, with dishevelled locks and white satin shoes, and explained, in a very long soliloquy, the state of affairs. Baron Fitz-Edward had made various attempts to storm Baron Martingdale's castle, in search of his runaway ward—who, of course, was Miss de la Rose herself; and, on the present occasion, he had been surprised by the watchful Martingdale in the very act of applying a ladder to the donjon wall. But virtue such as Miss de la Rose's has surer guards than even the courage of Martingdale; for when that noble warrior is likely to be overcome, there uniformly appears the "sylvan demon, or the blood-red knight," whose strokes it is impossible to resist. When this exposition of the state of affairs had given breath enough

to the still panting enemies to enter into conversation, Fitz-Edward sneered, and scorned, and threatened, and walked up the stage, and across it, and stamped with his feet, and clenched his hands, in a way that brought down thunders of applause, which, from another part of the house, were answered by rival peals, when Martingdale gave full career to the rage that was in his heart, and roared to an extent that shook the scene on which his baronial castle was painted, "as if a storm passed by." If it had not been of very strong canvass, it must have burst. While this dialogue was going on, it was painful to observe that some duplicity was at work, for several bearded fellows slipt across the stage in a mysterious manner, and were evidently posted between Adelgiza—Miss de la Rose—and the castle. The discovery of this stratagem was made too late, and Fitz-Edward grasped the arm of Adelgiza in triumph, and was about to lead her out for the purpose of being married to her on the spot by a convenient old priest, who accompanied all his expeditions with a special license, when suddenly a dead silence fell upon the stage, and, with noiseless steps, a tall knight, with visor closed, and a whole bush of red feathers growing luxuriantly out of his helmet, marched towards Fitz-Edward, touched his arm with his sword, and motioned majestically

for Adelgiza to retire in safety to her home. At this point of the story I was summoned to go behind the scenes, where Mr Montalban wished to have a few minutes' conversation.

"Difficulties have arisen, my dear sir," said the manager, "about your very excellent play. Mr Martingdale says he is willing to be quiet and subdued in presence of Fitz-Edward; but, to make up for it, he must have one or two 'bits' entirely to himself. He doesn't care whether it be as part of a scene with others or a soliloquy. He suggests a description of a shipwreck, though he thinks his powers of voice would qualify him more for a bull-fight. Perhaps you can put him asleep for a few minutes, and then he can give us his dream."

"It might be managed, no doubt," I said; "but how would it help the progress of the play?"

"O, he doesn't care for that. He is an ignorant ass; but if he gets sulky, he may spoil the run."

"Is there anything else?"

"You must omit that young girl who attends Edith and says nothing. Miss de la Rose complains that her beauty is so great, and her action so graceful, that nobody attends to anything else while she is on the stage."

"Why don't you put an ugly person in her place?"

"I have more sense," chuckled the manager. "These here ugly critturs may be as clever as they like, but the house is always pleased with the sight of a pretty girl; and there she is. Here!" he added, beckoning condescendingly to a young lady, who had been looking at us for some time, "come and speak to the author of our next new play."

She came up; and, in spite of the absurd apparel she was in—a dress composed of Greek and Turkish and Hindoo articles indiscriminately, she being a feasting lady in Baron Martingdale's castle—she struck me to be the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She did not seem above twenty years of age; tall, and exquisitely made; with an expression that led one to expect a higher position for her than a walking figure.

"I will tell you some other suggestions they make," said Mr Montalban. "In the mean time, I must

go and get the daggers ready for the next scene."

"Do you think they are going to bring out your play?" inquired the young lady.

"Certainly. I should say it will be acted in a month."

"It will never be acted here, I assure you of that. Notice is already given of a play which our translator has just finished from the French; and if you have advanced any money, it is to buy dresses for that. We keep a translator at twenty-five shillings a-week, and as much gin as he requires, and I am told this next spectacle will be very fine indeed."

When I had recovered my breath after this astounding communication, I replied, "I am afraid you see everything in this theatre in an unfavourable light. Your own position is certainly not equal to your merits."

"And therefore I tell you that Hengist and Horsa is never meant to appear? It doesn't seem to follow; but, nevertheless, what I tell you is true. My situation here is exactly what I wish."

"Then your ambition is easily satisfied, for I am told you are never allowed to speak."

"I am Miss de la Rose's double," she replied, "and gain confidence and a knowledge of the stage."

"Her double?" I inquired.

"Yes. I learn every part that she learns; so that if she were taken unwell, or were run over by a cab, I should be able to take her place; and, once give me the chance, she should never get it again!"

"And for this remote hope you hang on here every night, and probably have a very small salary?"

"No salary at all—is not worth mentioning," she said. "It is not for money I devote myself to the stage, and I don't require any profession for my support. Will you let me read your play?"

"With all my heart," I answered. "I have another copy at home."

"Give me your address," she said, "and I will send for it to-morrow. Say nothing in the mean time of what I have told you, but be prepared for disappointment; for now I am off to preside at the second table." A round of applause saluted her graceful walk

across the stage, which rose into a tempest of admiration when she acknowledged the compliment by a salaam of the deepest respect.

Miss de la Rose touched me on the shoulder. "She's the vainest fool, that Miss Claribel, that ever stepped on boards. Why can't she walk quietly to her place without such coquetting with the pit?"

"Has she been an actress here long?"

"Never an actress at all, and never will be," replied the first tragedienne. "She has long watched for an opening; but we stop it up, sir, as if it were a rat-hole. So she may practise her Ophelia to the glass in the green-room. She shall never sing her ballads or spread out her hair before the lamps, I can tell her that. More applause!—what is it? It makes me quite nervous to hear all those disgusting noises. It is only Miss Claribel presenting a cup of wine to that brute Martingdale."

"She is so very beautiful," I said, "and so majestic in her motion."

"Is she? You and I differ very much on that point. She certainly limps with the left leg; and—oh! there they're applauding again! It kills me, this nonsense! Why, she has only made her exit in search of me, for I am now going on to quarrel with the baron." So saying, she settled her dagger in her belt, and glided on to the stage.

Miss Claribel came to me again.

"Miss de la Rose is a severe critic—as most people are who are ignorant and vain," she began.

"I assure you I did not agree with her judgments; but one thing she told me that gives me great pleasure, and that is, that you are prepared to make a *débüt* in Ophelia."

"And why should that give you pleasure?" she inquired. "It is a beautiful character, and I think I can enter into its simple purity and poetic charm."

"I have no doubt you can; and, in fact"—but here her bright eye was so fixed on me, that I coloured and hesitated.

"Oh," she said, "I see; you have the boy's fever on you yet, and think you could shake the spheres in Hamlet."

"I certainly have studied the character."

"And can you declaim?"

"I think so."

"Will you let me hear you?"

"Most proudly."

"Then I'll come for the play myself to-morrow, and we can rehearse a scene."

"My mother will be delighted to see you. I shall expect you at twelve o'clock." She nodded her consent to the appointment, and we parted.

"Are you quite sure, Mr Montalban," I said, "that Hengist and Horsa will be produced without delay?"

"Call me no gentleman if I deceive you," replied the manager, laying his hand on his waistcoat, a little above the left side pocket; "and the day that sees me forfeit my word of honour, will be the last of my management of this here theatre."

What could I say? I determined to wait for more certain information from Miss Claribel, and, in rather a desponding frame of mind, I slipped out of the theatre before the play was over, and wended my way home.

As I applied the latch-key, the door was opened by the lodger on the upper floor, whose performances on the viols we had often heard, but whom I had never encountered before. He was enveloped in whisker and moustache to an extent that nearly hid his features. He wore a braided coat, very wide in the tails; loose trousers, and glossy boots. He grinned when he saw me, and revealed a row of white teeth which looked like some mother-o'-pearl ornaments set in hair; and, lifting up the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat which adorned his head, he said, "Ver' fine night for de walk—I hope you quite vell?" And with a very gracious bow he replaced his hat, tucked a long green baize parcel under his arm, and left the house. It is quite possible for people who live at the opposite ends of any great city not to meet, but London is the only place in the world where the inhabitants of the same house shall never come in each other's way. This foreigner had been our fellow-lodger for several months, and we had never thought of making his acquaintance. He con-

tinued to be an abstraction as long as we merely listened to his fiddle, and heard his step on the floor; but now that our eyes had actually met, and we had exchanged words, he became a real existence, and I felt ashamed of our unsocial reserve.

Punctually at twelve Miss Claribel made her appearance, plainly dressed, modest in her demeanour, and low-toned in the voice. There was very little in her present style to recal the feasting lady of the night before. There was still great beauty in her face, and great elegance in her motion, but they had no resemblance to stage features or stage attitudes. My mother received her very kindly. "Your acquaintance with the interior workings of a theatre," she said, "will be of great use to my son, if you will be kind enough to give him the results of your experience."

"My experience is very small, except in so far as the actors in a theatre are concerned. With authors we have never had anything to do, except on this occasion."

"How?—not with authors?" I broke in. "Then how do you get possession of new plays?"

"Steal them," replied Miss Claribel quietly. I told you we keep a translator—a remarkably clever man while he is sober; and we owe everything to the French and Germans."

"But when a new play is offered to the management?"

"The management laughs, and puts in a few advertisements in the papers about the encouragement to native talent; gets a little money, if it can, from the vanity of the aspirant, and ends with a fresh version from Scribe or Kotzebue."

"Charles, my dear," said my mother, "I wish we had known Miss Claribel some days ago."

"But still, Miss Claribel," I said, "there must be some exceptions at the Stepney Star, for Mr Montalban told me his principle was novelty and home manufacture. He did not profess the Shakspearian drama, but laid himself out for the poets of the present day."

"He has an original pantomime at Christmas-time every year, and no other poets are ever engaged in our service; but, perhaps, the merit of

Hengist may open the eyes even of Mr Montalban. Will you let me judge of it for myself?"

I gave her the copy I had promised. "There was another thing you talked of last night," I added. "You have not forgotten your promise about Ophelia?" In a moment she took off her bonnet, slung it across her arm in the manner of a basket, let loose her hair, which fell in wavy ringlets down to the middle of her back, assumed a wandering expression in the eyes, but still retained intellect enough in their look to give full effect to the pathos, and began, "There's rosemary—that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies—that's for thoughts." And it was not many minutes before my mother was in tears. I was a great deal too manly to follow her example, but I felt a choking at the throat which was very uncomfortable.

"Is it possible," I inquired, "that you have never had the opportunity of showing your delightful talents on the stage?"

"Very possible, indeed," she replied; "and, unless by some accident, I feel sure also I never shall. In fact, the rise of a junior performer entirely depends on the health or longevity of the senior. There have been limping old men tottering through Ranger and Charles Surface, exactly as they had done for forty years; and keeping in those parts for the express purpose of debarring younger men from them, whose talents, they think, would eclipse their reputation."

"But can't a manager give the part to any one he likes?"

"O, no. It is down in Miss de la Rose's engagement that she is to have all the principal characters."

"But when there are two principal characters in one play?" inquired my mother.

"Mrs Ferdinand Windleshaw has secured all the second characters. She is always the Emilia to Miss de la Rose's Desdemona."

"And you!" I cried—"is there no part left for you?"

"Both those ladies would leave the theatre at once if I were allowed to speak one line."

"Then, my dear Miss Claribel," said my mother, greatly won by the

simple openness of the visitor, "why do you remain on the stage, or rather not on the stage, but behind the scenes? You could surely find some other way of making your extraordinary talents of use."

"I draw a little in the intervals of study," she replied, "and compose a little music. I make quite enough for my own support; and, in short, there are reasons why I continue true to the stage."

"I have known you too short a time," replied my mother, "to ask you for your confidence; but I assure you I take a great interest in your success, and I hope you will always consider me a friend."

Miss Claribel took my mother's hand. "I won't try to thank you," she said; "for such kindness overcomes me. If you knew the loneliness of a poor actress's life, the solitude of the desolate room she goes back to after the glare of the lamps, the friendlessness she experiences in the very midst of the clapping of innumerable hands, you would know how doubly valuable to her heart is

the kind sympathy of a lady in your position. You give me a new tie to existence in letting me feel assured of your goodwill, and I will come and see you whenever I feel my griefs too much for me to sustain alone."

Things had now got a great deal too sentimental for me to say a word about Hamlet. I believe both the ladies had utterly forgotten the existence of the Danish prince, and, for a while, the presence of his representative. There was a feeling of disappointment in my heart as I shook hands with Miss Claribel at the door. I did not acknowledge the reason of it even to myself; but I have no doubt now it arose from her neglect of my dramatic powers. Neglect is the most difficult to bear of all the ills that theatric flesh is heir to. My mother was delighted with her visitor. She felt sure there was a mystery about her; and she was determined to unravel it. In the mean time I determined to wait patiently for a week, as requested by Mr Montalban, and then go to the rehearsal of Hengist and Horsa.

CHAPTER VII.

That same evening the landlady brought me a polite message from Mr Catsbach, the occupant of the upper floor, and an invitation to visit him at eight o'clock. I was received with many apologies for the liberty he had taken—with many apologies also for not having taken it before—for he had long had a violent inclination to make my acquaintance—the more especially as he perceived, from my excellent touch on the flute, that I was as great a musical enthusiast as himself. I returned his compliment by declaring my gratification at catching the sounds of his violin; and ventured to hope that, now that we were acquainted, we might practise sometimes together.

"Dat vill most pleasant be," said Mr Catsbach; "and meantimes ve vill have die branty and wader." In a short time the table was replenished with bottles and glasses, the frost of non-acquaintance rapidly wore off, and I examined my companion more minutely than I had hitherto done.

Though very much disguised, and, I thought, disfigured by the mass of whisker, beard, and moustache, in which he enveloped his countenance, I saw that his features were regular and handsome; and if he had told me he was count or baron, I should have believed him on the strength of his gentlemanly manners and appearance. However, he did not mention anything of the kind. In fact, he mentioned very little about himself at all; and I had the pleasing reflection on the following morning that I had concealed very few incidents of my own life, without getting the slightest return of confidence from him. My forthcoming triumph at the Stepney Star and my ambition to appear in Hamlet were not forgotten. I even went so far as to tell him I had discovered an Ophelia who would play up to me in very first-rate style, and that I thought of very soon astonishing the world with my *débüt*. There are few educated foreigners now who do not understand and enjoy Shak-

speare as much as the generality of Englishmen. Catsbach was quite at home in Hamlet, and, after the third tumbler of our brandy and water, gave a recitation of "To be or not to be," which was very effective to me, (who never drank so much before,) in spite of the foreign pronunciation. There were now two points of sympathy between us; and what music began, Shakspeare—not to mention the brandy—completed. We parted that night as if we had been friends for years, and he was to return my visit on the following night. All people are capable of being thawed, however thick the coat of ice may appear to be at first—only it takes longer to melt in some than in others. After my mother had retired—for our fellow lodger returned my visit without delay—when the second tumbler shone upon the table, and a small shining brass kettle on the hob was singing its accompaniment to our conversation, I began a few fishing questions as to his history and position, for I felt rather ashamed of my own openness on the previous evening.

"Have you been long in England?" I inquired.

"Es—no; a few months—or 'ears. I not know."

"You speak the language extremely well, considering you have been here so short a time."

The foreigner twirled his moustaches, and took a pull at the tumbler.

"I must say John Bull, though a little rough in his manner, is very kind and generous to foreigners."

"Ver'; too mosh," said Catsbach.

"And this is truly and honourably called the home of the patriot and the exile," I said.

"The fact is," said Mr Catsbach, in a perfectly English pronunciation, and with some energy, "our friend Jack is the greatest fool alive."

I started back. "Why, how well you speak," I cried; "but who is Jack?"

"Why, John Bull," he said. "The shallowest, bellowingest old beast that ever carried a horn. You talk of those exiles and fellows who can find no living in their own country, and come over here to eat up the fat of the land."

"You amaze me. Aren't you one of the refugees yourself?"

"Never was out of England in my life, and never will be," replied Mr Catsbach. "But you must pardon me, my dear fellow, for not having explained myself to you before. I am no foreigner, and never was—only I wear these embellishments on cheek and chin for a particular purpose; and fortunately Jack is fool enough for anything, and never suspects any man if he speaks with a strange accent and wears a queer-cut coat."

I drew back a little, not feeling quite sure of the reason for which Mr Catsbach had assumed his disguise.

He saw my movement. "You're not such a fool as Jack, I perceive," he said; "and suppose that all may not be right, in spite of foreign garb and hairy countenance. Be easy on that score," he continued. "You are a fine, honourable young fellow, full of learning and genius—your mother is a perfect lady—the brandy also is excellent; and I will tell you a small portion of my story, just to show you that I am not altogether unworthy of the society of all three."

My mother was absent; the brandy, however, and I were present, and I bowed to his compliment.

"As to birth, parentage, and education," he began, "these are matters of no consequence; and I must say for Jack, if a man behaves himself pretty well, it doesn't much matter whether his name be Mowbray or Smith."

"I beg your pardon," I interposed. "I consider there is a very great difference indeed."

"Ah! but Jack at large doesn't think so; and so I have no hesitation in telling you my name is Took. When I came to years of discretion, which I managed to do pretty early, I felt thankful it was not Snooks, and looked out of the window of my private existence, as it were, to see what was going on on the High Street of life. From my earliest days I devoted myself to the study of Jack—that is short for 'John Bull,' and prose for 'my country.' I took a personal interest in all his concerns. He was no abstraction like Athens or Rome, but a real breathing personage, with great peculiarities of character, and the most extraordinary position

the world had ever seen. I studied the Army List, the Navy List, the Shipping Gazette, and felt that Jack was the most astonishing potentate on the face of the earth. I studied the Parliamentary debates—the reports of public meetings—the list of railway directors and committee men—and I was forced to confess that Jack was little better than an ass. At sixteen I was secretary to the agglomerated association for vindicating the rights of man. The rights of property, however, were left to take care of themselves, and our chairman was transported for theft. I lost a silver watch, the bequest of my grandmother, in an unaccountable manner—an upper coat, and a gold pencil-case; so, in case of being stript of everything, I resigned my secretaryship, and had to pay half-a-year's rent of the cellar in which our meetings were held. But Jack, after all, is a noble fellow; and there are thieves and impostors in all parties. At seventeen I was an eloquent speaker among the 'Constitutional Brothers.' We were all great admirers of Jack, and would have died for the glorious constitution, the envy of surrounding nations, and the glory of our own; but we differed from the rest of the world on the date at which this constitution had been in its purest and best condition. We fixed on the reign of Harold, and were most hostile to the Norman invaders. Whatever had been introduced since then we considered a badge of conquest and subjection. We called the Parliament the Wittenagemote, and hated the feudal system. Our innovations were all in a backward sense. We wished to undo the Battle of Hastings, and find out a lineal descendant of King Harold. It was reported that one did exist in the person of a shoemaker at Northampton. We went to see him, and found him one of the constables in the town, who threatened to take us into custody if we tried on any more of our nonsense. Low fellows have no ambition, though they were grandsons of Julius Cæsar. We talked very high of what we should do in this appalling absence of a legitimate possessor of the throne; and just when we had nearly resolved to proceed to use the ancient privilege of the

English people and elect a king, an uncle of mine, a merchant in Swithin's Alley, interfered with my royal candidature, and I became a clerk in his counting-house, at a hundred a-year."

Here Mr Catsbach, or rather Mr Took, refreshed himself with the whole remainder of his tumbler; made himself another with the utmost expedition, and proceeded.

"I need a little support," he said, "for I am now coming to a period when I fell in love. I will be very brief in my account of the interesting event, for it sticks in my throat, and has made me miserable for many months. She was the prettiest girl that ever was seen—of course they are all that when we see them through the spectacles of admiration and vanity; for a girl's principal beauty consists in the willingness, more or less, with which she reciprocates your feelings. That's the reason why misogynists are all ugly fellows—it's the reason also why old men think the average amount of beauty fallen off. The prettiest creature in the world was Ellinor Bones, a niece of my aunt; so, in a sort of way, we were cousins. She was a ward of my uncle's, with three thousand pounds in the four per cents; and the moment I saw her, I said there's my destiny. There have been few books, and no play of my acquaintance, without a young fellow marrying his uncle's ward; so I made up my mind at once, and had no doubt of converting the beautiful Ellinor into Mrs Took. The course of true love never did run smooth, our immortal friend says. Doesn't it?—ours flowed like a mill-pond; so either ours was not true love, or William for once is wrong. A divided allegiance now held my whole being, the beauty of Ellinor and the political condition of Jack. There was no room for bills of lading, and I hated the very sight of a ledger, unless under its canonised form, when I betted on it at Doncaster. I made love—I thought politics—I neglected my three-legged stool. My love was reciprocated. Jack improved very much; and my uncle shook his head with more ominous wisdom than the Earl of Burleigh. Ellinor was the strangest character I ever knew—a sort of miniature in enamel of Jack

himself. She had all his honesty and openness—his self-reliance and fixed determination. She said she would marry me, and I defied the Spanish Inquisition to torture her into a recantation. But how was the ceremony to be achieved? We put up the banns in Mary-le-Bone church. The number of matrimonial candidates is infinite. The curate speaks as if his mouth were full of hot potatoes; and you are at perfect liberty to marry any of the lot, for there is no distinction made between 'any of these parties respectively.' We had made calculations as to the expense of housekeeping, and many plans for enlarging our income. I had always one resource. Jack is the most generous of patrons, and very fond of music. I relied on my fiddle, if the worst came to the worst. I determined, in the mean time, to make myself a name, if possible, in eloquence and statistics, that might be beneficial to me if I thought of standing for a borough. I made a speech at a preliminary meeting for Westminster, and was kicked out of the room as a dishonest swindler, for advocating justice to the public creditor; at the same time I was reported in the papers as having been powerful in favour of the sponge. So, on the following morning, I got notice from my uncle that he had no farther occasion for my services. I saw Ellinor on the subject. What was to be done? We resolved to marry, and trust to our talents and good fortune for the rest. We met next morning at Mary-le-Bone church, and were bound for ever, for better for worse. At our exit from the hymeneal altar, who was waiting for us at the door? My uncle and two bailiffs!—my aunt and the housekeeper! A hand was laid on my shoulder. 'Debt?—or criminal?' I inquired. 'You'll see that in plenty of time,' growled my uncle. 'But Jack,' I exclaimed, 'will never stand this; he has too great a regard for the liberty of the subject. I will set Habeas Corpus at work.' They tore me away. 'Where's my Ellinor?' I exclaimed, as I sat in the cab, and was rapidly driven off to Swithin's Alley; but echo made its usual unsatisfactory answer. A few days put all straight.

My uncle found his ruse of no use; and I discovered myself one morning on the pavement, with no particular amount of money, and a wife, without the power of offering her a home. I hurried off to my uncle's. 'Where's my wife?' I distractedly asked the cook—for I had taken the precaution to enter by the kitchen. She was a Scotchwoman—very popular for sheep's-head broth. 'Gae wa' wi' ye, ye ne'er-do-weel, rinnin' awa' wi' bonny lasses for the sake o' their siller.'

"'But where is she?' I again exclaimed.

"'She's as bad's yersel, and has gane aff in the search o' ye. She eloupit within an hour o' her return; so ye had best keep out o' the way, for the maister swears ye'll never get a fardin o' her tocher.'

"'Caledonian impostor!' I cried, 'I'll find my Ellinor, if she is in *rerum natura*;' and I distractedly rushed off to commence my search. But she is not in *rerum natura*, or I have never been lucky enough to discover where *rerum natura* is. I've tried the *Times* till I'm tired. 'Ellinor! your distracted husband is perishing with despair. A note addressed MISERRIMUS, Old Slaughter's, will make him the happiest of men.'—'Has Ellinor forgotten her Augustus? Come to me at the door of the New Hummums at eight to-night. Fortune smiles, and a fig for uncles and aunts.'

"I can't tell you the annuity I settled for the first year on the *Times*. There I was every morning. No answer at Old Slaughter's—no appearance at the New Hummums. In the mean time, how was I to live? My dear fellow, I must pause a little, for there are secrets about John Bull, and the way he manages to grub on, which it requires some ingenuity to discover, and a greater amount of ingenuousness to confess." Mr Took's paused, and occupied his leisure moments in the concoction of another tumbler. "How do you think all the people in this tremendous London live?" he continued. "Do you think they have all money lying incubating in the bank; or with snug little farms in Suffolk or Kent, doing nothing all day long but growing wheat and hops for their benefit? What if they had?"

Why, every fellow would live on his income, and eat his home-grown bread. There would be nobody to do anything for anybody else, and the world would stand still. Excuse my political economy, but I see great advantages in poverty, in the abstract; but when it comes too close, it loses, like many other things, the charm that distance gives them. I, sir, had nothing. Ellinor had saved ninety-two pounds seven; but it was in her reticule when we were separated at the door of Mary-le-Bone church. I had not a farthing. Was I to lie down and die for that? Had I studied Jack so ill? No. I was one of his children, and I would show all

the dogged unthrashability of my sire at Waterloo and elsewhere. In short, I let my hair grow. I grew strong, like Samson, under the process. I rough-paved my throat with German gutturals. I put on pantaloons that seemed cut according to the pattern of the cover of a celestial globe, with two little dependences in which to insert the legs. I got a coat, with its tails widening like a fan. I took my fiddle in my hand, and here I am—very comfortable as regards income and enjoyment, and only miserable for the loss of my beloved Ellinor. Come with me to-morrow night, and I will show you how the world moves."

CHAPTER VIII.

But I couldn't give myself up to Mr Took's guidance, for my destiny was now drawing near at the Stepney Star, and I had no spirits for anything else till that was decided. Once or twice Miss Claribel came, but her confidences were all to my mother. For several hours at a time they would retire to my mother's room, and both would reappear with their eyes rather red, as if they had been crying. Was Miss Claribel growing despondent? Was there no chance of accident or illness befalling the sempiternal Emily de la Rose? If she was indeed in low spirits, she took remarkably good care that I should bear her company. She was like the hero or heroine, I forget which, in Moore's ballad, who held a feast of tears, and was social in the deepest of woes. "You expect the rehearsal on Thursday?" she said. "Not a chance of it. They are getting up a rhyming version of the Miller and his Men, and Martingdale and Fitz-Edward are on the point of borrowing the property pistols to fight a duel with, to decide which of them goes into the sack. But come on Thursday, and then you will see for yourself." On Thursday I went. With more politeness and friendliness than usual, Mr Montalban invited me up to his room. "Great news," he said; "I have great news for you. I think I may now say our fortunes are made."

"Does the play go well at rehearsal?" I inquired, with a glow of gratification not unmingled with triumph over the sinister anguries of Miss Claribel.

"Never has been put in rehearsal at all. The Lord Chamberlain has positively said no. It is not to be done."

"On what ground has the Lord Chamberlain put his veto?" I asked, compressing my lips to restrain my anger. "Does he find anything injurious to morals or religion in Hengist and Horsa?"

"Far from it," replied Montalban. "You are aware that the Lord Chamberlain is appointed for the express purpose of seeing that plays are worthy of public approbation, both for their literary merit and moral tendency. Well, his lordship—who is always the most distinguished man in the Peerage for his literary tastes and performances—has devoted several days to the study of your excellent play, and his final decision is, that it deserves a wider field than we can afford it here. He has ordered its representation to be delayed till arrangements can be made for its appearance at one of the great national theatres. What do you say to that, Mr Dipbowing? Think of the thousands at Drury Lane! Think of the Queen in the royal box, attended by all her court? I give you joy, upon my honour, and feel highly charmed that it is through me that your glory

is to be secured." Here Mr Montalban shook hands with me so heartily, that I couldn't resist the influence of his friendly manner, and returned his pressure with a warmth equal to his own.

"Will it be long before arrangements can be made for its appearance at Drury Lane?" I inquired, in the midst of our gratulations.

"Well, that is a sensible question," replied Montalban. "I must consult his Lordship on the point. I have certainly made an offer for it; but as the trustees are hard-hearted people, with no love for the modern drama, they insist on a deposit towards the rent; and as I am deficient to the amount of fifty pounds——"

"Is that the whole deficiency?" I said; "for if such a sum——"

"Forty-eight pound fifteen is the exact amount that would enable me to table their demand; but with such enormous expenses as I am at here, where could a man look for assistance, even to that paltry extent? The Lord Chamberlain, I have no doubt, would forego his fee——"

"What!" I inquired, "is there a fee on the production of a new play?"

"Isn't there?" answered Montalban. "The advantage of a censorship of the press or of the stage, which is the same thing, is not to be had for nothing. No, no: we pay his Lordship—per self or deputy—a very handsome acknowledgment for the trouble he takes in correcting, altering, and improving the tragedies that are submitted to his approval."

"Has his Lordship condescended to amend any of the lines in *Hengist*?" I asked with gratified interest.

"He has only blotted out all the Heavens, and put in a number of skies. He has also done away with all the fiends and devils; for our improver is a very devout man, and seems to have an awful veneration for Beelzebub. O! it's well worth the money, I assure you, to have the certificate that all's right from such high literary and religious authority."

"And fifty pounds would do it," I said half to myself.

"Forty-eight pound fifteen," said Mr Montalban, altogether to the same individual.

"It shall be done," I said, and shook his hand again. "Send in your agreement to the trustees; I will give you the sum you require."

"I don't for a moment scruple to take your offer," replied the manager, "for I feel—I know—I am only acting as your trustee in doing so. Your terms, Mr Dipbowing, are quadrupled. You shall have twenty pounds a-night from the very commencement of the run. And old Drury shall feel the breath of the Legitimate again. Is there anything else that strikes you?"

"Couldn't you find an opening for *Miss Claribel*?" I said. "I am confident she has great dramatic powers, and only requires an opportunity to display them in order to take the town by storm."

"Name what part you like, and she shall be in the bills, in letters two inches long, on our opening night." Again I shook hands, and the matter was satisfactorily settled.

"O," said Mr Montalban, calling me back, as if he had forgotten something, "if you don't happen to have the money in hand, I can tell you of a way which will be more easy for you, and quite as agreeable to me."

I was delighted at his thoughtful friendship; and did not scruple to confess that, till some money which we expected came from India, the outlay would put me to inconvenience.

"Better and better," he exclaimed. "I can put you in clover in the mean time, and you can do as you like when the payments for the play begin. I have a friend who is oppressed with ready money, and is always delighted to make a safe and honourable investment. Here is a bill at two months for a hundred and fifty pounds. Just write your name there, and this day week I will pay you a hundred, keeping the other fifty as a loan for our Drury Lane transaction; and in consequence of the play being now sure to go on at Old Drury, we will have a dress rehearsal on that day. On Thursday, sir, you will receive a hundred pounds, and see *Hengist* in all his glory."

I never signed a paper with so much pleasure in my life. I considered it was merely receiving prepayment of part of my theatrical | 15

and felt now perfectly assured that the manager had no doubt of my success, as he in a joking manner offered to consider the money repaid, if I would give him an order on the treasurer of Old Drury for my profits of the first ten nights.

"You look very happy," said Miss Claribel to me, as I passed the wing, "and yet you have not been on the stage to see the rehearsal of your play."

"It is not in rehearsal," I said; "and moreover, my dear Miss Claribel, it isn't going to be rehearsed—to-day."

"I told you so," replied Miss Claribel, tying her bonnet and putting on her shawl; "but as I have now got up my rôle of standing behind Miss de la Rose's chair, I will walk a part of the way home with you, and hear what you have said to Montalban."

"What I have said to Montalban is this," I said, when we had got out into the street, "that you were lost and buried here, and that I requested a more prominent position for a young lady of so much beauty and so much talent."

"And he said?"

"That you should very shortly make your appearance in whatever character I chose to name."

"Did you name any character?"

"I resolved to consult you first. Will you try Desdemona or Ophelia?"

"You lent him money," said Miss Claribel, in a sad voice.

"On the contrary," I said, "he has advanced some to me." We walked for five minutes in silence. I thought she was speechless with gratitude for my interference in her behalf; I thought also it might be with reverence of my genius, now that she saw it was appreciated by the bestowers of wealth and fame.

"Will you tell my dear and kind Mrs de Bohun, that I will come to her for an hour to-morrow at twelve o'clock? In the mean time, my good young friend, I wish you good day." And without a word of thanks or congratulation, she walked away.

As I saw her graceful figure and elegant motion, I again felt a gush of gratification fill my heart at having interfered so effectually in her favour. Beautiful and modest Miss Claribel!

I thought; it is to me you will owe your triumph at Drury Lane, and not solitary shall you be in your success! No, there's a Hamlet shall respond to all the divine tendernesses of the sweet Ophelia—an Othello who will weep tears of blood over the death-couch of your Desdemona—a Romeo—But here I was nearly run over by a West End omnibus; and wondering whether Miss Claribel would be as delighted with my support as I was with hers, I got into the 'bus, which awoke me from my reverie, and returned home.

I met Catsbach in the passage. "My dear fellow," he said, "I insist on your coming with me to-night. I have something very interesting to show you."

"Where'er you like," I cried in a sort of rapture—"whatever realms to see." My arm a nobler victory ne'er gained, and I am at your command. "Go on: I follow thee."

"Come up to me at seven; bring your flute. We shall have a cheerer or two before we start; and you can tell me all about the rehearsal of your play."

"Is all right about the rehearsal, Charles?" said my mother, as I entered her room radiant with delight.

"Yes, mother—all is going charmingly—but not at the Stepney Star. No! brighter skies are opening—more enduring glory and wealth, mother—sweetened by the delightful thought that it has been honourably won, and that it will all be spent in adding comforts—ay! luxuries to you! I am to be paid a hundred pounds next week; the play is to be brought out at Drury Lane; my uncle will hear of my triumph the moment he steps on English ground, and conscience will gnaw his prosaic heart for his neglect and harshness; the Queen will probably attend the first night; horses, and spectacles, and *tableaux vivants* shall be banished from the English stage; and when people in the street see you and me in the nice little Brougham I intend to keep for you, they'll say the good times of the drama are come back again; that's the author of Hengist and Horsa."

It is useless to describe our rapture. We got a map of London, and looked over it all in search of a nice new street to go and live in. My mother

rather leant to the classic retirements of Brompton, but I put a great splash of ink on Wilton Place. "Lord John

Russell," I exclaimed, "began by writing a play, and I, too, will be a Belgravian."

CHAPTER IX.

We left the house at half-past eight. Catsbach carried a long green bag, and I my flute-case in my pocket. We got into an omnibus, and, after a half-hour's drive, were put down at the end of a wide street. We walked a few hundred yards, and went into a long dark passage. We then mounted some steps, and, on opening a small door, emerged on the upper floor of an orchestra, in an immense assembly-room, magnificently lighted with numerous chandeliers, and already occupied by two or three hundred people, very gaily dressed. A clapping of hands saluted the appearance of my companion, who bowed to his admirers, and took his place at a small desk in the middle of the orchestra. I took up my station at his side. About ten other musicians were seated at their desks, and we waited for the amusements to begin. The floor on which the company promenaded was about twenty feet wide, and was in the shape of the letter T. It was surrounded on all sides by a raised platform about eight feet in width and six feet in elevation; at the front of which were banisters for the protection of a line of spectators, who had already begun to assemble in considerable numbers. The floor was exactly like the dried-up bed of a canal, with a great gathering of observers on the banks. Six or eight elegantly-dressed gentlemen, with silver bows at their breasts, and white wands in their hands, were busy among the company, making introductions, arranging partners, and placing the couples in their proper places. Suddenly one of them stepped into the middle of the floor, looked intently at Catsbach, who had now stood up with the violin on his shoulder, and clapping his hands three times, exclaimed, "*Valse a deu tang!*" and with a crash from the whole orchestra, the music began, and the ball was opened.

A pretty sight as ever I saw, though I have seen many assemblies

of higher pretensions since then. There was as much decorum and as much politeness, as far as I could judge, as could be shown in a duke's palace. There was a great amount of beauty; several groups were very pleasant to look on; evidently parties made up for the purpose of the evening's enjoyment: tradesmen, thought I to myself, and their wives, with two or three daughters and a son—or perhaps a lover of Marianne—dancing only with the families of their neighbours, and enjoying the gay scene and exhilarating exercise at a very moderate expense, and no damage to morals or reputation. Others, no doubt, found their way in who were not so respectably guarded as by their fathers or lovers; but from my lofty field of contemplation I saw no evidence whatever that it was not a festival of the vestal virgins held in the temple of Diana. Dance succeeded to dance; the masters of the ceremonies were indefatigable in their attentions, and all went happy as a marriage bell. Catsbach resumed all his German incomprehensibility, scolded the inferior fiddlers with a plentiful infusion of *donners* and *blitzens*, and was in all respects a most hairy and distinguished conductor of the band. In one of the pauses of the music, he whispered to me to take out my flute and accompany the next dance. With trembling hand I did so; and there was the heir of the De Bohuns, the author of Hengist and Horsa, performing at a Casino! However, one comfort is, I performed extremely well. There were several rounds of applause as the new instrument made itself heard above the violins and bassoons, and I thought I perceived a greater liveliness in the movements of the dancers when they caught the clear notes of the flute. I could have played all night; and asked Catsbach how long the assembly would last.

"Do you see those three gentlemen," he said, "leaning over the

banisters, and enjoying so heartily the gay scene at their feet?"

"Yes—the stout old squire, with his two sons, probably?"

"They are very pleasant fellows—a constable and two other officers of the detective police. When the clock strikes a quarter to twelve, you will see the Essex freeholder, as you thought him, pull out his watch, and in exactly fifteen minutes the hall will be deserted, the lights out, and you and I sitting down to a jolly supper in the refreshment parlour behind the assembly-room."

"Do they expect any crime to be committed at these places?" I inquired.

"No, not a crime. Sometimes a row is threatened, but it is generally by snobs whose fathers are in the peerage, or still lower snobs, who think it shows gentle blood to behave like blackguards when they have paid a shilling at the door. There's a young lord," he continued, "with one of his parasites; I shouldn't be surprised if you saw your friend the squire make his *début* on the floor."

"Country dance!—the haymakers!" exclaimed the senior master of the ceremonies, and Catsbach resumed his fiddlestick.

It was most merrily and beautifully danced; and as I did not contribute to the music, I was at full liberty to watch the whole scene. I followed the young noble and his obsequious attendant in all his motions. He was a fine-featured, tall-figured youth, with soft eyes shaded by long silken lashes, a classically-shaped head, and altogether a soft, almost feminine, expression, that was at first sight very captivating, till you saw that, though the face was eminently handsome, there was no intellect in its look, and the lips, the great revealers of character, were selfish and cold. When my eyes rested on the other, I felt a sudden thrill of some strong feeling, which I could not define, rush to my heart like an electric shock. In spite of the black neckcloth, the carefully buttoned-up coat, the coloured gloves, and the green spectacles that half hid his face, I knew I had seen him before. I couldn't tell where nor when, but I felt it was in enmity we had met. At last I saw

a slavish smile put fresh slime on his thick blubber lips, and I knew the man. Before I had time to ask advice from Catsbach how I could revenge myself on my enemy, I lost them for a moment in the crowd. Suddenly I saw a hand raised, and, after a sharp sound, like a stroke with the flat hand on water, I saw the young nobleman procumbent on the floor, and a stream of blood issuing from his nose and mouth. My friend the Squire in an instant was on the spot; the sufferer raised from the ground; and the music ceased. I hurried round into the front.

"See if he's a gentleman, and get his card," said the noble, still supported in the Squire's arms.

"He a gentleman, my lord! Nothing of the sort; but let us get out of this; they're nothing but thieves and shop-boys. Do come, my lord; I wouldn't have this known on any consideration," whispered the sycophant, taking him by the arm.

"We must hear more of this," said the Squire. "Don't let that man go." And one of the attendant freeholders touched the gentleman's shoulder.

"You don't know who it is," he said to the officer. "You will repent of this insolence, I assure you. He is the Right Honourable the Earl Mandlin, eldest son of the Marquis of Missletoe. I must insist on your letting us go, and punishing that low person who dared to assault his lordship."

"Take down his name," said the Squire calmly; "and have the goodness to give me your own."

A shade of despair fell on the follower's countenance.

"I am a friend of his lordship," he said; "but I won't give my name. For heaven's sake! let us go."

"I say gub'nor," interposed his lordship, "this is a pretty mess we have got into. You'll look rather queer before the beek to-morrow. As to me, I'm used to it."

"Hush, my lord! Mention no names," replied the terrified friend. "I have really nothing to do with this," he continued, addressing the Squire; "and I insist on leaving the room."

"Not yet," replied the Squire with a smile. "We must teach you fine-

feathered birds from Grosvenor Square to keep to your own grounds. I am Sergeant Smiffins of the police, and you must both come with me on charge of an assault—give your names or not, as you like. Many anonymous gentlemen step up and down the mill, and enjoy teasing oakum in the house of correction for two months, for far less than this."

"All in the newspapers to-morrow, gub'nor," said Earl Mandlin, who evidently enjoyed the confusion and despair of his companion.

"Do any of you know this man," inquired Sergeant Smiffins, who seemed to enter into the fun of the scene himself.

"For any sake," whispered the prisoner, taking his captor aside; "don't push this any farther. I am his lordship's tutor. I dined with his lordship at the Clarendon. I accompanied his lordship here with no evil intention."

"But only because you can't get manliness into your heart to say no to a lord," replied the sergeant. "I've met with many fellows like you before, and think you far worse than any of the thieves and pick-pockets my duty brings me acquainted with. Has anybody lost a handkerchief, or a watch?" he cried aloud. "This man must be detained, and I will take him on suspicion if any of you have missed anything. I can't let him go without ascertaining his name."

"I can tell you his name," I said; and a circle was made round me. "He is the Reverend Mr Vatican Scowl, a wolf in sheep's clothing, and I have every reason to believe a Jesuit in disguise."

"All up, gub'nor!" chuckled Lord Mandlin. "The *Times* will have you at full length; and what will the bishop say—not to mention the pope?" Mr Scowl sank in despairing silence, and seemed little moved with the hisses of the assembly. "But where is the gentleman who planted that one—two?" inquired Lord Mandlin. His antagonist stepped forward. "I am sorry," continued his lordship, "that the difference of our position can't allow me to settle this matter as I should like. But as I should infallibly have apologised to

you after receiving your fire, I don't see why I shouldn't do so now after feeling your bunch of fires. I beg to tell you, I am very sorry for what has occurred, and feel that I behaved like an ass."

"Do you give his lordship in charge after this?" inquired the sergeant.

"Not I," said his antagonist; "he only tried to take my partner from me. I bear no malice, and am sorry I put so much force into the blow I gave. A China vase is soon cracked, and I regret very much I didn't hit him a gentler tap."

"In that case I have nothing more to say," answered the sergeant, letting his prisoner go; "and the ball had better proceed." I therefore hurried back to my place in the orchestra, but not before I had whispered in Mr Scowl's ear, in a voice borrowed from Fitz-Edward, with a tap on the breast borrowed from Edmund Kean,—

"Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo."

"Remember your examination of Puddlecombe-Regis school!" Mr Scowl, I am happy to say, appeared at full length in the newspapers, and lost the patronage of the Marquis of Missletoe. Catsbach applauded my conduct very much, and offered me fifteen shillings as my share of the orchestral profits, which I need not say I declined; and having refused all his solicitations to accompany him to his musical engagements, sometimes at public assemblages, and sometimes at dances and quadrilles in private houses, I braced myself for the decisive event, and on the morning of Thursday set off with solemn steps and slow, towards the Stepney Star. I determined not to enter the theatre till the play was fairly begun, and I anticipated the rapture with which an author hears his own words delivered by intelligent actors to a delighted audience. On arriving at the little passage which led through a house in the long row of buildings, shops, offices, store-rooms, and humble private dwellings that constitute a main street in the district, I was surprised to see none of the lower potentates of the stage lounging on the step, and looking on the passengers

in a heroic and presumptuous manner, as if to persuade them that they were Coriolanuses or Brutuses. There was not even the dirty-faced little errand boy, who on previous occasions used to spy me from the end of the row, and prepare his expectant hand for the half-crown as he opened the swinging door. People passed and repassed, on business thoughts intent, as if that entrance conducted to a warehouse, and were not the gates that opened into a newer and nobler world. O blind pursuers of mammon! I thought, are you aware that within thirty feet of where you are bustling and struggling about bills of lading, and the prices of chicoried coffee, there is a scene at this moment going on that would rivet your souls to higher and purer thoughts? Know you not that the heroic Hengist is developing his grandeur and generosity,—Horsa, the fiery courage that made the Saxons triumphant in this land,—and over all an atmosphere of love and poetry, breathed from the impassioned bosom of Editha the British maid, that would elevate and refine the soul of a ship-agent or bill-broker, if he once placed himself within their influence? How can you be so absurd, I continued, getting angry at the evident ignorance of the busy crowd that there was a rehearsal of a new play going on so near them? How can you be so disgustingly dull, you miserable pork butcher, as to deny yourself such gratification? Insane grocer—delirious coal-merchant—cowardly lawyer's clerk! But the loss is yours, I went on, tossing my head, after mentally addressing the people I met, affixing trades and occupation to them according to their respective looks—the loss is yours, not mine. Here I have touched the haven's mouth, and beyond it is romance, beauty, happiness, fame! By this time I had reached the door, and was rather surprised to see it shut,—a vast red expanse of wood, with the name of the theatre conspicuously painted on it in white letters. "Every individual about the building," I thought, "so intent on the proceedings on the stage, that they have closed the entrance, to enjoy them without interruption." I felt in my

pocket for five shillings to reward the errand boy's good sense, instead of the usual half-crown, and knocked gently with my cane. There was no answer, and I increased the vigour of my application. "They must be terribly interested in Hengist," I thought, and waited with patience, till I concluded they must have finished the first act. I turned about with the intention of knocking again in a more authoritative manner, when a man with a long stick in his hand, and a tin case hung round his neck, stooped at the door. He unfolded an immense bill in green and blue letters, and was proceeding to paste it up over the very name of the Stepney Star.

"What are you doing there?" I said—"Mr Montalban will give you in charge of the police. You mustn't stick your disgusting rubbish here."

"P'raps you'll let me paste it over your tatae trap," said the man, going on brushing his paste over the door. "A very fine advertising post you would make; and folks would think you was one of 'em yourself."

"One of whom?" I inquired, getting wroth at the man's impertinence.

"Why, one of the chickens," he said. "It only needs your nose to be a little sharper to make you pass for a prize bantam." Before I had time to make any retort either with stick or tongue, the man completed his work, and on the enormous expanse of paper I read "Incubitorium! Chickens hatched here by artificial heat. Admittance twopence. Parties are requested to bring their own eggs."

"There!" he said, "ain't that a finer name than the Stepney Star. Incubitorium! It fills a bill well, and will be a far better concern than the last."

"Does Mr Montalban know of this?"

"He's bolted—him and all the kit."

"And are they not at rehearsal on the stage?"

"No; they're fitting up nests for the young poultry, and won't let you in at no price. You needn't kick at the door; you'll disturb the old hens,

and p'raps they wouldn't do their duty to-night."

So saying, the man passed on to ornament the neighbouring walls with the announcements of the Incubitorium. The passengers must have thought me mad, so continued and powerful were my kicks upon the unopening door. I paused for breath—tried to laugh myself out of the belief that the whole proceeding wasn't a ludicrous mistake; and just as I was going at it again with fresh vigour, a hand was laid on my arm.

"Are you going to crack the eggs before they're hatched?" said Miss Claribel. "They'll take you up for a housebreaker, if you're not quiet."

"For heaven's sake," I said, "tell me what is all this?"

"It is that you are swindled by Mr Montalban; and if you have only lost the money you advanced, you may hold yourself very fortunate."

"But he is to give me a hundred pounds," I said.

"You've accepted a bill?"

"I have."

"I thought so. Do you see that man with the fishy kind of eyes, the large nose beginning in the middle of his forehead, and the white hat perched on one side of his head?"

"Yes; I see him. A blackguard Jew-looking fellow he is."

"He has been taking note of you for some time, that he may know you when the bill is due. He is a bailiff, and, I believe, brother-in-law of Mr Montalban."

"But I have not had a farthing; how can they ask me to pay it?"

"O, that makes no difference. I hear a great deal of talk on these subjects, and I fear you will have to advance the full amount. When was it due?"

"In two months. The amount a hundred and fifty pounds."

"We must make the money," she said, "before that time. We must make our *débüt* in Hamlet. Now I am free from the Stepney Star, I feel

that I am certain of success. Have you any friend who could get us an engagement in some country theatre, for our first appearance? I want nothing more than an opportunity of showing what I can do."

"Ha!" I said; "yes. I have a friend—a German. His name is Catsbach. I know he can do what we require. Long before the two months are over we shall both be rolling in wealth; and who knows, after all, if this disappointment may not turn out the best piece of good fortune that could have befallen us?"

Full of brighter anticipations than ever, I went up stairs that evening to consult with Mr Took. He entered most warmly into the scheme; undertook to get us permission to give a taste of our quality at a theatre a few miles from town, to act as leader of the band; and, in short, was the very best man I could have applied to on the subject. In return, however, he insisted on my accompanying him to his musical engagements, where he felt sure my flute would be as popular as it had proved on the last occasion. He added, also, that he could not allow me to be so useful without being paid; and, in short, I saw the good fellow's design was to be useful to me, at the same time that he put it entirely on the awkward position it put him into if I declined all compensation. I told him he might arrange about that entirely as he pleased, and we shook hands half-a-dozen times in satisfaction of the new agreement.

"Consider, my dear fellow," he said, as he made me my fourth tumbler, "consider what respectability it brings to the profession that we have the heir of the De Bohuns first flute in the orchestra. I feel as the tailors must have felt when the King of Prussia and Alexander of Russia used to cut out the soldiers' jackets. It isn't the profession that makes the gentleman, it's the gentleman that makes the profession."

LONGFELLOW'S GOLDEN LEGEND.

THERE must, after all, be some occult but irresistible charm in the leading idea of old Goethe's *Faust*. We say this, not on account of the numerous translations of that poem which have appeared in our language—though the names of Shelley, Gower, Anstey, Hayward, Blackie, Syme, and perhaps two dozen more, testify that it has been selected by a large section of German scholars, as a master-piece every way worthy of being converted into our native tongue—but from the numerous efforts which have been made to produce imitations of it. From Byron to Festus Bailey—a sad declension, we admit—poets and poetasters have thought it their privilege to make free with the Satanic character, and to introduce the author of evil, or at least one of his subordinate imps, in the capacity of a tempter. Leaving Byron altogether out of the question, we must say that most of the imitators of Goethe have represented their fiends as taking a great deal of unnecessary trouble. In perusing their grand dramatic efforts, the question ever and anon occurs to us, what temptation the tempter could have in besetting such pitiable milksops and nincompoops as the gentlemen who are selected for seduction? Astaroth may assault Saint Anthony, Apollyon wrestle with Bunyan, or Sathanas disturb Martin Luther at his meditations with perfect propriety—there is at least some measure of equality between the two contending parties. But why Lucifer, fallen angel though he be, should stoop so low as to attach himself personally to a hazy maunderer like Festus, when he might be doing an infinite deal of more effectual mischief elsewhere, entirely baffles our comprehension. We had given him credit for a keener sense of his own dignity and position. However, as Mr Bailey is no doubt an inspired poet, we must suppose that he knows best; though certainly, Lucifer, in his hands, is anything but a Morning Star.

It is rather remarkable that the majority of the poets who make free with Satan, or rather with Lucifer—

for they affect the more dazzling and less murky name—restrict his apparition and familiar intercourse with their heroes to the Middle Ages. Their poems exhibit a sprinkling of alchemists, minnesingers, and crusaders, which abundantly mark out the period; and they seem to think that, by throwing back the epoch of the infernal visitation, they increase the elements of credulity, and establish a certain fitness of relation between Diabolus and his proposed victim. In this they commit a gross mistake. The fiend of the Middle Ages was not, as they represent him, a mere metaphysical atheist—a tiresome arguer on abstract principles, who could do little else than reproduce the most pernicious doctrines of a depraved scholastic philosophy for the recreation of his particular pupil. He was, on the contrary, a fellow of infinite fancy. Rely upon it, Saint Dunstan took him by the nose for something else than a mere foreshadowing of the opinions of Kant or Hegel. He did not visit Saint Anthony to pester him with perplexing questions. His allurements were of the flesh, fleshly; and, if monkish legends say true, they were oftentimes difficult to resist. He ensnared the avaricious through promises of gold, the sensual by pandering to their lusts, the ambitious by false pretences of worldly pre-eminence and honour. But everything was based on delusion. None of the Devil's gifts turned out worth the having; and Johann Faust himself in his conjuring-book, which still exists, and which we have seen, has borne sad testimony to the juggling of the infernal agents. As to the gifts of knowledge which the tempter could convey, these were limited to such feats of hocus-pocus as Hermann Boaz or the Wizard of the North could rival. To bring wine out of a wooden table—to change a truss of straw into a steed—or to produce the phantasm of a deer-hunt in a banquetting hall—were the masterpieces of demoniacal lore: and, paltry as they were, it must be confessed that, if any gentleman was willing to subscribe

a scroll with his blood, such acquirements were a more likely bribe than the privilege of conversing with an imp as stupid as any lecturer on modern German rationalism. Therefore, in selecting the Middle Ages for their time, our poetasters have greatly erred. Lucifer, as they portray him, might possibly have cut a figure in a mechanics' institute—he is sadly out of place in the part and period which they have assigned him. In our deliberate opinion, they had better have let the Devil alone.

We repeat it—they had better let Lucifer alone. It is dangerous meddling with edge-tools. Temptations enough beset even the best of us, without the realisation of the actual corporeality of the tempter. Most hideously alarmed, we doubt not, would Mr Bailey be, if his poetical imaginations became practical realities, and Lucifer were to enter his study some time about midnight, when every other light in the house was extinguished, in the garb of a travelling *scholasticus*! If not more loftily elevated than the second story, he would bolt through the window like an arrow. We mean no reflection upon his personal valour; under such circumstances we should do the same, and consider it to be our bounden duty, even though a whole legion of cats were serenading beneath. But we have this safeguard against such visits, that we never represented ourselves as intimate with the opinions of Abaddon. Mr Bailey, on the contrary, knows all about him—nay, has no doubt whatever as to his ultimate felicitous destination. He is several universes beyond Milton. He foresees restoration to the whole powers of evil; and having thus, in his philosophy, kindly reinstated the fallen angels, of course those who have fallen by their agency become at once immaculate. But the subject is too grave to be pursued in a light strain. Great allowance is always to be made for poetic license; but there is a bound to everything; and we are compelled to record our deliberate opinion, that nowhere, in literature, can we find passages more hideously and revoltingly presumptuous than occur in the concluding pages of the *Festus* of Mr Bailey.

We have not now to deal with Mr Bailey. The author before us, Professor Longfellow, is infinitely his superior in poetical accomplishment, in genius, in learning, and in delicacy of sentiment. It was, we think, very well remarked by a former critic in this Magazine, that "he has studied foreign literature with somewhat too much profit." We adopt that observation as rather addressed to the form or shape of his compositions, than to the intrinsic value of his thoughts, or to their expression. For, in perfect candour, we must own that, in our opinion, Longfellow at this moment stands, beyond comparison, at the head of the poets of America, and may be considered as an equal competitor for the palm with any one of the younger poets of Great Britain. We cannot pass a higher eulogy; and it is not the less impartial, because in this his latest poem, *The Golden Legend*, he has laid himself open to censure, not only on the ground of palpable imitation of design, from the model of Goethe, but in other respects more nearly and more seriously affecting his ultimate reputation as a creative poet.

We have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that there is nearly as much fine poetry in Mr Longfellow's *Golden Legend* as in the celebrated drama of Goethe. In the latter there are, unquestionably, isolated scenes of singular power and magnificence. The opening song of the angels is, in point of diction, a grand effort of genius; and the wonderful conception of the "Walpurgis-Nacht on the Brocken," with all its weird and fantastic accessories, has been, and will be, cited by the admirers of the German poet as a proof of the vastness of his imagination, and of his consummate dexterity as an artist. To these, as specimens of first-class poetry, we may add the lyrical passages which are put into the mouth of Gretchen; but, granting all this, much matter still remains of inferior merit. The scenes in the witch's apartment, and in Auerbach's cellar—the conversations of Wagner, and even some of the more recondite dialogue between Faust and Mephistopheles—are

clearly unworthy of Goethe. Notwithstanding an occasional affected mysticism, as if they conveyed, or were intended to convey, some occult or allegorical significance to the reader, these latter passages are, take them all in all, both dull and monotonous. In a drama like the *Faust*, we do not insist upon continuous action; but where action is excluded, we expect at least to find the absence of that grand source of interest compensated by a more than common display of poetical accomplishment. In the later Greek drama, the chorus, by the splendour of its lyrical outbursts, causes us to overlook the fact that it does not materially aid the action of the piece; but, in order to achieve this, who does not perceive that the genius of Euripides was strained to its utmost point? Sometimes, according to our view, Goethe is too metaphysical—at other times he condescends to a style beneath the dignity of a poet. Humour was by no means his forte. Whenever he intended to be humorous he failed; and a failure in that respect, as we all know, is peculiarly distressing. Out of the orgies of the drunken Leipsigers, and the hocus-pocus which is practised upon them, we can extract no food for merriment—the German Canidia, with her filthy attendants, is simply sickening—and Wagner is no better than an ass. Again, if we look to the relation which the represented characters bear to the world without, it is impossible to deny that Goethe has failed in giving extrinsic interest to his drama. There is nothing in it to indicate time, which, as much as locality, is an implied requisite in a poem, especially if it be cast in the dramatic form. The reason of this is obvious. Unless time and locality be distinctly marked, there is no room for that interest which is created by our willing surrender of belief to the poet. What we require from him is, that he shall establish that degree of probability which gives life and animation to the poem, by identifying it, to a certain extent, with human action and character. This hardly can be accomplished, unless, within the

poem itself, we find distinct and unmistakeable materials for ascertaining the period to which it properly refers. Whatever may be the genius of the author, and however beautiful may be the form and disposition of his abstract conceptions, we still maintain that he sacrifices much, if he dispenses with or rejects those peculiar associations which enable the reader at once to recognise the tale as belonging to some known period of the world's history. Now, in the *Faust*, there is very little to mark the period. We may not feel the want, accepting the poem as we have it, on account of its intrinsic beauty: nevertheless it does appear to us that the effect might have been materially heightened, had Goethe introduced some accessories characteristic of the age in which Johann Faust of Wittenberg really lived; and that thus a greater degree of energy, as well as of verisimilitude, would have been imparted to his poem.

Many, we are well aware, will dissent from the opinions we have just expressed. The thorough disciple of Goethe has such an unbounded and obstinate admiration of his master, that he can discern beauties in passages which, to the sense of the ordinary reader, appear essentially commonplace; and he never will admit that any one of his works could have been improved by the adoption of a different plan. We honour such enthusiasm, though we cannot share in it now. A good many years have gone by since we, in the first fervour of our Teutonic zeal, actually accomplished a complete translation of the *Faust*, a treasure which we would very willingly have submitted to the public gaze, had we been intimately acquainted with a publisher of more than common daring. At that time we should have done eager battle with any man who ventured to impugn the merit of any portion of the drama. But, since then, our opinions on matters of taste have undergone considerable modification; and, whilst expressing, as we hope we have distinctly done, the highest admiration for the genius displayed in many parts of the work, we cannot

regard it, on the whole, either as a perfect poem, or as one which, from its form, should recommend itself to later poets as a model.

Mr Longfellow will, in all probability, not receive that credit which is really his due, for the many exquisite passages contained in his *Golden Legend*, simply on account of its manifest resemblance to the *Faust*. Men in general look upon the inventive faculty as the highest gift of genius, and are apt to undervalue, without proper consideration, everything which appears to be not original, but imitative. This is hardly fair. The inventive faculty is not always, indeed it is very rarely, combined with adequate powers of description. The best inventors have not always taken the trouble to invent for themselves. Shakspeare stole his plots—so did Scott; and perhaps no more imitative poet than Virgil ever existed. Even in the instance before us, Goethe can hardly be said to have a right to the priority of invention, since Marlowe preceded him in England, and Friedrich Müller in Germany. But it must be confessed that Mr Longfellow does not possess the art of disguising his stolen goods. It is one thing to take a story, and to dress it up anew, and another to adopt a story or a plot, which, throughout, shall perpetually put you in mind of some notorious antecedent. Could we endure a second *Hamlet*, even though, in respect of genius, it were not inferior to the first? We do not think so. The fault lies, not in the conveyance of ideas, but in the absence of their proper disguise. No man can read six pages of *The Golden Legend*, without being reminded of the *Faust*, and that so strongly that there is a perpetual challenge of comparison. So long as the popularity of the elder poem continues, the later one must suffer in consequence.

Whether Mr Longfellow could have avoided this, is quite another question. We confess that we entertain very great doubts as to that point. In respect of melody, feeling, pathos, and that exquisite simplicity of expression which is the criterion of a genuine poet, Mr Longfellow need not shun comparison with any living writer. He is not only by nature a

poet, but he has cultivated his poetical powers to the utmost. No man, we really believe, has bestowed more pains upon poetry than he has. He has studied rhythm most thoroughly; he has subjected the most beautiful strains of the masters of verbal melody, in many languages, to a minute and careful analysis; he has arrived at his poetical theories by dint of long and thoughtful investigation; and yet, exquisite as the product is which he has now given us, there is a large portion of it which we cannot style as truly original. In the honey which he presents to us—and a delicious compound it is—we can always detect the flavour of the parent flowers. He possesses, more than any other writer, the faculty of assuming, for the time, or for the occasion, the manner of the poet most qualified by nature to illustrate his immediate theme. He not only assumes his manner, but he actually adopts his harmonies. Those who do not understand the subject of poetic harmonies will be able, perhaps, to realise our meaning, if they will imagine what effect would be excited on their minds by hearing the air of "The Flowers of the Forest" reproduced with the accompaniment of new words. Just so is it with Mr Longfellow. He is a great master of harmonies, but he borrows them too indiscreetly. He gives us a very splendid concert; but then the music is not always, nor indeed in the majority of instances, his own.

Do we complain of this? By no manner of means. We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishment, and research, and devotion to his high calling, can hardly be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention, for in them we are certain to meet with great beauty of thought, and very elegant diction. He ought to be one of the best of translators; for, in consequence of the peculiarity which we have noticed, many of his original poems sound exactly like translations. At one time we hear the music of Uhland, at another of Grillparzer, at another of Goethe, and at another of Calderon. He has even thrown some of his poetry into the mould of Massinger

and Decker; and, if we mistake not much, Paul Gerhard is one of his especial favourites. To the wideness of this harmonic range we should be inclined to ascribe many of his shortcomings. It is not an unqualified advantage to a poet to be able to assume at will the manner of another, and even, as Mr Longfellow frequently does, to transcend him. Every poet should have his own style, by which he is peculiarly distinguished. He should have his own harmonies, which cannot be mistaken for another's. When such is not the case, the poet is apt to go on experimenting too far. He is tempted, in versification, to adopt new theories, which, upon examination, will not bear to be tried by any æsthetical test. Southey was one instance of this, and Mr Longfellow is another. Southey had a new theory for every poem; Mr Longfellow, within the compass of the same poem, presents us with various theories. This surely is a blemish, because it necessarily detracts from unity of tone and effect. We are no advocates for close poetical precision, or the maintenance of those notes which, a century ago, were deemed almost imperative; but we think that poetic license may sometimes be carried too far. In various passages of *The Golden Legend*, Mr Longfellow, acting no doubt upon some principle, but one which is wholly unintelligible to us, discards not only metre, but also rhyme and rhythm—an experiment which has rarely been tried since Karl Wilhelm Justi presented the German public with the Song of Solomon in the novel form of an opera. The following dialogue may be sweetly and naturally expressed, but the reader will no doubt be at a loss to determine whether it belongs to the domain of poetry, or to that of prose:—

ELSIE.

"Here are flowers for you,
But they are not all for you.
Some of them are for the Virgin,
And for Saint Cecilia.

PRINCE HENRY.

As thou standest there
Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE.

But these will fade.

PRINCE HENRY.

Themselves will fade,
But not their memory;
And memory has the power
To recreate them from the dust.
They remind me, too,
Of martyred Dorothea,
Who, from celestial gardens, sent
Flowers as her witnesses
To him who scoffed and doubted.

ELSIE.

Do you know the story
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?
That is the prettiest legend of them all.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then tell it to me;
But first come hither.
Lay the flowers down beside me,
And put thy hands in mine.
Now, tell me the story."

This, whatever else it may be, has certainly no pretensions to the name of verse.

Occasionally, whilst retaining rhyme and the semblance of metre, Mr Longfellow is betrayed into great extravagance. What plea of justification can be urged in behalf of the construction of the following lines, which are put into the mouth of Lucifer?—

"My being here is accidental;
The storm, that against you casement drives,
In the little village below waylaid me.
And there I heard, with a secret delight,
Of your maladies physical and mental,
Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.
And I hastened hither, though late in the night,
To proffer my aid!"

We are almost tempted to say, with old Mr Osbaldistone, that the bellman makes better verses: certainly he could hardly construct more dislocated specimens of versification than these.

Sometimes, even when revelling in the luxuriance of verse, Mr Longfellow commits strange improprieties. To the structure and music of the lines which we shall now transcribe, no abstract objection need be stated, though such objection could be found; but they are terribly out of place in a poem of this kind, and inconsistent with its general structure. An eclogue after the manner of Virgil or Theocritus would hardly appear more incongruous if introduced in the middle of a Shakspearean drama—

ELSIE.

"Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring!"

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

ELSIE.

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

PRINCE HENRY.

Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide;
Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side?"

We were wrong in limiting our remark to the incongruity. To such verse as this, if verse it can be termed, there are serious objections. We presume it is constructed on some rhythmical principle; but what that principle may be, we defy any living artist to discover.

From reading the foregoing extracts, any one might naturally conclude that Mr Longfellow has no ear. So far from this being the case, he is one of the most accomplished and skilful versifiers of his time, and therefore we regret the more that he will not confine him to the safe, familiar, and yet ample range of recognised Saxon metres. We could almost find it in our heart to wish that Evangeline had proved a decided failure, if by that means his return could have been secured to simpler habits of composition. Surely he must see, on reflection, that there are natural limits to the power and capacity of each language, and that it is utterly absurd to strain our own in order to compass metres and melodies which peculiarly belong to another. There can be no doubt that the German language, from its construction and sound, can be adapted to many of the most intricate of the Grecian metres. But the English language is not so easily welded, and beyond a certain point it is utterly hopeless to proceed. Mr Longfellow thoroughly understands the value of pure and simple diction—why will he not apply the same rules to the form and structure of his verse? As sincere admirers of his genius, we would entreat his attention to this; for he may rely upon it that, if he continues to give way to this besetting sin of experiment, he is imperilling that high posi-

tion which his poetical powers may well entitle him to attain.

After this lecture to the author, we are bound, for the satisfaction of our readers, to look a little more closely into the poem in question. We have already said that, in general form and design, it has too near a resemblance to the *Faust*. We might even extend this observation to details; for there are several scenes evidently suggested by passages in the German drama. Those who remember Goethe's prayer of Margaret addressed to the Virgin, will at once understand the suggestion that led to the insertion of Elsie's prayer in *The Golden Legend*. We insert it here on account of its intrinsic beauty; and, being beautiful, no comparison with any other poet is required.

Night.—ELSIE praying.

"My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!"

Interceding,
With those bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee!"

Sweet, virginal thoughts—not such
as poor Margaret, in the intense

anguish of her soul, poured forth at the shrine of the Mater Dolorosa! Still, by close adherence to form, even though the situations are changed, Longfellow provokes comparison—in this instance not wisely, for Margaret's prayer might wring tears from a heart of stone.

If, however, we go on in this way, looking alternately towards Goethe and Longfellow, we shall never reach the poem. Therefore we return the *Faust* to its proper place on our bookshelves, solemnly vowing not to allude to it again in the course of the present article, or to repeat the name of Goethe, under the penalty of reviewing—which, according to our scrupulous notions, implies reading—even at this late period of time, Lord John Russell's tragedy of *Don Carlos*.

The story of *The Golden Legend* is not very intelligible, and has received by far too little consideration from the author. Whether it be taken or not from the venerable tome printed by our typographical Father Caxton, we cannot say; because we are unable, from its scarcity, to lay our hands upon the old book bearing that name. As Mr Longfellow gives it to us, it would appear that a certain Prince Henry of Hohenneck, on the Rhine—not a very young gentleman, but one who has attained nearly the middle period of existence—is afflicted with some disease, nearly corresponding to that doubtful malady the vapours. He does not know what is the matter with him; and, what is worse, none of the doctors, either allopathic or homœopathic, whom he has consulted, can enlighten him on the subject. He describes his symptoms thus:—

“It has no name.

A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
Sending up vapours to the head;
My head has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains;
I am accounted as one who is dead,
And, indeed, I think that I shall be soon.”

A very melancholious view, indeed, for a patient!

Under these circumstances, Lucifer, who, it seems, is always ready for a job, drops in under the disguise of a quack physician, and proceeds, ~~with~~ considerable skill, to take his

diagnosis. Prince Henry tells him that he has consulted the doctors of Salerno, and that their reply to the statement of his case is as follows:—

“Not to be cured, yet not incurable!
The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours.”

Lucifer, with much show of propriety, laughs at the prescription; and, in place of it, recommends his own, which we take to be not at all unsuited to the peculiar feelings and unnatural despondency of the patient. So far as we can make out from Mr Longfellow, he simply advises a caulker—not by any means a bad thing in muggy weather, if used in moderation, or likely to produce any very diabolical consequences. Thus speaks Lucifer, displaying at the same time his bottle:—

“This art the Arabian Gebir taught,
And in alembics, finely wrought,
Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered
The secret that so long had hovered
Upon the misty verge of Truth,
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called ALCOHOL, in the Arab speech!
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach!”

The result is that Prince Henry adopts the prescription, imbibes a considerable quantity of the stimulant, which seems presently to revive him—and then falls asleep. This is plain enough, but surely there was no occasion for the Devil to appear in person, simply to administer a dram. But what follows? That is a grand mystery which Mr Longfellow has not explained in a satisfactory manner. There is no insinuation that the Prince, in his cups, committed any gross act of extravagance. He may, indeed, on this occasion have applied himself to the alcohol rather too freely, as would appear from the subsequent account of a servant.

“In the Round Tower, night after night,
He sat, and bleared his eyes with books;
Until one morning we found him there
Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon
He had fallen from his chair.
We hardly recognised his sweet looks!”

But surely this temporary aberration from the paths of sobriety would not justify the conduct of the monks, who appear shortly afterwards to have taken Hohenneck by storm, com-

pelled the Prince to do penance in the Church of St Rochus, and then excommunicated him. We were not aware that the clergy in those days were so extremely ascetic. There is no sort of allegation that they suspected the nature of the cellar from which the Devil's Elixir was drawn, or that they were resolved to punish the Prince for having unwittingly pledged Sathanas. This story, however, which appears entirely unintelligible to us, seems to have satisfied the curiosity of the minstrel, Walter von der Vogelweide, whom Mr Longfellow has once more pressed into his service, and who, as an old friend of the Prince, has called at the castle to inquire after his welfare. He learns that the Prince is now residing at the house of a small farmer in the Odenwald; whereupon he of the Bird-meadows determines to make himself comfortable for the evening.

"But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May
From which it steals the breath away,
And which he loved so well of yore;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall."

Previous to retiring, however, he utters the following soliloquy, which we transcribe as a passage of considerable descriptive merit.

"The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling
river
Flows on triumphant through those lovely
regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre
margin,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!
Yes, there it flows for ever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill.
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering
flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence
more
Than the impending night darkens the land-
scape o'er!"

The scene then changes to the farm where Prince Henry is residing.

Elsie, the farmer's daughter, scarcely more than a child in years, but a woman in tenderness and devotion, is as beautiful a conception as ever was formed in the mind of the poet. She resolves, in conformity with the mysterious remedy suggested by the doctors of Salerno, to offer her life for that of her Prince, and communicates her resolution to her parents. We regard this scene as by far the most touching in the drama; and, as we have quoted passages in which the author does not appear to great advantage, we gladly request the attention of the reader to extracts of another kind. We regret that our limits will not permit us to transcribe the scene at length.

URSULA.

"What dost thou mean? my child! my child!"

ELSIE.

That for our dear Prince Henry's sake,
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

Am I still dreaming or awake?
Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

ELSIE.

'Tis the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie:
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the skies
Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings
As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die as she had died;
And go forth with her side by side.
The saints are dead, the martyrs dead,
And Mary, and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined!

* * *

URSULA.

Alas! that I should live to see
Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave! Ah, woe the day!

ELSIE.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie
Beneath the flowers of another land;
For at Salerno, far away
Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die!
And it will seem no more to thee

Than if at the village on market-day
I should a little longer stay
Than I am used.

* * *

URSULA.

Not now ! not now !

ELSIE.

Christ died for me, and shall not I
Be willing for my Prince to die?
You both are silent ; you cannot speak.
This said I, at our Saviour's feast,
After confession to the priest,
And even he made no reply.
Does he not warn us all to seek
The happier, better land on high,
Where flowers immortal never wither ;
And could he forbid me to go thither ?

GOTTLIEB.

In God's own time, my heart's delight !
When he shall call thee, not before !

ELSIE.

I heard him call. When Christ ascended
Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar ;
I had a vision in the night,
And saw him standing at the door
Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,
And beckoning to me from afar.
I cannot stay ! "

We need not point out the exquisite simplicity of the language here employed, or the beauty and tenderness of the thought. It is in such passages that Mr Longfellow's genius is most eminently apparent ; because in them all is nature, and there is no indication of a model. In his more laboured scenes there is generally an appearance of effort, beside the imitative propensity, to which we have already sufficiently alluded.

The acceptance of Elsie's offer, on the part of Prince Henry of Hohe-neck, seems to be the turning-point of the story and the temptation. Here again Lucifer interposes, in the character of a monk, who, from the Confessional, gives unholy advice to the Prince ; but this scene does not strike us with peculiar admiration. In brief, the offer is accepted. Prince Henry and the peasant's daughter set out together for Salerno, and the greater portion of the remainder of the drama is occupied with the description of their route, and what befel them on their way. Mr Longfellow has made excellent use of this dioramic method. He has contrived to throw himself entirely into the age which he has selected for illustration ; and crusaders, monks, pilgrims, and minstrels

pass before us in varied procession, giving life and animation to the scenery through which the voyagers move.

The most remarkable passages are the Friar's Sermon, and the Miracle play represented in the cathedral of Strasburg. We observe that several critics have already fallen foul of the author on account of those scenes, denouncing him in no measured terms for the levity, and even the profanity, of his tone. One or two have even gone the length of declaring that he is more impious than Lord Byron ; and that *Cain* is, in the hands of the youthful reader, a less dangerous work than the *Golden Legend*. This is sheer nonsense. Mr Longfellow, as the general tenor of his writings discloses, is eminently a Christian poet, and the last charge which can be brought against him is that of scepticism and infidelity. His aim, in this part of the *Golden Legend*, is to reproduce a true and vivid picture of the manners, the customs, and even the superstition of the age ; and this he has been enabled to do, through his intimate familiarity with writings which are very little studied at the present day. He is deeply versed, not only in the monkish legends and traditions, but in that kind of theological literature which, in the thirteenth century, and even much later, was mixed up with the pure evangelical doctrine, and retailed to the people as truth, by the ministers of a corrupted Church. That the sermon delivered by Friar Cuthbert, in the square of Strasburg, must sound irreverent to modern ears, is a proposition which no one can deny. It is irreverent, but not a whit more so than were all the sermons of the period. It is intended to mark, and does mark more accurately than anything we ever read, the license of language which was employed by the emissaries of the Church of Rome—the haughty claims and systematic usurpations of that Church—and the mixture of truth and fable which then constituted the staple of her doctrine. Friar Cuthbert is not preaching from the Evangelists : he is preaching half from his own invention, and half from the spurious Gospel of Nicodemus. His sermon is nothing more nor less than

a satire upon the teaching of the Church of Rome, and a most effective one it is. Into what, then, do the objections of our scrupulous brethren resolve themselves? Is it wrong to depict, in prose or verse—for the lesson may be conveyed in either—the ignorance of the people of Europe in past ages, and the exceeding presumption and monstrous latitude of their teachers? If so, it would be better for us at once to get rid of history. A work of fiction, which does nothing more than reproduce historical truths, can never, in our opinion, be condemned for giving a faithful picture of the manners of the time; and that Mr Longfellow's is a faithful picture, no one who has studied the manners and perused the literature of the middle ages will deny. It is very possible, however, that our purists never heard of the Gospel of Nicodemus, and are not aware that such liberties were ever taken with the revealed truths of religion. That is no fault of Mr Longfellow's. But if the *Golden Legend* is to be condemned on account of these scenes, we very much fear that Chaucer must also be voted unfit for reading, and our old friend and favourite Sir David Lindsay consigned to entire oblivion. What is more, the ban must be extended to many of the early reformers, nay, martyrs of the Protestant Church. The sermons of Latimer, from their familiarity of allusion and illustration, and their frequent reference to tradition, would sound strangely in modern Calvinistic ears. It is a notorious fact that, for a considerable period after the Reformation, the most eminent divines, finding that the people were greatly attached to the legendary tales and fictions which formed so large a portion of the teaching of the Romish Church, were compelled in some measure to continue the practice, and to look for illustrations beyond the compass of the sacred writings, in order to give effect to their discourses. This of course was only a temporary expedient, but still it was employed, in order that the change might appear less sudden and violent. But on that account, are the writings of Latimer and many more of the early reformers to be condemned? We should be sorry to

think so. What sort of picture of the age would have been presented to us, had Mr Longfellow put into the mouth of Friar Cuthbert the language of an adherent of Geneva? Is the sermon towards the conclusion of *Queenhoo Hall*, written by Sir Walter Scott, to be pronounced blasphemous, because it is conceived in the manner of the times? If not, Mr Longfellow also must be relieved from this preposterous censure, which one or two critics, wishing to be thought more reverent—being, in fact, more ignorant—than their neighbours, have attempted to fasten upon him.

As to the *Miracle* play, we look upon it as a most successful reproduction, or rather image, of those strange religious shows which were long represented in the Romish churches all over Europe, and which, though somewhat altered in their form, are not yet abolished in some parts of the Continent. Mr Longfellow, whilst preserving so much of the spirit of the old Mysteries as to convey an adequate idea of their grotesqueness, has lent to this composition a charm which none of the old plays possess. Those who are anxious to ascertain what a *Miracle* play really was, will find a fair specimen in the first volume of Hawkins' *English Drama*. The general reader may, however, content himself with Mr Longfellow's production, which is, in many points of view, remarkable. The scenes represented are principally taken from the Apocryphal Gospels, attributed to St Thomas, of the Infancy of our Saviour—which gospels were long read in some of the Nestorian churches. Here, again, Mr Longfellow has been charged with impiety, as if, by his own invention, he were supplementing Scripture. He has done nothing of the kind. He has simply reproduced, in a peculiar form, a legend or tradition well known in the middle ages; and if this license is to be prohibited, what imaginative or poetical author who has treated of sacred subjects can escape? Milton has sinned in this respect far more deeply than Longfellow. But we really do not think it necessary to pursue this subject further.

We must not, any more
travellers, loiter on the 1

fore we pass over the scenes at the Convent of Hirschan, as also that in the neighbouring nunnery. We confess that the carousal of the monks, in which Lucifer bears a share, (for the fiend continues to travel in disguise along with his expected victim,) does not strike us as being happily conceived. It is coarse, and we are sorry to say, vulgar; though it may be, doubtless, that such things were often said and enacted within convent walls. But the poet is bound to use a certain degree of discretion in his choice of materials, and in his manner of setting them forth. We think some of the ribaldry in this scene might have been spared with advantage, without in the least injuring that contrast between outward profession and real purity which the author evidently intended to draw; and we would urge upon Mr Longfellow the propriety of revising in future editions the passages to which we refer, as tending in no way to promote the strength, whilst they undoubtedly diminish the pleasure which we receive from other parts of the drama. The scene in the nunnery, in which the Abbess Irmengarde relates to Elsie the tale of her youthful attachment, and the preference which she gave to Walter of the Vogelweide over Prince Henry of Hoheneck, when both of them were her suitors, is very sweetly written, and entirely in keeping with the times.

Then follow several scenes of much beauty, which conduct us through Switzerland into Italy. The travellers embark from Genoa in a felucca, bound for Salerno; and thus speaks the captain or padrone of the vessel, as the wind is freshening. It is a strange piece of rhyme, but worth listening to, were it only on account of its singularity.

IL PADRONE.

"I must entreat you, friends, below!
The angry storm begins to blow,
For the weather changes with the moon.
All this morning, until noon,
We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws
Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.
Only a little hour ago
I was whistling to Saint Antonio
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
And instead of a breeze he has sent us a gale.
Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,
With their glimmering lanterns, all at play

On the tops of the masts and the tips of the
spars,
And I knew we should have foul weather
to-day.

Cheerly, my hearties! ye heave ho!
Brail up the mainsail, and let her go
As the winds will and Saint Antonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
That vessel to the windward yonder,
Running with her gunwale under?
I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.
She had all sail set, and the only wonder
Is, that at once the strength of the blast
Did not carry away her mast.
She is a galley of the Gran Duca,
That, through fear of the Algerines,
Convoys those lazy brigantines,
Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.
Now all is ready, high and low;
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio!

Ha! that is the first dash of the rain,
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,
Just enough to moisten our sails,
And make them ready for the strain,
See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,
And speeds away with a bone in her mouth!
Now keep her head towards the south,
And there is no danger of bank or breaker.
With the breeze behind us, on we go;
Not too much, good Saint Antonio!"

The verse sounds like an echo of the shrill piping of the Mediterranean wind.

The voyagers arrive at Salerno; and we are immediately introduced to the schools, sonorous with academic wrangling. Mr Longfellow displays much humour in this part of his poem, having, we think, hit off excellently the extreme acerbity exhibited by the scholastic disputants on the most worthless of imaginable subjects. He has given us a vivid picture of the war which was so long maintained between the sect of the Nominalists and that of the Realists; and not less of the fury which possessed the souls of ancient hostile grammarians. "The heat and acrimony of verbal critics," says Disraeli the elder, "have exceeded description. Their stigmas and anathemas have been long known to bear no proportion against the offences to which they have been directed. 'God confound you,' cried one grammarian to another, 'for your theory of impersonal verbs!'" In the *Golden Legend* we have first a travelling Scholastic affixing, as was the usual custom, his Theses to the gate of the college, and offering to maintain his one hundred and twenty-five

propositions against all the world.
Then appear two Doctors disputing,
followed by their pupils.

DOCTOR SERAPHINO.

"I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain
That a word which is only conceived in the
brain
Is a type of eternal Generation;
The spoken word is the Incarnation.

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic.
With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

DOCTOR SERAPHINO.

You make but a paltry show of resistance;
Universals have no real existence!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

Your words are but idle and empty chatter;
Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

DOCTOR SERAPHINO.

May the Lord have mercy on your position,
You wretched, wrangling, culler of herbs!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

May he send your soul to eternal perdition,
For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs!

(*They rush out fighting.*)

The sort of intellectual diet supplied to the students of Salerno is next explained by a hopeful votary of Sangrado. It seems very tempting.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

"What are the books now most in vogue?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Quite an extensive catalogue;
Mostly, however, books of our own;
As Gariopontus' *Passionarius*,
And the writings of Matthew Platearius;
And a volume universally known
As the *Regimen of the School of Salerno*,
For Robert of Normandy written in terse
And very elegant Latin verse.
Each of these writings has its turn.
And when at length we have finished these,
Then comes the struggle for degrees,
With all the oldest and ablest critics;
The public thesis and disputation,
Question, and answer, and explanation
Of a passage out of Hippocrates,
Or Aristotle's *Analytics*.
There the triumphant Magister stands!
A book is solemnly placed in his hands,
On which he swears to follow the rule
And ancient forms of the good old School;
To report if any confectionarius
Mingles his drugs with matters various,
And to visit his patients twice a-day,
And once in the night, if they live in town;
And if they are poor, to take no pay.
Having faithfully promised these,
His head is crowned with a laurel crown;
A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,
The Magister *Artium et Physicæ*
Goes forth from the school like a lord of the
land.

And now, as we have the whole morning
before us,

Let us go in, if you make no objection,
And listen awhile to a learned prelection
On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus."

Lucifer now comes upon the stage
in the garb of the Doctor who is to
decide regarding Elsie's fate. The
main plot of the story, as we have
already stated, is at once so obscure
and unnatural that it will not stand
examination. It is, therefore, rather
from conjecture than assertion that we
presume the author intended to re-
present the power of the Evil Spirit
over the Prince, as depending upon his
acceptance or rejection of the innocent
self-offered sacrifice. Be that as it
may, the Prince and Elsie appear;
and, in spite of the remonstrances of
the former, the girl persists in her
resolution. Let us quote one more
passage in Mr Longfellow's best and
most pathetic manner.

ELSIE.

"O my Prince! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.
You do not look on life and death as I do.
There are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes
down

The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which do-
ing,

The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now, if my act be good, as I believe it,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accom-
plished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am
ready.

(*To her Attendants.*)

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with
me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies be-
yond it.

(*To PRINCE HENRY.*)

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison
Unto my father's house, and all within it.
This morning in the church I prayed for them,
After confession, after absolution,
When my whole soul was white, I prayed for
them.

God will take care of them, they need me
not.

And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble or disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.

And if at times beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that
loves you.

Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in.

PRINCE HENRY.

Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life,
Believe not what she says, for she is mad,
And comes not here to die, but to be healed.

ELSIE.

Alas! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER.

Come with me; this way.

(*ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and closes the door.*)

There is, however, happily no occasion for the expenditure of our tears. Prince Henry plucks up heart of grace, bursts open the door, and rescues Elsie just as she is on the point of submitting to the Luciferian lancet. The pair return in triumph to the Rhine—the hearts of the old people are made glad by the recovery of their daughter—and the drama ends, not with horror, but with the agreeable finale of a marriage.

Such is the nature of the poem, which does undeniably exhibit many proofs of genius, accomplishments, power of expression, and learning; but which, nevertheless, we cannot accept as a great work. It is like an ornament in which some gems of the purest lustre are set, side by side with fragments of coloured glass, and even inferior substances. The evident presence of the latter sometimes shakes our faith in the absolute value of the jewels, which are deserving of better association; and we cannot help wishing that the whole work could be taken to pieces, the counterfeit materials thrown aside, and the remainder entirely reconstructed on a new principle and design. There is ever an intimate connection between the design and the material. Thoughts, however rich in themselves, lose their effect when ill displayed; and the want of the knowledge of this has ere now proved fatal to the fame of many a promising artist. The language and sentiments of Elsie, however beautiful in themselves—and that they are beautiful we most un-

hesitatingly maintain—excite in our minds no sympathy. They are simply portions of an ill-constructed drama, almost aimless in purpose, and without even an intelligible moral; they do not tend to any point upon which our interest or expectations are concentrated, and therefore, in order to do justice to them, we are forced to regard them as fragmentary. Mr Longfellow has not succeeded in giving a human interest to his drama. His story is poor, or rather incomprehensible, and his plan essentially vicious; and these are faults which no brilliancy of execution can ever serve to redeem. We are deeply disappointed to find that such is the case, for we can assure the author that we have watched his poetical career with no common interest—that we have long been aware of the great extent of his powers—and that we have waited, with much anxiety, in the expectation of seeing those powers exhibited in their full measure. We fear that we must wait a little longer before he shall do justice to himself. It is a sound rule in criticism that every work is to be judged according to its profession; an epic as an epic—a drama as a drama—a ballad as a ballad. After making every allowance for the avowed irregularity of this composition, we cannot admit that it satisfies even the requirements of a dramatic romance. It cannot be said that it was purposely constructed to exclude belief, and therefore, interest; because Mr Longfellow has taken obvious pains to mark the time by the accessories, in which he has perfectly succeeded; and also to give us a vivid sketch of society as it then existed. His radical error, we think, may be traced to two things—the want of a life-like plot, and the introduction of supernatural machinery.

No reader of *The Golden Legend* will venture to aver that he has derived the slightest interest from the story, apart from the poetry with which it is surrounded. Now, although there is undoubtedly a great deal in the manner of telling a story, the matter of the story itself is obviously of greater consequence. The matter is the body of the tale—the manner its dress and ornament.

And inasmuch as no accumulation of ornament will suffice to make up for want of symmetry, or disguise deformity in the body to which it is applied, how can we expect that a poem radically defective in plan, can be rendered interesting by any amount of adventitious accomplishment? In the acted drama we know very well that a bad or uninteresting plot can never be redeemed, even by the most brilliant speeches. To the epos, or narrative tale, the same rule applies; for episodes, however spirited or pathetic, never can make up for the want of interest in the leading story. The fault is not peculiar to Mr Longfellow—it is discernible in most of the compositions, both in prose and poetry, of the present age. Aptitude of handling is considered a greater accomplishment than unity or strength of design; and the consequence is that we lay down works, written by many of our best authors, with a vague feeling of disappointment, which can be attributed only to their total disregard of that preliminary consideration of story and plan which occupied the attention, as it constituted the triumph, of our older literary masters. Surely, when a man sits down to write, his first care ought to be that his subject is not only intelligible, but also interesting to his readers. We have already, at the commencement of this paper, expressed our decided objection to the machinery employed by Mr Long-

fellow. It is the reverse of original, being now very hackneyed; and it is absurdly disproportionate to the object for which it is introduced. Most devoutly do we trust that both poets and poetasters will henceforth refrain from including Lucifer in their *dramatis personæ*. By introducing him as they have done, they have read no valuable lesson in ethics to mankind. If they represent him as a talented fiend, he is certain to blaspheme—if as an amiable one, they mistake the character altogether. If malice, envy, and a desire to plunge others into perdition, are the characteristic impulses which a poet thinks necessary to portray, surely he can find samples enough of these upon earth, without invoking the presence of an actual demon. Even in poetry or fiction, familiarity with the Powers of Darkness is a thing by no means to be coveted.

We hope hereafter to find Mr Longfellow engaged on some subject more worthy of his genius. Of his powers there can be no doubt, nor of his success, provided he will apply those powers properly. We are fully sensible of the many beauties contained within the compass of this volume; and our only regret, while laying down the pen, is that we cannot yet congratulate the author on having achieved a work, fully developing his excellencies, natural and acquired, and entitling him to assume a higher rank among the masters of English song.

BULL-FIGHTS, IN PICTURES AND PROSE.

"To see a bull-fight," says Mr Ford, "forms, and has long formed, one of the first objects of most travellers in Spain." But, although Spanish inns may be better, and Spanish brigands less numerous, than of yore—although we have railway to beyond Tours, and tri-monthly steam to the Peninsular ports—and although a cer-

tain *Handbook*, writ by one Ford, and published by Murray, greatly facilitates and tempts to trans-Pyrenean travel, it still is fact that English travellers in Spain are but as one in a thousand. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine are fain to content themselves, in respect of matters Tauromachian, with such delineations as

Tauromachia; or, *The Bull-fights of Spain*: Illustrated by Twenty-six Plates, representing the most remarkable Incidents and Scenes in the Arenas of Madrid, Seville, and Cadiz. The whole drawn and lithographed from Studies made expressly for the Work, by LAKE PRICE: with Preliminary Explanations by RICHARD FORD. London: Hogarth. 1852.

Spain, as it is. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. London: Colburn. 1851.

pen and pencil afford—as artists and authors publish. We thought, until lately, that in this respect the public had been indifferently well catered for. We now suspect ourselves to have been mistaken, and that, until Mr Lake Price painted, and Messrs Ford and Hoskins wrote, the bull-fights of Spain had never been fully elucidated and displayed to the eyes of England.

Every writer of travels in Spain thinks it his duty to describe a bull-fight; but such descriptions are too frequently spoiled by injudicious straining after picturesque effects. French writers are especially open to this reproach. They walk about the bull-ring on stilts. There can be no greater mistake. To attempt to embroider a Spanish bull-fight is akin to painting the lily. Nothing can add to its originality and picturesque character. Every circumstance connected with it is so striking, so thoroughly national, so unlike civilised Europe, that no effort of imagination or inflation of language can heighten the general effect, although they may, and usually do, materially impair it. A plain and accurate description is the one thing needful. This we have in the two books before us; but with a difference. Mr Ford, minutely acquainted with his subject, and thoroughly versed in things of Spain, writes of a bull-fight as might write some enlightened Spanish man of letters, who had miraculously divested himself of national prejudices. Mr Hoskins writes in pure John Bull style, giving a plain matter-of-fact account of what he saw and was struck by—such an account as he might give of a boxing or wrestling match, or of any other athletic or hazardous sport he for the first time witnessed. He does not trace the history, or go into the æsthetics of bull-fighting, but limits himself to a clear and off-hand relation of what he attentively and carefully observed. His is a thoroughly English narrative of a strictly Spanish spectacle. As such we like it. Both Mr Ford's and Mr Hoskins' pages will be found most useful and interesting companions to Mr Price's spirited drawings.

Mr Price has travelled much in Spain, and witnessed many bull-fights. Whoever has seen one will

be convinced of this by a single glance at his work. For those whose own experience does not constitute them judges, there is Mr Ford's assurance (no mean guarantee) that his friend "has made himself perfectly acquainted with the whole performance, has studied the changes of acts, scenes, and characters, and has fixed on the spot, with his accurate pencil, every salient feature and impressive incident. A mirror of the bull-fight, from the beginning to the end, is now held up in his series of plates."

For phrases a translator can always contrive a just equivalent, but not always for a word. "Our boxing term, Bull-fight," says Mr Ford, "is a very low translation of the time-honoured Castilian title, *Fiestas de Toros*, the Feasts, Festivals, Holy Days of Bulls." The difference is as great as between the burly prize-fighter, big-boned, broken-nosed, and brutal, and the graceful and dignified *matador*, the magnificent dandy of the circus, the beloved of women, the cherished of his tailor. Hear Mr Ford describe him, since we cannot here present Mr Price's admirable plate:—

"The *Matador*, or slayer, is the most important personage of the performance; his is the dangerous part of killing the bull, the catastrophe with which the Tauromachian tragedy is concluded. He can only arrive at this height of his hazardous profession by long study, experience, and practice, and by ascending regularly from the inferior grades. As he is the star, the observed and admired of all observers, his costume is worthy of his eminent rank; and as his gains are great, and commensurate with the perils to which he is exposed, he can afford to indulge in personal decoration, the dearest delight of the semi-oriental Spaniard. He adheres to the fashion of the *majos*, or fancy men of Andalusia, the native province of the celebrities of his gentle craft. He displays his taste and magnificence in a prodigal richness of silks and velvets, gold and silver embroidery. His wardrobe is as extensive as it is expensive, for he seldom makes his appearance twice in the same dress in the same city. He wears on his head a *montera*, or small cap, decked with black ribbons; his hair is gathered behind into a thick pigtail, like those of which our sailors were wont to be so proud; a gaudy silk handkerchief is passed once round his naked throat,

and often through a jewelled ring ; his short jacket — the type of which is quite Moorish—glitters all gorgeous with epaulettes, fringes, tags, and bullion lace ; his loins are girded up with the national sash — the zone of antiquity ; his short tight breeches, enriched with a gold or silver band and knee-knots, his silk stockings and ball-room pumps, show off to advantage a light, sinewy, active figure. When not called on the stage, he carries a gay silken cloak, that is laid aside when the death-signal is given, and a long Tolecan blade, and blood-red flag, are substituted.

"The majority of these worthies are known by some endearing nickname, derived from the place of their birth, or from some peculiarity of person or conduct. Such nicknames are familiar as household words to the million, whose idols these heroes of the ring are, even more than our champions, the Cribbs and Springs, used to be, when prize-fights were in vogue ; and in the Matadors there is much to fascinate their countrymen and women. To personal form and courage—sure passports of themselves to popular favour—the attraction of dress, of extravagant expenditure, and boon companionship, are added. Theirs, moreover, is the peculiar dialect, half gipsy and half slang, which, pregnant with idiomatic pungency, gives a racy expression to the humours of the ring, and to the epigrammatic wit of the south, which is termed throughout the Peninsula the *Sal Andaluza*, 'Andalucian salt : ' this, it must be confessed, can scarcely be pronounced Attic.

"The names of the two best Matadors that ever graced the arenas of Spain live immortal in the memories of Spaniards. Both excelled equally with pen and sword. Joseph Delgado, *alias* Pepe Illo, wrote a profound treatise on *Tauromachia*, which has gone through several editions. He was killed at Madrid, May 11, 1801, by a Penaranda bull. The veteran had felt unwell in the morning, and had a presentiment of his fate, but declared that "he would do his duty," and, like Nelson, fell gloriously, his harness on his back. Scarcely second to him was Francisco Montes, 'the first sword of Spain.' He was the author of a most *Complete Art of Bull-Fighting*. All amateurs who contemplate going the circuit of the plazas of the Peninsula will do well to study these works. The more the toresque intellect is cultivated, the greater the consequent enjoyment ; a thousand minute beauties in the conduct and character of the combatants are caught, and relished by the learned, which are lost upon the ignorant and uneducated.

"Montes, also, like his renowned predecessor, was severely wounded, July 21, 1850, but was snatched from death by his nephew, *el Chiclanero*, whose portrait is given by Mr Lake Price. The youth rushed forth, and pierced with his sword the spinal narrow of the goring bull, who fell at his feet. He then bowed to the spectators and retired, amid thunders of applause, to attend his wounded uncle. An additional bull was conceded to his honour, and sacrificed as a blood-offering to the adored Montes. The remark of Seneca, that the world had seen as many examples of courage in gladiators of the Roman amphitheatre as in the Catos and Scipios, may be truly applied to the gallant Matadors of Spain. Montes is no more, but his mantle has descended to his nephew, who rules now decidedly the champion of the Spanish ring, and is considered by many eminent judges a greater man than even his illustrious uncle."

We revert to Plate No. I. of Mr Price's series, with its accompanying explanatory notice. The subject is the office where tickets for the amphitheatre are sold. The heart-flutterings of the emancipated school-girl, on the brink of her first ball, the eagerness of the Etonian, who, to-morrow, for the first time, is to sport pink and cross a hunter, are faint and feeble emotions compared to the Spaniard's vehement desire for his darling sport. In the choice of places many things are to be considered. The prices depend upon position—enclosed boxes being much dearer than open benches, and shade than sun.

"The sun of tawny, torrid Spain, on whose flag it once never set, is not to be trifled with ; and its *coup* is, indeed, frequent and fatal in summer, the season selected perforce for the bull-fight. In winter the bulls fall off, from the want of artificial green crops, which are hardly known in the Peninsula ; they only recover their prime condition, courage, and fierceness, when refreshed, like giants, by a free range over the rich pastures which the spring of the south calls into life and luxuriance. Again, it is in summer that fine weather is certain, and the days are long—considerations of importance in a spectacle that is to be enacted out of doors, and which lasts many hours. The glare and heat of a vertical summer sun in Spain, when the heavens and earth seem on fire, is intolerable to man and beast ; the bull-fights, therefore, are naturally deferred until the afternoon, when

a welcome shade is cast over the northern portion of the amphitheatre. The sun's transit, or zodiacal progress into Taurus, is not the worst calculated astronomical observation in Spain. The line of subdued coolness, as divided from burning brightness, is sharply marked on the circular arena; and this demarcation determines the relative prices, which range from one to five shillings each, and are very high for Spain considering the wages of labour. . . . The love of the bull-fights amounts to madness in the masses of Spaniards. There is no sacrifice, no denial, that they will not endure, to save money to go to their national exhibition!"

"The Bulls in the Court of the Plaza" is the subject of the second plate. Here the bulls are seen in the yard attached to the amphitheatre in which, to-morrow, they are to combat and die. Groups of amateurs are enjoying a "private view," scanning their points and conjecturing their prowess. "The white and brown bull in front proved so unusually savage and murderous in the ring of Madrid, that a Spanish nobleman caused its head to be mounted in silver, and placed among the most cherished memorials of his ancient palace."

After a picture of the Madrid "Place of Bulls," which is capable of containing eighteen thousand spectators, comes the processional entrance of the *toreros* or bull-fighters, all in full costume. "The locality selected by Mr Lake Price for this opening scene is the Plaza of Seville; and a most picturesque one it is, although not finished—the usual fate of many splendid beginnings and promises of Spain. The deficient portion lets in, as if on purpose, a view of the glorious cathedral. On grand occasions this side is decorated with flags; and when the last crimson sun ray sets on the Moorish belfry, and brings it out like a pillar of fire, and the flapping banners wave in triumph as the evening breeze springs up, no more beautiful conclusion of a beautiful spectacle can be imagined by poet or painter." Preceding the procession, the *alguazil*, in his ancient Spanish costume of Philip IV.'s day, applies to the chief personage present for the key of the *toril* or bull-den. When Mr Hoskins visited the circus at

Seville—Seville, once "the capital of the bull-fight," but now surpassed by Madrid in the ceremony and magnificence of that spectacle—the Duke de Montpensier occupied the state-box. "The *alguazil* rode beneath the prince's box for the key of the cell of the bulls, which the prince threw; but in catching it the *alguazil* displayed such bad horsemanship, that the crowd were convulsed with laughter." The *alguazil* ought to catch the key in his hat, but seldom does. When he has handed it to one of the *chulos* or footmen, he gallops off full speed, "amid the hootings of the populace, who instinctively persecute the finisher of the law, as little birds mob a hawk: more than a thousand kind wishes are offered up that the bull may catch and toss him. The brilliant army of combatants now separate like a bursting shell, and take up their respective places, as our fielders do at a cricket-match. The spectacle, which consists of three acts, now commences in earnest; from six to eight bulls are generally killed for the day's feast."

In the first act, the principal performers, besides the bull, are the *picadors*. Mr Price has illustrated their proceedings and exploits in six plates. "When the bull-calf is one year old," says Mr Ford, "his courage is tested by the mounted herdsman, who charges him violently with his *garrocha*, or sharp goad. If the bold brute turns twice on his assailant, facing the steel, he is set apart for the future honours of the arena." Sometimes, when, emerging from his dark cell into the dazzling glare of the amphitheatre, the bull beholds, presented to his charge, the sharp spear of the expectant *picador*, he calls to mind his calf-days and the keen goad, swerves in his headlong and seemingly irresistible rush, and passes on to a second and a third antagonist. "If still baffled, stunning are the *pæans* raised in honour of the men. Such bulls as will not fight at all, and show a white feather, become the objects of popular insult and injury; they are hooted at as 'cows,' which is no compliment to a bull, and, as they sneak by the barriers, are mercilessly punished with a forest of *porros*, or lumbering cudgels, with which the mob

is provided for the nonce. When the bull is slow to charge, the picador rides out into the arena, and challenges him with his *vara* (spear.) Should the bull decline his polite invitation and turn tail, he is baited by dogs, which is most degrading." If execrations and abuse are lavished upon a craven, on the other hand frantic is the applause and enthusiasm when the bull displays unusual pluck. Mr Hoskins saw some capital fights.

"A brown bull with white spots," he writes, "then came in and soon rolled on the ground two picadors and their worthless steeds: one of the animals was killed on the spot, and the other soon dropped. Immediately the bull upset the third horse and his rider, and was rapturously cheered: '*Viva, toro! viva, toro! Bravo, toro!*' Again he upset two more steeds, and the picadors fell heavily to the ground; the plaudits were deafening. Soon he raised from the earth the third horse and his rider, who kept his seat at first; but both fell—the picador underneath, stunned, but able, after a short time, to mount again. Horse after horse this fine beast attacked: one poor animal and his rider were soon prostrate on the ground, and immediately afterwards another. The *banderillas* made him still more mad, and the *chulos* were obliged to run their best to escape his rage. It was most exciting to see them vaulting over the barriers, flying, as it were, out of his horns. At last the matador struck him; and though the sword was, as usual, deep between the left shoulder and the blade, he seemed as fierce as ever. He was near the enclosure, and a man adroitly drew it out. The matador was preparing to strike him again, when he lay down as if to die, but soon rose, apparently desirous of revenge: after one effort he sank on the arena, and the matador gave him his *coup de grace*. The band played, and the teams dragged out his carcass and three dead horses, besides two which he had wounded dreadfully: the Spaniards sang with delight."

A little black bull, which in Smithfield would have been slightly esteemed, next rushed into the circle, and quickly cleared it, rolling over the picadors, and making the *chulos* fly for dear life. After one of these "he galloped at a fearful speed. Not a voice was heard, so deep was the anxiety; but the *chulo* flew over the barricade as if the bull had pitched

him, so near to his legs were its horns. The animal seemed astonished at having lost its victim, and then vented its rage on the red cloak the *chulo* had been obliged to drop." This fierce little bull killed and badly wounded half-a-dozen horses, goring them disgustingly when on the ground, and galloped round the arena in triumphant defiance, until the terrible matador, with red flag and straight blade, answered the challenge, and slew him with a thrust.

The risks run by the picadors are terrible; although less, perhaps, from the horns of the bull than from bad falls, and from their horses rolling over them. Few of them, Mr Ford assures us, have a sound rib in their body.

"Occasionally, the bull tosses man and steed in one ruin, and, when they fall, exhausts his fury on the poor beast; for the picador either manages to make him a barrier, or is dragged off by the attendant *chulos*, who always hover near, and with their cloaks entice the bull from the man, leaving the horse to his sad fate. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, every feeling of eagerness and excitement is stamped on the countenances of the spectators. Their rapture is wrought to its pitch, when the horse, maddened with the wounds and terror, the crimson seams streaking his foam-and-sweat whitened body, flies from the still pursuing bull: then are displayed the nerve and horsemanship of the picador. It is a piteous sight to behold the mangled horses treading out their protruding and quivering entrails, and yet carrying off their riders unhurt. This too frequent occurrence, and which horrifies every Englishman, has, with some other painful incidents, been kindly kept out of sight by our artist, whose object is to please. Spaniards are no more affected with the reality, than Italians are moved by the abstract *tanti palpiti* of Rossini. The miserable horse, when dead, is rapidly stripped of his accoutrements by his rider, who hobbles off, and the carcass is then dragged out by the mules, often leaving a bloody furrow on the sand, as Spain's river-beds are marked with the scarlet fringe of flowering oleanders. The riders have a more than veterinary skill in pronouncing off-hand what wounds are mortal or not. Those thrusts which are not immediately fatal, are plugged up by them with tow, and then they remount the crippled steed, and carry him, like a battered battleship, again into action."

Mr Lake Price has certainly shown good taste in suppressing the more revolting and painful details of bull-fights. The bloody minutiae of the spectacle would have spoiled his pictures. In painting bull-fights, as in painting battles, the artist must leave to imagination by far the greater part of the gaping wounds and streaming blood, and horrible mutilations. No field of severe battle was ever painted, we apprehend, exactly as it appeared to him who walked over it just as the fight was done. The fidelity of a daguerreotype would be inadmissible in such cases. Imagine an exact representation of Borodino's redoubt, or Albuera's heights, at the very moment of the battle's close, before the fast-accumulating wounded were half removed, or the ghastly dead committed to the shallow grave. From such a picture, whatever its artistic merit, all would turn with shuddering and sickness. If we may compare small things with great, so it is with bull-fights. The painter, if he does not actually suppress fact, must at least choose his moment well, and spare his admirers the more revolting circumstances of the barbarous sport. For barbarous it really is, and some of the occurrences incidental to it doubtless "horrify every Englishman," as Mr Ford says; but, at the same time, we have observed that nearly all Englishmen who pass even a short time in Spain get over their horror, and become pretty regular attendants at the bull-ring. So that we must not press too severely on Spaniards for their ardent and passionate love of a spectacle which, from childhood, they are accustomed to hear spoken of with enthusiasm, as the finest and most essentially national sport in the world.

No less than eight of Mr Price's pictures are devoted to the second act of the Bull's Tragedy, in which the *chulos* chiefly figure. This employment is the noviciate of bull-fighting. Great activity and speed of foot are the chief qualifications requisite.

"The duty of this light division is to skirmish and draw off the bull when the picador is endangered, which they do with their particoloured silken cloaks. Their mercurial address and agility is marvellous; they skim over the sand

like glittering humming-birds, seeming scarcely to touch the earth. The most dangerous position is when they venture into the middle of the Plaza, and are pursued by the bull to the barrier, over which they bound. The escape often takes place in the very nick of time, and they win by a neck; and frequently so close is the run, that they seem to be helped over the fence by the bull's horns; nay, so active are the bulls, that they often clear the six feet high palisado, on which occasion an indescribable hubbub and confusion take place amid the combatants, water-sellers, *alguazils*, and persons within; all the doors are immediately opened, and the perplexed beast soon finds his way back again into the arena, to new inflictions. The Plates XIV. and XVII. represent two of the most difficult and dangerous performances of the combatants on foot, and which are rarely attempted, except by the most skilful and experienced *toreros* and *matadors*, who take part in these interludes. Such is the *Suerte de la Capa*, or feat of the cloak. When the infuriated bull, foaming with rage, stands lord of all he surveys, Montes would coolly advance, and, when within two yards, turn his back to the animal, and, holding his cloak behind his shoulders, receive the rushing charge five or six times, stepping adroitly aside at each. The second, *El Salto tras-cuerno*, is even more hazardous. The performer advances as before, and when the bull lowers his head to charge, places his foot between the horns, is lifted up, and lights on the other side. These touch-and-go experiments form no part of the strict duties of the *chulo*; his exclusive province is the *banderilla*. This implement consists of a barbed dart or arrow, which is wrapt round with papers of different colours, cut in fanciful patterns of ornamental cruelty; the bearer, holding one in each hand, approaches the bull, presenting the point to him, and at the instant when he stoops to toss him, jerks them into his neck, turns aside, and eludes him. To do this neatly requires a quick eye, and a light hand and foot. The ambition of the performer is to place the barbs evenly and symmetrically, one on each side of the bull's neck. Three and four pairs of these are usually stuck in. Sometimes, when the bull has given dissatisfaction, these *banderillas* are armed with crackers, which, by means of detonating powder, explode the moment they are fixed; the agony of the scorched animal makes him plunge and snort frantically, to the delight of a people whose ancestors welcomed the *Auto da Fé*, and the perfume of burning living flesh."

Five plates, exhibiting the bull's last moments, complete and conclude this masterly and accurate series. Here is the matador, craving permission to kill the bull in honour of the municipality of Seville: here he advances—his long four-edged sword, of more than bayonet strength, firmly grasped in his right hand, whilst his left waves the scarlet *muleta*, further exasperating the menaced brute. Be it observed, that there is no "thrusting" in the case. Rapier work were here of little avail. The sword is solid, stiff, and heavy; it *receives* the bull, but does not *meet* him. Entering between the shoulder and blade-bone, it is buried, by the victim's own impetus, to the very hilt. Only by so profound and desperate a wound could this energetic vitality be thus instantaneously extinguished. When successful, "skilful matadors will sometimes withdraw the sword from the wound, and raise it in triumph above their prostrate victim. On all occasions, a firm hand, great nerve, and a quick eye, are essential. The bull is very often not killed by the first thrust: if the sword strikes a bone, it is ejected high in the air by the rising neck. When a bull will not run on the flag, he is doomed to the dishonourable death of a traitor, and is houghed from behind with a sharp steel crescent fixed on a long pole. When the sinews of his hind legs are thus cruelly divided, the poor beast crawls in agony, and squats down; then a butcher-like assistant, the *cachetero*, creeps up, and pierces the spinal marrow with a pointed dagger, which is the usual mode of slaughter-

ing cattle in the Spanish shambles. To perform any of these vile operations is beneath the matador, who sometimes will kill such a bull by plunging the point of his sword into the vertebræ. The great danger gives dignity to this most difficult feat, *el descabellar*. If the exact spot be hit, death is immediate; if the aim misses, and the animal's side only is pricked, he dashes at the unprotected torero, and frequently disables him.

Artists and authors travelling in Spain may, for some time to come, give their brushes and pens a holiday, so far as bull-fights go. There remains little that is new to be written or painted concerning them. Every phase and incident of the contest has been correctly seized and vividly portrayed by Mr Price, who has fairly exhausted his subject. As regards description, that given by Mr Ford is exactly what is needed to accompany an artistical work. It tells us all that is wanted, and, in conjunction with the pictures, gives to fire-side travellers as good an idea of what a bull-fight really is, as can possibly be obtained without actually witnessing one. It has not suited our purpose, in the present brief paper, to extend our examination of "*Spain as it is*" beyond the fourth chapter of the second volume; but it is only fair to say, lest it should be supposed the merit of the book is also confined to that chapter, that Mr Hoskins' volumes contain a mass of useful information and clever criticism on the public and private picture-galleries of Spain.

CUPID IN THE CABINET.

AN ATTIC LEGEND.

[THE incidents upon which the following little poem is founded, are amusingly related by John Lydgate, monk of Bury, who flourished about the year 1430. Warton has done full justice to his poetical genius; but his prose works, though comparatively less known, deserve equal attention.

"I will tell you now of a plesaunt story recorded by Plotinus. One daye a certaine man of the cytie of Athens going forthe into an olde foreste, wherein was many dyuers of byrdes synging, did hear, nye unto a brokken Tempill, that tyme afore was dedicat unto a hethen Godde, a voice as of a yonge chylde that was carolyng swetely. How be it, the man knew not the tonge wherein the lyttel chylde did synge. Astonied at thys maryl, for the place

was not nigh unto the cytie, so that chylderne colde furthlie passe thereunto, he looked ovir the walle, and soughte al aboute what this myght mene. Than sawe he sytting amonge the herbes, a fayre yonge boie, with winges besprent with fetheris, behynde his sholderis, and noghte lyving thyng besyde. Than sayde he: 'What doest thou here, chyld?' but the chyld answered noght, but smyled. Soe the man, being in perplexitie, for he knew not what it mycht bee, yet lyking not to leewe so yonge a chyld in the wodes, where wylde bestes were manie, did have him up into his mantill, and convaied him home until his awn duellynge. There, in defaulte of anie cage, he did putte the chyld into an olde Cabynett, that afore tyme stode longe there, and dyd give hym mete and drynke. Yet the chyld waxed not, but sange contynuously, soe that al the pepill of Athens maryled at hys mynstrelsaye. But what was grete wonder, the Cabynett wherein he was, which afore was brast in dyuers places, wherein chinkis and riftis dyd appere, semed to become of a sodaine newe and stronge, and was couered with gemmis and jowellis of grete prys, yet colde no man telle whens they did come. And the lyttel chyld had hys duellynge there, lyke unto an byrdis neste, and dyde synge rychte swetely, so that manie cam from afar to see the wonder. So dyd he manie yeris. At the last, deceisit the master of the house, and he that cam after hym loued nat musike, but was given up to thochtes of merchaunsedyse, and was of an ille fauour, regardynge nocht but his own gettynges. Soe one daye, heryng the chyld synge enen, he wox angry, and did command hym to holde his pees. Howe be it the chyld wolde nat. Than thys man, being wrothe, caused to bringe leveris, and to brak open the Cabynett, and take forth the chyld, and to put hym to the wyndowe. But the chyld sayd, 'Ye will curse the tyme ye put me forth;' and with those wordes vanyshed the chyld away, and was neuer sene a geyne. From that tyme the Cabynett was rent, and fall asonder in peces. Dyuers were angry with the man for his myssedede, but he sayd, 'The deuyll satysfye you, for I dyd it for the beste; but I shall neuer more medyll.' And he dyd nat, but sone after departed that cytie. And Plotinus sayth that thys chyld was estemit to be Cupido, and so was called in hys daies."]

—LYDGATE'S *Boke of Tradycion*.

PRAY you, gentle ladies, hearken
 To a tale of ancient time:
 Let no doubt your bosoms darken,
 Love is always in his prime.
 Young, and fair, and gladly singing
 As he did in days of yore,
 O'er the bright blue ocean winging
 To the sweet Idalian shore.
 Cupid is not dead, dear ladies!
 You may hear him even now
 At the early dawn of May-days,
 Singing underneath the bough.
 But beware, for he deceiveth;
 Tempt him not within the door,
 For the house that Cupid leaveth
 Shall not prosper evermore.
 Old Plotinus, now in glory,
 Hath bequeathed to us a story,
 Which perhaps may sound as new—
 And 'tis neither long nor stupid—
 Of a man who captured Cupid;
 If you please, I'll tell it you.

Wandering through the forests wide,
 Rising from Cephissus' side,
 Went a stout Athenian Archon,
 With a vacant listless eye,

Till he heard a little cry,
 That made him stop and hearken.
 From a ruined temple near,
 Came a voice both soft and clear,
 Singing in some foreign tongue
 Sweeter strains than e'er were sung,
 Till the birds forbore their call,
 Wondering who the wight might be
 That in forest minstrelsy
 Overcame them, one and all.
 Slowly went the Archon on—
 Peered above the broken stone—
 There, within the waste enclosure,
 On a bed of myrtle wild,
 Lay a little yearling child,
 Who smiled and sung, and sung and smiled,
 In innocent composure.
 From his chubby shoulders, wings
 Sprouted outwards; tender things,
 Hardly fledged, as are the callow
 Nestlings of the household swallow.
 And the Archon, gazing there,
 Thought that never child so fair
 Had he looked on, anywhere.

“ Whence art thou, my pretty boy ? ”
 But the infant nought replied,
 Turning to the other side
 With an unknown song of joy.
 “ Can it be,” the Archon pondered,
 “ That some little god hath wandered
 From his home within the skies,
 To a dreary spot like this ?
 Ever welcome to the wise
 Such a rare occasion is ;
 So within my cloak I'll fold him ! ”
 Little trouble was to hold him—
 Calm and still the infant lay,
 Smiling ever, singing ever,
 Till the Archon crossed the river
 Just above Piræus' bay.

“ In what place to lodge my darling ! ”
 Mused the much-bewildered sage,
 “ He might dwell within a cage
 Safe as any finch or starling ;
 But an infant god to hold,
 All the wires should be of gold.
 Ha ! I see—the very thing !
 This will give him room to play,
 Yet so far restrain his wing
 That he cannot fly away.
 Therefore come, my pretty pet,
 I'll put thee in my Cabinet ! ”

Crazy was that Cabinet
 When he let the Cupid in,
 Loosely were the joinings set
 Both without it and within :
 You had sworn in any weather
 That it could not hold together

Longer than a year or so.
 But no sooner was the god
 Ushered to his new abode,
 Than he wrought a change ; for, lo !
 Bright and fresh the place became
 Renovated in its frame.
 With a lustre shone the wood
 As it were from opal hewed ;
 And the vases twain, that stood
 On its top, both cracked and grey,
 Glistened with metallic ray,
 As if golden jars were they.
 Every thing grew bright and fair,
 For the God of Love was there.

As a bird within a cage
 So that it be tended well,
 Careth not elsewhere to dwell ;
 Will not leave its hermitage,
 Even for the wild and free
 Chorus of the greenwood tree—
 So the god, though famed for changing,
 Never seemed to think of ranging.
 Were the seasons dry or wet—
 Rose the sun, or did it set—
 Still he kept his Cabinet.

And he sang so loud and clear,
 That the people clustered round
 In the hope that they might hear
 Something of that magic sound ;
 Though the words that Cupid sung
 None could fathom, old nor young.
 Sometimes, listening from afar,
 You might catch a note of war,
 Like the clarion's call ; and often
 Would his voice subside, and soften
 To a tone of melancholy,
 Ending in a long-drawn note,
 Like that from Philomela's throat—
 'Twas, " Proto-proto-proto-colly ! "

But at last the Archon died,
 And another filled his place—
 He was a man of ancient race,
 But jaundiced all with bitter pride,
 Oppressed with jealousy and care ;
 Though quite unfitted to excel,
 Whate'er the task, he could not bear
 To see another do it well !
 No soul had he for wanton strains,
 Or strains indeed of any kind :
 To nature he was deaf and blind,
 His deepest thoughts were bent on drains.
 Yet in his ear were ever ringing
 The notes the little god was singing.

" Peace, peace ! thou restless creature—peace !
 I cannot bear that voice of thine—
 'Tis not more dulcet, sure, than mine !—
 From thy perpetual piping cease !

Why come the people here to hearken?
 The asses, dolts! both dull and stupid!
 Why listen to a silly Cupid,
 Preferring him to me, their Archon?
 Hush, sirrah, hush! and never more,
 While I am here, presume to sing!"
 Yet still, within the mystic door,
 Was heard the rustling of the wing,
 And notes of witching melancholy,
 Called—"Proto-proto-proto-colly!"

In wrath the furious Archon rose—
 "Bring levers here!" he loudly cried,
 "If he must sing—though Pallas knows
 His voice is tuneless as a crow's—
 E'en let him sit and sing outside!"
 They burst the door. The bird was caught,
 And to the open window brought—
 "Now get thee forth to wood or spray,
 Thou tiresome, little, chattering jay!"

Paused the fair boy, ere yet he raised
 His wing to take his flight;
 And on the Archon's face he gazed,
 As stars look on the night.
 No woe was there—he only smiled,
 As if in secret scorn,
 And thus with human speech the child
 Addressed the nobly born,—
 "Farewell! You'll rue the moment yet
 You drove me from your Cabinet!"

He sped away. And scarce the wind
 Had borne him o'er the garden wall,
 Ere a most hideous crash behind
 Announced an unexpected fall.
 The Cabinet was rent in twain!
 The wood was broken into splinters,
 As though for many hundred winters
 It had been dashed by wind and rain.
 Golden no more, the jars of clay
 Were dull and cracked, and dingy grey.
 Down fell a beam of rotten oak;
 The chair beneath the Archon broke;
 And all the furniture around
 Appeared at once to be unsound.

Now have I nothing more to say!
 Of Cupid's entrance all beware:
 But if you chance to have him there,
 'Tis always wise to let him stay.
 And, ladies, do not sneer at me,
 Or count my words without avail;
 For in a little time you'll see
 There is a moral to my tale.
 What has been done in days of yore
 May well again be acted o'er,
 And other things have been upset
 By Cupid, than a Cabinet!

THE OLD SOLDIER.—IN THREE CAMPAIGNS.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

CAMPAIGN THE FIRST.

“GLORY of War, my heart beat time to thee,
 In my young day ; but there—behold the end !”
 The Old Soldier said : ’twas by his evening fire—
 Winter the time : so saying, out he jerked
 His wooden leg before him. With a look
 Half comic, half pathetic, his grey head
 Turned down askance, the pigtail out behind
 Stiff with attention, saying nothing more,
 He sat and eyed the horizontal peg.
 Back home the stump he drew not, till with force
 Disdainful deep into the slumbering fire
 He struck the feruled toe, and poking roused
 A cheery blaze, to light him at his work.
 The unfinished skep is now upon his knee,
 For June top-swarmer in his garden trim :
 With twists of straw, and willow wattling thongs,
 Crooning he wrought. The ruddy flickering fire
 Played on his eye-brow shag, and thin fresh cheek,
 Touching his varying eye with many a gleam.
 His cot behind, soldierly clean and neat,
 Gave back the light from many a burnished point.
 His simple snapper o’er, he reads *The Book* ;
 Then loads and mounts his pipe, puffing it slow,
 Musing on days of yore, and battles old,
 And many a friend and comrade dead and gone,
 And vital ones, boughs of himself, cut off
 From his dispeopled side, naked and bare.
 Puffs short and hurried, puff on puff, betray
 His swelling heart : up starts the Man, to keep
 The Woman down : forth from his door he eyes
 The frosty heaven—the moon and all the stars.

“Peace be with hearts that watch !” thus, heaven forgot,
 And all its hosts, true to the veins of blood,
 Thoughtful his spirit runs :—“ ’Tis now the hour
 When the lone matron, from her cottage door,
 Looks for her spouse into the moonlit ways ;
 But hears no foot abroad in all the night.
 Then turns she in : the tale of murder done,
 In former days, by the blue forest’s edge,
 Which way he must return—why tarries he ?—
 Comes o’er her mind ; up starting quick, she goes
 To be assured that she has barred her door ;
 Then sits anew. Her little lamp of oil
 Is all burnt out ; the wasting embers whiten ;
 And the cat winks before the drowsy fire.
 What sound was that ? ’Tis but her own heart beating.
 Up rises she again ; her little ones
 Are all asleep, she’ll go and waken them,
 And hear their voices in the eerie night ;
 But yet she pauses, loth to break their rest.
 God send the husband and the father home !

"No one looks out for me in all this world,
No one have I to look for! Ah poor me!
Well, well!" he murmurs meek. Turning, he locks
His lonely door, and stumps away to bed.

CAMPAIGN THE SECOND.

How fresh the morning meadow of the spring,
Pearl-seeded with the dew: adown its path,
Bored by the worms of night, the Old Soldier takes
His wonted walk, and drinks into his heart
The gush and gurgle of the cold green stream.
The huddled splendour of the April noon;
Glancings of rain; the mountain-tops all quick
With shadowy touches and with greenening gleams;
Blue bent the Bow of God; the coloured clouds,
Soaked with the glory of the setting sun,—
These all are his for pleasure: his the Moon,
Chaste huntress, dipping, o'er the dewy hills,
Her silver buskin in the dying day.

The summer morn is up: the tapering trees
Are all a-glitter. In his garden forth
The Old Soldado saunters: hovering on
Before him, oft upon the naked walk
Rests the red butterfly; now full dispread;
Now, in the wanton gladsomeness of life,
Half on their hinges folding up its wings;
Again full spread and still: o'erhead away,
Lo! now it wavers through the liquid blue.
But he intent from out their straw-roofed hives
Watches his little foragers go forth,
Boot on the buds to make, to suck the depths
Of honey-throated blooms, and home return,
Their thighs half smothered with the yellow dust.
Dibble and hoe he plies; anon he props
His heavy-headed plants, and visits round
His herbs of grace: the simple flowerets here
Open their infant buttons; there the flowers
Of preference blow, the lily and the rose.

Fast by his cottage door there grows an oak,
Of state supreme, drawn from the centuries.
Pride of the old man's heart, in many a walk
Far off he sees its top of sovereignty,
And with instinctive loyalty his cap
Soldierly touches to the Royal Tree—
King of all trees that flourish! King revered!
Trafalgars lie beneath his rugged vest,
And in his acorns is The Golden Age!
Summer the time; thoughtful beneath his tree
The Veteran puffs his intermittent pipe,
And cheats the sweltering hours; yet noting oft
The flight of bird, and exhalation far
Quivering and drifting o'er the fallow field,
And the great cloud rising upon the noon,
The sultry smithy of the thunder-forge.
Anon the weekly journal of events

Conning, he learns the doings of the world,
 And what it suffers—justice-loosened wrath
 Falling from Heaven upon unrighteous states,
 Famine, and plague, earthquake, and flood, and fire;
 Lean Sorrow tracking still the bread-blown Sin;
 A spirit of lies; high-handed wrong; the curse
 Of ignorance crass and fat stupidity;
 Glib demagogue tongues that sow the dragon-teeth
 Of wars along the valleys of the earth;
 And maddened nations at their contre-dance
 Of revolutions, when each bloody hour
 Comes staggering in beneath its load of crimes,
 Enough to bend the back of centuries.

The sun goes down the western afternoon,
 Lacing the clouds with his diverging rays:
 Homeward the children from the village school
 Come whooping on; but aye their voices fall,
 As aye they turn unto the old man's door—
 So much they love him. He their progress notes
 In learning, and has prizes for their zeal,
 Flowers for the girls, and fruit, hooks for the boys,
 Whistles, and cherry-stones; and, to maintain
 The thews and sinews of our coming men,
 He makes them run and leap upon the green.

The nodding wain has borne the harvest home,
 And yellowing apples spot the orchard trees:
 Now may you oft the Old Soldado see
 Stumping relieved against the evening sky
 Along the ferny height—so much he loves
 Its keen and wholesome air; nor less he loves
 To hear the rustling of the fallen leaves,
 Swept by the wind along the glittering road,
 As home he goes beneath the autumnal moon.

Thus round the starry girdle of the year
 His spirit circles thankfully. Not grieved
 When winter comes once more, with chosen books
 He sits with Wisdom by his evening fire;
 Puff goes his cheerful pipe; by turns he works;
 And ever from his door, before he sleeps,
 He views the stars of night, and thinks of Him
 Whose simplest fiat is the birth of worlds.

CAMPAIGN THE THIRD.

Lo! yonder sea-mew seeks the inland moss:
 Beautiful bird! how snowy clean it shows
 Behind the ploughman, on a glinting day,
 Trooping with rooks, and farther still relieved
 Against the dark-brown mould, alighting half,
 Half hovering still; yet far more beautiful
 Its glistening sleekness, when from out the deep
 Sudden and shy emerging on your lee,
 What time through breeze, and spray, and freshening brine,
 Your snoring ship, beneath her cloud of sail,
 Bends on her buried side, carried it rides
 The green curled billow and the seething froth,

Turning its startled head this way and that,
Half looking at you with its wild blue eye,
Then moves its fluttering wings and dives anew!

Smoking his pipe of peace, wearing away
The summer eve, the Old Soldado sits
Beneath his buzzing oak, and eyes the bird,
With many a thought of the suggested sea.
The veering gull came circling back and near:
"What! nearer still?" the Veteran said, and rose,
And doffed his bonnet, and held down his pipe:
"Give me her message, then! O be to me
Her spirit not unconscious from the deep
Of how I mourn her lost! Ah! bird, you're gone.
Vain dreamer I! For every night my soul
Knocks at the gates of the invisible world;
But no one answers me, no little hand
Comes out to grasp at mine. Well, all is good:
Even, bird, thy heart-deceiving change of flight,
To teach me patience, was ordained of old."

Yes, all is ordered well. Aimless may seem
The wandering foot; even it commissioned treads
The very lines by Providence laid down,
Sure though unseen, of all-converging good.
Look up, old man, and see:—

Along the road
Came one in sailor's garb: his shallow hat,
Of glazed and polished leather, shone like tin.
A fair young damsel led him by the hand—
For he was blind: and to the summer sun,
Fearless and free, he held his bronzed face.
An armless sleeve, pinned to his manly breast,
Told he had been among the "Hearts of Oak."
The damsel saw the old man of the tree,
His queue of character, and wooden leg,
And smiling whispered to the tar she led.
Near turned, both stood. Down from her shoulder then
The maid unslung a mandolin, and played,
High singing as she played, a battle-piece
Of bursts and pauses: keeping time the while,
Now furious fast, now dying slow away,
His pigtail wagging with emotion deep,
The Old Soldier puffed his sympathetic pipe.
The minstrel ceased; he drew his leathern purse,
With pension lined, and offered guerdon due.
"Nay," said the maiden, smiling, "for your tye
Alone I played, and for your wooden leg;
Yea, but for these, the symbols of the things
You've done and suffered—like my father here."

"Well, then, you'll taste my honey and my bread?"
The Soldier said, and from his cot he brought
Seats for the strangers; him the damsel helped,
Bearing the bread and honey; and they ate,
The damsel serving, and she ate in turn.
When various talk had closed the simple feast,
The strangers rose to go: "My head! my head!"
The sailor cried, and fell in sudden pangs.
They bore and laid him on the Soldier's bed.

Forth ran the lass, and from the neighbouring town
 Brought the physician ; but his skill was vain,
 For God had touched him, and the man must die.
 His mind was clear : " Give me that cross, my child,
 That I may kiss it ere my spirit part,"
 He said. And from her breast the damsel drew
 A little cross, peculiar shaped and wrought,
 And gave it him. It caught the Soldier's eye ;
 And when the girl received it back, he took
 And looked at it.

" This cross, O dying man,
 Was round my daughter's neck, when in the deep
 She perished from me, on that fatal night
 The ' Sphinx,' was burnt, forth sailing from the Clyde.
 Her dying mother round the infant's neck
 This holy symbol, with her blessing, hung.
 Friendless at home, I took my only child,
 Bound to the Western World, where we had friends.
 Scarce out of port, up flamed our ship on fire,
 With crowding terrors through the umbered night.
 O ! what a shout of joy, when through the gloom
 That walled us round within our glaring vault,
 Spectral and large, we saw the ships of help.
 Our boats were lowered ; the first, o'ercrowded, swamped ;
 Down to the second, as it lurched away,
 I flung my child : the monstrous waves went by
 With backs like blood : the sudden-shifting boat
 Is off with one, another has my babe.
 I sprung to save her—all the rest is drear,
 Grisly confusion, till I found me laid,
 On some far island, in a fisher's hut.
 Me, as they homeward scudded past the fire,
 Those lonely farmers of the deep picked up,
 Floating away, and rubbed to vital heat ;
 And through the fever-gulf that had me next,
 With simple love they brought my weary life.
 The shores and islands round, for lingering news
 Of people saved from off that burning wreck,
 O ! how I haunted then ; but of my child
 No man had heard. Hopeless, and naked poor,
 To war I rushed. This cot received me next ;
 And here, I trust, my mortal chapter ends.
 But say, O say ! how came you by this cross ?"

The dying man upon his arm had risen,
 Ere ceased the Soldier's tale : " She is thy child,
 Take her," he said ; " and may she be to thee,
 As she to me has been, a daughter true,
 A child of good, a blessing from on high !"
 So saying, back he fell. Around his neck
 Her arms of love the sobbing damsel threw,
 And kissed him many a time. And then she rose,
 And flung herself upon the Soldier's breast—
 For he's her father too. And many tears,
 Silent, the old man rained upon her neck.

" O wondrous night !" the dying tar went on,
 " Who could have thought of this ! I am content.
 The Lord be praised that she has found a friend,
 Since I must go from her ! That night of fire,

Our brig of war bore down upon your ship,
And sent her boats to save you from the flame.
Near you we could not come ; so forth I swam,
And to your crowded stern I fixed a rope,
To take the people off. Back as I slid
Along the line, to show them how to come,
A child, upheaved upon the billow top,
Was borne against my breast ; I snatched her up ;
Fast to my neck she clung ; none could I find
To claim and take her : she was thus mine own.
That night she wore the cross which now she wears.
Why need I tell the changes of my life ?
In war I lost an arm, and then an eye ;
My other eye went out from sympathy,
And home I came a blind and helpless man.
But I had still one comforter, my child—
My young breadwinner, too ! From wake to wake
She led me on, playing her mandolin,
Which I had brought her from the south of Spain.
She'll tell you all the rest when I am gone.
Bury me now in your own burial-place,
That still our daughter may be near my dust.
And Jesus keep you both ! " he said, and died.

They buried him in their own burial-place.
And many a flower, heart-planted by that maid
And good Old Soldier, bloomed upon his grave.
And many a requiem, when the gloaming came,
The damsel played above his honoured dust.
Not less, but all the more, her heart was knit
Unto her own true father. He, the while,
How proud was he to give her up his keys,
Mistress installed of all his little stores ;
And introduce her to his flowers, and bees,
Making the sea-green honey—all for her ;
And sit beside her underneath the oak,
Listening the story of her bygone life.
In turn she made him of her mother tell,
And aye a tear dropped on her needlework ;
And all his wars the old campaigner told.
And God was with them, and in peace and love
They dwelt together in their happy home.

RESULTS OF REVOLUTION IN EUROPE.

THE fall of Napoleon completed the first drama of the historical series arising out of the French Revolution. Democratic ambition had found its natural and inevitable issue in warlike achievement; the passions of the camp had succeeded those of the forum, and the conquest of all the Continental monarchies had, for a time, apparently satiated the desires of an insatiable people. But the reaction was as violent as the action. In every warlike operation two parties are to be considered—the conquerors and the conquered. The rapacity, the insolence, the organised exactions of the French proved grievous in the extreme, and the hardship was felt as the more insupportable when the administrative powers of Napoleon gave to them the form of a regular tribute, and conducted the riches of conquered Europe, in a perennial stream, to the imperial treasury. A unanimous cry of indignation arose from every part of the Continent; a crusade commenced, in all quarters, from the experienced suffering of mankind; from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, the liberating warriors came forth, and the strength of an injured world collected by a convulsive effort at the heart, to throw off the load which had oppressed it. Securely cradled amidst the waves, England, like her immortal chief at Waterloo, had calmly awaited the hour when she might be called on to take the lead in the terrible strife. Her energy, when it arrived, rivalled her former patience in privation, her fortitude in suffering; and the one only nation which, throughout the struggle, had been unconquered, at length stood foremost in the fight, and struck the final and decisive blow for the deliverance of the world.

But the victory of nations did not terminate the war of opinion; the triumph of armies did not end the collision of thought. France was conquered, but the principles of her Revolution were not extirpated; they had covered her own soil with mourning, but they were too flattering to the

pride of the human heart to be subdued but by many ages of suffering. The lesson taught by the subjugation of her power, the double capture of her capital, was too serious to be soon forgotten by her rulers; but the agony which had been previously felt by the people, had ended with a generation which was now mouldering in its grave. It is by the last impressions that the durable opinions of mankind are formed; and effects had here succeeded each other so rapidly, that the earlier ones were in a great measure forgotten. The conscription had caused the guillotine to be forgotten; grief for the loss of the frontier of the Rhine had obliterated that of the dissolution of the National Assembly. Men did not know that the first was the natural result of the last. There was little danger of France soon crossing the Rhine, but much of her reviving the opinions of Mirabeau and Siéyès. The first drama, where the military bore the prominent part, was ended; but the second, in which civil patriots were to be the leading characters, and vehement political passions excited, was still to commence; the Lager had terminated, but the Piccolomini was only beginning, and Wallenstein's Death had not yet commenced.

Everything conspired to render the era subsequent to the fall of Napoleon as memorable for civil changes as that era itself had been for military triumphs. Catherine of Russia had said at the commencement of the Revolution, that the only way to prevent its principles spreading, and save Europe from civil convulsion, was to engage in war, and cause the national to supersede the social passions. The experiment, after a fearful struggle, succeeded; but it succeeded only for a time. War wore itself out; a contest of twenty years' duration at once drained away the blood and exhausted the treasures of Europe. The excitement, the animation, the mingled horrors and glories of military strife, were followed by a long period of repose, during which the social passions were daily gaining

strength from the very magnitude of the contest which had preceded it. The desire for excitement continued, and the means of gratifying it had ceased: the cannon of Leipsic and Waterloo still resounded through the world, but no new combats furnished daily materials for anxiety, terror, or exultation. The nations were chained to peace by the immensity of the sacrifices made in the preceding war: all governments had suffered so much during its continuance, that, like wounded veterans, they dreaded a renewal of the fight. During the many years of constrained repose which succeeded the battle of Waterloo, the vehement excitement occasioned by the Revolutionary wars continued; but, from default of external, it turned to internal objects. Democratic came instead of military ambition; the social succeeded the national passions; the spirit was the same, but its field was changed. Meanwhile the blessed effect of long continued peace, by allowing industry in every quarter to reap its fruits in quiet, was daily adding to the strength and energy, because augmenting the resources, of the middle class, in whom these feelings are ever the strongest, because they are the first to be promoted by a change; while, in a similar proportion, the power of government was daily declining, from the necessity of providing for the interest of the debts contracted during the preceding strife, and reducing the military forces which had so long averted its dangers or achieved its triumphs.

The change in the ruling passions of mankind has clearly appeared in the annals of nations, in the thirty years which followed the fall of Napoleon. Governments have often great difficulties to contend with, but it has been not with each other, but with their subjects; many of them have been overturned, not by foreign armies, but by their own. Europe has been often on the verge of a general war, but the danger of it arose not, as in former days, from the throne, but the cottage; the persons who urged it on were not kings or their ministers, but the tribesmen of the people. The chief efforts of governments in every country have been directed to the preservation

of that peace which the collisions of so many interests, and the vehemence of such passions, endangered: war was repeatedly threatened, but it was so, not by sovereigns, but by the people. The sovereigns were successful; but their being so only augmented the dangers of their position, and increased the peril arising from the ardour of the social passions with which they had to contend; for every year of peace added to the strength of their opponents as much as it diminished their own.

The preservation of peace, unbroken from 1815 to 1830, was fraught with immense blessings to Europe; and, had it been properly improved, might have been so to the cause of freedom throughout the world; but it proved fatal to the dynasty of the Restoration. From necessity, as well as inclination, from the recollection of the double capture of Paris, as well as conscious inability to conduct warlike operations, Louis XVIII. remained at peace; and no monarch who does so seems likely to remain long on the French throne. Death, and extreme prudence of conduct, alone saved him from dethronement. The whole history of the Restoration, from 1815 to 1830, was that of one vast and ceaseless conspiracy against the Bourbons, existing rather in the hearts and minds than the measures and designs of men. No concessions to freedom, no moderation of government, no diminution of public burdens, could reconcile the people to a dynasty imposed on them by the stranger. One part of the people were dreaming of the past, another speculating on the future; all were dissatisfied with the present. The wars, the glories of the Empire, rose up in painful contrast to the peace and monotony of the present. Successive contractions of the elective constituency, and restrictions on the press, had no effect in diminishing the danger it excited in the minds of men, and only became, like all other concealed passions, more powerful from the difficulty of giving it expression. France was daily increasing in wealth, freedom, and material well-being, but it was as steadily declining in contentment, loyalty, and happiness—a strange combination, but such as is by no means unknown in private life,

when all external appliances are favourable, but the heart is gnawed by a secret and ungratified passion. At length the general discontent rose to such a pitch that it became impossible to carry on the government; a *coup d'état* was attempted, to restore some degree of efficiency to the executive, but it was attempted by the "feeble arms of confessors and kings;" the army wavered in its duty; the Orleans family took advantage of the tumult, and the dynasty of the elder branch of the Bourbons was overthrown.

That so great an event as the overthrow of a dynasty by a sudden urban insurrection, should have produced a great impression all over the world, was to have been expected; but it could hardly have been anticipated it would have been attended by the effects with which it actually was in Great Britain. But many causes had conspired at that period to prepare the public mind in England for changes; and, what is very remarkable, these causes had arisen mainly from the magnitude of the successes with which the war had been attended. The capital which had been realised during the war had been so great, the influence of the moneyed interest had become so powerful, that the legislature became affected by their desires. The Monetary Bill of 1819, before many years had elapsed, had added 50 per cent to the value of money, and the weight of debts and taxes, and taken as much from the remuneration of industry. Hence a total change in the feelings, influences, and political relations of society. The territorial aristocracy was weakened as much as the commercial was aggrandised; small landed proprietors were everywhere ruined from the fall of prices; the magnates stood forth in increased lustre from the enhanced value of their revenues. Industry was querulous from long-continued suffering; wealth, ambitious from sudden exaltation. Political power was coveted by one class, from the excess of their riches; by another, from the depth of their misery. The emancipation of the Roman Catholics severed the last bond, that of a common religion, which had hitherto held together the different classes, and imprinted on the

minds of a large and sincere class a thirst for vengeance, which overwhelmed every consideration of reason. The result of these concurring causes was that the institutions of England were essentially altered by the earthquake of 1830, and a new class elevated to supreme power by means, bloodless indeed, but scarcely less violent than the revolution which had overturned Charles X.

The revolution of 1830 elevated the middle class to the direction of affairs in France, and the Reform Bill vested the same class in effect with supreme power in the British empire. Vast effects followed this all-important change in both countries. For the first time in the history of mankind the experiment was made of vesting the electoral franchise, not in a varied and limited class, as in Old England, or in the whole citizens, as in revolutionary France or America, but in persons possessed only of a certain money qualification. The franchise was not materially changed in France, but the general arming of the National Guard, and the revolutionary origin of the new government, effectually secured attention to the wishes of the burgher aristocracy; in England they were at once vested with the command of the state, for the House of Commons was returned by a million of electors, who voted for 658 members, of whom two-thirds were the representatives of boroughs, and two-thirds of their constituents shopkeepers, or persons whom they influenced. Thence consequences of incalculable importance in both countries, and effects which have left indelible traces in the future history of mankind.

The first effect of this identity of feeling and interest, in the class thus for the first time intrusted with the practical direction of affairs in both countries, was a close political alliance between their governments, and an entire change in the Foreign policy of Great Britain. To the vehement hostility and ceaseless rivalry of four centuries succeeded an alliance sincere and cordial at the time; though, like other intimacies founded on identity of passion, not of interest, it might be doubted whether it would survive the emotions which gave it

birth. In the mean time, however, the effects of this alliance were novel, and in the highest degree important. When the lords of the earth and the sea united, no power in Europe ventured to confront them; the peace of Europe was preserved by their union. The Czar in full march towards Paris was arrested on the Vistula; he found ample employment for his arms in resisting the efforts of the Poles to restore their much-loved nationality. Austria and Prussia were too much occupied with the surveillance of the discontented in their own dominions to think of renewing the crusade of 1813; nor did they venture to do so when the forces of England were united to those of France. The consequence was that the march of revolution was unresisted in Western Europe, and an entire change effected in the institutions and dynasties on the throne in its principal continental states. The Orleans family continued firmly, and to all appearance permanently, seated on the throne of France; Belgium was revolutionised, torn from the monarchy of the Netherlands, and the Cobourg family seated on its throne: the monarchies of Spain and Portugal were overturned, and a revolutionary dynasty of queens placed on the thrones of these countries, in direct violation of the Treaty of Utrecht; while in the east of Europe the last remnants of Polish nationality were extinguished on the banks of the Vistula. Durable interests were overlooked, ancient alliances broken, long-established rivalries forgotten in the fleeting passions of the moment. Confederacies the most opposite to the lasting policy of the very nations who contracted them, were not only formed, but acted upon. Europe beheld with astonishment the arms of Prussia united with those of Russia to destroy the barrier of the Continent against the Muscovite power on the Sarmatian plains; the Leopards of England joined to the tricolor standard to wrest Antwerp from Holland, and secure the throne of the Netherlands to a son-in-law of France; and the scarlet uniforms blended with the ensigns of revolution to beat down the liberties of the Basque provinces, and prepare the

heirress of Spain for the arms of a son of France, on the very theatre of Wellington's triumphs.

Novel and extraordinary as were these results of the revolution of 1830 upon the political relations of Europe, its effects upon the colonial empire of England, and, through it, upon the future destinies of the human species, were still greater and more important. To the end of the world, the consequences of the change in the policy of England will be felt in every quarter of the globe. Its first effect was to bring about the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. Eight hundred thousand slaves in the British colonies in that quarter of the globe received the perilous gift of unconditional freedom. For the first time in the history of mankind the experiment was made of extending the institutions of Japhet to the sons of Ham. As a natural result of so vast and sudden a change, and of the conferring of the institutions of the Anglo-Saxons upon unlettered savages, the proprietors of those noble colonies were ruined, their affections alienated, and the authority of the mother country preserved only by the terror of arms. Canada shared in the moral earthquake which shook the globe, and that noble offshoot of the empire was only preserved to Great Britain by the courage of its soldiers and the loyalty of its English and Highland citizens. Australia rapidly advanced in wealth, industry, and population during these eventful years. Every commercial crisis which paralysed industry, every social struggle which excited hope, every successful innovation which diminished security, added to the stream of hardy and enterprising emigrants who crowded to its shores; New Zealand was added to the already colossal empire of England in Oceania; and it is apparent that the foundations have been laid in a fifth hemisphere of another nation, destined to rival, perhaps eclipse, Europe itself in the career of human improvement. For the first time in the history of mankind the course of advancement ceased to be from East to West; but it was not destined to be arrested by

the Rocky Mountains; the mighty day of four thousand years was drawing to its close; but before its light was extinguished in the West, civilisation had returned to the land of its birth; and ere its orb had set in the waves of the Pacific, the sun of knowledge was illuminating the isles of the Eastern Sea.

Great and important as have been these results of the social convulsions of France and England in the first instance, they sink into insignificance compared to those which have followed the change in the commercial policy and increased stringency of the monetary laws of Great Britain. The effect of these all-important measures, from which so much was expected, and so little, save suffering, has been received, has been to augment to an extraordinary and unparalleled degree the *outward* tendency of the British people. The agricultural population, especially in Ireland, has been violently torn up from the land of its birth by woeful suffering; a famine of the thirteenth appeared amidst the population of the nineteenth century; and to this terrible but transient source of suffering has been superadded the lasting discouragement arising from the virtual closing of the market of England to Irish produce, by the inundations of grain from foreign states. Since the barriers raised by human regulations have been thrown down, the eternal laws of nature have appeared in full operation; the old and rich state can always undersell the young and poor one in manufactures, and is always undersold by it in agricultural produce. The fate of old Rome apparently is reserved for Great Britain; the harvests of Poland, the Ukraine, and America, prostrate agriculture in the British Isles as effectually as those of Sicily, Libya, and Egypt did the old Patrimony of the Legions; and after the lapse of eighteen hundred years the same effects appear. The great cities flourish, but the country decays; the exportation of human beings and the importation of human food keep up a gainful traffic in the seaport towns; but it is every day more and more gliding into the hands of the foreigner; and while exports and imports are

constantly increasing, the mainstay of national strength, the cultivation of the soil, is rapidly declining. The effects upon the strength, resources, and population of the empire, and the growth of its colonial possessions, have been equally important. Europe, before the middle of the century, beholds with astonishment Great Britain, which, at the end of the war, had been self-supporting, importing ten millions of quarters of grain, being a full fifth of the national subsistence, and a constant stream of three hundred thousand emigrants annually leaving its shores. Its inhabitants, which for four centuries had been constantly increasing, have declined a million in the last five years in the two islands, and two millions in Ireland, taken separately; but the foundations of a vast empire have been laid in the Transatlantic and Australian wilds; and the annual addition of three hundred thousand souls to the European population of the New World by immigration alone, has come almost to double the already marvellous rapidity of American increase.

While this vast transference of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic population to the embryo states of America and Australia has been going forward, the United States of America are rapidly increasing in numbers and extent of territory. The usual and fearful ambition of republican states has appeared there in more than its usual proportions. During the ten years from 1840 to 1850, the inhabitants of the United States have increased six millions: they have grown from eighteen to twenty-four millions. But the increase of its territory has been still more extraordinary: it has been extended, during the same period, from somewhat above two millions, to three million three hundred thousand square miles. A territory nine times the size of Old France has been added to the devouring Republic in ten years. The conquests of Rome in ancient, of the English in India in modern times, afford no parallel instance of rapid and unbroken increase. Everything indicates that a vast migration of the human species is going forward, and the family of Japhet in the course of being transferred from its native to its destined seats. To

this prodigious movement it is hard to say whether the disappointed energies of democratic vigour in Europe, or the insatiable spirit of republican ambition in America, has most contributed; for the first overcame all the attachments of home, and all the endearments of kindred in a large—and that the most energetic—portion of the people in the old world; while the latter has prepared for their reception ample seats—in which a kindred tongue and institutions prevail—in the new.

While this vast and unexampled exodus of the Anglo-Saxon race, across a wider ocean than the Red Sea, and to a greater promised land than that of Canaan, has been going forward, a corresponding, and in some respects still more marvellous, increase of the Slavonic race in the Muscovite dominions has taken place. The immense dominions and formidable power of the Czar, which had received so vast an addition from the successful termination of the contest with Napoleon, were scarcely less increased by the events of the long peace which followed. The inhuman cruelty with which the Turks prosecuted the war with the Greeks, awakened all the sympathies of the Christian world; governments were impelled by their subjects into a crusade against the Crescent; and the battle of Navarino, which, for the first time in history, beheld the flags of England, France, and Russia side by side, at once ruined the Ottoman navy, and reft the most important provinces of Greece from Turkey. The inconceivable infatuation of the Turks, and their characteristic ignorance of the strength of the enemy whom they provoked, impelled them soon after into a war with Russia; and then the immeasurable superiority which the Cross had now acquired over the Crescent at once appeared. Varna, the scene of the bloody defeat of the French chivalry by the Janizaries of Bajazet, yielded to the scientific approaches of the Russians; the barrier, hitherto insurmountable, of the Balkan, was passed by Diebitch; Adrianople fell; and the anxious intervention of the other European powers alone prevented the entire subjugation of Turkey, and the entry of the Mus-

covite battalions through the breach made by the cannon of Mahomet in the walls of Constantinople.

Great as were these results to the growth of Russia, of the forced and long-continued pacification of Western Europe, still more important were those which followed its intestine convulsions. Every throes of the revolutionary earthquake in France has tended to its ultimate advantage, and been attended by a great accession of territory or augmentation of influence. The Revolution of 1789 in its ultimate effects brought the Cossacks to Paris; that of 1830 extinguished the last remains of Polish nationality, and established the Muscovites in a lasting sway on the banks of the Vistula. The revolt of Ibrahim Pacha, and the victory of Koniah, which reduced the Ottoman empire to the verge of destruction, brought the Russian battalions to Scutari, and averted subjugation from a rebellious vassal, only by surrendering the keys of the Dardanelles to the Czar, and converting the Black Sea into a Russian lake. Greater still have been the results of the French Revolution of 1848 to the moral influence, and through it the real power, of Russia. Germany, torn by revolutionary passions, was soon brought into the most deplorable state of anarchy; Austria, distracted at once by a Bohemian, Italian, and Hungarian revolt, was within a hair-breadth of destruction; and the presence of 150,000 Russians on the Hungarian plains alone determined the Magyar contest in favour of Austria. Immense is the addition which this decisive move has made to the influence of Russia; no charge of the Old Guard of Napoleon at the close of the day was ever more triumphant. Russia now boasts of 66,000,000 of men within her dominions; her territories embrace a seventh of the habitable globe; and her influence is paramount from the wall of China to the banks of the Rhine.

Great as the acquisitions of the Muscovite power have been during the last thirty years, they have almost been rivalled by those of the British in India. They have only outstripped everything in the world of wonders; a parallel will be found in the

sought for them in the whole annals of the world. They do not resemble the conquests of the Romans in ancient, or of the Russians in modern times; they have not been the result of the lust of conquest, steadily and perseveringly applied to general subjugation, or the passions of democracy finding their natural vent in foreign conquest. As little were they the offspring of a vehement and turbulent spirit, similar to that which carried the French eagles to Vienna and the Kremlin. The disposition of the Anglo-Saxons, practically gain-seeking, and shunning wars as an interruption of their profits, has been a perpetual check to any such disposition—their immense distance from the scene of action on the plains of Hindostan, an effectual bar to its indulgence. India has not been governed by a race of warlike sovereigns, eager for conquest, covetous of glory; but by a company of pacific merchants, intent only on the augmentation of their profits and the diminution of their expenses. Their great cause of complaint against the Governors-General to whom have been successively intrusted the government of their vast dominions, was, that they were too prone to defensive preparations; that they did not sufficiently study the increase of these profits or the saving of these expenses. War was constantly forced upon them as a measure of necessity; repeated coalitions of the native sovereigns compelled them to draw the sword to prevent their expulsion from the peninsula. Conquest has been the condition of existence.

Yet such is the vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the energy with which the successive contests were maintained by the diminutive force at the disposal of the company, that marvellous beyond all example have been the victories which they gained and the conquests which they achieved. The long period of European peace which followed the battle of Waterloo, was anything but one of repose in India. It beheld successively the final war with, and subjugation of, the Mahrattas by the genius of Lord Hastings, the overthrow of the Pindaree horsemen, the difficult subjugation of the Goorkha mountaineers; the storming of

Bhurtapore, the taming of "the giant strength of Ava;" the conquest of Cabul, and fearful horrors of the Coord Cabul retreat; the subsequent gallant recovery of its capital; the conquest of Scinde, and reduction of Gwalior; the wars with the Sikhs, the desperate passages of arms at Ferozeshah and Chilianwalah, and the final triumphs of Sobraon and Goojerat. Nor was it in the peninsula of Hindostan alone that the strength of the British, when at length fairly aroused, was exerted; the vast empire of China was wrestled with at the very moment when their strength in the East was engaged in the Afghanistan expedition; and the world, which was anxiously expecting the fall of the much-envied British empire in India, beheld with astonishment, in the same *Delhi Gazette*, the announcement of the second capture of Cabul in the heart of Asia, and the dictating of a glorious peace to the Chinese under the walls of Nankin.

While successes so great and bewildering were attending the arms of civilisation on the remote parts of the earth, a great and most disastrous convulsion was preparing in its heart. Paris, as in every age, was the centre of impulsion to the whole civilised world. Louis Philippe had a very difficult game to play, and he long played it with success; but no human ability could, with the disposition of the people, permanently maintain the government of the country. He aimed at being the Napoleon of Peace; and his great predecessor knew better than any one, and has said oftener, that he himself would have failed in the attempt. Louis Philippe owed his elevation to revolution; and he had the difficult, if not impossible, task to perform, *without foreign war*, of coercing its passions. Hardly was he seated on the throne, when he felt the necessity in deeds, if not in words, of disclaiming his origin. His whole reign was a continued painful and perilous conflict with the power which had created him, and at length he sank in this struggle. He had not the means of maintaining the conflict. A successful usurper, he could not appeal to traditionary influences; a revolutionary monarch, he was compelled to coerce the passions of revolution; a

military chief, he was obliged to restrain the passions of the soldiers. They demanded war, and he was constrained to keep them at peace; they sighed for plunder, and he could only meet them with economy; they panted for glory, and his policy retained them in obscurity.

Political influence—in other words, corruption—was the only means left of carrying on the government, and that state engine was worked with great industry, and for a time with great success. But although gratification to the selfish passions must always, in the long run, be the main foundation of government, men are not entirely and for ever governed by their influence. “*C’est l’imagination*,” said Napoleon, “*qui domine le monde*.” All nations, and most of all the French, occasionally require aliment to the passions; and no dynasty will long maintain its sway over them which does not frequently gratify their ruling dispositions. Napoleon was so popular because he at once consulted their interests and gratified their passions; Louis Philippe the reverse, because he attended only to their interests. Great as was his influence, unbounded his patronage, immense his revenue, it yet fell short of the wants of his needy supporters: he experienced ere long the truth of the well-known saying, that every office given away made one ungrateful and three discontented. The immediate cause of his fall in February 1848 was the pusillanimity of his family, who declined to head his troops, and the weakness of his counsellors, who urged submission in presence of danger; but its remote causes were of much older date and wider extent. Government, to be lasting, must be founded either on traditionary influence, the gratification of new interests and passions, or the force of arms; and that one which has not the first will do well to rest as soon as possible on the two last.

Disastrous beyond all precedent, or what even could have been conceived, have been the effects of this new revolution in Paris on the whole Continent; and a very long period must elapse before they are obviated. The spectacle of a government, esteemed one of the strongest in Europe, and a

dynasty which promised to be of lasting duration, overturned almost without resistance by an urban tumult, roused the revolutionary party everywhere to a perfect pitch of frenzy. A universal liberation from government, and restraint of any kind, was expected, and for a time attained, by the people in the principal Continental states, when a republic was again proclaimed in France; and the people, strong in their newly-acquired rights of universal suffrage, were seen electing a National Assembly, to whom the destinies of the country were to be intrusted. The effect was instantaneous and universal; the shock of the moral earthquake was felt in every part of Europe. Italy was immediately in a blaze; Piedmont joined the revolutionary crusade; and the Austrian forces, expelled from Milan, were glad to seek an asylum behind the Mincio. Venice threw off the German yoke, and proclaimed again the independence of St Mark; the Pope was driven from Rome, the Bourbons in Naples were saved only by the fidelity of their Swiss guards from destruction; Sicily was severed from their dominion, and all Italy, from the extremity of Calabria to the foot of the Alps, was arraying its forces against constituted authority, and in opposition to the sway of the Tramontane governments. The ardent and enthusiastic were everywhere in transports, and prophesied the resurrection of a great and united Roman republic from the courage of modern patriotism; the learned and experienced anticipated nothing but ruin to the cause of freedom from the transports of a people incapable of exercising its power, and unable to defend its rights.

Still more serious and formidable were the convulsions in Germany; for these were more inspired with the Teutonic love of freedom, and wielded the arm which so long had been victorious in the fields of European fame. So violent were the shocks of the revolutionary earthquake in the Fatherland, that the entire disruption of society and ruin of the national independence seemed to be threatened by its effects. Government was overturned after a violent contest in Berlin. It fell almost without a struggle,

from the pusillanimity of the Emperor, in Vienna. The Prussians, especially in the great towns, entered, with the characteristic ardour of their disposition, into the career of revolution; universal suffrage was everywhere proclaimed—national guards established. The lesser states on the Rhine all followed the example of Prussia; and an assembly of delegates, from every part of the Fatherland, at Frankfort, seemed to realise for a brief period the dream of German unity and independence. But while the enthusiasts on the Rhine were speculating on the independence of their country, the enthusiasts in Vienna and Hungary were taking the most effectual steps to destroy it. A frightful civil war ensued in all the Austrian provinces, and soon acquired such strength as threatened to tear in pieces the whole of its vast dominions. No sooner was the central authority in Vienna overturned, than rebellion broke out in all the provinces. The Sclavonians revolted in Bohemia, the Lombards in Italy, the Magyars in Hungary; the close vicinity of a powerful Russian force alone restrained the Poles in Galicia. Worse, even, because more widely felt than the passions of democracy, the animosities of RACE burst forth with fearful violence in eastern Europe. The standard of Georgey in Hungary—whom the Austrians, distracted by civil war in all their provinces, were unable to subdue—soon attracted a large part of the indignant Poles, and nearly the whole of the warlike Magyars, to the field of battle on the banks of the Danube. Not a hope seemed to remain for the great and distracted Austrian empire. Chaos had returned; society seemed resolved into its original elements; and the chief bulwark of Europe against Moscovite domination seemed on the point of being broken up into several separate states, actuated by the most violent hatred at each other, and alike incapable, singly or together, of making head against the vast and centralised power of Russia.

The first successful stand against the deluge of revolution was made in Great Britain; and there it was withstood, not by the bayonets of the soldiers, but by the batons of the citizens.

The 10th April was the Waterloo of chartist rebellion in England; a memorable proof that the institutions and traditional influences of a free people, suited to their wants, and in harmony with their dispositions, can, in such felicitous circumstances, oppose a more successful barrier to social dangers than the most powerful military force at the command of a despotic chief. Rebellion, as usual when England is in distress, broke out in Ireland; but it terminated in ridicule, and revealed at once the ingratitude and impotence of the Celtic race in the Emerald isle. But a far more serious and bloody conflict awaited the cause of order in the streets of Paris; and society there narrowly escaped the restoration of the reign of terror and the government of Robespierre. As usual in civil convulsions, the leaders of the first successful revolt soon became insupportable to their infuriated followers; a second 10th August followed, and that much more quickly than on the first occasion—a second dethronement of the Bourbons; but it was met by very different opponents. Cavaignac and the army were not so easily beat down as Louis, deserted by all the world but his faithful Swiss Guards. The contest was long and bloody, and, for a time, it seemed more than doubtful to which side victory would incline; but at length the cause of order prevailed. The authority of the Assembly, however, was not established till above a hundred barricades had been carried at the point of the bayonet, several thousands of the insurgents slain, and eleven thousand sentenced to transportation by the courts-martial of the victorious soldiers.

Less violent in the outset, but more disastrous far in the end, were the means by which Austria was brought through the throes of her revolutionary convulsion. It was the army, and the army alone, which in the last extremity saved the state; but, unhappily, it was not the national army alone which achieved the deliverance. So violent were the passions by which the country was torn, so great the power of the rival races and nations which contended for its mastery, that the unaided strength of the monarchy

was unequal to the task of subduing them. In Prague, indeed, the firmness of Windischgratz extinguished the revolt—in Italy the consummate talents of Radetsky restored victory to the imperial standards, and drove the Piedmontese to a disgraceful peace; and in the heart of the monarchy, Vienna, after a fierce struggle, was regained by the united arms of the Bohemian and Croatian. But in Hungary the Magyars were not so easily overcome. Such was the valour of that warlike race, and such the military talents of their chiefs, that, although not numbering more than a third of the population of Hungary, and an eighth of that of the whole monarchy, it was found impracticable to subdue them without external aid. The Russians, as a matter of necessity, were called in to prevent the second capture of Vienna; a hundred and fifty thousand Moscovites ere long appeared on the Hungarian plains—numbers triumphed over valour—and Austria was saved by the sacrifice of its independence. Incalculable have been the consequences of this great and decisive movement on the part of the Czar. Not less than the capture of Paris, it has fascinated and subdued the minds of men. It has rendered him the undisputed master of the east of Europe, and led to a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, which at the convenient season will open to the Russians the road to Constantinople.

At length the moment of reaction arrived in France itself, and the country, whose vehement convulsions had overturned the institutions of so many other states, was itself doomed to undergo the stern but just law of retribution. The undisguised designs of the Socialists against property of every kind, the frequent revolts, the notorious imbecility and trifling of the National Assembly, had so discredited republican institutions, that the nation was fully prepared for a change of any kind from democratic to monarchical institutions. Louis Napoleon had the advantage of a great name, and of historical associations, which raised him by a large majority to the presidency, and of able counsellors who steered him through its difficulties; but the decisive success of the *coup d'état* of

December 2nd was mainly owing to the universal contempt into which the republican rulers had fallen, and the general terror which the designs of the Socialists had excited. The nation would, perhaps, not so willingly have ranged itself under the banners of any merely military chief who promised to shelter them from the evident dangers with which society was menaced; and the vigour and fidelity of the army ensured its success. The restoration of military despotism in France in 1851, after the brief and fearful reign of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" in that everchanging country, adds another to the numerous proofs which history affords, that successful revolution, by whomsoever effected, and under all imaginable diversity of nations, race, and circumstances, can end only in the empire of the sword.

But although the dangers of revolutionary convulsion have been adjoined, at least, if not entirely removed, by the general triumph of military power on the Continent, and its entire re-establishment in France, other dangers, of an equally formidable, and perhaps still more pressing, kind, have arisen from its very success. Since the battle of Waterloo all the contests in Europe have been *internal* only. There have been many desperate and bloody struggles, but they have not been those of nation against nation, but of class with class, or race with race. No foreign wars have desolated Europe; and the whole efforts of government in every country have been directed to moderating the warlike propensities of their subjects, and preventing the fierce animosities of nationality and race from involving the world in general conflagration. So decisively was this the characteristic of the period, and so great was the difficulty in moderating the warlike dispositions of their subjects, that it seemed that the sentiment of the poet should be reversed, and it might with truth be said—

"War is a game, which, were *their rulers*
wise,
The people should not play at."

But this has been materially changed by the consequences of the great European revolution of 1848; and it may now be doubted whether the

greatest dangers which threaten society are not those of foreign subjugation and the loss of national independence. By the natural effects of the general convulsions of 1848, the armies of the Continental states have been prodigiously augmented; and such are the dangers of their respective positions, from the turbulent disposition of their own subjects, that they cannot be materially reduced. In France there are 385,000 men in arms; in Austria as many; in Prussia, 200,000; in Russia, 600,000. Fifteen hundred thousand regular soldiers are arrayed on the Continent ready for mutual slaughter, and awaiting only a signal from their respective cabinets to direct their united hostility against any country which may have provoked their resentment. Such have been the results of the French Revolution of 1848, and the rise of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" in the centre of European civilisation.

Disastrous beyond all precedent have been the effects of this revolutionary convulsion, from which so much was expected by the ardent and enthusiastic in every country, upon the cause of freedom throughout the world. Not only has the reign of representative institutions, and the sway of constitutional ideas, been arrested on the Continent, but the absolute government of the sword has been established in its principal monarchies. Austria has openly repudiated all the liberal institutions forced upon her during the first throes of the convulsion, and avowedly based the government upon the army, and the army alone. Prussia is more covertly, but not less assiduously, following out the same system; and in France, the real council of state, servile senate, and mock assembly of deputies of Napoleon, have been re-established, the national guard generally dissolved, and the centralised despotism of Louis Napoleon promises to rival in efficiency and general support the centralised despotism of Augustus in ancient days. Parties have become so exasperated at each other, that no accommodation or compromise is longer possible; injuries that never can be forgiven have been mutually inflicted;

the despotism of the Prætorians, and a Jacquerie of the Red Republicans, are the only alternatives left to Europe; and the fair form of real freedom, which grows and flourishes in peace, but melts away before the first breath of war, has disappeared from the earth. Such is the invariable and inevitable result of unchaining the passions of the people, and of a successful revolt on their part against the government of knowledge and property.

Still more pressing, and to ourselves formidable, are the dangers which now threaten this country, from the consequences of that revolt against established institutions, from which the reign of universal peace was anticipated four years ago. Our position has been rendered insecure by the very effects of our former triumphs; we are threatened with perils, not so much from our enemies, as from ourselves; it is our weakness which is their strength; and we owe our present critical position infinitely more to our own blindness than to their foresight. Insensibility to future and contingent dangers has in every age been the characteristic of the English people, and is the real cause why the long wars, in which we have been engaged for the last century and a half, have been deeply chequered in the outset with disaster; and to this is to be ascribed three-fourths of the debt which now oppresses the energies and cramps the exertions of our people. But several causes, springing from the very magnitude of our former triumphs, have rendered these influences in an especial manner powerful during the last thirty years; and it is the consequence of their united influence which now renders the condition of this country so precarious.

The contractions of the currency introduced in 1819, and rendered still more stringent by the acts of 1844 and 1845, have changed the value of money fifty per cent; coupled with Free Trade in all the branches of industry, it has doubled it. In other words, it has doubled the weight of taxes, debts, and encumbrances of every description, and at the same time halved the resources of those who are to pay them. Fifty millions a-year raised

for the public revenue, are as great a burden now as a hundred millions a-year were during the war; the nation, at the close of thirty-five years of unbroken peace, is in reality more heavily taxed than it was at the end of twenty years of uninterrupted hostility. The necessary consequence of this has been, that it has become impossible to maintain the national armaments on a scale at all proportionate to the national extension and necessities; and it has been exposed, on the first rupture, to the most serious dangers from the attacks of artless and contemptible enemies. Our Indian empire, numbering a hundred millions of men among its subjects, was brought to the verge of ruin by the assault of the Sikhs, who had only six millions to feed their armies; and the military strength of Great Britain is now strained to the uttermost to withstand the hostility at the Cape of Good Hope of the Caffres, who never have brought six thousand men together into the field. In proportion to the extension of our colonial empire and the necessity of increased forces to defend it, our armaments have been reduced both by sea and land. Every gleam of colonial peace has been invariably followed by profuse demands at home for a reduction of the establishments and a diminution of the national expenses; until they have been reduced to so low a point that the nation, which, during the war, had a million of men in arms, two hundred and forty ships of the line bearing the royal flag, and a hundred in commission, could not now muster thirty thousand men and ten ships of the line to guard Great Britain from invasion, London from capture, and the British Empire from destruction.

Still more serious, because more irremediable, in its origin, and disastrous in its effects, has been the change which has come over the public mind in a powerful and influential part of the nation. This has mainly arisen from the very magnitude of our former triumphs, and the long-continued peace to which it has given rise. The nation had gained such extraordinary successes during the war, and vanquished so formidable an opponent, that it had

come to regard itself, not without a show of reason, as invincible; hostilities have been so long intermitted that the younger and more active, and therefore influential, part of the people, have generally embraced the idea that they would never be renewed. Here, as elsewhere, the wish became the father to the thought; the immediate interests of men determined their opinions and regulated their conduct. The pacific interests of the Empire had increased so immensely during the long peace; so many fortunes and establishments had become dependant on its continuance; exports, imports, and manufactures, had been so enormously augmented by the growth of our Colonial Empire, and the preservation of peace with the rest of the world, that all persons interested in those branches of industry turned with a shudder from the very thoughts of its interruption. To this class the Reform Bill, by giving a majority in the House of Commons, yielded the government of the State. To the astonishment of every thinking or well-informed man in the world, the doctrine was openly promulgated, to admiring and assenting audiences in Manchester and Glasgow, by the most popular orators of the day, that the era of war had passed away; that it was to be classed hereafter with the age of the mammoth and the mastodon; and that, in contemplation of the speedy arrival of the much-desired Millennium, our wisdom would be to disband our troops, sell our ships of the line, and trust to pacific interest in future to adjust or avert the differences of nations. The members for the boroughs—three-fifths of the House of Commons—openly embraced or in secret inclined to these doctrines; and how clearly soever the superior information of our rulers might detect their fallacy, the influence of their adherents was paramount in the Legislature, and Government was compelled, as the price of existence, in part at least, to yield to their suggestions.

The danger of acting upon such Utopian ideas has been much augmented, in the case of this country, by the commercial policy at the same time pursued by the dominant class who had come to entertain them. ¶

it be true, as the wisest of men have affirmed in every age, and as universal experience has proved, that the true source of riches, as well as independence, is to be found in the cultivation of the soil, and that a nation which has come to depend for a considerable part of its subsistence on foreign states has made the first step to subjugation, the real patriot will find ample subject of regret and alarm in the present condition of Great Britain. Not only are ten millions of quarters of grain, being a full fifth of the national consumption, now imported from abroad, but nearly the half of this immense importation is of wheat, the staple food of the people, of which a third comes from foreign parts. Not only is the price of this great quantity of grain—certainly not less than twelve millions sterling—lost to the nation, but so large a portion of its food has come to be derived from foreign nations, that the mere threat of closing their harbours may render it a matter of necessity for Great Britain to submit to any terms which they may choose to exact. Our Colonies, once so loyal and great a support to the mother country, have been so thoroughly alienated by the commercial policy of the last few years, which has deprived them of all the advantages they enjoyed from their connection with it, that they have become a burden rather than a benefit. One-half of our diminutive army is absorbed in garrisoning their forts to guard against revolt. Lastly, the navy, once our pride and glory, and the only certain safeguard either against the dangers of foreign invasion, or the blockade of our harbours and ruin of our commerce, is fast melting away; for the reciprocity system established in 1823, and the repeal of the navigation laws in 1849, have given such encouragement to foreign shipping in preference to our own, that in a few years, if the same system continue, more than half of our whole commerce will have passed into the hands of foreign states, which may any day become hostile ones.

To complete the perils of Great Britain, arising out of the very magnitude of its former triumphs and extent of its empire, while so many

causes were conspiring to weaken its internal strength, and disqualify it for withstanding the assault of a formidable enemy, others, perhaps more pressing, were alienating foreign nations, breaking up old alliances, and tending more and more to isolate England in the midst of European hostility. The triumph of the democratic principle, by the Revolution of 1830 in France, was the cause of this; for it at once induced an entire change of government and foreign policy in England, and substituted new revolutionary for the old conservative alliances. Great Britain no longer appeared as the champion of order, but as the friend of rebellion; revolutionary dynasties were, by her influence, joined with that of France, established in Belgium, Spain, and Portugal; and the policy of our Cabinet avowedly was to establish an alliance of constitutional sovereigns in Western, which might counter-balance the coalition of despots in Eastern, Europe. This system has been constantly pursued, and for long with ability and success by our Government. Strong in the support of France, whether under a "throne, surrounded by republican institutions," or under those institutions themselves, England became indifferent to the jealousy of the other continental powers; and in the attempt to extend the spread of liberal institutions, or the sympathy openly expressed for foreign rebels, irritated beyond forgiveness the cabinets of St Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin. While the French alliance continued, these powers were constrained to devour their indignation in silence; they did not venture, with the embers of revolt slumbering in their own dominions, to brave the combined hostility of France and England. But all alliances formed on identity of feeling, not interest, are ephemeral in their duration. A single day destroyed the whole fabric on which we rested for our security. Revolutionary violence everywhere worked out its natural and unavoidable result in the principal continental states. A military despotism was, after a sanguinary struggle, established in Austria and Prussia; the 2d December arrived in France, and that power in an instant

was turned over to the side of the absolute governments on the Continent. Our efforts to revolutionise Europe have ended in the establishment of military despotisms in all its principal states, supported by fifteen hundred thousand armed men—our boasted alliance with France, in the placing of it in the very front rank of what may eventually become the league of our enemies.

Lord Palmerston, by whom our foreign policy for the last twenty years has been mainly conducted, is a man of great talent, both for eloquence and business, and of extraordinary energy and powers of application. The charm and grace of his manners are such that they disarm the most hostile of his opponents in the intercourse of private society; and such was the vigour of his application, that he conducted nearly the whole business of the Foreign Office himself, and reduced the labour of his secretaries and clerks to the mere copying of despatches and answering routine letters. He was perfectly master of all the details of his department, and is probably better acquainted than any man alive with the intricacies of a diplomacy, which, from the commanding position of England, has come to embrace the whole civilised world. No man, when called to account in Parliament for any of his acts which had brought the country to the very verge of hostility, could defend himself with more intrepidity, or carry away the House by a more eloquent and intrepid assertion of the principles, or appeal to the feelings, which find a responsive echo in the most moving, because the noblest and most disinterested, chords of the British heart.

Yet, with all this, he was one of the most dangerous Ministers that ever held the portfolio of the Foreign Office in Great Britain; and at the period he was displaced, his removal had become, in a manner, a matter of necessity, if we would avoid an immediate rupture with the principal Continental powers. The reason was, that his ideas were entirely at variance with the policy of the ruling party in the country; and his ambition for his country not less inconsistent with the situation into which, by the general

policy of the Cabinet, it had been brought, and the views which he himself entertained on the social institutions of the world. He had been bred in the school of Mr Pitt and Lord Castlereagh, and his ideas of the position and influence of England were founded on the state of the country when it had a million of men in arms and a thousand vessels of war in the royal navy. He forgot that this was not the condition of the country after thirty years of unbroken peace; that the spirit which called forth such vast armaments had expired with the necessities which created it; that 1851 was not 1815, nor the school of Mr Cobden that of Mr Pitt. The consequence was, that by his dignified and patriotic, but withal imprudent and ill-timed assertion of national demands, he brought us repeatedly to the very verge of hostility with the most formidable powers on the Continent, at the very time when, from the total want of any preparation for hostilities in the country, and the pitiable state of weakness to which our defensive establishments had been reduced, nothing but disaster was to be anticipated from their commencement.

These dangers were rendered still more pressing by the extreme divergence between his political principles and those of the cabinets of the ruling powers, formerly the allies of England, who directed the destinies of the Continent. He supported openly, so far as he could—favoured covertly when this was impossible—the cause of revolution all over the world. He aided, by the fleets of England, the establishment of one revolutionary throne in Belgium—by the marines and volunteers, of another in Spain. He concluded the quadruple alliance to force revolutionary queens upon a reluctant people in both kingdoms of the Peninsula. He covertly aided in the spread of liberal ideas in Italy—openly in supporting the insurgents in Sicily. He took Russia by the beard in the Dardanelles, on account of the Hungarian insurgents; and afterwards, for a wretched private dispute at Athens, ranged France by her side;—all but brought on a war with France by the bombardment of Beyrout and hostilities against

Greece; and irritated Austria past forgiveness by the open sympathy expressed for the Hungarian insurgents. Such conduct might be manly and consistent: a nation which goes about over the world supporting the cause of revolutions everywhere, and presenting to every state the alternative of war or liberal institutions, may be consistent; but its rulers are next to insane if they are not prepared for the consequences of such aggressions, and provoke the combined hostility of the greatest powers, at a time when their country is barely able to sustain the attack of the smallest.

The great reliance of England throughout this long course of revolutionary encouragement and aggression, was on the alliance with France, and the fond belief entertained by our liberal rulers that the *attente cordiale* would be perpetual, and form a national compact which would effectually screen us, whatever we did, from the hostility of the despotic powers on the Continent. The Revolution of December 2, 1851, in Paris, and the subsequent approval of military despotism by seven millions and a half of French citizens, may teach us what foundation there is for such a hope, or what reliance, in this free country, there is to be placed on identity of feeling with a military power, which begins its career with the deportation of some thousand citizens to Cayenne without trial, the decimation of the Assembly, dissolution of the National Guard, and promulgation, with general consent, of the despotic institutions of Napoleon. The dangers arising from those changes to the alliance with England, are so obvious that they have attracted *universal* attention; and Government, however pacifically inclined, and however much under the control of the Manchester clique, are most properly taking measures to provide against the danger. Sheerness and Tilbury forts have been armed, and their magazines filled; two new batteries, of a hundred guns each, traced out at Plymouth; fortified camps, it is said, are to be formed round London, and a considerable addition made to our land and sea forces. We regret as much as any

one can do, the necessity which exists for these changes; but the career of Liberalism, and of patronising revolutions all over the world, which we have pursued for the last twenty years, could not by possibility terminate in any other result.

What makes us augur more favourably than we have done for long, on the state of the country, notwithstanding these accumulating foreign dangers, is, that the national mind at home seems to be at length awakening to a sense of the perils which threaten the Empire. We have the greatest pleasure in quoting the following article from the *Times* on this all-important subject, which is the more valuable as that able journal has so long derided the idea of any danger being to be apprehended from foreign hostility:—

“At the accession of Harold to the crown, the English had enjoyed a peace of nearly fifty years, purchased by the final expulsion and destruction of their Danish invaders; they were becoming more and more enamoured of the arts of peace, and had made considerable progress in such civilisation as the times allowed. Agriculture was cultivated with great assiduity and success, and the national mind began to appreciate the benefits to be derived from foreign trade and commerce. The military spirit which had animated the descendants of Hengist and Horsa was gradually dying out, and the nation, united under one head, looked back with disgust and contempt on the obscure and bloody civil wars of the Heptarchy. The fortifications of the towns were allowed to fall into decay, and the equipment and discipline of the troops were almost entirely neglected. Dwelling in peace and security under their free elective institutions, the English looked with gradually increasing disfavour on the profession of arms. While the mailed chivalry of Normandy were carrying their banners even to the islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean, the Saxon was content to fight on foot and to protect himself from the blows of a steel-clad man-at-arms by the imperfect defence of a surcoat of hide. His offensive arms were as imperfect as his defensive; he relied almost exclusively on the ponderous battleaxe, which, requiring both hands to wield it, necessarily left the person of the soldier exposed to the lance or the arrow. Yet, with all this, the nation was possessed by a spirit of the most overweening confidence and self-

satisfied security. Proud of the exploits of their ancestors, believing in the perpetuity of the long peace they had enjoyed, satisfied with their republican institutions, and mistaking internal freedom for external strength, they looked with inert tranquillity on the gradual increase and organization of the power which was to overwhelm them; and when at last the blow fell, the nation, at once confident in its valour and impatient of military fatigue and privations, flung away its hopes in a single unequal conflict rather than endure the slow and desolating tactics which must have worn out the strength of the invader. The English met their enemies with one-third of their number, believing as devoutly as the pothouse heroes of our own times that one Englishman to three Frenchmen was a perfectly equal match, and that the total absence of cavalry and artillery on their side would be easily compensated by superior personal bravery. The nation was, at any rate, content to abide the trial, thinking that even if this army miscarried, it would be easy to overwhelm the invaders by a general rising. The army fell, and the nation with it.

"It may seem almost superfluous to apply this analogy to the state of modern England. We also have been in the enjoyment of a long and profound peace, and have learnt to consider a war as something almost impossible. We also have entirely outlived the military spirit of the earlier years of this century, and in the pursuit of wealth and in the development of civilization have half learnt to believe in the preachers of a millennium, of the peaceful sweets of which we have already had a foretaste. We also take no care for the fortification of our country or the equipment of our troops. We arm them with weapons which are all but harmless; we load them with accoutrements which are worse than useless; and we sedulously and successfully endeavour to render them incapable of bearing fatigue and hardship. Our navy is employed in training sailors, and, as soon as we have succeeded in rendering them expert seamen and gunners, we dismiss them to enter into the service of foreign nations. Our infantry can hardly march, our cavalry can hardly ride. These troops, so armed, so disciplined, and so accoutred, are extremely scanty in numbers; and those numbers we have materially diminished by sending ten thousand of our best to make war upon savages five hundred miles on the other side of the tropic of Capricorn. Yet, under all these circumstances, we entertain an unbounded con-

fidence in our own resources and position—we mistake the internal balance and equipoise of our polity for the power of resisting external force. We view without apprehension an enormous military power beside us, assuming a position which renders foreign war almost a necessity of its existence. We talk of our old victories by land and by sea, and forget that they were gained by men whose arms and training placed them on an equality with their antagonists. We rely on our insular position, which protected us so efficiently against Napoleon the Great, and insist upon the impregnable trench that surrounds us, although science has effectually bridged it over for Napoleon the Little. We forget the existence of the new power of steam, and the means of organising combined and unlooked-for movements afforded by the electric telegraph. We believe that if the storm with which France is now pregnant does burst, it will be upon the great military powers of the Continent, who sympathise with the proceedings of her government, who possess enormous military resources, and who offer but a poor prize to the victor, instead of upon us, whose free institutions are a daily reproach to the slavery and tyranny which disgrace France, whose military resources are such as we have described, and whose rich shores have not seen the footprint of a foreign army since the days of King John. Stranger still, we believe that we are secure against any sudden blow, and base this agreeable conviction on the good faith of a man who is what he now is solely because he has been able to dissemble and to deceive, to swear and to forswear. Strangest of all, we believe that if a French army should effect a landing, there is some unknown force in the population of this country which would overwhelm and absorb them; and that, while every other people in Europe has proved utterly unable to contend against military discipline, ours, the least warlike of any, will easily succeed where they have failed. The historic parallel seems tolerably close as regards the antecedents; let us hope, for the sake of this island and the cause of civilisation and liberty all over the world, that similar causes may not, in our time, result in a similar catastrophe.

"If disasters are destined for this country in its military and naval operations, they will, at least, not arrive without warning. The visitations of the last year have been absolutely ominous. As if to show us the futility of the resources on which we are relying, our ships have broken down, our stores have been con-

demned, our firearms have proved useless, and our soldiers are found incapacitated by their equipments from encountering half their number of naked savages. It would be hard to overlook such tokens of evil. If, with all our vaunted wealth and skill, we cannot send reinforcements to the Cape without miscarriages, or victual our vessels without peril of pestilence, what is to become of us in the face of such hostilities as men now living can well remember, and may see again?"—*Times*, Jan. 8 and 10, 1852.

It is a curious coincidence that the views here so ably and energetically put forth by the great organ of the moneyed and commercial interests, are precisely those which we have been constantly enforcing in this miscellany for many years past, and in an especial manner unfolded on *this day year*, February 1, 1851.* No one need be told with what ridicule these views were received by the whole Manchester school of politicians, and especially by the able journal which has now so powerfully advocated them.

If views of this kind are entertained by the influential bodies who now rule the State, and they are acted upon by an able and energetic Government, there is no cause for despondence as to the external dangers which, from the necessary consequences of our own acts, now menace the British Empire. If the powers which may join to assail us are now much stronger and more united than they were in the time of Napoleon, our resources have augmented in a similar proportion. We have the means of defence and security in our own hands, if we will only make use of them. But it is not by a suicidal

policy, and sacrificing everything to the foreigner, while he is contemplating the sacrificing us to himself, that this vital object is to be attained. Our whole dangers, external and internal, are of our own creation. But for the infatuation of our rulers and people, not one of them would have had any existence. But for the sacrifice of the national industry to the moneyed and manufacturing interests by our Monetary and Free Trade system, we might, five years ago, by merely keeping up the Sinking Fund as it stood at the battle of Waterloo, have paid off every shilling of our National Debt, and now reduced our taxation from fifty to twenty-five millions, and yet maintained an army of two hundred thousand men, and a fleet of fifty ships of the line and a hundred steamers, which would have enabled us to bid defiance to the hostility, by land and sea, of combined Europe. Instead of our Colonial Empire being on the verge of dissolution, from universal irritation at our Home Government, and the principal states of Europe in a state of suppressed hostility, from injuries that can never be forgiven, we might have had a flourishing and contented Colonial Empire, and steady friends in our old allies among the Continental states. Possibly it is too late to remedy the evils arising from the infatuated policy we have so long pursued at home and abroad; but this much is certain, that if anything can avert our dangers, it is the wisdom which can discern—the courage which can face them—and the magnanimity which can amend the errors from which they have arisen.

* See the "Dangers of the Country," *Blackwood's Magazine*, February 1, 1851.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXXXVII.

MARCH, 1852.

Vol. LXXI.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET;
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

A work professing to be the *Recollections of a Literary Life*, and that literary life Miss Mitford's, could not fail to attract us. The subject is one of the most interesting an author could select; for, in addition to whatever charm it may acquire from personal narrative, the recollections in which it deals are in themselves thoughts, in themselves literature. They must always have this twofold interest—whatever they gain from the reminiscence, and whatever they possess themselves of sterling value. The subject is excellent, and we are persuaded that Miss Mitford is capable of doing ample justice to it; all we have to regret here is that she has not thrown herself completely and unreservedly into her subject; she never seems, indeed, quite to have determined what should be the distinct scope and purpose of her work. This apparent indecision or hesitation on her part is, we suspect, the sole cause of any disappointment which some of its readers may possibly feel.

Our authoress has been unwilling to launch herself on the full stream or current of her own personal reminiscences and feelings, to write what would be, in fact, little else than an autobiography; she has shrunk back, afraid of the charge of being too personal, too egotistical. A delicacy and sensitiveness very natural; and yet the very nature of her subject required that she should brave this charge. It was not a mere selection of extracts and quotations, accompanied by a few critical remarks, which she intended to give us. If this had been her sole, original, and specific purpose, we venture to say that it would have been, in many respects, a very different series of extracts she would have brought together. Now, if Miss Mitford had boldly recalled her own intellectual history—giving us the favourite passages of her favourite authors, as they were still living in her memory and affections, (for of that which has *ceased* to be admired the faintest glance is sufficient)—she would have produced a far superior work to that which lies before us. Or if, discarding altogether her own personal history, she had merely gone into her library, and, pulling down from the shelves a certain number of

favourite authors, had selected from each what she most approved, accompanying her quotations with some critical and biographical notices, and arranging them in something like harmonious order, so that we should not be tossed too abruptly from one author to another of quite different age and character, she could not have failed, here also, of producing a work complete of its kind. In the first case, we should have had the unity and the interest of a continuous and personal narrative; in the second case, we should have had a higher order of selections and criticisms; the beauty of the quotation would have been the sole motive for inserting it; and her clear critical faculty would have been unbiassed by the amiable partialities of friendship.

As we cannot tell, however, with what anticipations the reader may open a book of this description, (which, in its premises, must be always more or less vague,) we are perhaps altogether wrong in supposing that he is likely to feel any disappointment whatever. There is much in it which cannot fail to interest him. But if he does experience to any degree this feeling of disappointment, it will be traceable to the simple fact we have been pointing out—the want of a settled plan or purpose in the work itself. No one knows better than Miss Mitford that, if a writer is not quite determined in the scope and object of his own book, he is pretty sure to leave a certain indistinct and unsatisfactory impression on his reader.

Having said thus much in the absence of a definite purpose, we ought to permit the authoress to explain herself upon this head. "The title of this book," she says in the preface, "gives a very imperfect idea of the contents. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a short phrase that would accurately describe a work so miscellaneous and so wayward; a work where there is far too much of personal gossip and of local scene-painting for the grave pretension of critical essays, and far too much of criticism and extract for anything approaching in the slightest degree to autobiography. The courteous reader must take it for what it is."

We hope to rank amongst "court-teous readers," and will "take it for what it is." *Recollections of a Literary Life* was a title which promised too much; but there was no help for it: a title the book must have, and we can easily understand that, under certain circumstances, the choice of a name may be a very difficult matter. Whatever name may best become it, the book is, without doubt, full of pleasant and agreeable reading. A better companion for the summer's afternoon we could not recommend. That "personal gossip" of which the preface speaks, is written in the most charming manner imaginable; and it will be impossible, we think, for any one, however familiar with our literature, not to meet, amongst the quotations, with some which he will sincerely thank the authoress for having brought before him.

Having thus discharged our critical conscience by insisting, perhaps with a more severe impartiality than the case demanded, on the one apparent defect in the very structure and design of this book, we have now only to retrace our steps through it, pausing where the matter prompts an observation, or where it affords an apt example of the kind of interest which pervades it. And first we must revert to that "personal gossip," to which we have a decided predilection, and in which Miss Mitford pre-eminently excels: in her hands it becomes an art. Here is something about "Woodcock Lane." She is about to introduce her old favourites, Beaumont and Fletcher, and carries us first to a certain pleasant retreat where she was accustomed to read these dramatists. "I pore over them," she says, "in the silence and solitude of a certain green lane, about half a mile from home; sometimes seated on the roots of an old fantastic beech, sometimes on the trunk of a felled oak, or sometimes on the ground itself, with my back propped lazily against a rugged elm."

"In that very lane," she continues, "am I writing on this sultry June day, luxuriating in the shade—the verdure, the fragrance of hay-field and bean-field, and the absence of all noise, except the song of birds, and that strange mingling of many sounds, the whirr of a thousand

forms of insect life, so often heard among the general hush of a summer noon. . .

"Occasional passengers there are, however, gentle and simple. My friend, Mr B., for instance, has just cantered past on his blood-horse, with a nod and a smile, saying nothing, but apparently a good deal amused with my arrangements. And here comes a procession of cows going to milking, with an old attendant, still called the 'cow-boy,' who, although they have seen me often enough, one should think, sitting underneath a tree writing, with my little maid close by hemming flounces, and my dog, Fanchon, nestled at my feet—still *will* start as if they had never seen a woman before in their lives. Back they start, and then they rush forward, and then the old drover emits certain sounds, which it is to be presumed the cows understand; sounds so horribly discordant that little Fanchon—although to her too they ought to be familiar, if not comprehensible—starts up in a fright on her feet, deranging all the economy of my extempore desk, and wellnigh upsetting the ink-stand. Very much frightened is my pretty pet, the arrantest coward that ever walked upon four legs! And so she avenges herself, as cowards are wont to do, by following the cows at safe distance, as soon as they are fairly past, and beginning to bark amain when they are nearly out of sight. Then follows a motley group of the same nature—colts, yearlings, calves, heifers, with a shouting boy, and his poor shabby mongrel cur, for driver. The poor cur wants to play with Fanchon, but Fanchon, besides being a coward, is also a beauty, and holds her state; although I think, if he could but stay long enough, that the good-humour of the poor merry creature would prove infectious, and beguile the little lady into a game of romps. Lastly appears the most solemn troop of all, a grave company of geese and goslings, with the gander at their head, marching with the decorum and dignity proper to the birds who saved Rome. Fanchon, who once had an affair with a gander, in which she was notably worsted, retreats out of sight, and ensconces herself between me and the tree.

"Such are our passers-by. Sometimes we have what I was about to call settled inhabitants, in the shape of a camp of gipsies."

After describing this camp of gipsies, and how the men carry on a sort of "trade in forest ponies," and how the women make and sell baskets "at about double the price at which they

might be bought at the dearest shop in the good town of Belford Regis," she proceeds to tell us how, notwithstanding her perfect knowledge of this fact, she is induced to become a purchaser.

"Last Saturday I happened to be sitting on a fallen tree somewhat weary, my little damsel working as usual at the other end, and Fanchon balancing himself on the trunk between us; the curls of her brown coat—she is entirely brown—turning into gold as the sunshine played upon them through the leaves.

"In this manner were we disposed, when a gipsy, with a pair of light baskets in her hand, came and offered them for sale. She was a middle-aged woman, who, in spite of her wandering life—perhaps because of that hardy out-of-door life—had retained much of her early beauty: the flashing eyes, the pearly teeth, the ruddy cheeks, the fine erect figure. It happened that, not wanting them, my companion had rejected these identical baskets when brought to our door in the morning. She told me so, and I quietly declined them. My friend the gipsy apparently gave the matter up, and, claiming me as an old acquaintance, began to inquire after my health, and fell into the pleasantest strain of conversation possible; spoke of my father, who, she said, had been kind to her and to her tribe, (no doubt she said truly; he was kind to everybody, and had a liking for the wandering race,) spoke of her children at the gipsy school in Dorsetshire; of the excellent Mr Crabbe, the friend of her people, at Southampton; then she began stroking Fanchon, (who actually, to my astonishment, permitted the liberty; in general she suffers no one to touch her that is not gentleman or lady;) Fanchon she stroked, and of Flush, the dear old dog, now lying buried under the rose-tree, she talked; then, to leave no one unpropitiated, she threw out a word of pleasant augury, a sort of gratuitous fortune-telling, to the hemmer of flounces; then she attacked me again with old recollections, trusting, with singular knowledge of human nature, to the power of the future upon the young, and of the past upon the old—to me she spoke of happy memories, to my companion of happiness to come; and so—how could I help it!—I bought the baskets."

After this little excursion into Woodcock Lane, we are introduced to Messrs Beaumont and Fletcher. The quotations from these authors we should have no object in repro-

ducing here. One thing we cannot help noticing. Both on this and on some other occasions we are struck by an omission, by a silence. Though she may think fit to represent these dramatists as her favourite companions, we are morally certain that it was a far greater than either of them who was generally her delight and her study in that shady solitude. Could we have looked over the page as she sat there leaning so amiably against that "rugged elm," we are sure that it would have been Shakspeare that we should have found in her hands. But why no word of Shakspeare? We think we can conjecture the cause of this omission; and, if our surmise is correct, we quite sympathise with the feeling that led to it. Miss Mitford is a sincere and ardent admirer of Shakspeare; she must be so—in common with every intelligent person who reads poetry at all. But Miss Mitford likes to keep her senses; has a shrewd, quiet intelligence; has little love for what is vague or violent in criticism any more than in poetry; and she has felt that the extravagant, rhodomontade style of panegyric now prevalent upon our greatest of poets, reduced her to silence. She could not out-Herod Herod; she could not outbid these violent declaimers who speak of Shakspeare as if he were a god, who admire all they read which bears his name—the helter-skelter entangled confusion and obscurity, the wretched conceit, the occasional bombast—admire all, and thereby prove they have no right to any admiration whatever. She was, therefore, like many others who love and reverence him most, reduced to silence. Some years hence a sensible word may be written of Shakspeare. At present, he who would praise with discrimination must apparently place himself in the rank of his detractors.

Miss Mitford's critical taste leads her to an especial preference of what is distinct and intelligible in all the departments of literature. To some it may appear that she is more capable of doing justice to poetry of the secondary than of the higher and more spiritual order. However that may be, we, for our own part, congratulated ourselves on an escape from

that vague and mystical criticism which is so prevalent in our day. There are two words which a certain class of writers never pronounce without going off into frenzy or delirious raving. "Shakspeare" is one of these words; the "Infinite" is the other. They have made the discovery that this poet or that painter talks or paints the "infinite." They find in every obscurity of thought, in every violence of passion, the "infinite." There is no such thing as "sound and fury signifying nothing." They always signify the "infinite." If there is the "infinite" in criticism, they certainly have reached it. In Goldsmith's time, it was "Shakspeare and the musical glasses;" it is now "Shakspeare and the Infinite." We suspect that the musical glasses were more amusing, and are sure that they had quite as much meaning.

We go back to Woodcock Lane. We rather cruelly abridged our last extract, on purpose that we might have space for one other of the same description. We make no apology for clinging to this "personal gossip." Very few of the poetical quotations throughout the work have more of beauty and of pathos than the concluding paragraph of the next extract we shall give. *Appropos* of Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, she makes us participants in her country rambles; and *appropos* of these she introduces us to an old friend, a walking-stick—"pretty nearly as well known as ourselves in our Berkshire village." Some sixty years ago it was "a stick of quality," having belonged to a certain Duchess-Dowager of Atholl; but the circumstance that her own mother had taken to using it, during her latter days, had especially endeared it to her.

"And then," as she observes with finest tact, "everybody knows how the merest trifles which have formed part of the daily life of the loved and lost, especially those things which they have touched, are cherished, and cared for, and put aside; how we dare not look upon them for very love; and how, by some accident that nobody can explain, they come to light in the course of time, and after a momentary increase of sadness, help to familiarise and render pleasant the memory by which they are endeared."

This is very beautifully expressed,

and it is the tone of right sentiment; truthful, natural, the unaffected sadness that tempers into a sweet and pleasant memory.

"So the stick," she continues, "re-appeared in the hall, and, from some whim which I have never rightly understood myself, I, who had no more need of such a supporter than the youngest woman in the parish—who was, indeed, the best walker of my years for a dozen miles round, and piqued myself not a little upon so being—took a fancy to use this stick in my own proper person, and most pertinaciously carried this fancy into execution. Much was I laughed at for this crotchet, and I laughed too. Friends questioned, strangers stared; but, impassive to stare or to question, I remained constant to my supporter. Except when I went to London, (for I paid so much homage to public opinion as to avoid such a display *there*;) I should as soon have thought of walking out without my bonnet as without my stick. That stick was my inseparable companion."

The staff had met with its share of misadventures and accidents; "one misfortune, so to say personal, which befel it, was the loss of its own head;" but its loss from the pony-chaise, its fall from the chaise into a brook which had been passed through the day before, is the especial calamity here celebrated. By this time we learn with regret that the stick has become more than a whim—has grown into a useful and necessary friend:—

"I might have observed that something was amiss in our small household; that Sarah answered the bell, and that the hemmer of flounces, when she did appear, seemed flurried and fatigued. But I was thinking of Sir Philip Sydney, of the *Defence of Poetry*, of the *Arcadia*, and of my own resolution to proceed to the green lane, and to dissect that famous pastoral, and select from the mass, which even to myself I hardly confessed to be ponderous, such pages as might suit an age that by no means partakes of my taste for folios. So I said to her, 'That the afternoon being cool, and I less lame than usual, I thought we should not need Sam and the pony-chaise, but that I could manage by the help of my stick.'

"At that word out burst the terrible tidings. My stick, my poor old stick, my life-long friend, the faithful companion of so many walks, was missing, was gone, was lost! Last night, on our return from the lane, the place in the pony-chaise where Sam and I had

fully deposited it was found vacant. Already hue and cry had everywhere been made. 'And really, ma'am,' quoth she, 'there is some comfort in the interest people take in the stick. If it were anything alive, the pony or Fanchon, or little Henry, or we ourselves, they could not be more sorry. Master Brent, ma'am, at the top of the street, he promises to speak to everybody; so does William Wheeler, who goes everywhere; and Mrs Bromley at the shop; and the carrier; and the postman. I dare say the whole parish knows it by this time! I have not been outside the gate to-day, but a dozen people have asked me if we had heard of our stick. It must turn up soon. If one had but the slightest notion where it was lost!'

"Well! we at last sate down on our old turf seats, not far from the entrance of a field, where an accident (in the wheat-carrying, which was then in full activity) had evidently taken place; a loaded waggon must have knocked against the gate, and spilt some of its topmost sheaves. The sheaves were taken away, but the place was strewn with relics of the upset, and a little harvest of the long yellow straw and the rich brown ears remained to tempt the gleaners. As we were talking over this misfortune, and our own, and I was detailing my reasons for believing that my poor stick had found a watery grave, we became aware of two little girls, who stole timidly and quietly up to the place, and began gladly and thankfully to pick up the scattered corn.

"Poor little things, we knew them well! We had known their father died of consumption scarcely a month ago; and affecting it was to see these poor children, delicate girls of seven and five years old, already at work to help their widowed mother, and rejoicing over the discovery of these few ears of fallen wheat, as if it were the gold mines of California. A drove of pigs was looming in the distance; and my little damsel flung down her work, and sprang up at once to help the poor children. She has a taste for helping people, has my little maid, and puts her whole heart and soul into such kindnesses. It was worth something to see how she pounced upon every straggling straw, clearing away all round the outside, and leaving the space within for the little girls. The ground was cleared before the drove came near.

"Pleasant it was to see her zealous activity, and the joy and surprise of the little creatures, who, weak, timid, and lonely, had till then only collected about a dozen ears, when they found themselves

loaded with more than they could carry. Their faded frocks were by her contrivance pinned up about them, filled with the golden wheat-ears, and the children went home happy. Many a rich mother might be proud of the two gleaners that we have seen this afternoon. They so pleased and so thankful to carry their poor store to that poor home; they carried thither better things than wheat."

But for the fate of the stick, and how it was found, and what was done that day with Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, we must refer the reader to the book itself. We must now proceed to take some general survey of the far larger portion of the work, which consists of extracts, with some biographical and critical notices.

The series of quotations does not open very auspiciously: we are presented with some Irish ballads of Mr Thomas Davis, which we do not think will excite in many readers the same amount of admiration they appear to have done in Miss Mitford. We must prefer the song she has given, as by Mr Banim, the author of the *Tales of the O'Hara Family*. It is simple and graceful:—

"'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame;
Though Fortune may her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Aileen;
And I may win a name.

"And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame—
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Aileen;
And bless another name.

"Oh! when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care!
Oh! when the gold is sought and won,
I know a brow will wear,
Aileen;
I know a brow will wear.

"And when with both returned again,
My native land I see,
I know a smile will meet me then,
And a hand will welcome me,
Aileen;
And a hand will welcome me."

There is a brief notice of another writer, a countryman of Mr Banim's, which is very touching. Gerald Griffin seems to have sounded every note of that gay and sad and mournful destiny which the young poet has to endure, who, with a proud, aspiring, sensitive nature, fronts the

terrible commonplace of human life—who out of dreams and imagery and sentiment has to coin the means of subsistence. We see him starting from some place near Limerick, with his pocket full of plays. Alas! we see him labouring in London, almost friendless and alone, at mere literary toils, some hopeless love added to his other despondencies, till, broken down in health and courage, and despairing of success, he quits the field, and "joins the Society of Christian Brethren at Cork." No need to go back to the middle ages for romance, if the romance of life consists in suffering and the alternation of hope and despondency, or of hopes transplanted from this world to the next. The soldier and the monastery; the dramatic poet and the "Christian Brethren at Cork"—there is the same tale in both.

We have another contemporary instance brought before us, where the poetic fervour or ambition led to a far sadder retreat than this Society, whatever it may be, of Christian Brethren. John Clare, while following the plough, had looked on nature with the eye of a poet. Pity that he could not have written his poetry, and still clung to his plough. But he left the fields for life in cities, and, instead of singing for the song's sake, commenced singing for the support of wife and family. Hence came madness—in this instance, that actual insanity which the physician can catalogue and describe.

It is worth noticing that his first patron, Lord Exeter, had really entertained the design of so assisting the rustic poet that he should be able to unite his favourite pursuit with his early, healthy, invigorating occupations of husbandry. Surely there is nothing incompatible between them. "Lord Exeter," we are told, "sent for him to Burlleigh, and hearing that he earned thirty pounds per annum by field-labour, settled an annuity of fifteen pounds upon him, with a view to his devoting half his time to agricultural pursuits, and half to literary pursuits." We like this idea of his noble patron; it bespeaks, we think, a very reflective as well as a generous mind. But there were patrons of a very different stamp, or rather, ac-

cording to the account we have here, a number of officious, vulgar admirers of poor John Clare, who rendered the design abortive; who had nothing to offer to the village poet, but who disturbed his quiet, intelligent, safe, unostentatious, and healthy existence, by their absurd and idle curiosity. He was called away from his fields—to be looked at! "He was frequently interrupted, as often as three times a-day, during his labours in the harvest-field, to gratify the curiosity of admiring visitors." We cannot blame poor John Clare for leaving his labours in the harvest-field; it has always been the weakness of the poet to love praise too much; without this weakness he would hardly have been a poet, at least he would have been a very careless one; but we think those "admiring visitors" showed their taste and their love of poetry in a most extraordinary manner. Whatever else they felt, they felt no respect for the dignity of the man. They ought to have understood that visits of such a kind, for such an idle purpose, whatever flattering shape they may have assumed, were insults.

Miss Mitford terminates the painful history by the following singular account:—

"A few years ago he was visited by a friend of mine, who gave me a most interesting account of the then state of his intellect. His delusions were at that time very singular in their character: whatever he read, whatever recurred to him from his former reading, or happened to be mentioned in conversation, became impressed on his mind as a thing that he had witnessed and acted in. My friend was struck with a narrative of the execution of Charles the First, recounted by Clare as a transaction that had occurred yesterday, and of which he was an eye-witness—a narrative the most graphic and minute, with an accuracy as to costume and manners far exceeding what would probably have been at his command if sane. It is such a lucidity as the disciples of Mesmer claim for clairvoyance. Or he would relate the battle of the Nile and the death of Lord Nelson with the same perfect keeping, especially as to seamanship, fancying himself one of the sailors who had been in the action, and dealing out nautical phrases with admirable exactness and accuracy, although it is doubtful if he ever saw the sea in his life."

As might have been expected, and is both graceful and natural, the poets of her own sex occupy a considerable space in Miss Mitford's selections. In some cases the names were new to us, but the extracts given made us feel that they ought not to have been so. An Englishman may be very proud, we think, when he reflects how many highly cultivated minds there are amongst his countrywomen, minds so gentle and so intelligent, whose cultivation goes hand in hand with the truest refinement of character. Here in one chapter we have four names strung together, most of which, we suspect, will be new to the majority of readers—"Mrs Clive, Mrs Acton Tindal, Miss Day, Mrs Robert Dering"—yet the extracts in this chapter will bear comparison with those of any other part of the work. A little poem called "The Infant Bridal," is, as Miss Mitford describes it to be, one of the most perfect paintings we ever read. Its subject is the marriage of Richard Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., with Anne Mowbray, Duchess of Norfolk. The bridegroom was not five years old, and the bride scarcely three. The procession, where, at the head of "belted barons" and courtly dames,

"Two blooming children led the way
With short and doubtful tread ;"

the ceremony, where the venerable prelate gives his blessing to this infant bride and bridegroom, and

"Their steady gaze these children meek
Upon the old man bent,
As earnestly they seemed to seek
The solemn words intent."

Every part of the narrative is so charmingly told that we cannot consent to mar the effect by any broken quotation. It is too long to be extracted entirely.

From the poem which follows, of Miss Day's, it will be easier to break off a fragment.

"I have now to introduce," says Miss Mitford, "another fair artist into the female gallery of which I am so proud ; an artist whose works seem to me to bear the same relation to sculpture that those of Mrs Acton Tindal do to painting. The poetry of Miss Day is statuesque in its dignity, in its purity, in its repose.

Purity is perhaps the distinguishing quality of this fine writer, pervading the conception, the thoughts, and the diction. But she must speak for herself. As 'The Infant Bridal' might form a sketch for an historical picture, so 'Charlotte Corday' is a model, standing ready to be chiselled in Parian stone."

"Stately and beautiful and chaste,
Forth went the dauntless maid,
Her blood to yield, her youth to waste,
That carnage might be stayed.
This solemn purpose filled her soul,
There was no room for fear ;
She heard the cry of vengeance roll
Prophetic on her ear.

"She thought to stem the course of crime
By one appalling deed ;
She knew to perish in her prime
Alone would be her meed.
No tremor shook her woman's breast,
No terror blanched her brow ;
She spoke, she smiled, she took her rest,
And hidden held her vow.

"She mused upon her country's wrong,
Upon the tyrant's guilt ;
Her settled purpose grew more strong
As blood was freshly spilt.
What though the fair, smooth hand were
slight !
It grasped the sharpened steel ;
A triumph flashed before her sight—
The death that it should deal.

"She sought her victim in his den—
The tiger in his lair ;
And though she found him feeble then,
There was no thought to spare.
Fast through his dying, guilty heart,
That pity yet withstood,
She made her gleaming weapon dart,
And stained her soul with blood."

In another chapter of her work Miss Mitford gives us a slight biographical sketch of one who needs no introduction here or elsewhere—of the now celebrated Mrs Browning. The sketch is very interesting, but the extract given from her poems is not very happily selected. Miss Mitford does not seem to have ventured to trust herself among the more daring beauties—the bolder and more spiritual flights of her friend Mrs Browning. Her taste clings, as we have said, to what is distinct and definite. Of this we have rather an amusing instance in the criticism she passes on Shelley's *Alastor*. There is good sense and some truth in the criticism, and yet it is not all that ought to have been said of such a poem:—

"The first time," she says, "I ever met with any of his works, this vagueness brought me into a ludicrous dilemma. It was in the great library of Tavistock House that Mr Perry one morning put into my hand a splendidly printed and splendidly bound volume, (*Alastor*, as I think,) and desired me to read it, and give him my opinion. 'You will at least know,' he said, 'whether it be worth anybody else's reading.'

"Accordingly I took up the magnificent presentation copy, and read conscientiously till visitors came in. I had no marker, and the richly-bound volume closed as if instinctively; so that when I resumed my task, on the departure of the company, not being able to find my place, I was obliged to begin the book at the first line. More visitors came and went, and still the same calamity befell me; again, and again, and again I had to search in vain amongst a succession of melodious lines, as like each other as the waves of the sea, for buoy or landmark, and had always to put back to shore and begin my voyage anew. I do not remember having been ever in my life more ashamed of my own stupidity, than when obliged to say to Mr Perry, in answer to his questions as to the result of my morning's studies, that doubtless it was a very fine poem—only, that I never could tell, when I took up the book, where I had left off half an hour before—an unintended criticism, which, as characteristic both of author and reader, very much amused my kind and clever host."

Now, if, instead of the magnificent presentation copy, read in the great library of Tavistock House, where visitors were coming in and going out, Miss Mitford had taken a little homely manageable volume down Woodcock Lane, and there read *Alastor*, undisturbed, beneath the shadow of the trees, she must, we think, have had to record a very different impression of the poem. She would have needed no "marker." Perhaps there would have lived in her memory an hour of intellectual pleasure as great as any that the page of the poet had ever procured for her. Though not the highest effort of Shelley's genius, *Alastor* is probably the most pleasing. There is no tortuosity of thought to pardon or to forget; it is one unbroken interwoven strain of music, of imagery, of sentiment. Those who have defined poetry as the luxury of thought, could nowhere

find a better example to illustrate their meaning—it is all music, imagination, feeling. Oh, when the summer months come round, let us entreat Miss Mitford to try it in *Woodcock Lane*! How could she trust to anything she had read out of a magnificent presentation copy, in the great library at Tavistock House?

The quotation from Keats is very skilfully selected; it must please the most fastidious taste, and is yet sufficiently peculiar to suggest that no one but Keats could have written it. From the writings of W. S. Landor she might have gathered much better, and without devoting to them any larger space than she has done. If she had turned to the miscellaneous poems which conclude his collected works, she might have extracted two or three of the most polished and perfect lyrics in our language, and which have the precise qualification, in this case so indispensable, of being very brief.

Mr Landor, by the way, will be much amused to find himself praised—for what will our readers think?—for modesty! "I prefer," says Miss Mitford, "to select from the Hellenics, that charming volume, because very few have given such present life to classical subjects. *I begin with the preface, so full of grace and modesty.*"

In the lady's mind, grace and modesty are no doubt inseparable companions; and, finding abundance of the one in Mr Landor's style, she concluded that the other must be there also. Of *that other* there is not an atom in all his writings, and there never was intended to be. It is a maidenly quality which he never had the remotest design of laying claim to. The very preface which she quotes is a piece of undisguised sarcasm. We doubt if there is much grace in it, certainly there is no modesty. Here is the commencement of this modest preface. "It is hardly to be expected that ladies and gentlemen will leave on a sudden their daily promenade, skirted by Turks, and shepherds, and knights, and plumes, and palfreys of the finest Tunbridge manufacture, to look at these rude frescoes, delineated on an old wall, high up, and sadly weak in colouring. *As in duty bound, we can wait.*"

If Miss Mitford should ever read this preface again, she will pass her hand over her brow, a little puzzled where it was she saw the "modesty." She will appeal to Fanchon, who will be sitting in her lap, looking very intently over the page, and ask him what he thinks of the matter. Fanchon will laugh out obstreperously, will bark delighted, at the amiable blunder of his mistress.

We remarked that we had been occasionally struck with an omission, or a silence. It seems to us a characteristic circumstance that we hear no mention made of Lord Byron. Wordsworth and Southey, Coleridge and Shelley, get some space allotted to them, larger or smaller; but he who occupied so conspicuous a position among these very contemporaries has none whatever. It is not because he still holds a very high rank amongst our poets—though by no means the same eminence that was once assigned to him—that we notice this omission; but because his writings had so strong and peculiar an influence on most minds open to the influence of poetry, that we naturally expect to meet with his name in the literary recollections of one who, we may venture to say without any ungallant reference to chronology, must have lived in that period when Lord Byron was in the ascendant. There are few persons who, in acknowledging the happy influence of Wordsworth's poetry, would not have to commence their confession by some account of the very opposite influence of Lord Byron's. We should have said that the Byronic fever was a malady which hardly any of our contemporaries, who are liable to catch a fever of any kind from books, had entirely escaped. Miss Mitford, however, hints at no such calamity. Her excellent constitution seems to have preserved her from it. She bore a charm against all such plagues, in her clear sense and cheerful temper. She was thereby preserved from some very absurd misery—very absurd, but most indisputable misery; and she also lost some experience of a not unprofitable nature—certain lessons of wisdom which, being *burnt into one*, are never afterwards to be obliterated from the mind.

If the subject were but one shade more attractive, or less repulsive than it is, we would, for the benefit of such exempted persons as Miss Mitford, describe the course and the symptoms of this Byronic fever. We would describe how, some luckless day, the youth who ought to be busy with his Greek or his Euclid plays truant over the poetry of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*; how it makes him brimful of unaccountable misery; how, as is most natural, he reads on the faster—reads on insatiate and insensate.

But what tossings and throbbings and anguish the patient endures we have no wish to depict. The one thing worth noticing is this, that although the sufferer is perfectly convinced that the whole world is, or ought to be, as wretched as himself, he has not, in all his compositions, one jot of compassion left—not one jot for any species of misery, not even that which resembles and re-echoes his own. Some calamities are said to teach us sympathy with the calamities of others—so sings Virgil, we remember—but this misery has the property of hardening the heart against any human sympathy whatever. One of these imaginary misanthropes cannot even tolerate the lamentations of another. You may listen to his outcries and denunciations if you will, but if, in your turn, you wish to bellow ever so little, you must go into the next field—go many fields off. Very curious is the hardness of heart bred out of a morbid passion of meditative discontent. Why does he *live*? why does he continue his miserable existence? is the only reflection which the sufferings of another man excite in our moody philosopher. For every lamenting wretch he has daggers, bowels of poison—no pity. If mankind could commit one simultaneous, universal act of suicide, it would be a most sublime deed—perhaps the only real act of wisdom and sublimity mankind has it in its power to perform.

Well, this absurd and horrible, this very ridiculous and most afflictive of morbid conditions, our clear-minded authoress never seems to have passed through. She never gave the beggar a shilling, uttering some advice to buy a rope withal. If the money

were spent in that way, and more were wanted, he should have *two*. She never lent her friend a brace of pistols by way of consolation for his losses. Or, since ladies, even when misanthropically disposed, have seldom anything to do with pistols, she never wove or platted for him a silken bow-string, and sent it in a perfumed envelope, with compliments and instructions how to use it. All this chapter of mental history has been a sealed book to her. We, for our parts, have no desire to open or to read further in it.

The happiest step made by those whose temper and mode of thinking were likely to be formed by practical literature, was when they deserted Byron for Wordsworth, the *Child Harold* for the *Excursion*. If we were to indulge in "Recollections" of our own, we should have much to say—and to say with pleasure—of this second epoch, this Wordsworthian era. A very beautiful *Flora* appeared upon the earth during this period. Life smiled again; nature and humanity were no longer divorced; one might love the solitude and beauty of hill and valley, lake and river, without hating man, or breathing any other sentiment than that of gratitude to Him who gave this life, who gave this nature.

Wordsworth was peculiarly fitted to be the successor of Byron. He had himself shared in the dark and desponding spirit of the age just so much as enabled him to understand and portray it, to assail or to alleviate. He had scanned the abyss looking down from the precipice, but his feet were well planted on the jutting rock. He threw his vision down; he stood firm himself. He drew many an inspiration from the dark gulf below; but nothing betrays that he had ever plunged into the abyss. His poetry will at all times have a genial influence, but it can never again exert the same power, or, as a consequence, excite the same enthusiastic plaudits, which it did amongst the generation who have now advanced to manhood. It then fell upon the ear of the tired pupil of doubt and discontent. It had a healing power; it was sweet music, and it was more—it was a charm that allayed a troubled spirit.

Why should any poet, it may be asked, capable of moving the human heart, exert so much more power at one period than another? He has but his book to conjure with; his book is still, and always, with us. The answer is very simple, and yet may be worth recalling to mind. The book is with us, but it is only when it first comes forth that we are all reading it *at once*. When numbers are reading this same book at the same time, the poet shares in the advantages of the orator: he addresses an audience who kindle each other's passions, each one of whom contributes something to the enthusiasm of the multitude, and receives back in his bosom the gathering enthusiasm of the crowd. When novelty, or any other circumstance, directs all eyes to the same page, that page is no longer read with the same calmness, the same perspicuity and judgment, that we bring to any other composition. The enthusiasm of friends, of neighbours, of the whole country, is added to our own. And thus the genuine poet may descend somewhat in public estimation, and yet retain a lasting claim upon our admiration. It was one thing to read him when all the world were reading too, talking of him, and applauding him; and quite another when the solitary student takes down his book from the shelf and reads it in its turn, and reads it separately—he and the author alone together.

One advantage of works of the description we are now reviewing, is that they bring together popular specimens of the poetry of very different ages. Miss Mitford gives us a few from Cowley, and still earlier writers. The impression they made upon us led to some trains of thought upon the manifest progress of taste, which we have not space here to pursue, and which would be wearisome on the present occasion, if we were to attempt to follow them out. But we cannot help observing that even quite secondary writers are daily producing amongst us far better verses, in every respect, than many of those which have acquired, and seem still to retain, a high traditional celebrity. We are not altogether blind, we think, to the literary foibles

of our own age, although we cannot, of course, hope to appreciate them as clearly as those who come after us will do. We suspect that the poets of our own day are exposed to the charge of vagueness, of being what is sometimes called mystical, of verging too closely, in their subtilty and spiritual refinement, upon the land of no-meaning; but this is "a better bad habit" than that very mechanical manner of verse-making, so obvious in many of those specimens which are handed down to us in our "Speakers," and "Elegant Extracts," as choice selections from the old standard poetry of England. The least possible quantity of thought seems to have sufficed for their manufacture; one image suggests another, either by resemblance or contrast; and thus the writer goes on, contriving new verses, with never a new thought. If a pleasing image is introduced, it is spoilt by the incessant *variations* that are forthwith composed upon the same theme; if a fine expression is struck out, it is marred the next moment by the mechanical changes that are rung upon it. Here is a noble line of Cowley's:—

"Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!"

But you must read it alone: the next line ruins it—

"Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!"

Hail, ye plebeian underwood!"

Having written the word "patrician," it followed, as a rule, that he must look about for something to be called "plebeian!"

Miss Mitford has placed amongst her extracts the song by Richard Lovelace, supposed to be written when in prison, in which the well-known lines occur:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

The mind being free, there is true liberty. A very excellent theme for the poet. In the first verse, speaking of his "divine Althæa," he says,

"When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered with her eye,
The birds, that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty."

This is pretty; but unfortunately the birds in the air suggest the fishes in the sea. So the next verse concludes thus:—

"When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
*Fishes, that tipples in the deep,
Know no such liberty.*"

We meet here also with that poem attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, called "The Lie," which seems to have a hereditary right to a place in all poetical collections. Miss Mitford speaks of "its extraordinary beauty." It is a very extraordinary delusion that any one, with such poetry before him as the English language now possesses, should call it beautiful. It is composed of the mere commonplaces of satire, very rudely put together. The soul of the speaker is sent forth to charge all the world with corruption; the world defends itself, and then the soul gives it the lie—in other words, repeats the charge in a manner which has been felt, it seems, by many readers, to be peculiarly pungent. The first verse is by far the best, and every subsequent verse seems to grow more loose and jejune as the composition proceeds.

"Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie."

"Go tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go tell the church it shows
Men's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie."

And so it goes on through thirteen wrangling, jangling verses. In some of them this virtuous soul makes a strange medley of complaints:—

"Tell them that brave it most
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Lack nothing but commanding:
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie."

"Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie."

There must have been surely a great charm in this "giving the lie,"

to have secured for verses such as these the place they have so long retained amongst our "Elegant Extracts."

But we are in danger of forgetting that Miss Mitford's selections consist of prose as well as of poetry; and yet, though these occupy a large space in her volumes, they cannot detain us long. We have little room either for quotation or for comment.

There is, however, one extract from this portion of the work, which we have all along promised ourselves the pleasure of giving to our readers. When we saw the name of Richardson, the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, heading one of the chapters, our only impulse was to hurry on as fast as possible. We have no other association with his name but that of a mortal weariness, the result of a conscientious but fruitless effort to read his novels. We laboured conscientiously, and might have been labouring to this hour, if a kind friend had not relieved us from our self-imposed task, by his solemn assurance "that no living man had read them!" It was a feat that had not been accomplished for years. When, therefore, we saw the name of Samuel Richardson at the head of a chapter, we ran for it—we *skipped*; but, in turning over the pages, the name of Klopstock caught our eye, and we found ourselves reading some letters of the wife of the poet Klopstock which had been addressed to Richardson. They are the most charming of letters. The foreigner's imperfect English could not be replaced with advantage by the most classical elegance. One of these, we resolved, should lend its interest to our own critical notice. Here it is—

"Hamburg, May 6, 1758.

"It is not possible, sir, to tell you what a joy your letters give me. My heart is very able to esteem the favour, that you in your venerable age are so condescending good to answer so soon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendship, though at so many miles of distance.

"It will be a delightful occupation for me, my dear Mr Richardson, to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which

is not yet published; being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin always by fragments here and there of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that two people, who love as we do, have no need of two chambers. We are always in the same. I, with my little work, still, still, only regarding my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time! with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject—my husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticisms. Ten books are published, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will, as soon as I can, translate you the arguments of these ten books, and what besides I think of them. The verses of the poem are without rhymes, and are hexameters, which sort of verses my husband has been the first to introduce in our language; we being still closely attached to the rhymes and the iambics.

"And our dear Dr Young has been so ill! But he is better, I thank God, along with you. And you, my dear, dear friend, have not hope of cure of a severe nervous malady? How I trembled as I read it! I pray God to give to you, at the least, patience and alleviation. Though I can read very well your handwriting, you shall write no more, if it is incommodious to you. Be so good to dictate only to Mrs Patty; it will be very agreeable for me to have so amiable a correspondent. And then I will still more than now preserve the two of your own handwriting as treasures.

"I am very glad, sir, that you will take my English as it is. I knew very well that it may not always be English, but I thought for you it was intelligible. My husband asked me, as I was writing my first letter, if I would not write in French? 'No,' said I, 'I will not write in this pretty but *fade* language to Mr Richardson.'

"I wish, sir, I could fulfil your request of bringing you acquainted with so many good people as you think of. Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have, however, much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. *He* is good, really good—good at the bottom—in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think, if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For it may be that an action displeases us, which would please us if we knew its true aim and whole extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did. They

have married as people marry, and they are happy as people are happy.

"How long a letter is this again! But I can write no short ones to you. Compliments from my husband," &c., &c.

There are several of these letters, and all distinguished by the same tenderness and charming simplicity; and the sad fate and early death of the writer of them are brought home to us very touchingly.

We have shown enough to justify our opinion, that every reader, whatever his peculiar taste may be, will find something to interest him in these volumes; and if, we repeat, he feels the least degree of disappointment, it will only be because he compares them with that imaginary work which he believes Miss Mitford *might* have written.

STRUGGLES FOR FAME AND FORTUNE.

PART III.

CHAPTER X.

I SAW nothing of Catsbach for a whole week, but continued my study of Hamlet, in perfect reliance that the so long wished-for opportunity was at hand. Miss Claribel also was very constant at our rehearsals. My mother's delight and admiration of us both knew no bounds; but though she still wept at Ophelia, it was evident that the philosophic Dane was her favourite. In gratitude for my exertions to revenge my father's death, she forgave any little demonstration of rudeness I made towards the Queen; and indeed was always greatly rejoiced when I shook the cushion out of the arm-chair in the energy of my expostulation with that ancient piece of furniture, which generally did duty for the wicked Gertrude. In fact, nothing could go off better than the whole play; and boxes, pit, and gallery, all represented by one enraptured spectator, were unanimous in their applause. There was one of the performers, however, who did not seem to share in the enthusiasm. Miss Claribel appeared discontented with the effects of her finest points, and began to hint her doubts as to our ultimate success. "The words are perfect in both of us," she said, "the actions appropriate, and all Hamlet's own instructions to the players scrupulously obeyed"—

"Well," I interrupted, "what is there to fear? You see how our audience here is affected."

"It is that very thing that gives me uneasiness. Nature on the stage

is quite different from nature off it. Whether it ought to be so or not, I don't know; but it is so, and that is enough. We give the passion of these characters as they affect ourselves, but a real actor must give them as they affect others. We ought to study the perspective of grief or rage, and give it so as to be seen in the true light, not where Mrs de Bohun is sitting on that sofa, but where crowds are seated at the farther end of a theatre; and therefore the great and almost insurmountable difficulty of a tragedian is to keep such a proportion in his performance as not to appear absurdly exaggerated to people close at hand, or ridiculously tame to the more distant spectators."

"You would, then, act by an inspiration from without, and not from the divine fire within?" I answered, with a tone of indignation.

"No, no," she said; "keep all the fire you can; only let it be seen and felt by all the audience. But if you trust on each representation to the fiery impulse of the moment, you will sometimes find it glow too much, and sometimes it will probably be hidden in smoke. The genius feels the passion and grandeur of a great Shaksperian creation, perhaps as entirely as Shakspeare himself, but it is only the artist who can place it before others. A poet could see the Venus of Canova in a block of marble, but it was the hammer and chisel of the sculptor which gave it its immortal form. I feel with regard

to this very Ophelia that I know every phase of her character; that I can identify myself with her disappointments and sorrows; but the chances are, after the identity is established, that I end by making Ophelia into Miss Claribel, and not Miss Claribel into Ophelia."

"No, for you speak Shakspeare's language in Ophelia's situation, and with Ophelia's feelings."

"But with Miss Claribel's lips, and shakings of the voice, and tears in the eyes, which arise from the depths of Miss Claribel's nature; and, in fact, I now feel convinced that, in order to succeed on the stage, a flexibility of character that enables one to enter into the minutest sentiments of the personage of the drama, is by no means required, but only such a general conception of the character as preserves the Shaksperian heroine from the individualities of her representative; and gives to an intelligent pit, the spectacle not of a real, living, breathing woman, born of father and mother, but of a being of a more ethereal nature—human, yet not substantial—divine, yet full of weakness—the creation of a splendid imagination, and not the growth of mortal years, or supported by 'human nature's daily food.'"

My mother went on with her knitting in a most hurried and persevering manner—a habit she indulged in whenever she was puzzled. I might have followed her example if I had had the knitting needles in my hand, for I did not see the drift of these perplexing observations. Miss Claribel saw our bewilderment, and translated her dark passages into ordinary prose by saying that her oration had been a lecture against mannerism, or the display of the individualities of an actor instead of a clear development of the character represented. "It was also a theory," she added with a smile, "that mannerism often arises from a too close appropriation of a character, which makes a performer assimilate it with his own."

"From all which I conclude," I said, with a mortified air, "that in spite of black bugles and silk stockings, I shall still be Mr Charles de Bohun, and not Hamlet, prince of Denmark."

"The hands are not the hands of Esau," she replied, "'but the voice is the voice of Jacob.' Still there is no reason to despair, nor even perhaps to augur a disappointment, for nobody can form an opinion either as to success or failure till the experiment has been fairly tried, and I trust we shall now not have much longer to wait."

"But with these misgivings—to call them by the gentlest name—I wonder, Miss Claribel, you still insist on trying your fortune on the boards."

"I made a vow, under very peculiar circumstances," she replied, "that I would support myself by my dramatic powers; and though a fortune of millions were to fall at my feet to-morrow, I would show those who derided my ambition that it was justified by my talents. I will be an actress, and the first on the stage!"

When I saw the play of her features, and heard the calm, subdued energy of her voice, I felt little doubt that her prophecy would be accomplished. I, however, began to feel some very lively doubts as to Hamlet, and it required several criticisms from my mother, and a great deal of stamping and grimacing before the mirror, to restore me to the enjoyment of the sunshine of self-respect. At last Catsbach returned. He sent to announce his arrival, and to say he would join me that evening, and bring with him a literary friend, who might be very useful to me in my dramatic career. They came. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Mr Wormwood, the orator and poet," said Catsbach, shaking me by the hand very warmly himself. "You will be the best friends in the world; and Wormwood has been very anxious for a long time to make your acquaintance." The stranger bowed low, and so did I; not without a strong tickling of my vanity at the wideness of my reputation. We sat down, and I could contemplate my visitor at full leisure. He was a little man, of whom the prevailing feature was a nose of astonishing prominence, that overshadowed not only the remaining features of his face, but the whole of his person. It formed the central point of his whole organisation, and was, in fact, Mr Wormwood, without the help

either of face or figure. His brow retreated in apparent alarm, pulling the eyebrows with it nearly to the top of the skull; his chin also had retired into his neck, and there was nothing visible but the one prevailing feature—a pyramid in a waste of sand. The sudden retrocession of his brow was only seen in profile; and as he was bald, and treated all the exposed skin of his head as forehead up to the very crown, he presented a very intellectual appearance in the eyes of those with whom high brows are considered “the dome of thought, the temple of the soul.” His side hair was carefully combed off, so as to expose as great an expanse as possible; and it was evident that great pains were bestowed on the picturesqueness and poetry of the appearance—a small thin man, rather shabbily dressed, and with manners duly compounded of civility and pomp.

“I am delighted to know you, Mr De Bohun. I form a very high estimate, indeed, of your genius and accomplishments; though I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing any of your works.”

“I am indebted to the good opinion—too much indebted, I fear—of our friend, Mr Catsbach,” I replied.

“By no means. You have had a play ignominiously rejected by a brutal and unjudging world. Sir, I honour you on the triumph, and congratulate you on the success.”

The man seemed quite serious as he spoke; so I looked for some explanation to his friend.

“Wormwood has achieved the same victory on several occasions,” said Catsbach; “and on carefully going over his plays, according to the severest principles of art, he finds that they were ludicrously and inhumanly laughed at, or still more inhumanly refused a place on the stage, in exact proportion as their merits lifted them above the intellectual level of an audience, or the narrow understanding of a manager.”

“Exactly so,” said Wormwood; “and you will find it uniformly the case. Success in literature is almost the surest sign of an author’s imbecility; and, *à fortiori*, public neglect a sign of his genius and erudition. I have already heard that your tragedy

is refused; I hope to congratulate you on your Hamlet being hissed off the stage.”

“Really, sir,” I said, somewhat nettled, “I scarcely understand whether you are in jest or earnest; and I sincerely hope to escape your congratulations on my Hamlet, as I am not aware of any right I have acquired to them on the fate of the play.”

“Was it not returned on your hands, sir? Catsbach certainly gave me to understand that you had attained that mark of eminence; but if you are still in danger of being accepted, and performed, I must withhold the expression of my praise till I see whether an audience will be more propitious than the manager, and overwhelm your tragedy with derision and contempt, as I have no doubt it deserves.” After accompanying this with a smile, which he evidently meant to be propitiatory and complimentary, he seemed to retire for shelter behind his nose, and employed himself in throwing on each side any of the straggling locks that intruded on the sacred domain of his expansive brow.

“What sort of fool is this you have brought?” I said to Catsbach, availing myself of the temporary seclusion of our visitor behind the promontory I have described.

“A tremendous author, I assure you. A poem in forty books, called ‘The Brides of Solomon,’ which nearly ruined him, for it never sold, not even to the cheesemongers; a ‘History of the World previous to its Creation, an Epic in Seven Days,’ which it would take seven years to read, was his next; then a dozen plays on the Roman Emperors—a play to each—which were never acted; so now he is a prodigious critic in the Hog in Armour, and talks German mysticism, and gives dissertations on the Philosophy of Historic Research in a review of Tom Thumb. I thought it as well to secure his help; for, if you succeed, we can do without him; and if we fail, he will find out a pleasant reason, and enlist you in the corps.”

“That would be an honour I don’t aspire to, and the use of such assistance I cannot see.”

“Pooh! Never mind the fool. Give

him some brandy ; let him talk ; he may be useful, and the day of trial is near at hand."

"You've got a theatre?" I inquired.

"Theatre, orchestra, company, and all," said Catsbach ; "so let us light our cigars, and hear some critical drivel."

Mr Wormwood, as if he had heard our conversation, emerged from his

shady situation, and turning his full face towards us, commenced a dissertation on his principles of art, which, being founded on, and exemplified by, his own writings, was a most comfortable doctrine for candidates for fame, and made a pelting with oranges and apples little less agreeable than a crowning with garlands and a shower of bouquets.

CHAPTER XI.

"This will be a busy week, big with the fate of more than Cato or of Rome," said Catsbach next day. "I have secured, for a very moderate sum, the use of a theatre down the river ; and dresses, advertisements, and decorations are promised us on the most splendid scale. All these condiments I have already retained, being, in fact, the regular company of the establishment ; and I assure you they are all in the highest state of excitement about the new Hamlet and your friend Miss What's-her-name's Ophelia."

"Her name is Miss Claribel," I replied ; "and I can't imagine how you take so little interest in a person whom I consider so wonderful, as to have forgotten it."

"Pardon, my dear fellow, I meant no offence either to her powers or your discernment ; but I probably forgot what you called her, from a very strong idea I entertain that her name is fictitious. Don't you remember the Montalbans and De la Roses of the Stepney Star ? Her name is Jones."

"How ? Have you made any inquiry ?" I exclaimed, rather astonished myself at the interest I took in the personal history of the beautiful actress.

"O ! that's it, is it ?" said Catsbach, with a shrug. "What ! She has played Ophelia to the perfect satisfaction of Polonius. She knows you are heir of the De Bohuns."

"Polonius ! My dear Mr Took, what can you possibly mean ? You remember that Polonius is the father of Ophelia."

"Well, I suppose Miss Claribel has a father also, or some person who takes a tender interest in her prospe-

city. They are very often captains in the army, those Poloniuses of modern life ; and are a little more strict in exacting an adhesion to promise than the courtier of Elsinore. I therefore advise all Hamlets to be very cautious how they put pen to paper, or request a lady to be an astronomical heretic as to the sun and stars, but never to doubt their love ; for, when Polonius is too old or too ill for work, there is generally a Laertes or two who are masters of fence, and very careful of their sisters' settlements."

"You try to put suspicions into my head. I will not yield to them. I feel sure you would not harbour the slightest doubt of her perfect openness and sincerity, if you only saw her for half an hour."

"Possibly enough, if I only saw her for half an hour : what a few days might do, is a different question. In the mean time, I will bet your bill to Montalban that she turns out a deceiver, worming her way into your mother's favour by false representations, and into her son's, by arts which it does not need many months of the Stepney Star to bring to perfection."

"Done !" I said ; "with all my heart ! I would stake all I have on her perfect truth. See her, and judge for yourself."

"I shall see her at the theatre in plenty of time to prevent any mischief ; but, in the meanwhile, I rely on your assistance to-night at a ball in Grosvenor Square, where I positively require you to complete the band."

Our agreement was so binding that it was useless to offer any opposition. I began to look on my flute as a frightful instrument of degradation, and

thought what a different position I ought to have filled on my first introduction to the society of Grosvenor Square. The position of the temporary orchestra, at the window of the middle drawing-room, gave me a view of the whole company, both in the front room, which was very large and lofty, and the more commodious and luxuriously fitted up third apartment, at the left of where I sat. A city Crossus was the giver of the feast,—a short thin man, very pale and very silent, who stood at the centre door, and bowed coldly and formally to his visitors as they were announced. His lady-wife, on the other hand, was as gorgeous as feathers and silk could make her; an immense expanse of humanity, covered with at least an equal expanse of pride, for she sailed through the apartments as if the weight of empires, or at least the price of kingdoms, lay on her shoulders; and round her gathered, at respectful distance, the lesser plumb-holders of the commercial world, like a set of yachts and merchantmen round a first-rate at Spithead. Mrs Willox was quite aware of the position she held, and made no secret that a cousin of hers had married an Irish baronet, and that her aunt was the widow of a city knight. Connected to this extent with the aristocracy, she felt she had a right to look down on Mr Willox, who had begun his career as purser in an Indiaman, and accordingly she looked down upon him from morn to night. At my left hand stood two gentlemen, pilloried so immovably in white neckcloths that they could not turn their heads without an effort that made them red in the face. Two young patricians they were from the India Docks, whose conversation was very loud about their shootings in Scotland, and hunting-boxes at Melton. This enlivening conversation, though apparently addressed to each other, was in reality intended for me. So fond of admiration are some of our weaker brothers, that they will angle for it even from a professional player on the flute. They soon saw that I attended to what they were saying, and they launched out into various subjects, evidently for my improvement and edification. "Sir Peter, and Lady Potts, and Miss Emmeline

Potts," were announced in stentorian sounds, and Mr Willox made his customary bow.

"That Emmeline Potts," said one of my instructors, "is no go. She has been trying it on with Harry Buglefield of the Guards; but the father won't fork out the coin, and Harry fights shy. He told me so himself when I was selling him my brown filly last season in Leicester-shire."

"He ought to give her a hundred thousand down," said the other, "and the rest when he's run to earth; but he's a jaded old screw, and can't last long. I would advise Harry to wait."

"He says he's very willing to wait if his creditors could be persuaded to wait too. A fine generous fellow as ever lived; and a very intimate friend of mine. He has never paid me a farthing for the brown filly, though he sold her to his uncle, Lord Silli-veer, at a profit of a hundred and fifty."

"Mr Hoddie, and the two Miss Hoddie's!" bawled the footman at the drawing-room door, and the individuals announced sailed into the room. Dancing was now in full force, so that I missed the first appearance of the party, but I heard the criticism of the two arbiters of fashion on my left.

"That Malvina Hoddie is the vainest little fool in England," said the senior Petronius, whose name was Baggles, to Mr Hooker—both in the West India trade—as expectant heirs and successors of their respective fathers. "She believes every word that a fellow says to her, and tells her father all the soft speeches from her partner, as if they were proposals of marriage. Hoddie is therefore for ever sending letters to ascertain what men's intentions are, as, after the very warm manner in which his little darling was informed that the hope of meeting her was the only thing that kept Mr So-and-so from committing suicide, if not murder, it is impossible to doubt that Mr So-and-so cannot intend to leave matters as they are."

"What an old fool," replied Mr Hooker. "Why didn't you tell me this before? for I met her last night in Harley Street, at the Molasses; and

when she put up her absurd little face to my shirt pin, when we were in the middle of the Row Polka, and asked if I didn't think love in a cottage was better than a gay and festive scene like this, I said, 'Ah! certainly, if you had the choice of the partner of your bliss.' 'Do you mean it?' she lisped, and looked very hard at me. 'Certainly,' I said. 'Papa will be so delighted,' she continued, and swung round, with her chin fairly resting on my shoulder; and when the dance was over, tript up to the old snob, on which I took the opportunity of rushing out of the house."

"You'll get a note to-morrow morning, to a certainty, demanding what your next step is to be; and then, if you shuffle out, they will be very industrious in circulating a report that you have been ignominiously rejected."

"There she goes," exclaimed Hooker, "dancing with Hugs of Blackwall. I hope she'll catch him, for it would be very awkward if she spread any nonsensical report about my having either proposed for her, or being rejected."

"It might be very unpleasant, old fellow," replied Mr Baggles, "if it reached the good people at Muswell Hill."

"Mr, Mrs, and Miss Pybus!" shouted out the St Peter of the drawing-room door; and the well-remembered name gave me such a shock that in a moment my accompaniment attenuated itself into a feeble whistle, and suddenly the music stopped. I looked at Catsbach, who returned my look with no very complimentary expression, as he discovered that the astonished dancers, and, in fact, the whole brilliant assemblage of the fair and brave, had fixed their eyes on the performers. The whistle, also, in which I had concluded my musical exercise, was so irresistibly ludicrous, that there was a wonderful display of white teeth, and a not very inaudible laugh.

"What's the matter with the band?" inquired Mr Willox, coming up, red with rage. "Mr Conductor, you must have, at all events, one very poor performer in your number, which, considering the sum you charge, I consider inexcusable—quite inexcusable, sir. I

insist on your turning him out, or, at all events, telling him to be quiet the rest of the evening."

"Encore!" exclaimed Mr Catsbach, striking his bow across the fiddle. "Donner und blitzen!—der teufel!—now, den!" and the dancing was once more resumed. So I sat silent and horror-struck, with my flute lying quietly on the ledge of the music-desk before me. I had blackened my eyebrows, and wore a false beard, with a tuft on the lower lip. There was no chance of recognition, and I had a curiosity to see the gentleman who had been so generous and friendly at the examination of Puddlecombe-Regis school. I was anxious, also, to see the beautiful little girl who had made such an impression on the hearts of all the scholars, and deepest, perhaps of all, on mine.

"Very odd," continued Mr Baggles, renewing the conversation with his friend, "that we should be speaking of the Pybuses at the very moment they made their appearance. Emily, I suppose, would never forgive you if she thought you cared a straw for Malvina Hoddie?"

"She would be very severe," replied Mr Hooker. "She's very sharp, and can say such cutting things." At which words he seemed to shudder, as if at some appalling recollection of her powers of repartee.

"Why don't you read *Punch* and *Joe Miller*, and learn to retort? She's very young, and ought to be put down."

"She doesn't think sixteen so very young; and as she is the pet at home, and an immense heiress, it is not so very easy to gain a victory over her, if you were as witty as the Honourable Bob Chockers of the Blues."

"Your true plan is to keep in with the father. He is a jolly old ass, and very fond of high society. If you were a lord, you might have Emily for the asking."

"I know a good many lords," replied Mr Hooker, "and that's the next thing to being one myself. But here comes Emily and the ancients."

O, the change that two years produce on a girl of fourteen!—two years of health, and wealth, and education! There came towards us, fr

the outer drawing-room, a figure as perfect as ever was revealed to sculptor—with intelligence and sweetness radiating from a countenance such as no sculptor could ever fix in marble. She did not walk, she touched the floor with her feet, and seemed to repress a bound at every step, that would have sent her dancing in like a Hebe holding forth a wine-cup, or like one of the nymphs of Venus, who are all far prettier, I beg to say, than Venus herself—tripping forward and scattering roses on the pathway of the goddess. Never did I see so radiant a beauty, combined (when you examined the features, the firm lip, and high imperial brow) with as much dignity and power. The dignity and power were hidden, to be sure, below the transparent veil of her sixteen summers; but there they were, ready to expand when that veil was removed—a dissolving view, as it were, where the solid outlines and severe majesty of a Grecian temple were already faintly visible over the disappearing lineaments of a bower in fairyland. From this glorious apparition I looked to Mr Hooker—good features, but inexpressive; eyes blue and feeble; nose finely chiselled, but effeminate; lips well shaped, but uneducated; and a bearing mock-easy, mock-aristocratic—loud, conceited, contemptible! I could have killed him with ineffable delight.

Her father was unchanged; the same stately presence, the same benevolent smile, the same appearance of having Golconda in one pocket, and the Bank of England in the other, and a chuckle in his voice as if his throat was filled with guineas. How is it, thought I, as I looked at the father and daughter, that wealth always softens and refines the woman, while it only swells out and amplifies the man? In the man, we see the counting-house resisting, or ill accommodating itself to the drawing-room. There is either an uneasy effort to escape from the ledger, or a still more painful attempt to convert it into a book of fashionable life. He has had fights about sugar in the morning, disquisitions with underwriters, reports of bankruptcies in Ceylon, of short crops in Jamaica, or a fall in the funds in Mexico, and he finds it im-

possible to give himself up entirely to the careless enjoyment of an evening assemblage of friends, and yet cannot relieve his mind by making the objects of his thoughts the subject of his conversation. So he takes to political talk, by way of doing the genteel, and discusses Lord George, or Sir Robert, or Lord John, in the violent effort he makes to escape from indigo and muscovadoes. With the daughter how different! Here wealth merely represents the absence of those petty and worrying annoyances which narrow the circle of thought, when a grim vision of the weekly bills is seldom long absent from the mind. She has magnificence, luxury, refinement all round her, and imbibes a grace from the very furniture and ornaments of her room. A blue sea with its tossing waves, by Stanfield, insinuates its life and freshness into her habitual thoughts—vases from the antique, statues from Canova, and flowers from Chiswick, are her daily and homely companions. Her nature gets raised to what it works in; and though her mother is not very intimate with Lindley Murray, and her father has some strange ideas about the letter H, she is as graceful, as pure, and elegant, as if she could trace up her lineage to the Plantagenets.

"O, such a funny thing!" said Mr Hooker, as Emily came up to where he stood. "Your very name made a conquest of one of the fiddlers, and he broke down the moment you came in. He'll get such a wiggling from his commander-in-chief."

"Was it only one?" inquired Emily. "I thought the whole band had come to a stop."

"The poor young fellow with the flute put 'em all out," replied Hooker. "He went off in such a scream, as if the drawing-room was hurrying right into a tunnel. He has never held his head up since."

"Poor man," said Emily; "which is it?"

"That foreign-looking, bewhiskered lad, with the pale face next to us. A bad job for him, I guess."

"O no! As you say my coming in was the cause of his misfortune, I must try and not let it be too serious."

In spite of all my efforts to appear ignorant of the conversation, I found

my cheeks growing alternately red and white, as anger or confusion got the upper hand. I took up my flute, and had thoughts of suddenly leaving the room—of knocking Mr Hooker down—of introducing myself to Mr Pybus; but before I could make up my mind what to do, I felt that her voice was addressed to me. I felt it, I say, for I did not look to where she was. I looked upon vacancy, and must have had an intellectual expression on my countenance congenial to that interesting employment.

"He doesn't hear me," she said to Hooker. "Perhaps he doesn't understand English."

"Hollo! you sir," said the gentleman, "don't you hear the lady speaking to you? Do you only sprichen Dutch or parley-vous?"

His hand was laid roughly on my shoulder to call my attention to his speech. I half sprang up, shook off his hand as if it had been a toad, and was on the point of saying or doing something very absurd, when I was checked by the alarmed look of Emily, who evidently thought I was going to commit murder on the unfortunate object of my wrath.

"The dooce is in the fellow," said Mr Hooker; "he couldn't look more lofty were he a prince in disguise."

"Will you pardon me, madam, that I did not hear you when you did me the honour to address me?" I said.

"I merely regretted that your flute played false a few minutes ago, and prevented me from the pleasure of hearing its accompaniment. It seems a beautiful instrument. I suppose the keys are very apt to get out of order?"

"Yes; and the slightest tremor in hand or breath is fatal."

"Of course, that holds good in all musical performances. Have you professed music long?"

"Not long."

"It requires immense practice to excel in it—longer time and harder study than would make a first class-man at Oxford, I have heard it said; and, after all, the reward of it is very poor."

I sat horror-struck. Did the girl recognise me, and twit me with the profession I had chosen, as well as the career I had refused?

"No profession is poorly paid," I replied, "that brings with it independence and self-respect."

"O, surely not. Do you give lessons?"

"No."

"Ah! many people refuse to become teachers from false pride, and a notion that it degrades. I don't think so. Do you?"

What was I to say? The girl certainly had discovered me in spite of beard and eyebrow. I looked at her full in the face. No—there was no consciousness there. Nothing but kindness, and a strange look of compassion, with which it was impossible to take offence, for there was an appearance of deep interest in it, which was flattering to my self-love.

"Madam, I have never hitherto thought of having pupils."

"O, but you will now. I have long been anxious for a flute accompaniment to my piano. I will speak to papa."

"Miss Pybus," whispered Mr Hooker, "if you have had a long enough conversation with that fiddler, will you fulfil your promise of dancing with me this dance?"

"Certainly," she said—"I never draw back from my promise;" and I was left alone. In one of the pauses of the dance I saw her speak to her father. He expanded into a smile like a gigantic sunflower, and chuckled her under the chin, and away she went, still followed by that beaming smile. I grew tired of watching the happiness of Mr Hooker, and was about to slip noiselessly away—Mr Pybus glowed up to where I stood.

"My daughter tells me you have no objection to give her a few lessons on music, and accompany her on the flute," he said.

"I am not aware, sir," I began. But at this moment I saw Emily's eye fixed on me as she moved towards us in the dance.

"Well, well, if she's quite satisfied with your proficiency, I am. Come up on Friday to Muswell Hill, Holly-Hock House—Mr Pybus. Here's my card; we have a party on that evening, and you can begin by accompanying the piano. Hire a cab, and let me know your expenses. We shall not fall out about terms."

"I really, sir, scarcely know—"

"O, any one will point out Holly-Hock House," said the father. "The cabman is sure to know it."

"I am so happy you have agreed

to come," said the daughter, who had again careered within earshot of our talk. "I shall expect you on Friday."

What was to be done? I bowed—and the bargain was closed.

CHAPTER XII.

I must have been asleep when Catsbach came home, if that night he came home at all. Frightful dreams haunted me all night. A thousand demons came down on me, like the Guards at Waterloo, all playing on broken-winded flutes. Twenty Hamlets, all in sable hat and tumbled silk stockings, whistled "To be, or not to be," through the same detestable instrument. Then I dreamt of Emily Pybus, and instantly she turned into Miss Claribel in the costume of Ophelia. All the scenes of my past life jumbled themselves up into one confused mass. Well-known faces looked in upon me from all sides of the room—Mr Montalban, the old schoolmaster at Puddlecombe, the examiners, Miss de la Rose, and Fitz-Edward—all piping and screaming on that inevitable flute. It showed that a deep blow on my vanity had been inflicted by my failure at Mr Willox's ball. I tried when I awoke to remember whether I had taken opium, I felt so feverish and confused; but the excitement was caused by my injured self-love; and, waking as well as sleeping, I entertained a frantic hatred against Mr Hooker. I determined to take counsel of Catsbach, to whom I had hitherto confided all parts of my history, with the sole concealment of names. I resolved to lay the whole case before him, and ask his advice how to proceed. Should I go to Muswell Hill and take the very office of tutor in music which I had already so indignantly refused in literature and classics? I found I was very much changed since then—or rather that Emily was more attractive, as a pupil, than I had thought her at fourteen years old. There was romance also in becoming acquainted with her in a fictitious character; and I felt less degraded as an unsuccessful musician than I had felt as a disappointed schoolboy. But Catsbach should decide upon it all.

In the morning, however, a note was put into my hands—"The incident last night," he said, "makes it too dangerous for us to attend at private parties. You will never be able to preserve your incog. I have got some intimation of the whereabouts of Ellinor. You won't see me for two days. Meantime, go on with rehearsal with Miss Claribel, and on Thursday take her to Chatham. The 'Paragon Royal' will be in ecstasy at your approach, for I have said you will give them five pounds and a supper after the play. I shall be there in plenty of time for the overture, but at present I am off to Guildford, where I suspect my charmer keeps a school. The mistress has been described to me as a perfect angel; and what can be a closer description of my Ellinor? Take care of Miss Claribel's arts. Beauty is a fading flower. So am I.—*AUGUSTUS TOOKS.*" I followed the advice contained in this letter, and perfected myself in Hamlet. Miss Claribel herself began to have hopes of my success; and my mother, in the midst of her rapture with my performance, only insisted more and more on a strict preservation of my incognito. My uncle, she said, was about to return to England. She did not know how he might like to hear that his nephew had gone upon the stage. The Paragon Royal had scarcely a grander sound than the Stepney Star. Critics might be hostile; for all literary people, she heard, were unjust; and, at all events, I was to appear as Julian Gray till my position was fairly assured, and I could announce myself as the Shakspeare and Garrick of modern times. I smiled at all these cautions; I smiled at the hostility of the critics; I frowned at the possibility of a failure; I started when I heard her allusion to my uncle; in fact, I found that I was a regular playactor, and that I went through the gamut of

stamps and facemakings exactly like Messrs Martingdale and Fitz-Edward. Miss Claribel laughed. "You rehearse very well," she said, "even when you are not repeating your part. You have immense command of feature, as much, I should say, as Grimaldi; but then he never attempted the tragic."

"I don't quite understand your meaning, Miss Claribel," I said, looking as dignified as Coriolanus when he banished the Romans. "Do you mean that I grimace too much?"

"Certainly, if you grimace at all. There is no surer sign of a man being a mere actor, than a reliance on scorning lips and upturned eyebrows. It is not natural. The words and passion must force their own way from the heart, and make their mark on the countenance at the moment of the burst. When you see a man throw himself back with his arms stretched out, his one leg forward, his mouth gaping, and his eyes ready to fall out of his head, in expectation of a ghost or some other dreadful sight, he is a mere conventional figure of fright, with no terror or apprehension whatever within. He should wait for the apparition; he should show the pit the first glimpse he gets of it; through his eyes they should see the undefined horror grow into consistency; and without the palpable presence either of the murdered Banquo or of Hamlet's father, they should feel a graveyard air about them, and see the dreadful shadow take shape and form. This is not produced by starts and grins."

"Then, in heaven's name! how is it produced?"

"By feeling it, by seeing it, by believing it."

"I feel it, see it, believe it, and my eyebrows ascend, my mouth opens, my arms stretch out."

"So they would if you saw a house on fire. These are the hereditary exponents of surprise and fear; but a ghost creates a different feeling; it ought to be differently expressed: not surprise—it is above it: not fear—for neither Macbeth nor Hamlet are capable of such a feeling; but awe—something very different from any other state of mind they ever experienced before. They should move little, speak low, make no faces,

and, above all things, show that the sentiment comes from within. It will find its way, by sympathy, to the pit. They will see the propriety of making little noise in presence of a murdered general or a buried king. Martingdale roars as if he were in presence of a murdered bull, and was triumphing over its death. He bellows as if he felt he had conquered a rival, and now had all the noise to himself. But more: I would invest the whole character of Hamlet with an atmosphere of the supernatural. No man who had held parley with the dead, and was marshalled on to a great act by invisible hands, should ever be without an impression of the awful presence. I would make him throw inquiring glances round, even in his talk with the gravedigger. That ghost should never leave the eyes of the pit; present or absent, the supernatural should rule the stage. When Hamlet is silent, he should be *distract*—inattentive to what is going on, and holding inward converse with his unearthly visitor. Don't you think he went really mad? To be sure he did. Who wouldn't, if night and day he were haunted by a ghost, commanding him to commit a murder, to revenge a father, to break the heart of the girl who loved him? Of course he went mad, though I don't found that belief on the crumpled state of his stocking, but on the broad ground that no man can see ghosts, and hear strange voices from the other world, and see a dreadful action forced on him of which he doesn't know the result, and yet remain as firm in his pulse, and collected in his faculties, as a chairman of Quarter Sessions, or an alderman at a city feast."

"I fear, Miss Claribel, you form such an estimate of an actor's requirements, that you will never fulfil your own expectations." I spoke with a slight tone of displeasure.

"You are very severe," she replied; "but I will fulfil my own expectations, for they are not very high. I will enter into Ophelia's feelings—they shall enter into me; and I and Ophelia shall be one and indivisible."

"Now, you are not afraid of

'mannerism' you spoke of some days ago?"

"It is the rock people who enter into a character are apt to split on; but I will endeavour to bear Juliet and Desdemona, and Viola, all with a difference."

"We shall see," I said, in no good humour. "On Thursday we shall go down to the Paragon Royal. My mother will go and be spectatress of the fight; and, come what may, I will show the world a true reading of the noble Dane." Miss Claribel smiled, and so did my mother, exemplifying the numerous meanings that can be conveyed by that position of the lips. Miss Claribel's was the more beautiful mouth, but I liked the expression of my mother's more.

I pass over the preparations, the journey, the disappointment at the sight of the ugly street and hideous building in which our fortunes were to be tried. At six I was dressed and on the stage, Miss Claribel in her dressing-room, my mother in a stage-box; not a soul in the pit, nobody at the door; two orange-women standing beside their baskets near the orchestra, and the whole house, as seen by me through a hole in the green curtain, deserted and uncomfortable in the extreme. The manager, a most polite little gentleman, who was great in comedy, and enacted the part of Osric, was at my side. I pointed out the discouraging aspect of the theatre. "O, you'll see in half an hour," he said, "crowds filling every seat. My Osric is a poor part, but very popular."

Polonius joined us, an old man, who at Christmas was a great favourite as Pantaloon in the pantomime.

"It will be a great house, I feel sure," he mumbled through his toothless gums. "Old Jack Ivory as Polonius is sure to draw." Not one of them attributed the expected multitude in any respect to the debutant in Hamlet, or the beauty of the Ophelia.

"The worst thing I see about it is, that the band with your friend, the foreign gentleman, has not arrived," said Count Osric; "and if a Paragon audience are disappointed, they always throw ginger-beer bottles at the manager's head. I wish we had

opened in Coriolanus: I should have worn a helmet."

"I feel quite certain my friend, Mr Catsbach, will not disappoint us," I said; "and from the present appearance of the boxes, pit, and gallery, I think I may congratulate you on the small number of bottles you will have to sustain."

"Wait a little, I beg, my dear sir; Osric has never failed me yet, and the artisans and mechanics are not able to appear here much before seven."

"The nobility and gentry?" I inquired.

"O, some of the garrison will come in after mess, at half price, in time to make bets on the fencing scene."

"I am glad they take so deep an interest," I began.

"Lor' bless ye! they very often jump on the stage and take a turn with Laertes themselves; and once a very curious thing happened: Two of the young officers gave ten shillings apiece to the Hamlet to tire Laertes down. Hamlet was an excellent fencer. He wouldn't on any account accept the button on any part of his clothes—there was no palpable hit—the whole house took a great interest in the Shaksperian drama, and half-crowns were posted in all parts of the boxes on the bout. I was afraid the buttons might come off the foils, and made them exchange their rapiers for single-stick. Laertes at last planted a hit on Hamlet's nose, and upwards of £20 changed hands on the occasion. Hamlet drew every night after that for three weeks, until the colonel-commandant interfered, and we were driven from the bard of Avon to the "Miller and his Men." There is no freedom for the legitimate drama; but I hope to-night, sir, the tragic muse will be reinstated on these boards. I expect a great house, for I have let it be pretty generally known that you are a master of fence."

"If the worst comes to the worst," said Polonius, "and the fiddlers don't make their appearance, I think old Jack Ivory can always appease a storm. Pray, sir, do you play on any instrument?"

"The flute," I said, hesitatingly, and with a look of inquiry what the object of his question could be.

"That makes it quite safe," replied Polonius; "you shall accompany me by way of an overture, for there ain't a man in England gets more applause in 'Hot Codlins' than myself."

I tried to laugh, as if I considered the proposition an excellent joke; but I have every reason to believe the wretch was serious. I began to perceive that every person engaged on the stage, though only to deliver a message, thinks himself the principal performer; he also is of opinion that there is no disparity of rank upon the boards, but that what the clown does, may also be done by the tragedian. I have no doubt Diavolo Antonio looked down on Edmund Kean. I was on the point of renewing the conversation, when an enormous noise at the pit-entrance attracted my notice. A thrill of gratification came into my heart. All regard for Shakespeare is not yet extinct, in spite of fencing Hamlets and ignorant managers. The rush into the pit was prodigious. I looked through the green curtain once more. Her Majesty's ship, the *Periander*, 44, had been paid off that morning, and the gallant crew and their wives filled every bench. The majority of the valiant defenders of their country were polygamists to the most undeniable amount, and seemed rather proud of the extent to which they broke the law. Those who rejoiced in single blessedness limited themselves to one wife. The trebly blessed were numerous, and the boatswain had six to share his heart and fortunes. Here I perceived the manager's perils, but not from ginger-beer. There were cans of gin and rum, that would have supplied a tavern for a week. Single bottles of whisky were brandished in the air, as on festive occasions landsmen wave their hats; and in a short time the calls for music became overpowering, and the manager sent secretly for a company of marines and a division of the police.

"If that hairy-cheeked foreigner doesn't come," said Osric, with unaffected fear, "there will be a row, like the boarding of an enemy's ship. They always think us foreigners when we wear slashed doublets; and in the war time they shipped off my predecessor, who was acting a Parisian

marquis, in a cartel that was just starting with a batch of French prisoners to be exchanged. The poor man died in the hulks at Toulon, for he had been counted against an English captain, and they kept him in captivity because the captain refused to return."

I looked at my watch: it only wanted ten minutes to seven, and the storm rising every moment. If Catsbach plays me false, I shall rescue my mother, I thought, and fight my way into the street. I looked at my sword; it was of silver-gilt tin, and couldn't have committed manslaughter on the body of Tom Thumb. A universal cheer proclaimed an arrival; and I declare the first scrape of the fiddle was the sweetest music I ever heard. It gave quite a new turn to the behaviour of the sailors. They ordered "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," and then roared lustily for a hornpipe. Catsbach gratified them in whatever they asked. At last they called for a gangway to be placed from the orchestra on to the stage, and proposed commencing the dramatic proceedings of the evening by a miscellaneous country dance. This, however, was not accorded—the little bell rang—and the serious overture began.

At this moment Mr Wormwood, out of breath, and enraptured apparently with my approaching triumph, caught me by the hand. "Let me introduce you," he said, "to the three greatest critics in Europe. We have hurried from London to see your *débüt*. I have the highest opinion of your genius, and feel sure you will be most unanimously and ignominiously cat-called—as we were."

The three gentlemen bowed, and retired into the stage-box beside my mother, to write a description of my reception. I was too indignant to speak, and suddenly the curtain rose, and the play began. The ghost was received with the most vociferous applause, and seemed to strike the naval mind as the liveliest personage in the play. His silence was considered a remarkably comic piece of character, and evidently assumed to cover his forgetfulness of the words. Many exhortations were offered to

him to take another spell at the book, or spin them a yarn out of his own head. Allusions were also made to his obesity, which evidently did not accord with the forecaster's idea of a ghost; and when, in spite of all the advice and suggestion that had been offered him, he maintained an imperturbable silence, they got into a violent state of indignation at having been defrauded of the speeches; for they could not believe it possible for a personage to stalk across the stage and look so very solemn without having anything to say. Whereupon Count Osric went forward and soothed them by a solemn promise that in some of the succeeding scenes the ghost would be as talkative as they chose. Satisfied with this, they received the opening scene of the court of Denmark with several rounds of applause, which were duly responded to by each of the performers on the stage.

With a dignity befitting the crown-prince of a gallant nation, I maintained my position on the left of the king, and made no recognition of the welcome offered me in so tumultuous a manner. I observed an orange glide within a few inches of my face, and splash on the back of the royal chair; but affairs advanced so rapidly from this point that I had no time to take notice of the insult. When the king had arrived at about the middle of the first speech, a quarrel took place in the pit between two captains of the maintop, and a challenge was rapidly exchanged. A sudden whistle from the boatswain called attention to the interesting fact, and the play was suspended for a few minutes till the belligerents gave and received the satisfaction which their injured honours required. While the two captains were belabouring each other, to the admiration of all the audience, the manager slipped up to where I was standing, and whispered, "I feel greatly obliged for the five-pound note, and also for the three guineas you have left for the supper to-night; but my advice to you is to slip off the stage as fast as you can; convey the lady who accompanied you to the coach-office—and—"

"Why?" I said. "This riot will soon be over."

"A worse is coming; for a dreadful disappointment has occurred. Do as I advise you, or I won't answer that we shan't all be ducked in the river—lady, too, if she's found out to belong to your party."

"And not a word of my part yet spoken! Perhaps they will be stilled when they hear the voice of Hamlet."

"My dear sir, they've taken a disgust to you already. If you spoke, they would throw the benches at your head. There! one of the men is going to give in, and I must announce that the play is changed for three farces and some rope-dancing."

I saw the pit looking rather excited, and Bill Hatches was declared the winner. I was hurrying off the stage to change my clothes. I was stopped by Mr Wormwood and his friends. "Your attitude, my dear friend, offended them at once. It was sublime. Princes should always stand on tiptoe; it was above their comprehension. They have stamped you a great and original genius with the seal of their unqualified disapprobation. I congratulate you heartily, and feel sure of your unanimous reception in the brotherhood we have established, called the Unappreciables—entrance fee one guinea—and undying hatred to successful mediocrity."

"I have no time for such offensive absurdity," I said, and hurried away, in imitation of the whole of the Danish court, which had gone off to dress for the rope-dancing and the farce. I merely slipped my cloak over the spangled grandeurs of Elsinore, and was rushing towards the dressing-room of the ladies, to warn Miss Claribel, and place her along with my mother in safety from the predicted storm, when I heard Count Osric, now dressed as a heavy father, in a domestic drama of George I.'s time, addressing the audience, which was for a moment hushed in grim repose to hear what he had to say.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "such a grievous calamity has befallen this establishment, that it is impossible on this occasion to proceed with the play of Hamlet."

"Pipe all hands to quarters," shouted a voice at the end of the

pit ; "prepare for boarding ;" and the obedient crew stood up, ready to cast themselves over the side of the pit, and carry the orchestra and stage, bottle in hand.

"The fact is, that a serious mishap has occurred to the representative of the innocent and beautiful Ophelia."

"Vast with all that palaver," cried a hundred voices. "Why don't you clap all sail on her, and bring her into line?"

"She has this moment eloped with one of the fiddlers," resumed the manager, "and we throw ourselves on your indulgence, to allow us to withdraw the immortal Hamlet, and offer you 'Hot Codlings,' by your old friend Jack Ivory, in its place."

"Scoundrel!" I said, and seized the manager by the neckcloth, as he came behind the scenes after this eloquent address. "What do you mean by such ribald impertinence, inventing such an infamous lie to save your wretched theatre, and more wretched carcass, at the expense of Miss Claribel's reputation?"

"It's a perfect truth, sir; they're off; the dirty foreigner led her out of the theatre, and told me not to expect

them again. I'll hold him answerable for all damage."

I contented myself with giving the heavy father a hearty shake; sent round for my mother to join me behind the scenes; and amazed, bewildered, horror-struck, and sick at heart, conducted her to the coach-office, leaving the manager to sustain the assaults of his exasperated audience as he best could.

"Miss Claribel has deceived us," said my mother.

"Not me," I said bitterly, "I suspected her to be no better than she should be, from the strange notions of acting she entertained. Besides, Catsbach warned me of her from the beginning; and betted he would prove her to be an impostor and hypocrite. He has won his bet."

"I can't believe it yet," replied my mother; "but time will show."

"If Catsbach ever comes into my presence," I said, "I will horsewhip him like a hound."

"My dear," said my mother, "I am afraid you admire Miss Claribel too much yourself."

"Psha!" I replied, "I hate her, and Catsbach more; and if I ever see them, I will tell them so."

CHAPTER XIII.

I saw them often and often after that, but never told him anything of the sort. On waking next morning, I saw the bugled satins and silver-buckled shoes of the Prince of Denmark, in which I had performed my hurried retreat to London, lying near my bed. They were like basilisks, and offended my eyes, though they did not altogether strike me dead. Disappointed in my hopes of theatric glory, I held a calm consultation with myself on the state of affairs. It took several days to come to a final resolve, for there were many counsellors who interested themselves in the question, and held fierce debates on every point laid before them. Above all, there was the Hope of nineteen, and the Vanity of a spoiled child. How warmly they argued the matter against the cold objections of common sense and experience, I need not tell. Most people have gone

through the dreadful process of awakening to the knowledge of their own inferiority. The pertinacity of that spirit of self-inquiry, that strips off a man's delusions one by one, "till fold after fold to the piercing air," his mediocrity, dulness, and insufficiency are all laid open, brings with it, at one time or other of our existence, a wholesome lesson that alters our whole being. There are probably not two neighbourhoods in England that do not boast of embryo Shakespeares and future Lord Chancellors—clever, flippant, superficial young fellows, who, relying on the real abilities which they possess, and comparing themselves only with the sober old curate, the uncultivated surgeon, the turnip-growing squire, and a bevy of old maids and dowagers, believe that, when the world is opened to their ambition, they will retain the same superiority in that wider field which

they have undoubtedly achieved at home. Their aspirations being greater than their powers, they gain fresh food for their self-conceit, from the failures of other men; and, comparing what they fancy they can do with what they see actually done by others, they look down with ill-disguised contempt on authors whom they can only half understand, and betake themselves to criticism before they have learned to write. The more foolish of them, and the vainest, persist in their fancied superiority, or attempt to drag down others to the miserable level to which they feel they have sunk themselves. The wiser and honest shake off these sable stains, measure their stature with that of the great and good, and give up the race before they have either become broken-winded or are made a laughing-stock to the spectators. I took a pair of scissors and deliberately reduced the small-clothes of Hamlet into shreds. I removed the buckles from His Royal Highness's shoes, and used them as comfortable slippers. But I did more: With self-devoting hands, I laid Hengist and Horsa on the fire; saw the noble speeches of heroes and heroines ascend the chimney in smoke, and sat and watched the shrivelled-up paper as it alternately glowed and blackened on the top of the coals. It was delightful; and I felt happier than if I were bowing from a private box, amidst the unanimous acclamations of the Stepney Star.

A week had elapsed since the display at the Paragon Royal. I started up all of a sudden, rushed up stairs, dressed as if for an evening party, took my flute in my pocket, and was going out of the house.

"What are you going to do?" said my mother, alarmed at the excessive energy of my proceedings.

"I'll tell you when I come back," I said. "I am going to look out for honest occupation." A cab hurried me rapidly to Muswell Hill. We entered a handsome gateway. Mr Pybus was at home, and I was ushered into the drawing-room. There was nobody in the room when I entered. Two candles were burning on the mantelpiece, and left the other portions of the magnificently furnished and large apartment completely in shade. I

had announced myself merely as a gentleman who wished to see Mr Pybus. I had hoped for a private interview, in which to explain to him, if possible, the reasons of my past conduct, and ask him to accept me as a clerk in his counting-house. My pride was broken at last, and I never entertained either a thought or a wish that he would renew his offer of sending me to the university. I determined even to accommodate myself so entirely to my altered prospects, as to undertake the office of music-master to his daughter. I was immersed in these meditations, when I was suddenly conscious of a presence at my side. It was Emily, who had slipped over the luxurious carpet, without her footfall being heard.

"I expected you last week," she said, without the least apparent surprise at my altered appearance; for I had discarded, of course, the false beard and mustaches that preserved my incognito in Grosvenor Square. "You are faithless to your engagement with papa; but I felt sure you would come."

"At one time I had determined never to present myself at your house; but late events have opened my eyes to the folly of my conduct. I am come to thank your father for his great kindness."

"Not at all: it's all my doing and mamma's; and now we take a greater interest in you than ever. It was a dreadful business that murder of poor Hamlet at the Paragon."

"You amaze me!" I began. "How have you possibly heard of that ridiculous catastrophe?"

"O! we know all about it—and about the Hengist and Horsa, and the Stepney Star. Some bill, or other extravagance of yours, has come into papa's hands in the way of business, and he has paid the full value of it to Mr Montalban. So he laughs, and says he is your creditor now; and if you don't give good lessons, he will put you in prison."

"I wasn't aware that my proceedings were of so much importance," I said, "as to have required such a number of spies to find them out." I suppose I frowned.

"You needn't be angry again," she replied. "You will be soon beginning

to remember that your name is De Bohun."

"That, at all events," I said, with a lingering feeling of pride, "is a satisfaction of which it is impossible to deprive me."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Emily, with a gay and slightly sarcastic laugh. "We may have as many dramatic surprises here as in a tragedy. But, in the mean time, till papa comes up from the dining-room, do accompany me on the flute."

She flew rather than walked, towards the piano, seated herself in a moment, and dashed into a florid piece of music, which it required all my skill on the instrument to keep up with. "Bravo!—bravo!" she said, at intervals; "you play beautifully. This is better than Hamlet. What would Fitz-Edward say—or Miss de la Rose?"

I stopt. "Will you save me from insanity," I said, "or prevent me from thinking you a witch, by telling me how you know all those horrid names?"

"Perhaps I'm a clairvoyante—perhaps you are magnetised; but go on—I can't lose the concert."

So we played—turned over page after page—tried overtures, and operas, and dances—and took no note of anything, except what we were engaged on. Suddenly I was aware that we were no longer in the dark—the room was comfortably lighted. We were also no longer alone. While absorbed in our music, several persons had entered the room, and were standing behind our chairs in deep attention.

"Capital!—capital!" cried a well-known voice, laying a hand roughly on my shoulder; "better a hundred times than your attempts on Shakespeare, or your triumphs at the Paragon Royal."

I looked round, and saw my friend Catsbach, or rather Mr Took, for he was shorn of his foreign ornaments, and was an honest, plain-faced, handsome English gentleman.

"You don't know Mrs Took," he continued. "Ellinor, my love, give your hand to Mr de Bohun."

Miss Charibel stood before me, radiant with beauty, and leaning on Mr Took's arm.

"You are his Ellinor?" I stammered, endeavouring to recall the story of Catsbach's woes. "You left him at the door of the church—he advertised for you in vain—went in search of you to a boarding-school at Guildford—"

"And found her, my boy, in the act of going on the stage as Ophelia—wrote a penitent letter to this good lady, her aunt, Mrs Pybus—was accepted as a returned prodigal—and here I introduce you to our family circle:—my uncle, Mr Pybus—my cousin, Emily—my grandaunt, or grandmother, I forget which, Mrs Bone, from Bath; for she is my relation through my wife. And, now that we are all at home, we had better consult what is best to be done." We did consult, and the result was satisfactory. I declined the army—I declined the university—I accepted the chair in Mr Pybus's office, vacated by my friend Took. I was to continue my accompaniments in music, and my lessons in Latin and mathematics every Saturday, and determined to begin on the very next morning.

The whole party were delighted, especially the old woman from Bath, who, after a minute inquiry into my father's Christian name—the curacy he held—the name of his father, and dates of births and marriages—fell on my neck in the midst of supper, and claimed me for a second or third cousin. Oh! the agony of this last blow! What! part with my connection, through twenty descents, with the Norman knights—the English nobles—the heroes, warriors, statesmen—who illustrated our family tree!

"I never had any relations of the name of De Bohun," said the old lady; "but I remember my husband's uncle, which was George Bone, which was senior partner in the firm, Bones, Brothers, in Milsom Street, the dentists, took lofty notions into his head, and sold his share of the business. He brought up his children with very fine ideas, and was always engaged making out pedigrees proving he was somebody else. So his son went the same way, and called himself De Bohun, and never took any notice of his cousins, Phillip and Sampson, which carried on the business—which Elli-

nor is daughter of Sampson, who died when she was a baby. And at last this Mr De Bohun, as he called himself, he sent his son to Oxford, and a fine gentleman he was, and believed all the rubbishy old names that his father and grandfather had written out on parchment, and married the sister of that good Colonel Bawls, which he looked down on, we used to hear, because she wasn't a De Bohun; and so, my dear young man, you see you are a near relation of Ellinor and me, and we are truly happy to make your acquaintance."

I am afraid I did not respond so warmly as was expected to this family recognition. Emily touched me on the shoulder—"Never mind," she said, "whether your name be De Bohun or not. Behave as if it were De Mowbray. It will make no difference to any of us here."

A day or two reconciled me to my fate, especially as Saturday came very rapidly round, and sometimes forced itself into the middle of the week. I devoted myself to my new pursuits—was as attentive a clerk as if I had never heard the name of a theatre—rose gradually to a confidential post in the counting-house—and saw the origin of the interest taken in me by Mr Pybus. He was agent for my uncle, the general, and had instructions and authority from him to advance whatever might be required for the comfort of my mother or my advancement in life. I need not tell

how kindly I was treated by the Indian warrior when he came home on a special mission to the Government—how I refused his offer to accompany him back to the scene of his command—and how he winked and poked me in a facetious manner in the ribs as he perceived the cause of my wishing to remain in England. Modesty had now taken possession of me in place of the vaulting ambition which had so often made me fall on the other side. I never ventured to put into words the sentiments that filled my heart with regard to Emily Pybus. A clerk in her father's office—a dependant on my uncle's bounty—a rejected author—a broken-down stage-player—I considered myself too far below her in position to aspire so high.

But time rolled on—the Saturdays came round with unfailing regularity; and when I was twenty-three, my kind old uncle, who had distinguished himself greatly by some prodigious increase of the Company's revenue, and probably his own, wrote me a letter to say he entirely approved of my conduct—that he had accepted a baronetcy, and got a clause inserted in the patent insuring the reversion of the title to me;—and, in short, about three months ago, we sent round to our friends a couple of nice little calling-cards, tied together with a silver thread, on which was printed Mr and Mrs Charles Bone, Wilton Place, Belgravia.

SKETCHES FROM THE CAPE.

In the year 1841, a young Englishman, without fortune, friends, or prospects in his own country, not unwisely resolved to seek all three in a land where the race of life is run upon a less crowded course than in thickly-peopled Britain. He embarked for the antipodes. His ship must have sailed on a Friday—unless, indeed, we may attribute the mishaps and disasters she encountered to a deficient outfit and an incompetent captain. Compelled to put into Portsmouth to amend bad stowage, she next cast anchor—after being buffeted by storms, wearisomely becalmed, and visited by the small-pox—in a Brazilian port, there to take in live-stock and fresh provisions. Once more at sea, it was soon discovered that these—for whose reception three weeks had been idled away at Bahia—would scarcely last three weeks longer. So a pause must be made at the Cape. The ship was a tub, the captain a bungler, the lighthouse (since removed) was invisible where most needed. The vessel struck on the rocks of Table Bay, upon which, all night long, the breakers furiously hurled her to and fro. The darkness was profound, the ship full of water, rescue seemed hopeless, the boom of the signal-guns was drowned by the roar of the storm. At last succour came. Five gallant fellows perished in bringing it, but perished not in vain. Crew and passengers were taken off the wreck. Life was saved, but goods were lost. After five tedious months, which, with ordinary skill and foresight, should have brought the young emigrant to his final destination, he found himself stranded at the Cape, instead of landed at New Zealand; his clothes, money, letters—all he possessed, in short—buried, fathoms deep, beneath the stormy billows of the South Atlantic.

To this calamity are we indebted for the spirited volume before us. The proverb about “an ill wind”

exactly fits the occasion. After a while a ship was chartered for those who chose to proceed to New Zealand. Mr Cole was not of the number. He had conceived a liking for the Cape Colony, and proposed remaining there. He did so for five years, with what amount of profit we are not informed, but evidently passing his time pleasantly, and departing with regret. He made himself well acquainted with Cape life in most of its phases, and amongst all classes; and he has cleverly transferred to paper the vivid impressions he received.

How Mr Cole occupied himself during his residence at the Cape does not appear from his narrative. His active disposition, as well as his own statement of his slender means, forbids the supposition of rambling for mere amusement's sake. Whatever his employment, he travelled much, and visited most parts of the colony, preferring the rural districts to the towns. The first glimpse he gives of South African scenery is pleasing enough. With a fellow-passenger he drives out to Rondebosch, “the Richmond of Cape Town,” a pleasant cluster of handsome houses, with large gardens. Thence, along an excellent road, to Wynberg, another agreeable village.

“Beyond Wynberg the road loses its trim, pretty, artificial appearance, and becomes more African and barren. No, not barren either; for who could apply such a term to land covered with an innumerable variety of Cape heaths in full bloom!—aloes, wild stocks, and a thousand other delicate and lovely plants, making a natural carpet, more beautiful than all the corn-fields and gardens of civilisation. This road leads to Constantia, famed for the delicious wine to which it gives its name.”

A history of celebrated vineyards would be a work attractive alike to the antiquarian and to the *bon vivant*. Strange that it has never been written, considering how many it

would interest. Its author would not fail to note the peculiarity of certain small spots of ground, differing to all appearance in no way from hundreds of thousands of neighbouring acres, save in the quality of their grape juice. Near at hand, the Rhine ascending, St John's Mount furnishes an example. Far south of the line, thousands of leagues removed, Constantia's hill repeats the marvel.

"There are but three farms, situated on the side of a hill, where the grape producing this beautiful wine grows. It has been tried, but without success, in various other parts of the colony. Even a mile from the hill, the wine is of a very inferior description. The hill is named after the wife of one of the former governors of the Cape—whether from the lady's too great fondness for its productions, history sayeth not. The Constantia wine-farmers are rich men, and have elegant and well-furnished houses, surrounded by gardens and their vineyards. The names of the three farms and their proprietors are—High Constantia, Van Reenen; Great Constantia, Cloete; Little Constantia, Coligne. A visit to them is a treat."

So thought Jones, a thirsty Cockney, who shared the buggy with Mr Cole. The "pikeman" grinned as they paid the toll and inquired the way to the renowned vineyards. "He hoped," he said, "they'd look as well when they come back." A demand for an explanation was met by the deprecatory reply, "that he meant no offence, but had see'd many look very different arter swallowing the sweet stuff up there—that's all." Whereupon Jones, indignant, savagely whipped the hired nag, and they soon reached Great Constantia.

"We visited the vineyards, which are kept beautifully neat and trim; and we then went to the storehouses, which are models of cleanliness. Here we tasted a dozen varieties of the delicious wine; and I began to have an exact idea of the pikeman's observation. Nothing can be more seductively delicious than the purest and best Constantia. I may remark, however, that I have never tasted a perfect specimen of it in England. The greater quantity of so-called Constantia, sold in London, is sweet Pontac, a very inferior wine, grown all over the Cape colony—at least, wherever there are wine farms.

"We afterwards visited the other two farms, and found everything equally handsome, liberal, clean, and well-ordered; and we tasted all the varieties of each of these also. I now began to have a very clear idea of the pikeman's meaning."

So did Jones, perhaps, when, with fishy eyes and uncertain gait, he climbed the buggy, assumed the reins, and drove homewards, shaving every gate he passed through and corner that he turned. At a certain distance from the vineyard he informed his companion that the sweet wine was "stunning," and, having expressed that opinion, astounded him by the announcement that he had ordered three butts of the best to be sent to his (Cole's) lodgings, which consisted of two very minute rooms. Besides the difficulty of stowing so large a store of liquor, Mr Cole made no doubt it would be booked to him, and was equally certain he should have to pay for it, Jones being a shipwrecked passenger, and copperless Cockney, already in his debt. His first impulse was to pitch Jones out of the gig; his second, to countermarch and countermand. But Jones, positively refusing to return, drove valiantly onwards.

"After driving for about an hour along what seemed to me a very circuitous route, we were approaching the entrance to some grounds, very like those we had quitted. On coming still nearer, Jones remarked that 'he did not recollect passing this d—d place before.' I did. So I suggested that I would just run in and ask the way. I left him for a minute, and returned with full instructions as to our route, and with much persuasion managed to keep my friend to the right road to Cape Town. I had no fears about the wine now, for we had returned to Constantia, and I had countermanded the order. Jones knew nothing about it next day."

Much valued by the wine-merchant, Cape wines, as a class, and with the single exception of Constantia, are odious to the English consumer. Theirs is the dog's misfortune;—they have a bad name, which the growers do their best to keep up by sending to the mother-country the worst product of their vines. Mr Cole frequently pointed out to them the bad

policy of this. The answer he got was, that Cape wine is in such disesteem that it is bought in England without distinction of vintage or class, the worst fetching as good a price as the best. Yet, according to Mr Cole, there is a vast difference in the qualities; and even the best are susceptible of great improvement, if properly managed. On the subject of wine-growing at the Cape, he makes some shrewd observations, which, if ever the unlucky colony is restored to tranquillity and delivered from dread of Kafirs, may be well worth the consideration of speculators conversant with that class of cultivation.

"There is a great similarity between the Cape and the Madeira grape. Both are cultivated much in the same manner, and in both the natural acidity is great; but the grand point of difference between the two is in the time of gathering the grapes. In Madeira they are not gathered till so ripe that many begin to fall, and are withered from over-ripeness: these, of course, are rejected. By this means a smaller amount of wine is obtained from a vineyard than would have been produced had the grapes been gathered earlier; but the quality of the wine is improved beyond conception. Every grape is full, ripe, and luscious, and the wine partakes of its quality. Nothing can prove more clearly the necessity of the grape being fully, and even *over* ripe, than the difference of the wine produced on the north side of the island of Madeira, where this perfection of the grape can scarcely be attained, and that grown on the south side: the latter is luscious and rich; the former is Cape, or little better. Now, at the Cape, the object of the farmer always is to get the greatest *quantity* of wine from his vineyard; and consequently he gathers his grapes when they are barely ripe, and none have fallen or withered; whereby he fills his store-houses with wine full of that acidity and vile twang which all who have tasted shudder to recall. Some of the wine-growers in the colony have lately pursued a different course, and with vast success."

English colonists these, not Dutch, for the boers are wedded to old systems. Had the first settlers at the Cape been Frenchmen from Rheims and Bordeaux, instead of Dutchmen unused to more generous drink than swipes and Geneva, the vintage of South Africa might now be renowned

instead of despised. One of Mr Cole's fellow-passengers was a Frenchman, from Champagne, a smart, active fellow, who had followed all sorts of occupations, from teaching French to commanding a privateer. Shipwrecked and penniless, but far from dejected, he prevailed on a companion in misfortune, an Englishman, who had means, to take a wine-farm, and him for a partner. The Cape champagne they made was excellent, and often since, Mr Cole pathetically declares, when swallowing extract of gooseberries at a public or private dinner-table in England, he has sighed for a bottle of their vintage. He sums up the subject as follows:—

"From observation and experience, I am inclined to think that a company might be profitably established, here or at the Cape, for cultivating the vine in the colony, and importing its produce to Europe; but they must send out their own labourers and superintendents, carefully selected from the best vineyards in Germany or France; take care to adopt the Madeira plan of gathering the grapes; agitate for a reduction of the duty on the wine, which is too high; and do all they can to get rid of their greatest obstacle—a bad name in the market."

Disguised as sherry or Madeira, who can tell how much Cape he annually swallows? Port wine, too, is adulterated with a red Cape called Pontac. Were the cultivation of the African wines improved, and the best qualities imported, there is no reason why we should despise, in its neat dress, that which we have so often accepted under Spanish or Portuguese colours. And certainly it would be more satisfactory to drink the produce of a British colony than that of countries who show so little disposition to reciprocate the liberality of our tariffs, and our immense consumption of articles of their growth. Nor is the vine the only plant which, with proper care and encouragement, might, in Mr Cole's opinion, and with every appearance of probability, be raised at the Cape, to an extent that would greatly diminish the necessity we are now under of purchasing from the thankless foreigner.

"On the very spot where the village of Somerset now stands, TOBACCO was first raised in the colony, under the care

of a Dr Makrill. Like almost everything else, it grew and flourished admirably in a Cape soil, and is now raised in considerable quantities in various parts of the colony. It is called Boer's tobacco, to distinguish it from the various species of the imported weed. Here, again, the want of proper energy, so constantly observable in the colonists, whether Dutch or English, is displayed. Every man smokes—and immense numbers also chew—tobacco. The Hottentots of both sexes take heaps of snuff—not, by the way, up their nostrils, but in their mouths!—and yet tobacco has to be imported to a considerable extent into a country which might not only grow enough for its own wants, but sufficient to supply half the world besides. Every one admits the fact; but the answer is, 'Want of labour,' that eternal complaint of South Africa. There is much truth in it; but there is a considerable 'want of energy' also."

There is no manifest reason why, with care and good cultivation, we should not grow cigars at the Cape, such as might successfully vie—if not with the *regalias* of the Havannah—at least with the indigenous cabbage, and with the coarser Cuban and South American weed. If an ardent sun be one essential for obtaining a fine description of tobacco—and we are led to suppose so by considering the latitudes whence the best sorts come, and the inferiority of those grown in Europe—there is no want of it in certain districts of Cape Colony. At Fort Beaufort the heat is so terrible that the sentries' buttons are said to melt and drop off. But it is a delightful peculiarity of the Cape climate, that, even in these desperately hot places, it is always healthy. As regards the "want of labour," alleged by the colonists as an excuse for neglecting many valuable sources of profit, it is only to be repaired by encouraging a steady stream of emigration from the mother country to the Cape. The general and most important impression left upon the reader's mind by Mr Cole's book—which, although light and often playful in style, contains valuable information, and is the book of a sensible man—is, that, with its fertile soil and beautiful climate, it ought to become a most prosperous and flourishing country. Immigration and good government are all it wants.

Of course, neither of these has it any chance of obtaining so long as Lord Grey rules its destinies; but we may venture to hope that he will not do so long. The Cape, Mr Cole justly observes, has never been a "pet" colony with our Colonial administration. Incompetent governors, threats of convict importations, and Kafir wars, have rendered it unpopular with every class of emigrants. And, doubtless, they have all, more or less, contributed to the apathetic indolence and discouragement which, as we gather from Mr Cole's volume, is to be noted in most of the colonists. With the Dutch, apathy may be in some degree constitutional; but it is not natural to Englishmen; nor is it to be explained by any enervating or sickly properties of the climate. As to the sheep-farmer, he is the very incarnation of laziness.

"He turns out of bed about eleven, huddles on a pair of trousers, with the shirt he slept in; thrusts his feet into a pair of shoes, pulls a wide-awake hat over his head, and his toilet is complete. He then sticks a short pipe into his mouth, loiters about the homestead, and talks to Hottentots not *more* lazy than himself, from the simple reason that *that* were impossible; takes a cup of coffee, and perhaps a chop; smokes and dozes away the whole day; looks at the sheep as they come home in the evening; 'slangs' the herds, eats mutton again, and calls it 'dinner'; smokes again, and drinks 'smoke,' (Cape Smoke is a sort of brandy;) pulls off his shoes, hat, and nether garments, and turns in again, to snooze till eleven the next day, and then gets up, and goes through the same process once more."

When the white man sets such example, what can be expected from the black? The Hottentots are the general servants of the colony, both farm and domestic, at least in all the eastern districts. Shocking bad ones they are, but yet they get good wages, abundant food, and are engaged without being asked for a character, which indeed were superfluous trouble, one very bad one fitting them all.

"A Hottentot," says Mr Cole, "is the most improvident, lazy animal on the face of the earth. He will work for a month, and, as soon as he has pocketed his wages, leave his master, and be drunk whilst he has a solitary sixpence left. He is a

living paradox; a drunkard, and a thief, and yet one that can practise abstinence, and never rob his master. Sometimes you may trust him with anything of any value, whilst in your service, and he will not pick and steal. After he has left you, he will as soon appropriate your Wellingtons (if he calls to see his successor in office) as wear his own shoes. He is the dirtiest fellow on earth, and will clean neither your rooms, your boots, nor your knives and forks, unless you are eternally driving him to his work; yet he will wash his hands with the utmost care before he touches the food he is preparing for your dinner, though he has the greatest natural antipathy to the contact of cold water."

These Hottentots have an ugly habit of leaving their master in a body, without apparent cause, or previous notice. It is their way of taking a holiday. They are sure to find employment, when willing again to work; the demand, even for such labour as theirs, being much greater than the supply. As yet civilisation has done little for them. As to the result of missionary efforts, Mr Cole estimates it as exceedingly small. There is considerable discrepancy between his statements on this head and the glowing reports occasionally issued by missionary societies, of their successful labours amongst the heathens of Africa. Briefly, but forcibly, Mr Cole shows up the humbug and delusion of the system. From personal experience he declares himself convinced that, out of every hundred Hottentot Christians, (so styled,) ninety-nine have no notion of a future state.

"I have frequently been at the bedside of the sick and dying Hottentot, who has been a constant attendant at some missionary chapel, and I have asked him whether he has any fear of dying? He has smiled, and said,

"None."

"I have asked him whether he expected to go to heaven? and he has answered,

"No."

"Where then?"

"Nowhere."

"I have endeavoured to explain to him that his minister must have taught him the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments. He has laughed and said, that perhaps it might be so, 'for the master, but not for him; he lies down and dies, that is all—that is enough.'"

This I have heard over and over again from the lips of some of the 'pet' Christians of missionaries—model men, whom they talk of and point out to every 'griffin' in the colony, and write long communications about, to their societies in England."

Professing Christians abound amongst the Hottentots, for the sake of the temporal advantages. Every missionary station has a tract of land belonging to it, on which the Hottentot who attends school and chapel regularly, and assumes a becoming appearance of piety, is permitted to build a hut, and plant a garden. Seeds and tools are given to him; and, with very little labour, he is enabled to pass the rest of his time in idleness.

"It is notorious," says Mr Cole, "that these people, living at the missionary stations, are the idlest and most useless set in the colony. You cannot frighten a farmer more seriously than by telling him that a missionary station is going to be established near him. Visions of daily desertion by his servants float across his mind's eye."

But if the Hottentot be a bad servant, and if, notwithstanding the well-meant but misdirected efforts of missionaries, whose zeal might find better employment at home, he still continues an idle, besotted, and filthy savage, there yet is to be found, in his immediate vicinity, a still more degraded and untractable race. These are the Boschjesmen, or Bushmen, of whom specimens have been exhibited in England. In their own land they live in a state of barbarism, without clothes, often without huts, growing no corn or vegetables, and subsisting upon such animals as they can kill with their arrows—also upon locusts.

"In the year 1844 or 1845, a traveller in their country came upon whole kraals, (or villages,) which appeared at first to be deserted; but he found, on searching, that most of the inhabitants were still there—dead! There were great quantities of dead locusts in their huts, and the supposition was, that they had died from eating them, either from some poison contained in them, or from a surfeit."

They are fierce and cruel, and as mischievous as monkeys, to which they bear a strong resemblance. On the first journey that he made in a waggon, Mr Cole had as "leader"—

the name given to the boy who leads the two front oxen of the span—a Bushman lad, about four feet high, the most hideous monster, according to the description given of him, that ever walked on two legs. The expression of his countenance was diabolical, his disposition equally so. The lash was the only argument he understood; and even to that, owing to the extraordinary toughness of his hide, he was long callous.

“On one occasion the waggon came to the brow of a hill, when it was the leader’s duty to stop the oxen, and see that the wheel was well locked. It may readily be imagined that a waggon which requires twelve oxen to draw it on level ground, could not be held back at all by two oxen, in its descent of a steep hill, unless with the wheel locked. My interesting Bushman, however, whom I had not yet offended in any manner, no sooner found himself at the top of the hill, than he let go the oxen with a yell and a whoop, which set them off at a gallop down the precipitous steep. The waggon flew from side to side of the road, destined, apparently, to be smashed to atoms every moment, together with myself, its luckless occupant. I was dashed about, almost unconscious of what could be the cause, so suddenly had we started on our mad career. Heaven only knows how I escaped destruction, but we positively reached the bottom of the hill uninjured.

“The Bushman was by the waggon-side in an instant, and went to his place at the oxen’s head as coolly and unconcerned as if he had just performed part of his ordinary duties. The Hottentot driver, on the contrary, came panting up, aghast with horror. I jumped out of the waggon, seized my young savage by the collar of his jacket, and, with a heavy sea-cow-hide whip, I belaboured him with all my strength, wherein, I trust, the reader will think me justified, as the little wretch had made the most barefaced attempt on my life. I almost thought my strength would be exhausted before I could get a sign from the young gentleman that he felt my blows; but at length he uttered a yell of pain, and I knew he had had enough. Next day I dropped him at a village, and declined his farther services.”

Waggon-travelling in the Cape Colony is a slow, but not a disagreeable, manner of locomotion. The same team of oxen takes you through, however great the distance; and as
as and water are all they get—

and sometimes a scanty ration of these—the pace is necessarily very moderate, twenty miles a-day being considered good going. Of course you have abundant stores in your waggon; for inns are scarce, and it is not usual to quarter yourself on the farmers, as you do when travelling on horseback. A stretcher, with a mattress on it, is slung in the waggon, to lounge on by day and sleep on by night; or if the party be numerous, a tent is pitched at evening. The Hottentots sleep under the waggon or round the fire. The start is at six in the morning. At ten a two hours’ halt is made, to eat and smoke, to sketch or shoot. At noon, the cattle, which have been turned out to graze, are “in-spanned,” and the march continues till three or four o’clock. Then another halt and another meal; a pipe, a shot at an ostrich or bush-buck; and then once more on the road for two hours, before “out-spanning” for the night. The bivouac is delightful; the sky of a deep dark blue, the moon radiant, the magnificent Southern Cross glittering in the heavens, underfoot a carpet of scented and variegated blossoms, stillness over all, and in the dark shadow of the bush a bright fire, with the wayfarers stretched lazily around it. The whole thing is a pleasant sort of picnic party, and it is easy to believe Mr Cole when he declares that he never enjoyed a European trip so much as waggon-travelling in South Africa. Of course this is the sunny side of the picture. Disagreeable occurrences are by no means unfrequent. A bridgeless rivulet, swollen to a torrent by recent rains, detains you for a week upon its banks, on half rations or less. Your Hottentots discover a hedge tavern, and whilst you take a stroll with your gun during the “out-span,” they get helplessly drunk, and you must halt for the day. You thrash them and stop their tobacco; they revenge themselves by accidentally upsetting you in the next river you cross; or they neglect to watch the grazing oxen, which are next heard of ten miles off, having been “pounded” by some surly landholder, with whose green corn they had taken a liberty. The traveller who dreads such mishaps and

desires faster progress, packs a valise, straps it on his saddle, and throws his leg over a sturdy Cape horse, which will carry him fifty or sixty miles a day without flinching. Here is Mr Cole's sketch of these useful, ill-looking animals :—

"Generally speaking, a regular Cape horse, one whose pedigree cannot be traced to any imported stallion, is an ugly brute. He is about fourteen hands high, and his chief characteristics are, a low narrow shoulder, a ewe neck, and a goose rump. His 'pins' are generally pretty good. He is villanously broken; his mouth is as tough as an oak; his pace is a shuffling, tripping, wriggling abomination, between an amble and a canter, with a suspicion of a 'run' in it. Put him beyond this pace, and he gallops as awkwardly as a cow. As for walking, he is innocent of the pace beyond three miles an hour. Trotting, neither he, nor his breaker, nor breeder, nor owner (if a Dutchman) ever heard of. He is apt to be ill-tempered too—often given to kicking, and occasionally to 'bucking.' So much for his evil qualities."

Some of his good ones have been already implied. He is hardy, enduring, can live on grass, do without groom or stable. You may shoot off his back—or sleep on it, for his pace is the easiest of motions. He is never ill, save of one complaint, which resembles glanders, (although it is a different disease,) and is always fatal. This malady he evidently contracts in the pastures, for horses kept in the stable, and never allowed to graze, are not subject to it. He is cheap to buy.

"A horse good enough for all ordinary purposes may be bought from £9 to £15. I once rode a journey of two hundred and thirty miles with the same set of horses, (four in number, one for my servant, one for myself, one for saddle-bags, and another for changing) in four days. The most expensive of the four cost me £12, and the cheapest £4, 10s. It is true that I fed them well on the road, but a Dutch boer would have taken them the same distance without a handful of corn all the way."

Mounted on one of these serviceable brutes, Mr Cole rambled about the colony, sleeping at inns when he found them, but much oftener profiting by the boundless hospitality of the Cape farmers, and making acquaintance with all sorts of people, from

puny Cockney settlers to gigantic Dutch boers. The latter are—

"The finest men in the colony. I have seen them constantly from six feet two to six feet six inches in height; broad and muscular in proportion. Their strength is immense. They are great admirers of feats of daring, strength, and activity. A mighty hunter, such as Gordon Cumming, would be welcomed with open arms by every Dutch boer in South Africa. Poor Moultrie of the 75th, the 'lion-hunter' *par excellence*, was one of their idols. So is Bain, the 'long-haired,' who has made some half-dozen excursions into the far wilderness in search of the lord of the forest and all his subjects. They hunt far more than the English farmers, and are, as I have said, 'crack' shots, though they use a great, long, awkward, heavy, flint-locked gun, that would make Purdey or Westley Richards shudder with disgust."

Frugal and industrious, these stalwart descendants of Hollanders have one great fault, almost a fatal one in a new country. They have a rooted antipathy to novelty and improvement. They use the same lumbering plough their big-breeched forefathers imported from the Low Countries some eighty years ago, although it requires twelve strong oxen to draw it. They reject steam, and pound their corn instead of grinding it. Despising flails, they completely spoil their straw by having the grain trodden out by horses or oxen. Of the English settlers, the Cockneys make the best farmers, "because, coming without any previous knowledge of the art they intend to follow, they take advice of those whom experience enables to give it, instead of trying to manage things in South Africa as they do in England." Stories are traditionally cited, of inexperienced Londoners, just landed at the Cape, purchasing a flock of sheep as breeding stock, and discovering them (too late) to be wethers; and of another who planted split pease to raise a crop ready for use; but such instances of ignorance, Mr Cole assures us, are by no means common.

The present unfortunate condition of the Cape Colony, and the destructive war now raging there, give peculiar interest to that portion of Mr Cole's book which relates to the Kafirs. During the greater part of

his residence at the Cape, these troublesome savages were on their good behaviour, and he was enabled to become personally acquainted with them, and especially with their powerful chief Macomo. Riding from Graham's Town to Fort Beaufort, through that immense jungle and favourite Kafir lurking-place, Fish River Bush, he paused to bait at a roadside inn, and entered into chat with his host, who, on hearing that he had never been in Kafirland, pointed out to him a distant mountain.

"A very noted place, sir," he said, "is that mountain. It is in the territory of the Kafir chief Macomo. When that rascal wants to attack the colony, or his neighbours, the other chiefs, he lights a great fire on the top of that hill at night, and, on seeing it, every Kafir in his dominions immediately flocks to his standard, and he can collect ten thousand armed men, sir."

Mr Cole expressed a fervent hope that it would be long before Macomo lit his fire, but the innkeeper expected it would shortly blaze; and the innkeeper was right. At Fort Beaufort Mr Cole first saw the great Kafir, dressed in cast-off European clothes, but without shirt or stockings, and more than half-drunk. He won his favour by lending him sixpence, and received an invitation to visit him at his kraal, a very few miles from Fort Beaufort. Accordingly, next morning he mounted his horse, and rode into Kafirland. From Chapter X. we glean some of his first impressions.

"The Kafir is certainly a fine animal. He is tall, well-knit, clean-limbed, and graceful in his motions. It is rare to see a Kafir with any personal deformity, however trifling. I have seen some dozen races of coloured people, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Kafirs by far the finest of them. Their features are not negro; though some of them (especially Macomo, who is the ugliest man in his dominions) partake very much of that character. Their colour varies from almost black to a light copper hue. Amongst them I frequently met with Albinos. These are certainly the most repulsive-looking creatures I ever beheld. Their skin is dead white, not the whiteness of a delicate European skin, but the colour of a white horse—it is scaly and coarse; their

eyes are pink like those of a ferret; and their hair very much the colour of a ferret's coat, though still woolly and tufted."

The Kafirs Mr Cole met upon the road scowled at him in no friendly manner, but dared not rob a visiter to their chief. Macomo received him well, regaled him on beefsteaks and coffee, tried hard to sell him horses or cattle, expressed most hypocritical affection for the English, and extracted another sixpence from him, in exchange for a stick.

"I rode back to Fort Beaufort, well pleased with my visit, but more than ever satisfied of the natural cunning, avarice, craft, and dishonesty, the low moral nature, and utter untrustworthiness of Kafirs in general, and, above all, of Macomo."

Mr Cole makes some sensible suggestions for averting future wars with the Kafirs, and securing the tranquillity of the colony. Whilst justly disapproving certain points of the constitution tardily granted to the Cape, he admits it to be a great improvement upon the present state of things.

"When the Cape colonists," he says, "commence self-government, doubtless one of their first acts will be to embody a militia throughout the land. Every man in the country, between certain ages, will be a soldier, and the most fit and effectual soldier to contend with the savage enemies across the boundary. This will be, in effect, a revival of the old Dutch Commando system—a system, with all its faults, the most efficient in repressing the rapine and murder of the Kafirs, and under which no such war as the present could have originated."

The abolition of this system, which allowed the Dutch boers, when aggrieved or plundered by the Kafirs, to muster in bodies, recover their cattle by the strong hand, and chastise the robbers, has always been a subject of bitter complaint and discontent with the frontier farmers. They fear not the Kafirs, if they are but allowed to defend themselves and their property, and to retaliate with the strong hand. Give them thus much licence, and, says Mr Cole, "I have no hesitation in saying that the colonists of the border would very soon settle the Kafir question." Let it be clearly understood what the

Cape "bush" is. It is a dense thicket studded with thorns, and impenetrable to persons in ordinary European garb. The Hottentots and colonists wear leather "crackers"—as breeches are called at the Cape—which in some degree protect them; and the Kafirs, naked and with their bodies greased all over—blest, besides, with thick skins—crawl through it on their bellies. Speaking of Fish River Bush, Mr Cole says:—

"One of the greatest benefits that could be conferred on the colony would be its entire destruction by fire. But I fear it will not burn; and so it will continue to harbour wild beasts in peace, and Kafirs in war time. All the Kafir nation could hide in it, and be out of sight and out of reach of English eyes and English bullets. At the first symptom of an impending attack on the colony, the report always flies like wild-fire, 'The Fish River Bush is full of Kafirs.'"

Then are sent out against these lithe and dusky savages, who can writhe like snakes through the under-wood, and whose brown hide is scarce distinguishable from the tints of the rocks, and branches, and aloë-stems amongst which they lurk, a party of red-coated Englishmen, to be shot down by invisible foes.

"A splendid target that same scarlet coat," exclaims Mr Cole. "Even when those bushes intervene, though you see not the man—neither his face, nor his shako, nor his trousers—yet *there* is the piece of scarlet cloth glaring through the boughs; take steady aim at that, for a soldier's heart beats behind it, and a bullet sent through the gaudy garment hurls one more shilling target to the dust."

Nearly six years ago, when the subject of military punishments was before Parliament, we proposed and urged certain reforms and ameliorations in the equipment of the army, some of which are now in process of adoption, whilst others, we have little doubt, will ere long be forced upon the authorities by public opinion and their manifest necessity. We then denounced scarlet, "first, because it is tawdry, and, secondly, as rendering the soldier an easier mark than a less glaring colour. Blue coats and grey trousers

are the colours we should like to see adopted in our service, preserving always the green for the rifles, who ought to be ten times as numerous as they are, as we shall discover whenever we come to a brush with the Yankees, or with our old and gallant opponents, the French."

Our troops, it is understood, are about to get the rifles; of the scarlet we hope soon to see them get rid. A very inferior foe to either American or Frenchman has sufficed to show the necessity of marching with the century, at least in matters military. The long guns of the naked Kafirs outshoot our regulation muskets; and earnest and unanswerable representations—amongst which must prominently be reckoned the able letters of that practical and experienced soldier, Sir Charles Shaw—have opened official eyes to the advantages of grooved barrels over smooth bores. Soon we hope to see scarlet replaced by a more rational and less brilliant colour, knapsacks lightened, and pipe-clayed belts abolished. We advocated blue for the soldier's dress, because tailors, professional and amateur, have still so potential a voice in our military councils, that we scarcely dare hope the adoption of less becoming tints; otherwise, grey, green, or brown mixtures, although not showy on parade, will be admitted by all military men who have seen service—especially skirmishing service in bush, mountains, or forest—to constitute by far the least visible uniform, and worst mark. In time, perhaps, these sober but service-like colours may be introduced. Perhaps, too, in time, the Horse Guards will discern the wisdom of keeping heavy cavalry for home parades, or European wars—should the latter unfortunately occur—and of sending the lightest and most lightly-equipped of their dragoons in pursuit of nimble savages, in colonies too distant to ship horses to, and where chargers, up to the weight of the men, are unobtainable.

"When the 7th Dragoon Guards came out to the Cape, they had considerable difficulty in horsing the regiment, though they took as low a standard as fifteen hands for their chargers. Even at this

standard, the men in full dress, with their brass helmets, carbines and accoutrements, looked rather absurdly mounted, and reminded one forcibly of the hobby-horse figures in a Christmas pantomime.*

When we picture to ourselves these brave "heavies"—so formidable if opposed to French or German dragoons—inefficiently floundering, on overweighted horses, through bush

and brushwood, after the agile barbarians of South Africa, and when we contrast them with the really "light-horse" we have seen shipped from Provençal ports for service in Algeria, we cannot but admit, however unwillingly, that these things are better managed in France than on our side of the Channel. May it soon be otherwise!

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK X.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

It is observed by a very pleasant writer—read now-a-days only by the brave pertinacious few who still struggle hard to rescue from the House of Pluto the souls of departed authors, jostled and chaced as those souls are by the noisy footsteps of the living—it is observed by the admirable Charron, that "judgment and wisdom is not only the best, but the happiest portion God Almighty hath distributed amongst men; for though this distribution be made with a very uneven hand, yet nobody thinks himself stinted or ill-dealt with, but he that hath never so little is contented in *this* respect."†

And, certainly, the present narrative may serve in notable illustration of the remark so drily made by the witty and wise preacher. For whether our friend Riccabocca deduce theories for daily life from the great folio of Machiavel; or that promising young gentleman, Mr Randal Leslie, interpret the power of knowledge into the art of being too knowing for dull honest folks to cope with him; or acute Dick Avenel push his way up the social ascent with a blow for those before, and a kick for those behind him, after the approved fashion of your strong New Man; or Baron Levy—that cynical impersonation of Gold—compare himself to the Magnetic Rock in the Arabian tale, to

which the nails in every ship that approaches the influence of the loadstone fly from the planks, and a shipwreck per day adds its waifs to the Rock: questionless, at least, it is, that each of those personages believed that Providence had bestowed on him an elder son's inheritance of wisdom. Nor, were we to glance towards the obscurer paths of life, should we find good Parson Dale deem himself worse off than the rest of the world in this precious commodity—as, indeed, he had signally evinced of late in that shrewd guess of his touching Professor Moss;—even plain Squire Hazeldean took it for granted that he could teach Audley Egerton a thing or two worth knowing in politics; Mr Stirn thought that there was no branch of useful lore on which he could not instruct the Squire; and Sprott, the tinker, with his bag full of tracts and lucifer matches, regarded the whole framework of modern society, from a rick to a constitution, with the profound disdain of a revolutionary philosopher. Considering that every individual thus brings into the stock of the world so vast a share of intelligence, it cannot but excite our wonder to find that Oxenstiern is popularly held to be right when he said, "See, my son, how little wisdom it requires to govern states;"—that is, Men! That so many millions

* *The Cape and the Kafirs*, p. 110-11.

† Translation of Charron on *Wisdom*. By G. STANHOPE, D.D., late Dean of Canterbury, (1729.) A translation remarkable for ease, vigour, and (despite that contempt for the strict rules of grammar, which was common enough amongst writers at the commencement of the last century) for the idiomatic raciness of its English.

of persons, each with a profound assurance that he is possessed of an exalted sagacity, should concur in the ascendancy of a few inferior intellects, according to a few stupid, prosy, matter-of-fact rules as old as the hills, is a phenomenon very discreditable to the spirit and energy of the aggregate human species! It creates no surprise that one sensible watch-dog should control the movements of a flock of silly grass-eating sheep; but that two or three silly grass-eating sheep should give the law to whole flocks of such mighty sensible watch-dogs—*Diavolo!* Dr Riccabocca, explain *that* if you can! And wonderfully strange it is, that notwithstanding all the march of enlightenment, notwithstanding our progressive discoveries in the laws of nature—our railways, steam-engines, animal magnetism, and electro-biology—we have never made any improvement that is generally acknowledged, since Men ceased to be troglodytes and nomads, in the old-fashioned gamut of flats and sharps, which attunes into irregular social jog-trot all the generations that pass from the cradle to the grave;—still, “*the desire for something we have not*” impels all the energies that keep us in movement, for good or for ill, according to the checks or the directions of each favourite desire.

A friend of mine once said to a *millionaire*, whom he saw for ever engaged in making money which he never seemed to have any pleasure in spending, “Pray, Mr —, will you answer me one question: You are said to have two millions, and you spend £600 a-year. In order to rest and enjoy, what will content you?”

“A little more,” answered the *millionaire*. That “little more” is the mainspring of civilisation. Nobody ever gets it!

“Philus,” saith a Latin writer, “was not so rich as Lælius; Lælius was not so rich as Scipio; Scipio was not so rich as Crassus; and Crassus was not so rich—as he wished to be!” If John Bull were once contented, Manchester might shut up its mills. It is the “little more” that makes a mere trifle of the National Debt!—Long life to it!

Still, mend our law-books as we will, one is forced to confess that knaves are often seen in fine linen, and honest men in the most shabby old rags; and still, notwithstanding the exceptions, knavery is a very hazardous game; and honesty, on the whole, by far the best policy. Still, most of the Ten Commandments remain at the core of all the Pandects and Institutes that keep our hands off our neighbours’ throats, wives, and pockets; still, every year shows that the Parson’s maxim—*non quicquam movere*—is as prudent for the health of communities as when Apollo recommended his votaries not to rake up a fever by stirring the Lake Camarina; still people, thank Heaven, decline to reside in parallelograms; and the surest token that we live under a free government is, when we are governed by persons whom we have a full right to imply, by our censure and ridicule, are blockheads compared to ourselves! Stop that delightful privilege, and, by Jove! sir, there is neither pleasure nor honour in being governed at all! You might as well be—a Frenchman!

CHAPTER II.

The Italian and his friend are closeted together.

“And why have you left your home in —shire? and why this new change of name?”

“Peschiera is in England.”

“I know it.”

“And bent on discovering me; and, it is said, of stealing from me my child.”

“He has had the assurance to lay

wagers that he will win the hand of your heiress. I know that too; and therefore I have come to England—first to baffle his design—for I do not think your fears exaggerated—and next to learn from you how to follow up a clue which, unless I am too sanguine, may lead to his ruin, and your unconditional restoration. Listen to me. You are aware that, after the skirmish with Peschiera’s armed hire-

lings sent in search of you, I received a polite message from the Austrian government, requesting me to leave its Italian domains. Now, as I hold it the obvious duty of any foreigner, admitted to the hospitality of a state, to refrain from all participation in its civil disturbances, so I thought my honour assailed at this intimation, and went at once to Vienna to explain to the Minister there, (to whom I was personally known,) that though I had, as became man to man, aided to protect a refugee, who had taken shelter under my roof, from the infuriated soldiers at the command of his private foe, I had not only not shared in any attempt at revolt, but dissuaded, as far as I could, my Italian friends from their enterprise; and that because, without discussing its merits, I believed, as a military man and a cool spectator, the enterprise could only terminate in fruitless bloodshed. I was enabled to establish my explanation by satisfactory proof; and my acquaintance with the Minister assumed something of the character of friendship. I was then in a position to advocate your cause, and to state your original reluctance to enter into the plots of the insurgents. I admitted freely that you had such natural desire for the independence of your native land, that, had the standard of Italy been boldly hoisted by its legitimate chiefs, or at the common uprising of its whole people, you would have been found in the van, amidst the ranks of your countrymen; but I maintained that you would never have shared in a conspiracy frantic in itself, and defiled by the lawless schemes and sordid ambition of its main projectors, had you not been betrayed and decoyed into it by the misrepresentations and domestic treachery of your kinsman—the very man who denounced you. Unfortunately, of this statement I had no proof but your own word. I made, however, so far an impression in your favour, and, it may be, against the traitor, that your property was not confiscated to the State, nor handed over, upon the plea of your civil death, to your kinsman.”

“How!—I do not understand. Peschiera has the property?”

“He holds the revenues but of one half upon pleasure, and they would be

withdrawn, could I succeed in establishing the case that exists against him. I was forbidden before to mention this to you; the Minister, not inexcusably, submitted you to the probation of unconditional exile. Your grace might depend upon your own forbearance from farther conspiracies—forgive the word. I need not say I was permitted to return to Lombardy. I found, on my arrival, that—that your unhappy wife had been to my house, and exhibited great despair at hearing of my departure.”

Riccabocca knit his dark brows, and breathed hard.

“I did not judge it necessary to acquaint you with this circumstance, nor did it much affect me. I believed in her guilt—and what could now avail her remorse, if remorse she felt? Shortly afterwards, I heard that she was no more.”

“Yes,” muttered Riccabocca, “she died in the same year that I left Italy. It must be a strong reason that can excuse a friend for reminding me even that she once lived!”

“I come at once to that reason,” said L'Estrange gently. “This autumn I was roaming through Switzerland, and, in one of my pedestrian excursions amidst the mountains, I met with an accident, which confined me for some days to a sofa at a little inn in an obscure village. My hostess was an Italian; and, as I had left my servant at a town at some distance, I required her attention till I could write to him to come to me. I was thankful for her cares, and amused by her Italian babble. We became very good friends. She told me she had been servant to a lady of great rank, who had died in Switzerland; and that, being enriched by the generosity of her mistress, she had married a Swiss innkeeper, and his people had become hers. My servant arrived, and my hostess learned my name, which she did not know before. She came into my room greatly agitated. In brief, this woman had been servant to your wife. She had accompanied her to my villa, and known of her anxiety to see me, as your friend. The government had assigned to your wife your palace at Milan, with a competent income. She had refused to accept of either. Failing to see

me, she had set off towards England, resolved upon seeing yourself; for the journals had stated that to England you had escaped."

"She dared!—shameless! And see, but a moment before, I had forgotten all but her grave in a foreign soil—and these tears had forgiven her," murmured the Italian.

"Let them forgive her still," said Harley, with all his exquisite sweetness of look and tone. "I resume. On entering Switzerland, your wife's health, which you know was always delicate, gave way. To fatigue and anxiety succeeded fever, and delirium ensued. She had taken with her but this one female attendant—the sole one she could trust—on leaving home. She suspected Peschiera to have bribed her household. In the presence of this woman she raved of her innocence—in accents of terror and aversion, denounced your kinsman—and called on you to vindicate her name and your own."

"Ravings indeed! Poor Paulina!" groaned Riccabocca, covering his face with both hands.

"But in her delirium there were lucid intervals. In one of these she rose, in spite of all her servant could do to restrain her, took from her desk several letters, and reading them over, exclaimed piteously, 'But how to get them to him?—whom to trust? And his friend is gone!' Then an idea seemed suddenly to flash upon her, for she uttered a joyous exclamation, sat down, and wrote long and rapidly; enclosed what she wrote, with all the letters, in one packet, which she sealed carefully, and bade her servant carry to the post, with many injunctions to take it with her own hand, and pay the charge on it. 'For, oh!' said she (I repeat the words as my informant told them to me)—'for, oh! this is my sole chance to prove to my husband that, though I have erred, I am not the guilty thing he believes me; the sole chance, too, to redeem my error, and restore, perhaps, to my husband his country, to my child her heritage.' The servant took the letter to the post; and when she returned, her lady was asleep, with a smile upon her face. But from that sleep she woke again delirious, and before the next morning her soul

had fled." Here Riccabocca lifted one hand from his face, and grasped Harley's arm, as if mutely beseeching him to pause. The heart of the man struggled hard with his pride and his philosophy; and it was long before Harley could lead him to regard the worldly prospects which this last communication from his wife might open to his ruined fortunes. Not, indeed, till Riccabocca had persuaded himself, and half persuaded Harley, (for strong, indeed, was all presumption of guilt against the dead,) that his wife's protestations of innocence from all but error had been but ravings.

"Be this as it may," said Harley, "there seems every reason to suppose that the letters enclosed were Peschiera's correspondence, and that, if so, these would establish the proof of his influence over your wife, and of his perfidious machinations against yourself. I resolved, before coming hither, to go round by Vienna. There I heard with dismay that Peschiera had not only obtained the imperial sanction to demand your daughter's hand, but had boasted to his profligate circle that he should succeed; and he was actually on his road to England. I saw at once that could this design, by any fraud or artifice, be successful with Violante, (for of your consent, I need not say, I did not dream,) the discovery of this packet, whatever its contents, would be useless: his end would be secured. I saw also that his success would suffice for ever to clear his name; for his success must imply your consent, (it would be to disgrace your daughter, to assert that she had married without it,) and your consent would be his acquittal. I saw, too, with alarm, that to all means for the accomplishment of his project he would be urged by despair; for his debts are great, and his character nothing but new wealth can support. I knew that he was able, bold, determined, and that he had taken with him a large supply of money, borrowed upon usury;—in a word, I trembled for you both. I have now seen your daughter, and I tremble no more. Accomplished seducer as Peschiera boasts himself, the first look upon her face, so sweet yet so noble, convinced me that she is proof against a legion

of Peschieras. Now, then, return we to this all-important subject—to this packet. It never reached you. Long years have passed since then. Does it exist still? Into whose hands would it have fallen? Try to summon up all your recollections. The servant could not remember the name of the person to whom it was addressed; she only insisted that the name began with a B, that it was directed to England, and that to England she accordingly paid the postage. Whom, then, with a name that begins with B, or (in case the servant's memory here mislead her) whom did you or your wife know, during your visit to England, with sufficient intimacy to make it probable that she would select such a person for her confidant?"

"I cannot conceive," said Riccabocca, shaking his head. "We came to England shortly after our marriage. Paulina was affected by the climate. She spoke not a word of English, and indeed not even French as might have been expected from her birth, for her father was poor, and thoroughly Italian. She refused all society. I went, it is true, somewhat into the London world—enough to induce me to shrink from the contrast that my second visit as a beggared refugee would have made to the reception I met with on my first—but I formed no intimate friendships. I recall no one whom she could have written to as intimate with me."

"But," persisted Harley, "think again. Was there no lady well acquainted with Italian, and with whom, perhaps, for that very reason, your wife became familiar?"

"Ah, it is true. There was one old lady of retired habits, but who had been much in Italy. Lady—Lady—I remember—Lady Jane Horton."

"Horton—Lady Jane!" exclaimed Harley; "again! thrice in one day—is this wound never to scar over?" Then, noting Riccabocca's look of surprise, he said, "Excuse me, my friend; I listen to you with renewed interest. Lady Jane was a distant relation of my own; she judged me, perhaps, harshly—and I have some painful associations with her name; but she was a woman of many virtues. Your wife knew her?"

"Not, however, intimately—still, better than any one else in London. But Paulina would not have written to her; she knew that Lady Jane had died shortly after her own departure from England. I myself was summoned back to Italy on pressing business; she was too unwell to journey with me as rapidly as I was obliged to travel; indeed, illness detained her several weeks in England. In this interval she might have made acquaintances. Ah, now I see; I guess. You say the name began with B. Paulina, in my absence, engaged a companion; it was at my suggestion—a Mrs Bertram. This lady accompanied her abroad. Paulina became excessively attached to her, she knew Italian so well. Mrs Bertram left her on the road, and returned to England, for some private affairs of her own. I forget why or wherefore; if, indeed, I ever asked or learned. Paulina missed her sadly, often talked of her, wondered why she never heard from her. No doubt it was to this Mrs Bertram that she wrote!"

"And you don't know the lady's friends, or address?"

"No."

"Nor who recommended her to your wife?"

"No."

"Probably Lady Jane Horton?"

"It may be so. Very likely."

"I will follow up this track, slight as it is."

"But if Mrs Bertram received the communication, how comes it that it never reached—O, fool that I am, how should it! I, who guarded so carefully my incognito!"

"True. This your wife could not foresee; she would naturally imagine that your residence in England would be easily discovered. But many years must have passed since your wife lost sight of this Mrs Bertram, if their acquaintance was made so soon after your marriage; and now it is a long time to retrace—long before even your Violante was born."

"Alas! yes. I lost two fair sons in the interval. Violante was born to me as the child of sorrow."

"And to make sorrow lovely! how beautiful she is!"

The father smiled proudly.

"Where, in the loftiest houses of Europe, find a husband worthy of such a prize?"

"You forget that I am still an exile—she still dowerless. You forget that I am pursued by Peschiera; that I would rather see her a beggar's wife—than—Pah, the very thought mad-dens me, it is so foul. *Corpo di Bacco!* I have been glad to find her a husband already."

"Already! Then that young man spoke truly?"

"What young man?"

"Randal Leslie. How! You know him?" Here a brief explanation followed. Harley heard with attentive ear, and marked vexation, the particulars of Riccabocca's connection and implied engagement with Leslie.

"There is something very suspicious to me in all this," said he. "Why should this young man have so sounded me as to Violante's chance of losing fortune if she married an Englishman?"

"Did he? O, pooh! excuse him. It was but his natural wish to seem ignorant of all about me. He did not know enough of my intimacy with you to betray my secret."

"But he knew enough of it—must have known enough to have made it right that he should tell you I was in England. He does not seem to have done so."

"No—that is strange—yet scarcely strange; for, when we last met, his head was full of other things—love and marriage. *Basta!* youth will be youth."

"He has no youth left in him!" exclaimed Harley, passionately. "I doubt if he ever had any. He is one of those men who come into the world with the pulse of a centenarian. You and I never shall be as old—as he was in long-clothes. Ah, you may laugh; but I am never wrong in my instincts. I disliked him at the first—his eye, his smile, his voice, his very footstep. It is madness in you to countenance such a marriage: it may destroy all chance of your restoration."

"Better that than infringe my word once passed."

"No, no," exclaimed Harley; "your word is not passed—it shall not be passed. Nay, never look so piteously at me. At all events, pause

till we know more of this young man. If he be worthy of her without a dower, why, then, let him lose you your heritage. I should have no more to say."

"But why lose me my heritage?"

"Do you think the Austrian government would suffer your estates to pass to this English jackanapes, a clerk in a public office? O, sage in theory, why are you such a simpleton in action!"

Nothing moved by this taunt, Riccabocca rubbed his hands, and then stretched them comfortably over the fire.

"My friend," said he, "the heritage would pass to my son—a dowry only goes to the daughter."

"But you have no son."

"Hush! I am going to have one; my *Jemima* informed me of it yesterday morning; and it was upon that information that I resolved to speak to Leslie. Am I a simpleton now?"

"Going to have a son," repeated Harley, looking very bewildered; "how do you know it is to be a son?"

"Physiologists are agreed," said the sage positively, "that where the husband is much older than the wife, and there has been a long interval without children before she condescends to increase the population of the world—she (that is, it is at least as nine to four)—she brings into the world a male. I consider that point, therefore, as settled, according to the calculations of statistics and the researches of naturalists."

Harley could not help laughing, though he was still angry and disturbed.

"The same man as ever; always the fool of philosophy."

"*Cospetto!*" said Riccabocca, "I am rather the philosopher of fools. And talking of that, shall I present you to my *Jemima*?"

"Yes; but in turn I must present you to one who remembers with gratitude your kindness, and whom your philosophy, for a wonder, has not ruined. Some time or other you must explain that to me. Excuse me for a moment; I will go for him."

"For him;—for whom? In my position I must be cautious; and—"

"I will answer for his faith and discretion. Meanwhile, order dinner,

and let me and my friend stay to share it."

"Dinner? *Corpo di Bacco!*—not that Bacchus can help us here. What will Jemima say?"

"Henpecked man, settle that with your connubial tyrant. But dinner it must be."

I leave the reader to imagine the delight of Leonard at seeing once more Riccabocca unchanged, and Violante so improved; and the kind Jemima, too. And their wonder at him and his history, his books and his fame. He narrated his struggles and adventures with a simplicity that removed from a story so personal the character of egotism. But when he came to speak of Helen, he was brief and reserved.

Violante would have questioned more closely; but, to Leonard's relief, Harley interposed.

"You shall see her whom he speaks of, before long, and question her yourself."

With these words, Harley turned the young man's narrative into new directions; and Leonard's words again flowed freely. Thus the evening passed away happily to all save Riccabocca. But the thought of his dead wife rose ever and anon before him; and yet when it did, and became too painful, he crept nearer to Jemima, and looked in her simple face, and pressed her cordial hand. And yet the monster had implied to Harley that his comforter was a fool—so she was, to love so contemptible a slanderer of herself, and her sex.

Violante was in a state of blissful excitement; she could not analyse her own joy. But her conversation was chiefly with Leonard; and the most silent of all was Harley. He sat listening to Leonard's warm, yet unpretending eloquence—that eloquence

which flows so naturally from genius, when thoroughly at its ease, and not chilled back on itself by hard unsympathising hearers—listened, yet more charmed, to the sentiments less profound, yet no less earnest—sentiments so feminine, yet so noble, with which Violante's fresh virgin heart responded to the poet's kindling soul. Those sentiments of hers were so unlike all he heard in the common world—so akin to himself in his gone youth! Occasionally—at some high thought of her own, or some lofty line from Italian song, that she cited with lighted eyes, and in melodious accents—occasionally he reared his knightly head, and his lip quivered, as if he had heard the sound of a trumpet. The inertness of long years was shaken. The Heroic, that lay deep beneath all the humours of his temperament, was reached, appealed to; and stirred within him, rousing up all the bright associations connected with it, and long dormant. When he rose to take leave, surprised at the lateness of the hour, Harley said, in a tone that bespoke the sincerity of the compliment, "I thank you for the happiest hours I have known for years." His eye dwelt on Violante as he spoke. But timidity returned to her with his words—at his look; and it was no longer the inspired muse, but the bashful girl that stood before him.

"And when shall I see you again?" asked Riccabocca disconsolately, following his guest to the door.

"When? Why, of course, to-morrow. Adieu! my friend. No wonder you have borne your exile so patiently,—with such a child!"

He took Leonard's arm, and walked with him to the inn where he had left his horse. Leonard spoke of Violante with enthusiasm. Harley was silent.

CHAPTER III.

The next day a somewhat old-fashioned, but exceedingly patrician, equipage stopped at Riccabocca's garden-gate. Giacomo, who, from a bedroom window, had caught sight of it winding towards the house, was seized with undefinable terror when he beheld it pause before their walls,

and heard the shrill summons at the portal. He rushed into his master's presence, and implored him not to stir—not to allow any one to give ingress to the enemies the machine might disgorge. "I have heard," said he, "how a town in Italy—I think it was Bologna—was once taken

and given to the sword, by incautiously admitting a wooden horse, full of the troops of Barbarossa, and all manner of bombs and Congreve rockets."

"The story is differently told in Virgil," quoth Riccabocca, peeping out of the window. "Nevertheless, the machine looks very large and suspicious; unloose Pompey!"

"Father," said Violante, colouring, "it is your friend Lord L'Estrange; I hear his voice."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. How can I be mistaken?"

"Go, then, Giacomo; but take Pompey with thee—and give the alarm, if we are deceived."

But Violante was right; and in a few moments Lord L'Estrange was seen walking up the garden, and giving the arm to two ladies.

"Ah," said Riccabocca, composing his dressing-robe round him, "go, my child, and summon Jemima. Man to man; but, for Heaven's sake, woman to woman."

Harley had brought his mother and Helen, in compliment to the ladies of his friend's household.

The proud Countess knew that she was in the presence of Adversity, and her salute to Riccabocca was only less respectful than that with which she would have rendered homage to her sovereign. But Riccabocca, always gallant to the sex that he pretended to despise, was not to be outdone in ceremony; and the bow which replied to the curtsy would have edified the rising generation, and delighted such surviving relicts of the old Court breeding as may linger yet amidst the gloomy pomp of the Faubourg St Germain. These dues paid to etiquette, the Countess briefly introduced Helen, as Miss Digby, and seated herself near the exile. In a few moments the two elder personages became quite at home with each other; and really, perhaps, Riccabocca had never, since we have known him, showed to such advantage as by the side of his polished, but somewhat formal visiter. Both had lived so little with our modern, ill-bred age! They took out their manners of a former race, with a sort of pride in airing once more such fine lace and superb brocade. Riccabocca gave

truce to the shrewd but homely wisdom of his proverbs—perhaps he remembered that Lord Chesterfield denounces proverbs as vulgar;—and gaunt though his figure, and far from elegant though his dressing-robe, there was that about him which spoke undeniably of the *grand seigneur*—of one to whom a Marquis de Dangean would have offered a *fauteuil* by the side of the Rohans and Montmorencies.

Meanwhile Helen and Harley seated themselves a little apart, and were both silent—the first, from timidity; the second, from abstraction. At length the door opened, and Harley suddenly sprang to his feet—Violante and Jemima entered. Lady Lansmere's eyes first rested on the daughter, and she could scarcely refrain from an exclamation of admiring surprise; but then, when she caught sight of Mrs Riccabocca's somewhat humble, yet not obsequious mien—looking a little shy, a little homely, yet still thoroughly a gentlewoman, (though of your plain rural kind of that genus)—she turned from the daughter, and with the *savoir vivre* of the fine old school, paid her first respects to the wife; respects literally, for her manner implied respect,—but it was more kind, simple, and cordial than the respect she had shown to Riccabocca;—as the sage himself had said, here "it was Woman to Woman." And then she took Violante's hand in both hers, and gazed on her as if she could not resist the pleasure of contemplating so much beauty. "My son," she said softly, and with a half sigh—"my son in vain told me not to be surprised. This is the first time I have ever known reality exceed description!"

Violante's blush here made her still more beautiful; and as the Countess returned to Riccabocca, she stole gently to Helen's side.

"Miss Digby, my ward," said Harley pointedly, observing that his mother had neglected her duty of presenting Helen to the ladies. He then reseated himself, and conversed with Mrs Riccabocca; but his bright quick eye glanced ever at the two girls. They were about the same age—and youth was all that, to the superficial eye, they seemed to have in common.

A greater contrast could not well be conceived; and, what is strange, both gained by it. Violante's brilliant loveliness seemed yet more dazzling, and Helen's fair gentle face yet more winning. Neither had mixed much with girls of her own age; each took to the other at first sight. Violante, as the less shy, began the conversation.

"You are his ward—Lord L'Estrange's?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you came with him from Italy?"

"No, not exactly. But I have been in Italy for some years."

"Ah! you regret—nay, I am foolish—you return to your native land. But the skies in Italy are so blue—here it seems as if nature wanted colours."

"Lord L'Estrange says that you were very young when you left Italy; you remember it well. He, too, prefers Italy to England."

"He! Impossible!"

"Why impossible, fair sceptic?" cried Harley, interrupting himself in the midst of a speech to Jemima.

Violante had not dreamed that she could be overheard—she was speaking low; but, though visibly embarrassed, she answered distinctly—

"Because in England there is the noblest career for noble minds."

Harley was startled, and replied with a slight sigh, "At your age I should have said as you do. But this England of ours is so crowded with noble minds, that they only jostle each other, and the career is one cloud of dust."

"So, I have read, seems a battle to the common soldier, but not to the chief."

"You have read good descriptions of battles, I see."

Mrs Riccabocca, who thought this remark a taunt upon her daughter-in-law's studies, hastened to Violante's relief.

"Her papa made her read the history of Italy, and I believe that is full of battles."

HARLEY.—"All history is, and all women are fond of war and of warriors. I wonder why."

VIOLANTE, (turning to Helen, and in a very low voice, resolved that

Harley should not hear this time.)—"We can guess why—can we not?"

HARLEY, (hearing every word, as if it had been spoken in St Paul's Whispering Gallery.)—"If you can guess, Helen, pray tell me."

HELEN, (shaking her pretty head, and answering with a livelier smile than usual.)—"But I am not fond of war and warriors."

HARLEY to Violante.—"Then I must appeal at once to you, self-convicted Bellona that you are. Is it from the cruelty natural to the female disposition?"

VIOLANTE, (with a sweet musical laugh.)—"From two propensities still more natural to it."

HARLEY.—"You puzzle me: what can they be?"

VIOLANTE.—"Pity and admiration; we pity the weak, and admire the brave."

Harley inclined his head, and was silent.

Lady Lansmere had suspended her conversation with Riccabocca to listen to this dialogue. "Charming!" she cried. "You have explained what has often perplexed me. Ah, Harley, I am glad to see that your satire is foiled: you have no reply to that."

"No; I willingly own myself defeated—too glad to claim the Signorina's pity, since my cavalry sword hangs on the wall, and I can have no longer a professional pretence to her admiration."

He then rose, and glanced towards the window. "But I see a more formidable disputant for my conqueror to encounter is coming into the field—one whose profession it is to substitute some other romance for that of camp and siege."

"Our friend Leonard," said Riccabocca, turning his eye also towards the window. "True; as Quevedo says wittily, 'Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon-balls.'"

Here Leonard entered. Harley had sent Lady Lansmere's footman to him with a note, that prepared him to meet Helen. As he came into the room, Harley took him by the hand, and led him to Lady Lansmere.

"The friend of whom I spoke.

Welcome him now for my sake, ever after for his own ;" and then, scarcely allowing time for the Countess's elegant and gracious response, he drew Leonard towards Helen. "Children," said he, with a touching voice, that thrilled through the hearts of both, "go and seat yourselves yonder, and talk together of the past. Signorina, I invite you to renewed discussion upon the abstruse metaphysical subject you have started; let us see if we cannot find gentler sources for pity and admiration than war and warriors." He took Violante aside to the window. "You remember that Leonard, in telling you his history last night, spoke, you thought, rather too briefly of the little girl who had been his companion in the rudest time of his trials. When you would have questioned more, I interrupted you, and said, 'You should see her shortly, and question her yourself.' And now what think you of Helen Digby? Hush, speak low. But her ears are not so sharp as mine."

VIOLANTE.—"Ah! that is the fair creature whom Leonard called his child-angel? What a lovely innocent face!—the angel is there still."

HARLEY, (pleased both at the praise and with her who gave it.)—"You think so; and you are right. Helen is not communicative. But fine natures are like fine poems—a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you, if you read on."

Violante gazed on Leonard and Helen as they sat apart. Leonard was the speaker, Helen the listener; and though the former had, in his narrative the night before, been indeed brief as to the episode in his life connected with the orphan, enough had been said to interest Violante in the pathos of their former position towards each other, and in the happiness they must feel in their meeting again—separated for years on the wide sea of life, now both saved from the storm and shipwreck. The tears came into her eyes. "True," she said very softly, "there is more here to move pity and admiration than in"—She paused.

HARLEY.—"Complete the sentence. Are you ashamed to retract? Fie on your pride and obstinacy."

VIOLANTE.—"No; but even here there have been war and heroism—the war of genius with adversity, and heroism in the comforter who shared it and consoled. Ah! wherever pity and admiration are both felt, something nobler than mere sorrow must have gone before: the heroic must exist."

"Helen does not know what the word heroic means," said Harley, rather sadly; "you must teach her."

"Is it possible," thought he as he spoke, "that a Randal Leslie could have charmed this grand creature? No 'Heroic' surely, in that sleek young placeman." "Your father," he said aloud, and fixing his eyes on her face, "sees much, he tells me, of a young man, about Leonard's age, as to date; but I never estimate the age of men by the parish register; and I should speak of that so-called young man as a contemporary of my great-grandfather;—I mean Mr Randal Leslie. Do you like him?"

"Like him?" said Violante slowly, and as if sounding her own mind. "Like him—yes."

"Why?" asked Harley, with dry and curt indignation.

"His visits seem to please my dear father. Certainly I like him."

"Hum. He professes to like you, I suppose?"

Violante laughed, unsuspectingly. She had half a mind to reply, "Is that so strange?" But her respect for Harley stopped her. The words would have seemed to her pert.

"I am told he is clever," resumed Harley.

"O, certainly."

"And he is rather handsome. But I like Leonard's face better."

"Better—that is not the word. Leonard's face is as that of one who has gazed so often upon heaven; and Mr Leslie's—there is neither sunlight nor starlight reflected there."

"My dear Violante!" exclaimed Harley, overjoyed; and he pressed her hand.

The blood rushed over the girl's cheek and brow; her hand trembled in his. But Harley's familiar exclamation might have come from a father's lips.

At this moment Helen softly approached them, and looking timidly

into her guardian's face, said, "Leonard's mother is with him: he asks me to call and see her. May I?"

"May you! A pretty notion the Signorina must form of your enslaved state of pupilage, when she hears you ask that question. Of course you may."

"Will you take me there?"

Harley looked embarrassed. He thought of the widow's agitation at his name; of that desire to shun him, which Leonard had confessed, and of which he thought he divined the cause. And, so divining, he too shrank from such a meeting.

"Another time, then," said he, after a pause.

Helen looked disappointed, but said no more.

Violante was surprised at this ungracious answer. She would have blamed it as unfeeling in another. But all that Harley did was right in her eyes.

"Cannot I go with Miss Digby?" said she, "and my mother will go too. We both know Mrs Fairfield. We shall be so pleased to see her again."

So be it," said Harley; "I will wait here with your father till you come back. O, as to my mother, she will excuse the—excuse Madame Riccabocca, and you too. See how charmed she is with *your* father. I must stay to watch over the conjugal interests of *mine*."

But Mrs Riccabocca had too much good old country breeding to leave the Countess; and Harley was forced himself to appeal to Lady Lansmere. When he had explained the case in point, the Countess rose and said—

"But I will call myself, with Miss Digby."

"No," said Harley, gravely, but in a whisper. "No—I would rather not. I will explain later."

"Then," said the Countess aloud, after a glance of surprise at her son, "I must insist on your performing this visit, my dear madam, and you, Signorina. In truth, I have something to say confidentially to—"

"To me," interrupted Riccabocca. "Ah, Madame la Comtesse, you restore me to five-and-twenty. Go, quick—O jealous and injured wife; go, both of you, quick; and you, too, Harley."

"Nay," said Lady Lansmere, in the same tone, "Harley must stay, for my design is not at present upon destroying your matrimonial happiness, whatever it may be later. It is a design so innocent that my son will be a partner in it."

Here the Countess put her lips to Harley's ear, and whispered. He received her communication in attentive silence; but when she had done, pressed her hand, and bowed his head, as if in assent to a proposal.

In a few minutes the three ladies and Leonard were on their road to the neighbouring cottage.

Violante, with her usual delicate intuition, thought that Leonard and Helen must have much to say to each other; and ignorant, as Leonard himself was, of Helen's engagement to Harley, began already, in the romance natural to her age, to predict for them happy and united days in the future. So she took her step-mother's arm, and left Helen and Leonard to follow.

"I wonder," she said, musingly, "how Miss Digby became Lord L'Estrange's ward. I hope she is not very rich, nor very high-born."

"La, my love," said the good Jemima, "that is not like you; you are not envious of her, poor girl?"

"Envious! Dear mamma, what a word! But don't you think Leonard and Miss Digby seem born for each other? And then the recollections of their childhood—the thoughts of childhood are so deep, and its memories so strangely soft!" The long lashes drooped over Violante's musing eyes as she spoke. "And therefore," she said after a pause—"therefore I hoped that Miss Digby might not be very rich, nor very high-born."

"I understand you now, Violante," exclaimed Jemima, her own early passion for match-making instantly returning to her; "for, as Leonard, however clever and distinguished, is still the son of Mark Fairfield the carpenter, it would spoil all if Miss Digby was, as you say, rich and high-born. I agree with you—a very pretty match—a very pretty match, indeed. I wish dear Mrs Dale were here now—she is so clever in settling such matters."

Meanwhile Leonard and Helen

walked side by side a few paces in the rear. He had not offered her his arm. They had been silent hitherto since they left Riccabocca's house.

Helen now spoke first. In similar cases it is generally the woman, be she ever so timid, who does speak first. And here Helen was the bolder; for Leonard did not disguise from himself the nature of his feelings, and Helen was engaged to another; and her pure heart was fortified by the trust reposed in it.

"And have you ever heard more of the good Dr Morgan, who had powders against sorrow, and who meant to be so kind to us—though," she added, colouring, "we did not think so then?"

"He took my child—angel from me," said Leonard, with visible emotion; "and if she had not returned, where and what should I be now? But I have forgiven him. No, I have never met him since."

"And that terrible Mr Burley?"

"Poor, poor Burley! He, too, is vanished out of my present life. I have made many inquiries after him; all I can hear is that he went abroad, supposed as a correspondent to some journal. I should like so much to see him again, now that perhaps I could help him as he helped me."

"Helped you—ah!"

Leonard smiled with a beating heart, as he saw again the dear, prudent, warning look, and involuntarily drew closer to Helen. She seemed more restored to him and to her former self.

"Helped me much by his instructions; more, perhaps, by his very faults. You cannot guess, Helen—I beg pardon, Miss Digby—but I forgot that we are no longer children: you cannot guess how much we men, and more than all perhaps, we writers, whose task it is to unravel the web of human actions, owe even to our own past errors; and if we learned nothing by the errors of others, we should be dull indeed. We must know where the roads divide, and have marked where they lead to, before we can erect our sign-posts; and books are the sign-posts in human life."

"Books!—And I have not yet read yours. And Lord L'Estrange tells me you are famous now. Yet

you remember me still—the poor orphan child, whom you first saw weeping at her father's grave, and with whom you burdened your own young life, over-burdened already. No, still call me Helen—you must always be to me—a brother! Lord L'Estrange feels *that*; he said so to me when he told me that we were to meet again. He is so generous, so noble. Brother!" cried Helen, suddenly, and extending her hand, with a sweet but sublime look in her gentle face—"brother, we will never forfeit his esteem; we will both do our best to repay him! Will we not—say so?"

Leonard felt overpowered by contending and unanalysed emotions. Touched almost to tears by the affectionate address—thrilled by the hand that pressed his own—and yet with a vague fear, a consciousness that something more than the words themselves was implied—something that checked all hope. And this word "brother," once so precious and so dear, why did he shrink from it now?—why could he not too say the sweet word "sister?"

"She is above me now and evermore!" he thought, mournfully; and the tones of his voice, when he spoke again, were changed. The appeal to renewed intimacy but made him more distant; and to that appeal itself he made no direct answer; for Mrs Riccabocca, now turning round, and pointing to the cottage which came in view, with its picturesque gable-ends, cried out—

"But is that your house, Leonard? I never saw anything so pretty."

"You do not remember it, then," said Leonard to Helen, in accents of melancholy reproach—"there where I saw you last! I doubted whether to keep it exactly as it was, and I said, 'No! the association is not changed because we try to surround it with whatever beauty we can create; the dearer the association, the more the Beautiful becomes to it natural.' Perhaps you don't understand this—perhaps it is only we poor poets who do."

"I understand it," said Helen, gently. She looked wistfully at the cottage.

"So changed—I have so often pictured it to myself—never, never like this; yet I loved it, commonplace as

it was to my recollection; and the garret, and the tree in the carpenter's yard."

She did not give these thoughts utterance. And they now entered the garden.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs Fairfield was a proud woman when she received Mrs Riccabocca and Violante in her grand house; for a grand house to her was that cottage to which her boy Lenny had brought her home. Proud, indeed, ever was Widow Fairfield; but she thought then in her secret heart, that if ever she could receive in the drawing-room of that grand house the great Mrs Hazeldean, who had so lectured her for refusing to live any longer in the humble tenement rented of the Squire, the cup of human bliss would be filled, and she could contentedly die of the pride of it. She did not much notice Helen—her attention was too absorbed by the ladies who renewed their old acquaintance with her, and she carried them all over the house, yea, into the very kitchen; and so, somehow or other, there was a short time when Helen and Leonard found themselves alone. It was in the study. Helen had unconsciously seated herself in Leonard's own chair, and she was gazing with anxious and wistful interest on the scattered papers, looking so disorderly (though, in truth, in that disorder there was method, but method only known to the owner,) and at the venerable well-worn books, in all languages, lying on the floor, on the chairs—anywhere. I must confess that Helen's first tidy womanlike idea was a great desire to arrange the litter. "Poor Leonard," she thought to herself—"the rest of the house so neat, but no one to take care of his own room and of him!"

As if he divined her thought, Leonard smiled, and said, "It would be a cruel kindness to the spider, if the gentlest hand in the world tried to set its cobweb to rights."

HELEN.—"You were not quite so bad in the old days."

LEONARD.—"Yet even then, you were obliged to take care of the money. I have more books now, and more money. My present housekeeper lets me take care of the books, but she is so un-
 urgent as to the money."

HELEN, (archly).—"Are you as absent as ever?"

LEONARD.—"Much more so, I fear. The habit is incorrigible. Miss Digby—"

HELEN.—"Not Miss Digby—sister, if you like."

LEONARD, (evading the word that implied so forbidden an affinity).—"Helen, will you grant me a favour? Your eyes and your smile say 'yes.' Will you lay aside, for one minute, your shawl and bonnet? What! can you be surprised that I ask it? Can you not understand that I wish for one minute to think you are at home again under this roof?"

Helen cast down her eyes, and seemed troubled; then she raised them, with a soft angelic candour in their dovelike blue, and, as if in shelter from all thoughts of more warm affection, again murmured "*brother*," and did as he asked her.

So there she sat, amongst the dull books, by his table, near the open window—her fair hair parted on her forehead—looking so good, so calm, so happy! Leonard wondered at his own self-command. His heart yearned to her with such inexpressible love—his lips so longed to murmur—"Ah, as now so could it be for ever! Is the home too mean?" But that word "*brother*" was as a talisman between her and him.

Yet she looked so at home—perhaps so at home she felt!—more certainly than she had yet learned to do in that stiff stately house in which she was soon to have a daughter's rights. Was she suddenly made aware of this—that she so suddenly arose—and with a look of alarm and distress on her face—

"But—we are keeping Lady Lansmere too long," she said, falteringly. "We must go now," and she hastily took up her shawl and bonnet.

Just then Mrs Fairfield entered with the visitors, and began making excuses for inattention to Miss Digby, whose identity with Leonard's child-angel she had not yet learned.

Helen received these apologies with her usual sweetness. "Nay," she said, "your son and I are such old friends, how could you stand on ceremony with me?"

"Old friends!" Mrs Fairfield stared amazed, and then surveyed the fair speaker more curiously than she had yet done. "Pretty nice spoken thing," thought the widow; "as nice spoken as Miss Violante, and humbler-looking-like,—though, as to dress, I never see anything so elegant out of a picter."

Helen now appropriated Mrs Riccabocca's arm; and, after a kind leave-taking with the widow, the ladies returned towards Riccabocca's house.

Mrs Fairfield, however, ran after them with Leonard's hat and gloves, which he had forgotten.

"Deed, boy," she said kindly, yet scoldingly, "but there'd be no more fine books, if the Lord had not fixed your head on your shoulders. You would not think it, marm," she added to Mrs Riccabocca, "but

sin' he has left you, he's not the 'cute lad he was; very helpless at times, marm!"

Helen could not resist turning round, and looking at Leonard, with a sly smile.

The widow saw the smile, and catching Leonard by the arm, whispered, "But, where before have you seen that pretty young lady? Old friends!"

"Ah, mother," said Leonard sadly, "it is a long tale; you have heard the beginning, who can guess the end?"—and he escaped. But Helen still leant on the arm of Mrs Riccabocca, and, in the walk back, it seemed to Leonard as if the winter had resettled in the sky.

Yet he was by the side of Violante, and she spoke to him with such praise of Helen! Alas! it is not always so sweet as folks say, to hear the praises of one we love. Sometimes those praises seem to ask ironically, "And what right hast thou to hope because thou lovest? *All love her.*"

CHAPTER V.

No sooner had Lady Lansmere found herself alone with Riccabocca and Harley than she laid her hand on the exile's arm, and, addressing him by a title she had not before given him, and from which he appeared to shrink nervously, said—"Harley, in bringing me to visit you, was forced to reveal to me your incognito, for I should have discovered it. You may not remember me, in spite of your gallantry. But I mixed more in the world than I do now, during your first visit to England, and once sate next to you at dinner at Carlton House. Nay, no compliments, but listen to me. Harley tells me you have cause for some alarm respecting the designs of an audacious and unprincipled—adventurer, I may call him; for adventurers are of all ranks. Suffer your daughter to come to me, on a visit, as long as you please. With me, at least, she will be safe; and if you too, and the—"

"Stop, my dear madam," interrupted Riccabocca, with great vivacity, "your kindness overpowers me. I thank you most gratefully for your invitation to my child; but—"

"Nay," in his turn interrupted Harley, "no buts. I was not aware of my mother's intention when she entered this room. But since she whispered it to me, I have reflected on it, and am convinced that it is but a prudent precaution. Your retreat is known to Mr Leslie—he is known to Peschiera. Grant that no indiscretion of Mr Leslie's betray the secret; still I have reason to believe that the Count guesses Randal's acquaintance with you. Audley Egerton this morning told me he had gathered that, not from the young man himself, but from questions put to himself by Madame di Negra; and Peschiera might, and would, set spies to track Leslie to every house that he visits—might and would, still more naturally, set spies to track myself. Were this man an Englishman, I should laugh at his machinations; but he is an Italian, and has been a conspirator. What he could do I know not; but an assassin can penetrate into a camp, and a traitor can creep through closed walls to one's hearth. With my mother, Violante must be safe; that you cannot oppose. And why not come yourself?"

Riccabocca had no reply to these arguments, so far as they affected Violante; indeed, they awakened the almost superstitious terror with which he regarded his enemy, and he consented at once that Violante should accept the invitation proffered. But he refused it for himself and Jemima.

"To say truth," said he simply, "I made a secret vow, on re-entering England, that I would associate with none who knew the rank I had formerly held in my own land. I felt that all my philosophy was needed, to reconcile and habituate myself to my altered circumstances. In order to find in my present existence, however humble, those blessings which make all life noble—dignity and peace—it was necessary for poor, weak human nature, wholly to dismiss the past. It would unsettle me sadly, could I come to your house, renew awhile, in your kindness and respect—nay, in the very atmosphere of your society—the sense of what I have been; and then (should the more than doubtful chance of recall from my exile fail me) to awake, and find myself for the rest of life—what I am. And though, were I alone, I might trust myself perhaps to the danger—yet my wife: she is happy and contented now; would she be so, if you had once spoiled her for the simple position of Dr Riccabocca's wife? Should I not have to listen to regrets, and hopes, and fears that would prick sharp through my thin cloak of philosophy? Even as it is, since in a moment of weakness I confided my secret to her, I have had 'my rank' thrown at me—with a careless hand, it is true—but it hits hard, nevertheless. No stone hurts like one taken from the ruins of one's own home; and the grander the home, why, the heavier the stone! Protect, dear madam—protect my daughter, since her father doubts his own power to do so. But—ask no more."

Riccabocca was immovable here. And the matter was settled as he decided, it being agreed that Violante should be still styled but the daughter of Dr Riccabocca.

"And now, one word more," said Harley. "Do not confide to Mr Leslie these arrangements; do not

let him know where Violante is placed—at least, until I authorise such confidence in him. It is sufficient excuse, that it is no use to know unless he called to see her, and his movements, as I said before, may be watched. You can give the same reason to suspend his visits to yourself. Suffer me, meanwhile, to mature my judgment on this young man. In the meanwhile, also, I think that I shall have means of ascertaining the real nature of Peschiera's schemes. His sister has sought to know me; I will give her the occasion. I have heard some things of her in my last residence abroad, which make me believe that she cannot be wholly the Count's tool in any schemes nakedly villanous; that she has some finer qualities in her than I once supposed; and that she can be won from his influence. It is a state of war: we will carry it into the enemy's camp. You will promise me, then, to refrain from all further confidence to Mr Leslie."

"For the present, yes," said Riccabocca, reluctantly.

"Do not even say that you have seen me, unless he first tell you that I am in England, and wish to learn your residence. I will give him full occasion to do so. Pish! don't hesitate; you know your own proverb—

*'Boccha chiusa, ed occhio aperto
Non fece mai nissun deserto.'*

"The closed mouth and the open eye," &c."

"That's very true," said the Doctor, much struck. "Very true. '*In boccha chiusa non c'entrano mosche.*' One can't swallow flies if one keeps one's mouth shut. *Corpo di Bacco!* that's very true indeed."

Harley took aside the Italian.

"You see, if our hope of discovering the lost packet, or if our belief in the nature of its contents, be too sanguine, still, in a few months it is possible that Peschiera can have no further designs on your daughter—possible that a son may be born to you, and Violante would cease to be in danger, because she would cease to be an heiress. Indeed, it may be well to let Peschiera know this chance; it would, at least, make him delay all his plans while we are tracking the

document that may defeat them for ever."

"No, no! for heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed Riccabocca, pale as ashes. "Not a word to him. I don't mean to impute to him crimes of which he may be innocent. But he meant to take my life when I escaped the pursuit of his hirelings in Italy. He did not hesitate, in his avarice, to denounce a kinsman; expose hundreds to the sword, if resisting—to the dungeon, if passive. Did he know that my wife might bear me a son, how can I tell that his designs might not change into others still darker, and more monstrous, than those he now openly parades, though, after all, not more infamous and vile. Would my wife's life be safe? Not more difficult to convey poison into my house, than to steal my child from my hearth. Don't despise me; but when I think

of my wife, my daughter, and that man, my mind forsakes me: I am one fear."

"Nay, this apprehension is too exaggerated. We do not live in the age of the Borgias. Could Peschiera resort to the risks of a murder, it is for yourself that you should fear."

"For myself!—I! I!" cried the exile, raising his tall stature to its full height. "Is it not enough degradation to a man who has borne the name of such ancestors, to fear for those he loves! Fear for myself! Is it you who ask if I am a coward?"

He recovered himself, as he felt Harley's penitential and admiring grasp of the hand.

"See," said he, turning to the Countess with a melancholy smile, "how even one hour of your society destroys the habits of years. Dr Riccabocca is talking of his ancestors!"

CHAPTER VI.

Violante and Jemima were both greatly surprised, as the reader may suppose, when they heard, on their return, the arrangements already made for the former. The Countess insisted on taking her at once, and Riccabocca briefly said, "Certainly, the sooner the better." Violante was stunned and bewildered. Jemima hastened to make up a little bundle of things necessary, with many a woman's sigh that the poor wardrobe contained so few things befitting. But among the clothes she slipped a purse, containing the savings of months, perhaps of years, and with it a few affectionate lines, begging Violante to ask the Countess to buy her all that was proper for her father's child. There is always something hurried and uncomfortable in the abrupt and unexpected withdrawal of any member from a quiet household. The small party broke into still smaller knots. Violante hung on her father, and listened vaguely to his not very lucid explanations. The Countess approached Leonard, and, according to the usual mode with persons of quality addressing young authors, complimented him highly on the books she had not read, but which her son assured her

were so remarkable. She was a little anxious to know where Harley had met with Mr Oran, whom he called his friend; but she was too high-bred to inquire, or to express any wonder that rank should be friends with genius.

She took it for granted that they had formed their acquaintance abroad.

Harley conversed with Helen.—"You are not sorry that Violante is coming to us? She will be just such a companion for you as I could desire; of your own years too."

HELEN, (ingenuously.)—"It is hard to think I am not younger than she is."

HARLEY. — "Why, my dear Helen?"

HELEN.—"She is so brilliant. She talks so beautifully. And I—"

HARLEY.—"And you want but the habit of talking, to do justice to your own beautiful thoughts."

Helen looked at him gratefully, but shook her head. It was a common trick of hers, and always when she was praised.

At last the preparations were made—the farewell was said. Violante was in the carriage by Lady Lansmere's side. Slowly moved on the stately equipage with its four horses

and trim postillions, heraldic badges on their shoulders, in the style rarely seen in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and now fast vanishing even amidst distant counties.

Riccabocca, Jemima, and Jackeymo continued to gaze after it from the gate.

"She is gone," said Jackeymo, brushing his eyes with his coat-sleeve. "But it is a load off one's mind."

"And another load on one's heart," murmured Riccabocca. "Don't cry, Jemima; it may be bad for you, and bad for *him* that is to come. It is

astonishing how the humours of the mother may affect the unborn. I should not like to have a son who has a more than usual propensity to tears."

The poor philosopher tried to smile; but it was a bad attempt. He went slowly in, and shut himself up with his books. But he could not read. His whole mind was unsettled. And though, like all parents, he had been anxious to rid himself of a beloved daughter for life, now that she was gone but for a while, a string seemed broken in the Music of Home.

CHAPTER VII.

The evening of the same day, as Egerton, who was to entertain a large party at dinner, was changing his dress, Harley walked into his room.

Egerton dismissed his valet by a sign, and continued his toilet.

"Excuse me, my dear Harley, I have only ten minutes to give you. I expect one of the royal dukes, and punctuality is the stern virtue of men of business, and the graceful courtesy of princes."

Harley had usually a jest for his friend's aphorisms; but he had none now. He laid his hand kindly on Egerton's shoulder—"Before I speak of my business, tell me how you are—better?"

"Better—nay, I am always well. Pooh! I may look a little tired—years of toil will tell on the countenance. But that matters little—the period of life has passed with me when one cares how one looks in the glass."

As he spoke, Egerton completed his dress, and came to the hearth, standing there, erect and dignified as usual, still far handsomer than many a younger man, and with a form that seemed to have ample vigour to support for many a year the sad and glorious burthen of power.

"So now to your business, Harley."

"In the first place, I want you to present me, at the first opportunity, to Madame di Negra. You say she wished to know me."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, she receives this evening. I did not mean to go; but when my party breaks up"—

"You can call for me at 'The Travellers.'—Do!"

"Next—you knew Lady Jane Horton better even than I did, at least in the last year of her life." Harley sighed, and Egerton turned and stirred the fire.

"Pray, did you ever see at her house, or hear her speak of, a Mrs Bertram?"

"Of whom?" said Egerton, in a hollow voice, his face still turned towards the fire.

"A Mrs Bertram; but Heavens! my dear fellow, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A spasm at the heart—that is all—don't ring—I shall be better presently—go on talking. Mrs—why do you ask?"

"Why! I have hardly time to explain; but I am, as I told you, resolved on righting my old Italian friend, if Heaven will help me, as it ever does help the just when they bestir themselves; and this Mrs Bertram is mixed up in my friend's affairs."

"His! How is that possible?"

Harley rapidly and succinctly explained. Audley listened attentively, with his eyes fixed on the floor, and still seeming to labour under great difficulty of breathing.

At last he answered, "I remember something of this Mrs—Mrs—Bertram. But your inquiries after her would be useless. I think I have heard that she is long since dead; nay, I am sure of it."

"Dead!—that is most unfortunate. But do you know any of her relations or friends? Can you suggest any

mode of tracing this packet, if it came to her hands?"

"No."

"And Lady Jane had scarcely any friend that I remember, except my mother, and she knows nothing of this Mrs Bertram. How unlucky! I think I shall advertise. Yet, no. I could only distinguish this Mrs Bertram from any other of the same name, by stating with whom she had gone abroad, and that would catch the attention of Peschiera, and set him to counterwork us."

"And what avails it?" said Egerton. "She whom you seek is no more—no more!" He paused, and went on rapidly—"The packet did not arrive in England till years after her

death—was no doubt returned to the post-office—is destroyed long ago."

Harley looked very much disappointed. Egerton went on in a sort of set mechanical voice, as if not thinking of what he said, but speaking from the dry practical mode of reasoning which was habitual to him, and by which the man of the world destroys the hopes of an enthusiast. Then starting up at the sound of the first thundering knock at the street door, he said, "Hark! you must excuse me."

"I leave you, my dear Audley. Are you better now?"

"Much, much—quite well. I will call for you, — probably between eleven and twelve."

CHAPTER VIII.

If any one could be more surprised at seeing Lord L'Estrange at the house of Madame di Negra that evening than the fair hostess herself, it was Randal Leslie. Something instinctively told him that this visit threatened interference with whatever might be his ultimate projects in regard to Riccabocca and Violante. But Randal Leslie was not one of those who shrink from an intellectual combat. On the contrary, he was too confident of his powers of intrigue, not to take a delight in their exercise. He could not conceive that the indolent Harley could be a match for his own restless activity and dogged perseverance. But in a very few moments fear crept on him. No man of his day could produce a more brilliant effect than Lord L'Estrange, when he deigned to desire it. Without much pretence to that personal beauty which strikes at first sight, he still retained all the charm of countenance, and all the grace of manner, which had made him in boyhood the spoiled darling of society. Madame di Negra had collected but a small circle round her, still it was of the *élite* of the great world; not, indeed, those more precise and reserved *dames du château*, whom the lighter and easier of the fair dispensers of fashion ridicule as pruders; but, nevertheless, ladies were there, as unblemished in reputation as high in rank; flirts and coquettes, perhaps—nothing more; in

short, "charming women"—the gay butterflies that hover over the stiff parterre. And there were ambassadors and ministers, and wits and brilliant debaters, and first-rate dandies, (dandies, when first-rate, are generally very agreeable men.) Amongst all these various persons, Harley, so long a stranger to the London world, seemed to make himself at home with the ease of an Alcibiades. Many of the less juvenile ladies remembered him, and rushed to claim his acquaintance, with nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles. He had ready compliment for each. And few indeed were there, men or women, for whom Harley L'Estrange had not appropriate attraction. Distinguished reputation as soldier and scholar, for the grave; whim and pleasantry for the gay; novelty for the sated; and for the more vulgar natures, was he not Lord L'Estrange, unmarried, heir to an ancient earldom, and some fifty thousands a-year?

Not till he had succeeded in the general effect—which, it must be owned, he did his best to create—did Harley seriously and especially devote himself to his hostess. And then he seated himself by her side; and, as if in compliment to both, less pressing admirers insensibly slipped away and edged off.

Frank Hazeldean was the last to quit his ground behind Mad di Negra's chair; but when he "

that the two began to talk in Italian, and he could not understand a word they said, he too—fancying, poor fellow, that he looked foolish, and cursing his Eton education that had neglected, for languages spoken by the dead, of which he had learned little, those still in use among the living, of which he had learned nought—retreated towards Randal, and asked wistfully, "Pray, what age should you say L'Estrange was? He must be devilish old, in spite of his looks. Why, he was at Waterloo!"

"He is young enough to be a terrible rival," answered Randal, with artful truth.

Frank turned pale, and began to meditate dreadful bloodthirsty thoughts, of which hair-triggers and Lord's Cricket-ground formed the staple.

Certainly there was apparent ground for a lover's jealousy. For Harley and Beatrice now conversed in a low tone, and Beatrice seemed agitated, and Harley earnest. Randal himself grew more and more perplexed. Was Lord L'Estrange really enamoured of the Marchesa? If so, farewell to all hopes of Frank's marriage with her! Or was he merely playing a part in Riccabocca's interest; pretending to be the lover, in order to obtain an influence over her mind, rule her through her ambition, and secure an ally against her brother? Was this *finesse* compatible with Randal's notions of Harley's character? Was it consistent with that chivalric and soldierly spirit of honour which the frank nobleman affected, to make love to a woman in mere *ruse de guerre*? Could mere friendship for Riccabocca be a sufficient inducement to a man, who, whatever his weaknesses or his errors, seemed to wear on his very forehead a soul above deceit, to stoop to paltry means, even for a worthy end? At this question, a new thought flashed upon Randal—might not Lord L'Estrange have speculated himself upon winning Violante?—would not that account for all the exertions he had made on behalf of her inheritance at the court of Vienna—exertions of which Peschiera and Beatrice had both complained? Those objections which the Austrian government might take to Violante's mar-

riage with some obscure Englishman would probably not exist against a man like Harley. L'Estrange, whose family not only belonged to the highest aristocracy of England, but had always supported opinions in vogue amongst the leading governments of Europe. Harley himself, it is true, had never taken part in politics, but his notions were, no doubt, those of a high-born soldier, who had fought, in alliance with Austria, for the restoration of the Bourbons. And this immense wealth—which Violante might lose, if she married one like Randal himself—her marriage with the heir of the Lansmeres might actually tend only to secure. Could Harley, with all his own expectations, be indifferent to such a prize?—and no doubt he had learned Violante's rare beauty in his correspondence with Riccabocca.

Thus considered, it seemed natural to Randal's estimate of human nature, that Harley's more prudish scruples of honour, as regards what is due to women, could not resist a temptation so strong. Mere friendship was not a motive powerful enough to shake them, but ambition was.

While Randal was thus cogitating, Frank thus suffering, and many a whisper, in comment on the evident flirtation between the beautiful hostess and the accomplished guest, reached the ears both of the brooding schemer and the jealous lover, the conversation between the two objects of remark and gossip had taken a new turn. Indeed, Beatrice had made an effort to change it.

"It is long, my lord," said she, still speaking Italian, "since I have heard sentiments like those you address to me; and if I do not feel myself wholly unworthy of them, it is from the pleasure I have felt in reading sentiments equally foreign to the language of the world in which I live." She took a book from the table as she spoke: "Have you seen this work?"

Harley glanced at the title-page. "To be sure I have, and I know the author."

"I envy you that honour. I should so like also to know one who has discovered to me deeps in my own heart which I had never explored."

"Charming Marchesa, if the book

has done this, believe me that I have paid you no false compliment—formed no overflattering estimate of your nature; for the charm of the work is but in its simple appeal to good and generous emotions, and it can charm none in whom those emotions exist not!”

“Nay, that cannot be true, or why is it so popular?”

“Because good and generous emotions are more common to the human heart than we are aware of till the appeal comes.”

“Don’t ask me to think that! I have found the world so base.”

“Pardon me a rude question; but what do you know of the world?”

Beatrice looked first in surprise at Harley, then glanced round the room with significant irony.

“As I thought; you call this little room ‘the world.’ Be it so. I will venture to say, that if the people in this room were suddenly converted into an audience before a stage, and you were as consummate in the actor’s art as you are in all others that please and command—”

“Well?”

“And were to deliver a speech full of sordid and base sentiments, you would be hissed. But let any other woman, with half your powers, arise and utter sentiments sweet and womanly, or honest and lofty—and applause would flow from every lip, and tears rush to many a worldly eye. The true proof of the inherent nobleness of our common nature is in the sympathy it betrays with what is noble wherever crowds are collected. Never believe the world is base;—if it were so, no society could hold together for a day. But you would know the author of this book? I will bring him to you.”

“Do.”

“And now,” said Harley rising, and with his candid winning smile, “do you think we shall ever be friends?”

“You have startled me so, that I can scarcely answer. But why would you be friends with me?”

“Because you need a friend. You have none?”

“Strange flatterer!” said Beatrice, smiling, though very sadly; and looking up, her eye caught Randal’s.

“Pooh!” said Harley, “you are too penetrating to believe that you

inspire friendship *there*. Ah, do you suppose that, all the while I have been conversing with you, I have not noticed the watchful gaze of Mr Randal Leslie? What tie can possibly connect you together I know not yet; but I soon shall.”

“Indeed! you talk like one of the old Council of Venice. You try hard to make me fear you,” said Beatrice, seeking to escape from the graver kind of impression Harley had made on her, by the affectation, partly of coquetry, partly of levity.

“And I,” said L’Estrange calmly, “tell you already, that I fear you no more.” He bowed, and passed through the crowd to rejoin Audley, who was seated in a corner, whispering with some of his political colleagues. Before Harley reached the minister, he found himself close to Randal and young Hazeldean.

He bowed to the first, and extended his hand to the last. Randal felt the distinction, and his sullen, bitter pride was deeply galled—a feeling of hate towards Harley passed into his mind. He was pleased to see the cold hesitation with which Frank just touched the hand offered to him. But Randal had not been the only person whose watch upon Beatrice the keen-eyed Harley had noticed. Harley had seen the angry looks of Frank Hazeldean, and divined the cause. So he smiled forgivingly at the slight he had received.

“You are like me, Mr Hazeldean,” said he. “You think something of the heart should go with all courtesy that bespeaks friendship—

“The hand of Douglas is his own.”

Here Harley drew aside Randal. “Mr Leslie, a word with you. If I wished to know the retreat of Dr Riccabocca, in order to render him a great service, would you confide to me that secret?”

“That woman has let out her suspicions that I know the exile’s retreat,” thought Randal; and with rare presence of mind, he replied at once—

“My Lord, yonder stands a connection of Dr Riccabocca’s. Mr Hazeldean is surely the person to whom you should address this inquiry.”

“Not so, Mr Leslie; for I suspect that he cannot answer it, and that you can. Well, I will ask a

that it seems to me you may grant without hesitation. Should you see Dr Riccabocca, tell him that I am in England, and so leave it to him to communicate with me or not; but perhaps you have already done so?"

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, bowing low, with pointed formality, "excuse me if I decline either to disclaim or acquiesce in the knowledge you impute to me. If I am acquainted with any secret intrusted to me by Dr Riccabocca, it is for me to use my own discretion how best to guard it. And for the rest, after the Scotch earl, whose words your lordship has quoted, refused to touch the hand of Marmion, Douglas could scarcely have called him back in order to give him—a message!"

Harley was not prepared for this tone in Mr Egerton's *protégé*, and his own gallant nature was rather pleased than irritated by a haughtiness that at least seemed to bespeak independence of spirit. Nevertheless, L'Estrange's suspicions of Randal were too strong to be easily set aside, and therefore he replied, civilly, but with covert taunt—

"I submit to your rebuke, Mr Les-

lie, though I meant not the offence you would ascribe to me. I regret my unlucky quotation yet the more, since the wit of your retort has obliged you to identify yourself with Marmion, who, though a clever and brave fellow, was an uncommonly—tricky one." And so Harley, certainly having the best of it, moved on, and joining Egerton, in a few minutes more both left the room.

"What was L'Estrange saying to you?" asked Frank. "Something about Beatrice I am sure."

"No; only quoting poetry."

"Then what made you look so angry, my dear fellow? I know it was your kind feeling for me. As you say, he is a formidable rival. But that can't be his own hair. Do you think he wears a *toupet*? I am sure he was praising Beatrice. He is evidently very much smitten with her. But I don't think she is a woman to be caught by *mere* rank and fortune! Do you? Why can't you speak?"

"If you do not get her consent soon, I think she is lost to you," said Randal slowly; and, before Frank could recover his dismay, glided from the house.

CHAPTER IX.

Violante's first evening at the Lansmeres, had seemed happier to her than the first evening, under the same roof, had done to Helen. True that she missed her father much—Jemima somewhat; but she so identified her father's cause with Harley, that she had a sort of vague feeling that it was to promote that cause that she was on this visit to Harley's parents. And the Countess, it must be owned, was more emphatically cordial to her than she had ever yet been to Captain Digby's orphan. But perhaps the real difference in the heart of either girl was this, that Helen felt awe of Lady Lansmere, and Violante felt only love for Lord L'Estrange's mother. Violante, too, was one of those persons whom a reserved and formal person, like the Countess, "can get on with," as the phrase goes. Not so poor little Helen—so shy herself, and so hard to coax into more than gentle monosyllables. And Lady Lansmere's favourite talk was always of Harley. Helen had listened

to such talk with respect and interest. Violante listened to it with inquisitive eagerness—with blushing delight. The mother's heart noticed the distinction between the two, and no wonder that that heart moved more to Violante than to Helen. Lord Lansmere, too, like most gentlemen of his age, clumped all young ladies together, as a harmless, amiable, but singularly stupid class of the genus-Petticoat, meant to look pretty, play the piano, and talk to each other about frocks and sweethearts. Therefore this animated dazzling creature, with her infinite variety of look and play of mind, took him by surprise, charmed him into attention, and warmed him into gallantry. Helen sate in her quiet corner, at her work, sometimes listening with almost mournful, though certainly unenvious, admiration at Violante's vivid, yet ever unconscious, eloquence of word and thought—sometimes plunged deep into her own secret meditations. And all the while the work went on the same, under the

small noiseless fingers. This was one of Helen's habits that irritated the nerves of Lady Lansmere. She despised young ladies who were fond of work. She did not comprehend how often it is the resource of the sweet womanly mind, not from want of thought, but from the silence and the depth of it. Violante was surprised, and perhaps disappointed, that Harley had left the house before dinner, and did not return all the evening. But Lady Lansmere, in making excuse for his absence, on the plea of engagements, found so good an opportunity to talk of his ways in general—of his rare promise in boyhood—of her regret at the inaction of his maturity—of her hope to see him yet do justice to his natural powers, that Violante almost ceased to miss him.

And when Lady Lansmere conducted her to her room, and, kissing her cheek tenderly, said, "But you are just the person Harley admires—just the person to rouse him from melancholy dreams, of which his wild humours are now but the vain disguise"—Violante crossed her arms on her bosom, and her bright eyes, deepened into tenderness, seemed to ask, "He melancholy—and why?"

On leaving Violante's room, Lady Lansmere paused before the door of Helen's; and, after musing a little while, entered softly.

Helen had dismissed her maid; and, at the moment Lady Lansmere entered, she was kneeling at the foot of the bed, her hands clasped before her face.

Her form, thus seen, looked so youthful and child-like—the attitude itself was so holy and so touching, that the proud and cold expression on Lady Lansmere's face changed. She shaded the light involuntarily, and seated herself in silence, that she might not disturb the act of prayer.

When Helen rose, she was startled to see the Countess seated by the fire; and hastily drew her hand across her eyes. She had been weeping.

Lady Lansmere did not, however, turn to observe those traces of tears, which Helen feared were too visible. The Countess was too absorbed in her own thoughts; and as Helen timidly approached, she said—still with her eyes on the clear low fire—"I beg your pardon, Miss Digby, for my in-

trusion; but my son has left it to me to prepare Lord Lansmere to learn the offer you have done Harley the honour to accept. I have not yet spoken to my lord; it may be days before I find a fitting occasion to do so; meanwhile, I feel assured that your sense of propriety will make you agree with me that it is due to Lord L'Estrange's father, that strangers should not learn arrangements of such moment in his family, before his own consent be obtained."

Here the Countess came to a full pause; and poor Helen, finding herself called upon for some reply to this chilling speech, stammered out, scarce audibly—

"Certainly, madam, I never dreamed of—"

"That is right, my dear," interrupted Lady Lansmere, rising suddenly, and as if greatly relieved. "I could not doubt your superiority to ordinary girls of your age, with whom these matters are never secret for a moment. Therefore, of course, you will not mention, at present, what has passed between you and Harley, to any of the friends with whom you may correspond."

"I have no correspondents—no friends, Lady Lansmere," said Helen deprecatingly, and trying hard not to cry.

"I am very glad to hear it, my dear; young ladies never should have. Friends, especially friends who correspond, are the worst enemies they can have. Good night, Miss Digby. I need not add, by the way, that, though we are bound to show all kindness to this young Italian lady, still she is wholly unconnected with our family; and you will be as prudent with her as you would have been with your correspondents—had you had the misfortune to have any."

Lady Lansmere said the last words with a smile, and pressed a reluctant kiss (the stepmother's kiss) on Helen's bended brow. She then left the room, and Helen sat on the seat vacated by the stately unloving form, and again covered her face with her hands, and again wept. But when she rose at last, and the light fell upon her face, that soft face was sad indeed, but serene—serene, as if with some inward sense of duty—sad, as with the resignation which accepts instead of hope.

ENGLISH ADMINISTRATIONS.

THE last century was the era of monarchs. The *people* had not yet formed a visible object. They were the counters at the table of the great gamesters of the day. In England, which had since the Reformation always advanced before the age, the people had started into substantial existence. It was impossible totally to overlook a power which had subverted one Constitution, and erected another—which had dethroned one dynasty, and enthroned another—which had begun its existence under theories of divine right, and signalised the maturity of its generation by establishing the most perfect national freedom which man had ever seen.

But, in continental Europe, the people formed no more an object, in the general polity of nations, than a submarine mountain takes its place in a map of the ocean. It had an existence, but no recognition; it had a place, but the ship of the State passed over it without casting the lead or shifting a sail. The government of all foreign nations existed only in the Council Chamber. The king was at once the author and the agent of all measures; the decrees of the administration were as mysterious, as inscrutable, and as unexpected, as Oracles. Men saw nothing in the political world but kingdoms—masses of power—revolving before the eye of the politician and the philosopher, as the planets revolved, with irresistible force, with vast and various splendour, but by laws as much beyond human dispute as the Laws of Nature.

The maxim which in our day is felt to contain the consummation of despotism, *L'Etat—c'est moi*, was once the *motto* of every throne, the essential character of dominion, the crown jewel, the substance of the sceptre. Whether that maxim is to be revived—whether the struggle between popular power and the throne is once

more to be tried—whether the monarchies of Europe, unwarned by the rents already made in their ramparts by the comparatively slight incursions of the popular surge, are prepared to defy the ocean in its strength, must be left to the future.

But there can be no doubt in the prediction, that whenever the ultimate conflict arrives, it will be tremendous; it will shake all the old barriers of power, and either cover society with ruin, or sweep away the ruin itself, for a total renovation.

It is difficult to touch upon this subject without some reference to that country which, for the last fifty years, has gone the whole round of revolution—has lived in an atmosphere of fiery vapours—has been acclimated to epidemics of overthrow—and reckons her years by the flight of monarchs, the fabrication of hollow governments, and the crush of constitutions.

France seems resolved on making the dreadful experiment of Despotism. It failed before, and its failure consigned the Imperial experimentalist to a fate so singular and so condign, as to seem a direct punishment from Providence for daring to counteract its purposes in the progress of man. With his successor to his principles, the experiment is but beginning. How will it end? He has invoked a spirit that had been laid these thirty years. Whether, like the magicians of old, he must find employment for the demon, under the penalty of being in his grasp, or he is finally to evade the bond, no man within memory has placed himself and his country in a more trying and threatening dilemma. If he attempts to make war his policy, he will be guilty of every drop of blood shed in the field. If he attempts to re-establish despotism, he has the warning of St Helena before his eyes.

But, without conjecturing the personal fate of this man of power, nothing can be clearer than the fact that he has placed himself in a position to mould the fate of Europe for a century to come. If he shall succeed in concentrating all national power in himself, the example is sure not to be lost upon kings. The insults which characterised the triumphs of the mob in the late Continental tumults—the remembrances which must rankle in the hearts of all Continental governments—the revenge, which is the natural passion of arbitrary power—and even the rational alarm at the possible return of the popular excesses, must make all foreign princes partial to the revival of Despotism.

This hour is a *Crisis*. Principles are on their trial; the antagonists are in the field; and the first shock may decide, for a long period, the victory of bold measures over impassioned men, and of unlimited might over confused, but daring, and defeated, but obstinate, right—a contest which will never wholly cease henceforth, and which, in its continuance, may shatter the whole frame of society.

How far this great political change in the most influential of kingdoms may be but the indication of a new course of Providence—how far it may be connected with those new and singular means and powers of nature and of mechanism which, in our time, have been assigned to man—how far it may be, in politics, a corresponding phase to the railroad, the electric telegraph, and the discoveries of gold in the ends of the earth—can be only a matter of conjecture; but while we are convinced that Providence does nothing without system, and does nothing in vain, we cannot altogether suppress the feeling, that an Era of *Revelations* in government, science, and society, has begun.

But it must be acknowledged that the monarchs of the last century bore their honours well. They were all bold, brave, and intelligent. Whether in the right or the wrong, they showed decision—the first qualification for the government of kingdoms. Some were of remarkable

intellectual power, and none, with slight exceptions, were inferior to the weight of the diadem. The age which reckoned among its sovereigns, Frederic II. of Prussia, Maria Theresa of Germany, the Emperor Joseph, the Czarina Catherine, and, in its earlier portion, Louis XIV. and William III., could not be regarded as destitute of minds equal to the conduct of affairs in perhaps the most complicated, struggling, and difficult period of Europe before the French Revolution.

The reign of George II. formed a strong contrast to those of the Continental sovereigns: their difficulties arose from war—his from peace; their combats in the field were scarcely less anxious than his in the cabinet. The conclusion was different; the successes and failure of the foreign monarch equally wasted the blood and treasure of Europe; the struggles of the British king issued in larger accessions to liberty, and to the power of that body which is politically called the *people*.

George II. was a stern and stubborn man, possessed of considerable ability, but unpopular in its application; unimpassioned, but ambitious of fame; longing to figure in war, but compelled by the nation to peace; uneasy in England, and never happy but in Hanover, from which he imported his prejudices and his favourites, his politics and his household; fond of power, but capable of complying with the public will; and retaining all the feelings of a German Elector, yet respectful to the laws of a limited monarchy. Whatever were the morals of the court, he never sought to make them the fashion in England; and whatever might be his own sense of decorum, he governed his people with dignity, dying at the age of seventy-seven; and, after a reign of thirty-four years, he was, if not loved, regretted by the empire.

The volumes which have recalled us to this subject consist of the correspondence of George Grenville, Lord Temple, and their chief contemporaries—among the rest, the celebrated Earl of Chatham. It extends from 1742 to the tenth year of George III., and is peculiarly im-

portant in its references to the last seventeen years of that period.

It has long been the custom of the leading English families in public life to preserve the documents connected with their career. This habit exists, perhaps, to a greater extent in England than in any other country, from the superior nature of public character, from the frequency of public investigation, from the severity of public judgment, and, as the general result, from the importance of having a ready defence of the statesman's reputation against the casual charge as well as the studied libel.

The history of the present *deposit* may be briefly told. Earl Temple's papers were always kept at Stowe, the well-known and superb mansion of the Buckingham family. A considerable portion of Mr Grenville's correspondence, preserved at Wotton, was brought to Stowe, and arranged with that of Earl Temple, and the remainder was discovered by the editor, in a large chest at Buckingham House, which had remained unopened since it was brought there. The whole of these papers were rearranged by the late Duke, with the assistance of the editor, (then librarian at Stowe,) but with the ducal wish that they should not be published before the death of his uncle, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville. The latter, however, surviving the Duke seven years, the publication was retarded till, by the present Duke, it was committed to the hands of the editor, in conformity with the intention of his father.

In England in the last century there were *castes* as marked as in India: there was a military caste, a class of society in which the generality of the military commissions, and all the leading employments of the court, went; there was also a political *caste*, a class in which all the great offices of administration went, as regularly as the night succeeded the day, and in which any deviation from the routine, any appointment of any individual *not* in the muster-roll of the aristocracy, would probably have been considered as a deviation from the law of nature. In this condition

of things, men of other classes had no imaginable chance of prominent office on their own account. Their only hope must be in attaching themselves to some of those "*Dii majorum gentium*"—those sons of fortune, those hereditary possessors of high positions, those natural rulers of the powers and the privileges of political high life. The government, in consequence, was an Oligarchy under the name of a monarchy, and the authority of the Crown was merged in the actual authority of the political connection.

The monarch had, undoubtedly, the right to choose, but it was the right to choose between submitting to the captain of the ship and going over the side. He might appoint his cabinet, but he must appoint it from the men whom the political class offered; he could not stray into the world for a better selection; he could not follow the man of talents, or the man of integrity, into the less nobly born and less dexterously combined orders of society: *there* stood the aristocratic recruits for his government, and unless he took them as they were, he was a general without an army. The advantages and disadvantages of this system were equally conspicuous. On the one view, ministers were not the creatures of place; they had personal characters to lose, their principles were publicly known, they were not dependent on the emoluments of office, nor thus had grown up through a succession of minor employments into places of distinction, the most ill-omened education for public men; they were not adventurers, they brought with them an accession of family influence, which raised them beyond the great temptation of *new* men—that of courting the populace; and as the natural result of their birth, connections, and intercourse with men of a high class of society, they acted under a higher sense of dignity, and their public acts were more generally marked with a fearless, open, and generous stamp.

On the other hand, the evils were of some moment in the monopoly of power in turning the State into a corporation, in the restriction on the rising ability of the humbler conditions of life, to the loss of doubtless

much vigorous and original aid to the public councils, in the jealousy which that restriction naturally created in men who felt their talents, and in the consequent difficulties produced by the direction of those talents to party, as the only means of claiming justice for themselves. This was continually felt in the political tumults of England for the last fifty years of the century, and it was eminently experienced in Ireland, where every rising barrister instantly took the side of Opposition, and where even his attainment of office was felt as a stimulant and a bribe for new assaults on the Government: like buying off an invasion, the purchase was only a proclamation for a new march against the cabinet.

The Grenvilles were of the political *caste*, and for two-thirds of a century there was no political good fortune in which a Grenville was not sure to share, if on the ministerial side—nor measure of opposition in which a Grenville was not sure to be busy, until the change came round, and the bustling patriot was transformed into the complacent placeman.

The *public* origin of this family was derived from Richard Temple of Wotton, by his marriage with the sister of Lord Cobham of Stowe, whom she succeeded, by the title of Countess Temple, in 1759. The eldest son of this marriage was Richard, Earl Temple, born in 1711. The second son was George Grenville, the minister, born in 1712. The next brother was James Grenville, a Lord of Trade, Deputy-paymaster of the Forces, and Cofferer of the Household. The third was Henry Grenville, successively governor of Barbadoes, ambassador to Constantinople, and a Commissioner of Customs. The fourth was Thomas Grenville, a captain in the navy, who was unfortunately killed in action.

George Grenville, the minister, had three sons, equally heirs of official fortune;—George, who succeeded to the earldom of Temple, and afterwards obtained the marquissate of Buckingham; Thomas Grenville, who, after filling several lucrative offices, died lately, and honourably left his fine library to the nation. The youngest son was the late Lord Grenville, the coadjutor of William

Pitt. The connection with that illustrious statesman was formed through the marriage of Lady Hester Grenville, the sister of the first Earl Temple, with Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, and the father of William Pitt. The present Duke of Buckingham is the great-grandson of George Grenville.

As George Grenville forms the principal personage of these volumes, a sketch of his progress to power may be given. Educated at Eton and Christ-Church, he was intended for the bar, but, at the suggestion of his relative, Lord Cobham, he soon determined on a political career. The borough of Buckingham was at his disposal, and he was its representative for thirty years. His rise through office was rapid. He was first made a Lord of the Admiralty, then a Lord of the Treasury, then Treasurer of the Navy, then Secretary of State, then First Lord of the Admiralty, until finally, in April 1763, he rose to be Premier, or First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. This consummation, however, was short-lived. Within two years he was deprived of the premiership, held office no more, and retired from public life for ever, leaving, as the principal memorial of his political career, the unlucky Stamp Act, so well known as the pretext for the revolt of America, the watchword of party in Parliament, and of faction in the streets, and yet a measure which no man could fairly charge with injustice, and whose consequences no man could charge upon the minister.

That Parliament had as valid a right to tax a British colony as it had to tax a British county, is beyond all doubt; and, remote as the question now is with respect to the American contest, we have other colonies which may be the wiser for stating its true grounds.

The British subject emigrating to a colony, however distant, is still a British subject; and the child of that emigrant born in the British colony is still a British subject. Allegiance cannot be extinguished by distance. If he takes arms against England, he is liable to be punished as a rebel. The support of the law, the support of the government, the support of the:

fleet and army, all which protect the empire, and with it the colony, must require contributions, and the colony, sharing in the protection, must be bound to assist that contribution—it must pay *taxes*. The outcry of the time, that the colonies were taxed *without* representation, was utterly unfounded. The colonies *were* represented in the British Parliament; they were represented by the whole Parliament legislating for the whole Empire. The wisdom of adding to the numbers of a parliament, already perhaps numerous enough for every purpose of deliberation, was a question exclusively for the Government, and the British colony in America had no want of advocates; the whole Opposition were its virtual representatives.

The question of right was thus decided. The question of policy was another consideration; and there can be no doubt that, by admitting American members into the House, the United States might have remained British for a few years longer. But distance and difficulty, population and power, would soon have solved the problem, and the great colony would have now been a great *kingdom*. The war made it a great *republic*. The bitterness of hostilities envenomed the colonies against the only form of government *congenial* to the British mind; and for a limited monarchy, the most fortunate and rational of all governments, they adopted a limited democracy, which nothing but the extent of their territories could have prevented, long since, from being an anarchy. But stubbornness on the one side, and faction on the other, prevailed. The Stamp Act was felt to be so legitimate, in the first instance, that it scarcely raised a debate in Parliament. The resistance revived the spirit of opposition in the legislature. It was too favourable an opportunity for metaphorical indignation and verbal virtue to be thrown away; and by the help of parliamentary intrigue, backed by popular outcry, this natural, obvious, and easy act of legislature was stigmatised as the foulest oppression. Time has rectified the opinion; and while we rejoice in the prosperity of all nations, we may calmly respect the principles of social law.

To George Grenville we owe the “Act for securing purity of Election,” which was once regarded as a model of legislative wisdom, adequate to preserve the hustings from contamination and the House from influence for ever. But the dexterities of modern corruption have proved too subtle for the provisions of our ancestors. How many hundred elections have been driven through the Grenville Act, is not for us to say, and it would perhaps be difficult to calculate. But the constant lowering of the franchise has shown the weakness of all defences against a bribe; and as the expedient of every new candidate for popularity is to put the elections into hands lower still, we may safely predict the growing inefficiency of all laws against the temptation to corrupting of the populace.

The celebrated Burke, in his speech on American Taxation, a masterpiece of eloquence, and a masterpiece of that sophistry in which Party involved his illustrious spirit *for the time*, relieved the House from the dryness of statistics, by a striking sketch of Grenville, almost ten years after his retirement from public life, and nearly five years after he was in his tomb.

“Mr Grenville undoubtedly was a first-rate figure in the country. With a masculine understanding, and a stout and resolute heart, he had an application undissipated and unwearied. He took public business, not as a duty he was to fulfil, but as a pleasure he was to enjoy, and he seemed to have no delight out of the House, except in such things as in some way related to the business that was to be done within it. If he was ambitious, I will say this for him, his ambition was of a noble and generous strain. It was to raise himself, not by the low politics of a court, but to win his way to power through the laborious gradations of public service, and to secure himself a well-earned rank in Parliament, by a thorough knowledge of its constitution, and a perfect practice in all its business.”

But this panegyric was rather lowered by its peroration. Burke was fond of looking at every subject in a variety of lights, and it became the habit of even his vigorous mind to fill up the background of his portraits with picturesque *shade*. He then closed his character of the deceased statesman

by observing that his having been a barrister "narrowed the extent and freedom of his political views."

"He was bred to the law, a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together. But it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalise the mind exactly in the same proportion." Having flung this passing sarcasm at the profession, he let fall a drop of contempt on the system of public employment.

"From that study, he did not go very largely into the world, but plunged into the business of office, and the limited and fixed forms established there. These forms are adapted to ordinary occasions, and therefore persons who are nurtured in office do admirably well so long as things go on in their common order; but when the highroads are broken up, and the waters are out, when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent, then it is that a greater knowledge of mankind, and a far more extensive comprehension of things, is requisite than ever office gave, or than office ever can give. Mr Grenville thought better of the wisdom and power of human legislation than, in truth, it deserves."

The fact evidently is, that the fiery and soaring spirit of Burke despised the heavy uniformity and dull routine of the whole tribe of which Grenville was the representative; that he disdained the substitution of heavy regularity for brilliant enterprise, of precedent for principle, and of taking shelter under obsolete forms, instead of adopting those lofty innovations which alone can guide a government through new perils, deserve the name of statesmanship, and elevate politics into the dignity of a science.

But this attempt to qualify his panegyric, by laying the weight of Grenville's failure on his profession, was keenly retorted by Wedderburn, (then Solicitor-General, and afterwards Chancellor and Earl of Rosslyn,) declaring that he had no intention of taking a part in the debate, but that he had been called up by Burke's character of Grenville. He observed, "that the gentleman had neither done him that justice with which posterity might treat his memory, nor had he spoken of him as

the general voice of a grateful people would even at that moment express itself of his person, his conduct, and his acts." After alluding to the remark, that his mind was narrowed by the bar, and that he had plunged into office before he mingled in the world, Wedderburn (who *might* have observed that he came into Parliament and politics at twenty-nine, consequently had practised but little in his profession, and that at thirty-three he held the office of a Lord of the Admiralty) said cleverly—

"Going into the world is a term too large for my narrow comprehension. If it means that he neither played, nor dressed, nor was a member of any of the fashionable clubs, I believe it may be true. But his birth and his talents introduced him to an early intimacy with the first men of the age. He passed, by regular gradations, from one office to another. Whatever related to the Marine of this country, he had learned during his attendance at the Admiralty. The Finance he had studied under a very able master at the Treasury. The Foreign Department was for a time intrusted to him. The proper business of the House was for several years his particular study. In almost every various office of the state he had acquired a practical knowledge, improved by theory; and, from the general course of his observation and researches, he had adopted principles and habits which the firm temper of his mind would not stoop to abandon or unlearn, in complaisance to the opinions of any man. Such were the *disqualifications* under which Mr Grenville was called forth to the first situation of administration, at a time when ancient *prejudices* were still respected, and before it was understood that parts were spoiled by application, that ignorance was preferable to knowledge, and that any *lively man of imagination*, without practice in office, and without experience, might start up at once, a self-taught minister, and undertake the management of a great country in difficult times."

We have given these extracts, as displaying both sides of the character, and by comparison enabling the student of history to form an estimate of a man who for twenty-one years had been exercised in the various administrations of the empire, and who finally rose to the highest official rank in the country.

But it is still more to the advantage of his character, and it may have

constituted the chief secret of his success, that he was a man of integrity; that the corruptions universally charged upon Walpole were never fixed on him; that, in an age when the highest rank in the realm often startled the nation, by following foreign fashions of morality, he was a good father, a faithful husband, and a firm friend.

One of the observations which these volumes force upon us, is the agreeable evidence of the improvement in the public health. Every man in high station seems to have been the victim of a perpetual tendency to disease. Ministers seem universally to have been tortured by gout, or some painful disorder, which drove them to the country, the Continent, or the Bath waters. The women of rank had some unaccountable and indescribable malady of their own, which they called the Vapours; every judge had some excruciating disorder, which he could alleviate only by opium; every man of letters had some ailment of the same kind. The common people, living in the unventilated and obscure haunts of cities, had, of course, all the diseases which we are now so slowly striving to prevent; and the ploughman appeared to enjoy the only health in the land. How far the improvement in this all-important matter may be owing to improved medical science, to the drainage of the soil, to more extended agriculture, or to some fortunate change in the atmosphere, or even to the adoption of more temperate habits, and the substitution of lighter food, we cannot precisely say; but there can be scarcely a doubt of the change in the general state of health, in the duration of life, in the proportion of those who grow up to maturity to those who die in infancy, and even in the continued vigour of the frame and faculties to a more advanced age.

The first letter in the correspondence is from Lord Cornbury, recommending Mr Grenville to travel for his recovery from a sickness which apparently enfeebled all his earlier years. His lordship suggests the south of France as a supplement to Bath, where he had gone to drink the waters, then a *panacea* for the distempers of high life, and where his residence is mentioned in a lively epistle

from Lyttleton to Pope. "George Grenville is in a fair way of recovery; the waters agree with him. Cheyne (the physician) says he is a giant, a son of Anak, made like Gilbert, the Lord Bishop of Sarum, and may, therefore, if he pleases, *live for ever*; his present sickness being nothing but a fillip given for his good, to make him temperate, and put him under the care of Dr Cheyne."

Lord Cornbury was an amiable young man, given to hospitality and letter-writing, and panegyrised by Pope in such tributes as his pretended scorn for nobility did not prevent him from paying to his entertainers:—

"Would you be blest, despise low joys, low gains,

Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;

Be virtuous, and be happy, for your pains."

Such are the honours and the advice of poetry; but it may be suggested that a British peer has little temptation to low joys or low gains, and that it is not difficult to bear the trials of life in possession of every advantage which life can give. The pungent pen of Lady Wortley Montague gives an easier account of this *dilettante* lord on his death. "He had certainly a very good heart: I have often thought it a great pity it was not under the direction of a better head. His desire of fixing his name to a certain quantity of *wall*, is one instance, among thousands, of the passion men have for *perpetuating their memory*"—(possibly an allusion, sufficiently contemptuous, to his having built at Cornbury Park in Oxfordshire.)

We next have a letter from the first Lord Lyttleton, on the subject of a tour which the minister was still making, recommending that he should not risk his final recovery by coming to the House of Commons,—“Not that, if you were present, either you or I could do any good.”

Lord Hervey, in his *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*, gives a sketch of Lyttleton, such as a modern fop might give of a successful rival, closing with—“He had a great flow of words, that were always uttered in a lulling monotony; and the little meaning they had to boast of was generally borrowed from the commonplace

maxims and sentiments of moralists, philosophers, patriots, and poets, crudely imbibed, half-digested, ill put together, and confusedly refunded."

Such was the caricature of the Lyttleton with whose poems all the ladies of England were enamoured, and who won all the plaudits of the clergy by his "Tract on the Conversion of St Paul;" certainly a very clever performance, and an extraordinary one, as coming from a man living in the fashionable circles of the last century.

Then follows a letter from the celebrated Lord Mansfield on the same subject:—

"I am very impatient for your recovery, and I rejoice in the favourable accounts I hear. I rambled about, as usual, during the leisure hours I had; and, among other places I was at, I spent three days most agreeably at Hagley with our friends Lyttleton and Pitt; where, you may believe, you *was*—[sic, in orig.]—not forgot. . . . Pope is at Bath, perched upon his hill, making epigrams, and *sifting* them in their birth; and Lord H., [Hervey]—would you believe it!—is writing libels on the king and his ministers."

Lord Hervey was the son of the first Earl of Bristol—was the most inveterate courtier of his time, and in remarkable confidence with the whole of the royal family. Unfortunately, he knew *too much*, and has bequeathed his knowledge to posterity in a Memoir, fatal to the moral character of his age, yet lively, epigrammatic, and anecdotal. The whole family, even to the close of the century, were eccentric. The keen and witty Lady Wortley Montague defined them as a third class of the human race—"men, women, and *Hervey*s."

Those were curious times. The letter ends with the news that Lord Bradford's *mistress*, to whom he had left his estate, had bequeathed it to Pulteney, Earl of Bath. Thus that most parsimonious of all peers got £12,000 a-year!

A letter from Richard Grenville (Lord Temple) to his brother, when abroad, thus gives him the political news of the day:—

"Lord Cobham and Lord Gower have refused going into the cabinet, and we have had very warm work in the House

of Commons, the first day, upon the Address. Pitt (Earl of Chatham) spoke like ten thousand angels! and your humble servant was so inflamed at their indecency, that he could not contain, but talked a good while with his usual modesty. . . . We divided 150 against 259; we reckon ourselves, however, 200. And it is inconceivable how *colloquing* and flattering all the ministers are to all of us, notwithstanding our impertinence. . . . Who but young Bathurst to answer me, in the most ridiculous, indecent, stupid speech that ever was made. It was melancholy, but entertaining enough, to see them skulk in, with their tails betwixt their legs, like so many spaniels. . . . We shall have a glorious day about the sixteen thousand. We shall then see, also, who are Hanoverians and who Englishmen."

The day of the sixteen thousand was the debate on fixing the subsidy for the payment of that number of Hanoverian troops. On this point Opposition made a great and popular stand, contending, truly enough, that nothing could be more derogatory to the honour of a great country than the employment of mercenaries; but George II. had all the prejudices of a German Elector on the subject, and the motion was urged and carried.

The first two Georges seemed actually to think that the English throne depended on the Hanoverian, and that the security of England itself was imperfect without a few German brigades. The third George, however, was of a different opinion; he boasted of his "being born a Briton;" and in that manly and rational feeling, he found England able to defend herself.

The Bathurst mentioned in the letter was the son of the lively and pleasant old Lord Bathurst, the associate of Pope and the wits of his day, alluded to in Burke's fine Episode of American Progress. This son became Lord Chancellor. There is an allusion to Bubb Dodington in the letter referring to his marriage. He led a loose life; and in this instance Horace Walpole gave him but little credit for reformation:—"Mr Dodington has at last owned his match with his old mistress. I suppose he wants a *new* one."

Dodington (Lord Melcombe) deserves some recollection for the mere sake of his political *flexibility*. He

entered Parliament young, and was shortly after sent Envoy to Spain. Inheriting a considerable fortune from his father, whose name was Bubb, he acquired a large estate by the death of his maternal uncle, Dodington, whose name he took in consequence. Still the pursuit of place was the business of his life, and he became proverbial for the eagerness of his avarice, and the slipperiness of his principles. Some talent, some plausibility, great perseverance, and unblushing impudence, gained him a succession of employments under all the successive parties. Beginning his political life under Walpole, by whom he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, he secured for himself the lucrative sinecure of the Clerkship of the Pells in Ireland. When Walpole began to totter, Dodington *rattled*; and when the minister finally fell, he was made a sharer in the spoil, obtaining the Treasurership of the Navy. When Frederick, Prince of Wales, started in opposition, Dodington hastened to worship the rising sun, and became head of the "Prince's party." When Frederick died, Dodington returned to his old quarters, and figured again as Treasurer of the Navy, under the Newcastle administration.

On the death of George II., Lord Bute was the new dispenser of places, and Dodington joined him accordingly. His reward was the peerage in the same year. This was the summit of his busy, arrogant, aspiring, and *humiliating* career. Whether he contemplated further experiments on fortune is not now to be known, for he enjoyed his *honours* but a twelvemonth, dying in 1762. All this labour of servility was for himself alone, for he had no offspring. His *Diary* is familiar to the readers of political biography, and it is uniformly quoted as the most singular instance, in public life, of fearless exposure to contempt, of sinister caution, and conscious tergiversation.

A *bon mot* of Chesterfield was long remembered. Dodington, on going abroad on some mission, observed to Chesterfield the vexation of having such a name as Bubb appended to his better-sounding appellation. "Poh!" said Chesterfield, "enlarge it—call yourself Silly-bubb."

In this correspondence, it is surprising that we meet so few references to the invasion of the Pretender in 1745, unless we are to account for it by the letters having been destroyed. The event itself was the most memorable since the Civil War; and if the nation had been less Protestant, it might have changed the dynasty. But the bigotry of James II. had raised a spirit of determined resistance to his line, which nothing but actual overthrow in the field could extinguish. The enterprise was gallantly conceived, and as gallantly executed by the Highlanders; but there was a want of force. The Clans fought boldly, but their blood was shed in vain; and the invasion actually gave additional strength to the Protestant throne.

One of George Grenville's letters adverts to the progress of events briefly in these words:—

"The last accounts from the North say that the Highlanders have begun plundering part of the country between Edinburgh and Berwick. This manner of proceeding may be an unfortunate one with respect to those on whom it falls; but cannot be more so to them than to the party which suffers it, whose hopes, I think, it must entirely destroy, if carried to any length. It is now said that the Castle of Edinburgh is in great want of provisions; that the governor of the Castle ordered the inhabitants of the city to supply him, and threatened, in case of refusal, to burn the town, and beat it down about their ears. They obeyed for two or three days; but then the Highlanders threatened them with military execution if they continued it any longer; upon which they desisted immediately: and the magistrates have applied to the King, stating their miserable situation, and beseeching him to give orders to the governor not to execute his threats. The answer to the application I do not know; but I imagine it is a favourable one."

An amusing feature of these volumes is the style in which public men, in the last age, spoke of each other. It was contemptuous in the extreme—every character was a caricature. Pitt, in a letter to George Grenville, had alluded to Sir William Yonge, a veteran placeman, as telling him of Grenville's "being very well; and I most sincerely hope he tells me truth. I could more easily pardon

any of the *fictions* in which he sometimes deals, than one on this occasion."

Lord Hervey, in his *Memoirs*, thus sketches Yonge:—

"Without having done anything that I know of remarkably profligate, anything out of the common track of a ductile courtier and a parliamentary tool, his name was proverbially used to express everything pitiful, corrupt, and contemptible. It is true, he was a great *liar*, but rather a mean than a vicious one. He had been always constant to the same party, he was good-natured and good-humoured, never offensive in company, nobody's friend, nobody's enemy. . . . He had a great command of what is called parliamentary language, and a talent of talking eloquently without a meaning, and expatiating agreeably upon nothing, beyond any man, I believe, that ever had the gift of speech."

After all, this description leaves Yonge, as regards talents, a very considerable man. His lying, however, blackens the whole character. Yet it throve with him; for he was, in succession, Commissioner of the Admiralty, and of the Treasury, Secretary-at-War, finishing all by the opulent sinecure of joint-Treasurer of Ireland.

All the *Memoirs* of the time remind us of the adage of Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun." Who will not recognise, in the character of Admiral Vernon, (which has had the honour to be delineated by Lord John Russell,) something of a celebrated living Admiral?

"Vernon was a man of undoubted talent, but ill qualified, by his character, to govern those under him, or to obey those above him. Vernon was raised to the rank of Admiral of the White, in April 1745. He was immediately appointed to the command of the fleet, for the defence of the Channel and north coast, and in this situation his vigilance has been greatly commended. The Board of Admiralty, however, having found fault with some of his dispositions of the force, he complained bitterly, and, after an angry correspondence, desired leave to strike his flag. The Admiralty, finding it useless to give orders, which were always cavilled at, complied with his request. Hereupon, the Admiral, who seems to have thought that the public would support him against the Govern-

ment, published two pamphlets, in which he revealed the orders he had received, and published, without leave, his official correspondence. The Admiralty visited this offence in the most severe manner. Admiral Vernon was called on to attend the Board. When he appeared, the Duke of Bedford asked him, if he was the publisher of the two pamphlets. He declined to answer the question. The Duke of Bedford then informed him that the Board, after such a refusal, could not but consider him as the publisher. He stated his surprise that he should have been asked such a question, and withdrew. The next day, the Duke of Bedford saw the King, and signified to the Board the King's pleasure that Vice-Admiral Vernon should be struck out of the list of flag-officers."

A letter from Pitt speaks of his election, and the unlucky battle of Lauffeldt, in the same breath.

"My dear Grenville,—I am this moment arrived from Sussex, victorious as yourself, (Grenville had just been elected for Bridport,) after being opposed by Mr Gage and the Earl of Middlesex. It is certain my own success does not give me more pleasure than yours does. . . . Would to God our victories were not confined to our own little world. A full detail of the late action I have not yet seen. The clearest and best makes it evident that the British and Electoral troops did all that can be expected from men overpowered by numbers, the whole weight being upon them. The Duke (of Cumberland) has done himself great honour, by the efforts he made in person during the action," &c. &c.

William Duke of Cumberland was always unfortunate on the Continent, and, we believe, never succeeded but at Culloden. In the battle of Lauffeldt, Walpole says, "he was very near taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual; but (he adds sarcastically) his prowess is so well established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general."

In this action, considerable loss seems to have taken place among the officers of rank. Walpole says of Conway—"Harry Conway, whom we always designed for a hero of war and who is *deplace* in ordinary, did wonders, but was overpow-

and flung down, when one French hussar held him by the hair, while another was going to stab him. At the instant, an English sergeant, with a soldier, came up and killed the latter, but was instantly killed himself. The soldier attacked the other, and Mr Conway escaped, but was afterwards taken prisoner, and is since released on parole."

The description of the Lord Middlesex, mentioned in the letter, has all the keenness of Walpole's style. (He was the eldest son of the Duke of Dorset, and Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales.) "His figure was handsome, had all the reserve of his family, and all the dignity of his ancestors. His passion was the direction of operas, in which he had not only wasted immense sums, but had stood lawsuits in Westminster Hall with some of those poor devils for their salaries. The Duke of Dorset had often paid his debts, but never could work upon his affections; and he had at last carried his disobedience so far, in complaisance to, and in imitation of the Prince, as to oppose his father in his own boroughs."

The death of Pelham, in 1754, awoke the bustle of parties in a singular degree. The activity of Fox (Lord Holland) was remarked by every one. Pelham had died about six in the morning; Fox was at Lord Hartington's door *before eight*, called on Pitt at an "early hour;" and a letter from Lord Hardwicke says—"A certain person (Fox) within a few hours after Mr Pelham's death, had made strong advances to the Duke of Newcastle and myself." Pitt's letter, addressed to Lyttleton and the Grenvilles, containing the proposal for a new cabinet, thus speaks of Fox:—"As to the nomination of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Fox, in point of party, seniority in the corps, and, I think, of ability for Treasury and House of Commons business, stands, upon the whole, first of any. Dr Lee, if his health permits, would be very desirable. You, my dear Grenville, would be my nomination. A fourth idea, which, if practicable, might have great strength and efficiency for Government in it—I mean to *secularise*, if I may use the expression, the Soli-

citor-General (Murray,) and make him Chancellor of the Exchequer."

This fabric of the ministerial brain vanished, and Pitt remained in the subordinate position of Paymaster of the Forces. The ostensible cause was, the King's disinclination to have any intercourse with Pitt. That disinclination, however, ceased to be a pretext when Pitt became necessary to the Crown.

The fluctuations of memorable minds are the most interesting part of their history. Pitt's political disappointments always brought on a fit of his philosophy. When fortune smiled again, he forgot the philosophy, and grasped at the political prize. After the failure of his plan for the cabinet, he flew to Bath, and there, between disgust and distemper, he became romantic.

He thus writes to Earl Temple:—

"I am still the same indolent, inactive thing your lordship saw me; insomuch that I can hear unmoved of Parliament's assembling, and Speakers choosing, and all other great earthly things. I live the vernal day on verdant hills or sequestered valleys, where, to be poetical, for me health gushes from a thousand springs; and I enjoy the return of her, and the absence of that thing called Ambition, with no small philosophic delight. In a word, I envy not the favourites of Heaven, the few, the very few, '*quos æquus amavit Jupiter*;' the dust of Kensington causey, or the verdure of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields." (The King resided at Kensington, and the Duke of Newcastle in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.) "I shall despatch my necessary business as fast as I can, and pursue you to Stowe, where the charms, so seldom found, of true taste, and the more rare joys and comforts of true friendship, have fixed their happy residence. There it is that I most impatiently long to enjoy you and your works."

Wilkes now comes on the *tapis*. A letter from Earl Temple congratulates him on having returned from the "expensive delights of Berwick." "I hope this will find you in good health, spirits as usual, and with an excellent cause. It is very gracious and kind in the pious Æneas, after his conversion after the love-feast, to keep up that kind of friendship with one who has so slender a claim to be admitted to the table of the saints."

The letter is written in a strain fitter for Wilkes than for a man in a public rank, and with a public character. The "expensive delights of Berwick" was an allusion to Wilkes's contest for the borough, which cost him between three and four thousand pounds, and in which he was defeated after all by the Delaval interest. Fox's description of the debate on the petition is pungent. "Mr Wilkes, a friend, it seems, of Pitt, (so little was he publicly known at this period,) petitioned against the younger Delaval, chose (chosen) at Berwick, on the ground of bribery only. Delaval made a speech, on his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour, and buffoonery, which kept the House in a continued roar of laughter."

From this period, for forty years, Wilkes flourished before the public. The man will do a striking service to the history of the constitution, of popular passion, and of political character, who shall write a "History of Wilkes." There have been memoirs of his life, publications of his letters, and registers of his political victories; but these are still but *Mémoires pour Servir*. The history of the *partisan* is yet to be written; and it will still be the more curious, since it will be the history of a political age, which could have existed in no other country. Wilkes was embodied Demagogism. Athens might have her Cleon, Naples her Massaniello, and modern Rome her Rienzi; but England alone could produce a Wilkes, tolerate him, triumph in him, struggle for him, and finally pay to his indolent, helpless, and exhausted old age, almost the same popular veneration which the multitude had paid when his intrigues convulsed the whole fabric of the state. A temperament daring, crafty, and unscrupulous, a fluent pen, and a sarcastic wit, were the instruments of an ambition as remorseless, worldly, and grasping, as dwelt in the bosom of a Cæsar Borgia or a Catiline.

An outline of this singular man's bustling career will best show the pertinacity, the trials, and the troubles which belonged to the candidate for the Tribuneship of Great Britain.

John Wilkes, born in 1727, the son

of a rich distiller, began his public life in the canvass for Berwick—aluded to by Lord Temple's letter. Having lost that election, he obtained a seat for Aylesbury, which involved him in heavy expenses. Parliament now became his resource and his profession; and he connected himself with Lord Temple, who gave him the colonelcy of the Buckingham militia.

In 1762, on the retirement of Lord Temple and Pitt from the ministry, he became an Opposition pamphleteer. Lord Bute, though a man of ability, was unpopular, as the royal favourite, and Wilkes attacked him in the *North Briton*. In 1763, Lord Bute resigned, and Wilkes, in the memorable No. 45 of the *North Briton*, libelled the King's speech. The sarcasm stung so deep that a prosecution was ordered against him. The prosecution finally became a triumph. The Home Secretary having issued a "General Warrant" for the apprehension of the author, printers, and publishers of the libel, Wilkes, on his arrest, denied its legality, and, as a member of Parliament, was committed to the Tower. The attention of the country was now fixed on the question. He was brought up before Chief Baron Pratt, who decided on the illegality of general warrants, and he was discharged amid the popular acclamations. Wilkes, in his turn, brought actions against the Home Secretary, the under secretaries, the messengers, &c., and gained them all, with damages—the Crown paying the damages. He was now the declared champion of the populace.

He republished the libel—fought a duel on the subject—was severely wounded—and fled to France. A second prosecution was commenced, and, on his non-appearance, he was expelled from the House of Commons. A third prosecution was commenced against him for language in a publication which was pronounced flagitious; and not returning to meet it, he was *outlawed*.

On the change of ministry he returned to England, and was imprisoned; and yet, during his imprisonment, was elected for Middlesex. He was tried, and condemned to remain in jail twenty-two months, or be fined £1000.

In 1769, in consequence of a pamphlet censuring the ministry for the employment of troops to suppress the riots at his election, he was again expelled, and again elected.

He was now declared incapable of sitting in Parliament, and Colonel Luttrell was returned as the sitting member, though with but a fourth of the votes. This act roused the popular indignation once more.

Wilkes, driven from Parliament, now turned to the city, and was elected alderman; and on some printers being brought before him, apprehended by a Royal proclamation, he discharged them all, on the ground of maintaining the privileges of the city. The Lord Mayor, Oliver, and Crosby, an alderman, followed Wilkes's example, and being members of the House, were sent to the Tower. Wilkes, on being ordered to attend at the bar, claimed his seat. Ministers now dreading further involvement, adjourned the House over the day appointed for his attendance, and, in 1774, he took his seat in triumph as member for Middlesex!

But his fortune was now decayed; old age was coming on, and he was glad to be chosen Chamberlain for London, (with a salary of nearly £4000 a-year.) On the fall of the North Cabinet, 1782, he moved that the resolution against him on the Journals should be expunged. The motion was carried; his victory was complete, and the remainder of his life was opulent and calm. That remainder, however, was brief, for he died in 1797, at the age of seventy.

Wilkes was a man of education, a man of wit, and a man of intrepidity. But his education had begun under an English sectary, and was finished in a foreign college—the first accounting for his republicanism, the next for his dissoluteness. But, though the man himself was worthless, his struggles were not unprofitable to the country. They fixed the popular attention on the principles of national liberty; they brought all the great constitutional questions into perpetual study. They rendered the public mind so sensitive to the possible encroachments of the Crown, or even of the Commons, that the future tyranny of any branch of the Legis-

lature would be next to impossible. Let the merit of Wilkes be, that he drew a fence round the Constitution.

But Wilkes had a support unknown to the public of his time, yet amply divulged in these volumes. He appears to have kept up a constant correspondence with Earl Temple, the head of the Grenville interest; to have been anxious for his opinion on his publications, and to have depended on him, even for pecuniary resources, which probably were applied to those publications. The connection of Wilkes in public sentiment with the Grenvilles, was, of course, well known; but we doubt if the evidence of an intimate agency was understood before. In these letters, Wilkes twice draws on Lord Temple for £500; and as his lordship was opulent, and his client quite the reverse, it is likely that those calls were not the only instances of craving. But this connection largely accounts for the otherwise marvellous daring of Wilkes. He had the Grenvilles, Pitt, and their whole connection, then a most powerful party, to fall back upon. The Cabinet which sent him to prison one day, might be succeeded by the Cabinet which would open his gates the next; his patrons might be the possessors of all power, and in the mean time, however he might be persecuted, he was sure not to be crushed.

We have a letter from Lord Temple on this subject, which shows, by its wish to mislead suspicion, the nature of this intimacy. The letter is from a corrected and much obliterated draught, in Lord Temple's handwriting; and as the editor says, "The very guarded manner in which the letter is expressed, renders it probable that Lord Temple expected that it would be read in the Post Office before it reached its destination; for it cannot be supposed that he was ignorant of the connection between the North Briton and Wilkes. Almon (the printer) says, "Lord Temple was not ignorant of his friend's design, and certainly approved of it."

The letter thus begins—"As to public events, I am sorry to see that the paper hostilities are renewed with so high a degree of acrimony as now appears on all sides; and although I

make it a rule not to agitate any matter of a political nature by the Post—this *Argus*, with, at least, a hundred eyes—yet, while my thoughts agree with Government, I may venture to hazard them, subject even to that inspection. I am quite at loss to guess through what channel the *North Briton* flows.” The remainder is a critique on the paper, concluding, “as the N. B. will, I suppose, endeavour by every means to lie concealed, it will be impossible to ferret him out, and give him good advice, otherwise I am sure I could convince him.”

The caution of this note shows at once the confidential nature of the connection, and the consciousness of the responsibility. But the subsequent letters of Lord Temple to Wilkes prove the continued and increased interest taken by his lordship in Wilkes's political productions. A paper, called the *Monitor*, whether edited by Wilkes or not, but evidently conceived by Lord Temple to be under his direction, having expressed strong opinions relative to the royal personages, his lordship writes as follows:—

“As all the sins of the *Monitor* against the ruling powers are principally charged upon our friend B., [Bradmore, his attorney,] and then, by way of rebound, upon two other persons, to whom the *Monitor* has been so kindly partial, it is of the more moment to avoid that sort of personality which regards any of the R. F., [royal family.] I am glad, therefore, my hint came, at least, time enough to prevent the publication of what would have filled up the whole measure of offence. . . . As to other matters, sportsmen, I suppose, are at liberty to pursue lawful game. I am only solicitous to have them not trespassers within the bounds of royal manors. . . . I hope I may be allowed to defray the loss and the expense of laying aside the paper you sent me.”

This evidently implies that the paper was submitted to his lordship before publication.

The intercourse of a man like Wilkes, a notorious profligate, and impeached in public for his excess of profligacy, could not have been suffered by a man alive to character, but for some motive beyond the public eye; it was, of course, political, the

common pursuit of an object, which is presumed to salve all sins.

A strong instance of their intimacy occurs in what Wilkes might have considered as his last act in this world. Lord Talbot, having been attacked in the *North Briton*, demanded an apology from Wilkes, who denied his lordship's right to question him. A challenge ensued, which produced a meeting, which produced an exchange of shots, without injury on either side. But Wilkes had given to his second, Colonel Berkeley, a note to be delivered, in case of his fall, to Earl Temple. This note Berkeley desired to return to Wilkes on the close of the affair; but it was forwarded to Temple, “as a proof of the regard and affection he bore your lordship, at a minute which might have been his last.”

Wilkes's letter is dated

“BAGSHOT, Nov. 5—Seven at night.

“MY LORD,—I am here, just going to decide a point of honour with Lord Talbot. I have only to thank your lordship for all your favours to me; and to entreat you to desire Lady Temple to superintend the education of a daughter, whom I love beyond all the world. I am, my Lord, your obliged and affectionate humble servant,
JOHN WILKES.”

The second volume contains the Correspondence of Ministers, actual and expectant, down to 1764. Among those letters is one which exhibits a curious coincidence with the late transactions of the Foreign Office, though the relative positions of the persons were changed.

“The Earl of Egremont to Mr Grenville.

February 12, 1763.

“DEAR SIR,—Perhaps the Duc de Nivernois has sent you word that the Treaty was to be signed yesterday. If not, I would not leave you a moment ignorant of the news after I had had it. Ever yours most faithfully, EGREMONT.”

“What think you of the Duke of B., [Bedford, then ambassador in Paris,] who lets the *King's Ministers* be informed by the *French ambassador* of the appointment to sign the Treaty?”

The volume abounds in references to high names. Among the rest we have a “Note” from the great Samuel Johnson, which, though only a receipt for his pension, has the value of

a national remembrancer :—"To Mr Grenville. Sir,—Be pleased to pay to the bearer seventy-five pounds, being the quarterly payment of a pension granted by his Majesty, and due on the 29th of June last to, Sir, your humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON." The merit of this pension, so worthily bestowed, was due to Wedderburn, afterwards Earl of Rosslyn, and Chancellor.

A letter from the Countess Temple contains some lively Court gossip.

"Mrs Ryde was here yesterday. She is acquainted with a brother of one of the yeomen of the guard. He tells her, that the King cannot live without my Lord Bute. If he goes out anywhere, he stops, when he comes back, to ask if my Lord Bute is come yet. And that his lords, or people that are about him, look as mad as can be at it."

"The mob have a good story of the Duke of Devonshire, (Lord Chamberlain.) That he went first, to light the King; and the King followed him, leaning on Lord Bute's shoulder; upon which the Duke of Devonshire turned about, and desired to know 'whom he was waiting upon!'"

The name of the Chevalier D'Eon occurs in the Correspondence as demanding some wine detained in the Customs. The Chevalier was a personage who excited great public curiosity, even almost within our own time. He had been a captain of French dragoons, and was brought to England as the secretary to the Duc de Nivernois, who conducted the negotiations for the peace of 1763. On the Duke's departure, he left D'Eon minister-plenipotentiary. The Count de Guerchy, the new ambassador,

desired him to resume the post of secretary; this hurt his pride, and he quarrelled with the ambassador and with the English Court, but was pensioned by France. A report at length was spread that D'Eon was actually a female; this the Chevalier fiercely denied, and we believe threatened to shoot the authors of the report. However, in a short time after, he adopted the dress of a female, and retained it till he died. As all matters in England then turned to gambling, wagers were laid on the subject; until, at length, it was proved that the assumption of the female dress was either an eccentricity or a wilful imposture. His pension having been cut off by the Revolution, this singular person was reduced to great difficulties; so much so, that, to raise money, he appeared as a fencer on the stage, but still appeared in woman's costume.

We must now close our observations on this collection, which is indispensable to the historian of the time. Not referring to any of those great transactions which make the characteristics, or the catastrophes, of nations, these letters exhibit the *interior* of public life with remarkable minuteness, and must have a peculiar interest for public men. But, with the honours of the statesman, they lay before us so vivid an example of the troubles, the vexations, and the disappointments of political life, and the struggles of men possessing the highest abilities and the highest character, that we doubt whether a more stringent moral against political ambition ever came before the eyes of England.

TIBET AND THE LAMAS.

SOME years ago we had taken our passage for Alexandria on board a packet from Valletta. The *Ægyptus*, spick and span new from the Toulon dockyard, with the tricolor flaunting over her stern all resplendent with gilded sphynxes, lay, steam up and ready for departure, near the centre of the Great Harbour, amid that glorious cluster of cities which the knights of St John reared round the banner of the Cross, when Christendom was forced to shorten her cords and draw in her outposts before the swelling power of the unbelievers. Berth selected, baggage stowed away, and hour of dinner ascertained, we were at leisure to enjoy the familiar but never palling glories of the sky and scenery, and to amuse ourselves in watching the travellers of various nations who, party by party, mounted the deck, speculating the while on whatever promised in the first aspect of those who were to be our messmates on the five days' voyage. They were not numerous or very interesting—a party of French artists, bloused and bearded, who returned from their brief circuit of Valletta as full of the stalwart figures and novel costume of its garrison (the Forty-Second) as of the picturesque grandeur of its palaces, or the Titanic sublimity of its bulwarks—a grey-haired English veteran proceeding to his divisional command in India, with wife and daughters, and a most ante-Napierian baggage-train, received by M. le Commandant with scowling courtesy, as if the stately dame were *perfidè Albion* in proper person—then one or two half-Frenchified Moslems, returning from their studies in Paris with a complement of Western vice and science—and lastly, in coarse brown robe, sandalled feet, and shaven crown, with shining breviary beneath the arm, three Capuchin monks,

going forth to make disciples for Holy Church in the far East. Each of the latter had his trunk—one of those lanky, hog-backed articles in which the continental European rejoices—and on the trunk his name and destination painted. Two, if we remember, were bound for Agra—the destination of the third we never can forget. On his coffer the painter had inscribed, as coolly, we daresay, as a railway porter would ticket your portmanteau for York or Glasgow,

“FR. ANASTASIO
TIBET.”

“It is a far cry to Loch Ow;” and whether brother Anastasius and his long pack ever reached their destination as per ticket we know not. But Tibet and its capital have since been visited by two brethren of his Church, though not of his order; and we have to thank Mr Prinsep for calling attention to their narrative in the very able abstract which he has published.*

To many readers, possibly, the name of Tibet calls up but a vague and shadowy image of a sort of eastern Lapland, which serves as a top-margin to the map of Hindostan, and produces lamas, generally understood to be a species of shawl goats from whose fleece the Messrs Nicol make world-renowned paletôts. Our purpose, then, is to define our ideas of the region called Tibet, and to gather together as we may, from old and new sources, some picture more or less dim and fragmentary of the land and its inhabitants.

Conquerors and congresses may make rivers the frontiers of politics and zollvereins, but mountains are the true boundaries of races.† The Rhine may part Germany from France, but the Vosges, not the Rhine, parts the German from the

Tibet, Tartary, and Mongolia: Their Social and Political Condition, and the Religion of Boodh, as there existing, &c. By HENRY T. PRINSEP, Esq. London, 1851.

* *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine, pendant les années 1844, 1845, et 1846.* Par M. Huc, Prêtre-Missionnaire de la Congregation de saint Lazare. Paris, 1850.

† *Vide* Greek Lexicon—'Opos—A mountain; 'Opos—A boundary.

traveller after traversing the last range of the Himalaya, instead of descending again to the level of the eastern regions, finds himself at once raised above a vast table-land, in some places extending in great wastes of plain, or of bare mountainous hills, intersected by sudden deep valleys or great ravines, in which the rivers flow and the few villages are scattered; in others forming an endless alternation of lofty mountain ranges and low valleys, but the bottom of these last still many thousand feet above the plains of the Indian peninsula. To this elevated region, stretching from the Indus north-west of Kashmir, to the extremest point of Assam, and somewhat farther east, a space of more than 1500 miles, the name of Tibet applies. The limits of its extent northward are somewhat uncertain; but if they be considered to include a breadth of three or four degrees of latitude (33° — 36°) towards the western extremity, and a range or ten degrees (28° — 38°) in the eastern and widest part, the estimate will not be far wrong. The identity throughout this "very large and long country," (to borrow the expression of an old traveller,) consists in the general use of the same language and customs, the prevalence, except in the extreme west, of the same faith, and the possession of the same religious books, written or printed in a character common to all. To these we might perhaps add the domestication of the shawl-goat and the yak throughout the whole territory.

The name of Tibet does not appear to be known, or at least applied, either to the country itself or by its Hindoo neighbours. Tubbet, or Tobot, is said to have been the Mongolian designation of a nation who anciently inhabited the mountainous country on the north-west confines of China. The name of Tibet doubtless learned its origin from the Mongols; and from them it has been adopted as the name of the high country north of India in all the Mussulman languages of Western Asia. It was more particularly, perhaps, applied in these to Sikkim and Ladakh, the two most

westerly districts, which, in the time of Bernier, were commonly distinguished as Little and Great Tibet. The natives apply to their country the name of Bód or Pót, and as Bhotéas they are themselves known in Hindostan; though the appellation of Bhotan has in our geography-books come to be confined to a small dependency of Tibet bordering on the north of Assam, where the race comes most closely in contact with our knowledge and the British power, just as our forefathers gave the title of Dutch specially to that fraction of the Teutonic or *Deutsch* race which most nearly adjoined their shores.

The central and most elevated portion of this region is the province of Ngari—called by the people of the adjoining British territory *Hyundes*, or "Snowland." It embraces extensive desert tracts, intersected by several lofty ranges, the chief being that of Kylass, the sacred celestial mountain of Indian mythology. The table-land at the foot of Kylass, on which lie the twin lakes of Rakas Thal and Manasaráwur, at a height of 15,250 feet above the sea, is probably the most elevated in Asia, or in the world. On the shores of these sacred lakes occurred, some years ago, the catastrophe of a curious historical episode. Zorawur Singh, commanding the troops of Goolab Singh of Jummo, (now well known as the Lord of Kashmir,) after overrunning Little Tibet and subjugating Ladakh, advanced up the Indus and beyond it, till he had occupied posts on the frontier of the Nepalese Himalayas, as if he meditated a foray on the Grand Lama's capital at last. But it proved a Moscow expedition on a small scale. His troops, unused to such a climate, and straitened for fuel, were beset in the depth of winter by a superior force from Lhassa, and, helpless from cold, were overpowered: their leader was slain, their officers captured, and the

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Frenchman. Not Tweed, but the Grampians, have marked in our native land the marches of Celt and Saxon. On the side of the Five Rivers the Indian population shades gradually from the true Hindoo into the shaggy robber of the valleys west of the Indus; at the extremity of the peninsula the Tamul tribes of the continent have peopled the coast of Ceylon, as the ancient Belgæ peopled the coast of Kent. But along the northern limit of India runs a barrier which,

"With snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,"

dividing the Caucasian from the Mongolian race now as completely as it did two or three thousand years ago.

From the plains of the Punjab, hard baked beneath the blazing May sun—from the dusty levels of Sirhind, where meagre acacias cheat the eye with promise of shade—from the long lines of thatched pyramids that greet the traveller in the Doab, as he approaches a British cantonment—eastward through the rich misgoverned tracts of populous Oude, that year by year pour forth their streams of stalwart soldiers, servants, and labourers, to push their fortune in the service of the Kumpanee Buhadoor or its representatives—still eastward from the fertile prairies of Tirhoot and Purneea—from the bamboo thickets and rice swamps of northern Bengal—yet far eastward from the *ultima Thule* of Anglo-Indian power, where the majestic flood of Burram-pooter sweeps down into Assam from the unknown hills—from all these

"Dusk faces with white muslin turbans wreathed"

look northward through the clear morning air on the same mighty Himalaya,* stretching beyond their ken its awful barrier of unchanging snow.

In mounting from the plains of India over the arduous passes, ranging from 12,000 to 20,000 feet above the sea, through which the pressure of human need, curiosity, and superstition, has forced a scanty and intermittent stream of intercourse, the

traveller, after traversing the last ridge of the Himalaya, instead of having to descend again to the level of the southern regions, finds himself but little raised above a vast tableland, in some places extending in barren wastes of plain, or of bare monotonous hills, intersected by sudden deep valleys or great ravines, in which the rivers flow and the few villages are scattered; in others forming an endless alternation of lofty mountain ranges and low valleys, but the bottom of these last still many thousand feet above the plains of the Indian peninsula. To this elevated region, stretching from the Indus north-west of Kashmeer, to the extremest point of Assam, and somewhat farther east, a space of more than 1500 miles, the name of Tibet applies. The limits of its extent northward are somewhat more vague; but if they be considered to include a breadth of three or four degrees of latitude (33°—36°) towards the western extremity, and of nine or ten degrees (28°—38°) in the eastern and widest part, the estimate will not be far wrong. The identity throughout this "very large and long country," (to borrow the expression of an old traveller,) consists in the general use of the same language and customs, the prevalence, except in the extreme west, of the same faith, and the possession of the same religious books, written or printed in a character common to all. To these we might perhaps add the domestication of the shawl-goat and the yak throughout the whole territory.

The name of Tibet does not appear to be known, or at least applied, either in the country itself or by its Hindoo neighbours. Tubbet, or Tobot, is stated to have been the Mongolian appellation of a nation who anciently occupied the mountainous country on the north-west confines of China. Our old travellers doubtless learned the word from the Mongols; and from them also it has been adopted as the name of the high country north of India, in all the Mussulman languages of Western Asia. It was more particularly, perhaps, applied in these to Balti and Ladakh, the two most

* *Hema-alya*, i. e. *Hiemis Aulæ*—The abode of snow.

westerly districts, which, in the time of Bernier, were commonly distinguished as Little and Great Tibet. The natives apply to their country the name of Bód or Pót, and as Bhotéas they are themselves known in Hindostan; though the appellation of Bhotan has in our geography-books come to be confined to a small dependency of Tibet bordering on the north of Assam, where the race comes most closely in contact with our knowledge and the British power, just as our forefathers gave the title of Dutch specially to that fraction of the Teutonic or *Deutsch* race which most nearly adjoined their shores.

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knowledge with a stream of such capacity as quite justifies the length attributed to it by the supposition that it is identical with the Sanpoo. And there seems little reason to doubt that the two great rivers, Ganges and Sanpoo, rising from the same lofty region, within 150 miles of one another, after diverging to an interval of some 17° of longitude, combine their waters in the plains of Bengal. In Rennel's time, the Burrampooter, after issuing westward from the Assam valley, swept south and south-eastward, and, forming with the Ganges a fluvial peninsula, entered the sea abreast of that river below Dacca. And so almost all English maps persist in representing it, though this eastern channel is now, unless in the rainy season, shallow and insignificant; the vast body of the Burrampooter cutting across the neck of the peninsula under the name of Jenai, and uniting with the Ganges near Pubna (about 150 miles north-east of Calcutta), from which point the two rivers, under the local name of Pudda, flow on in mighty union to the sea.

The upper part of the Indus valley, with the adjoining pastures, bears the name of *Chanthan*, or the *Northern Plains*, and produces the finest shawl wool. The export of this was long almost monopolised by the Ladakh market for the supply of Kashmir, but much of it now finds its way direct to British India by the Sutlej valley and more eastern passes. The population is most scanty, and partially nomadic—the names which dot it on the map being mostly mere shepherd shelters, or clusters of nomad tents round a few houses of sunburnt brick. Tashigong, the only place of any extent, is the site of an important monastery. North of the Indus, and separated from it by a range of mountains, is the extensive salt lake of Pangkung. On the Singkhabab, or Indus, farther westward, are strung, as it were, the principalities of Ladakh and Balti. These consist of a mass of mountain ranges rising from a base elevated 11,000 feet and more above the sea. This rugged country occupies the whole breadth of the Indus drainage from the Kashmir Himalayas to the Karakoram

mountains. The levels along the borders of the streams, and the slopes at the bases of the mountains, are diligently cultivated and irrigated, being first formed into terraced steps by a great accumulation of patient labour—a practice that prevails through the whole extent of the Himalaya Mountains. The uncultivated part of the country has the usual Tibetan aspect of bleakness and sterility.

Balti, or Little Tibet, is still independent under various chieftains, of whom the most powerful resides at Skardo, a considerable village, doing duty for a city where cities are so scarce. Ladakh was conquered by the Sikh feudatory, Goolab Singh, in 1835; and after the Sutlej victories of 1846, possession was confirmed to him by Lord Hardinge, at the same time that Kashmir was made over to his tender mercies. Le, the capital, and probably the only aggregation of dwellings worthy of the name of town, situated in the valley of the Indus, and containing from 700 to 1000 houses, had before that period been visited by only two or three Europeans, of whom the persistent and unfortunate Moorcroft was the first in this century. Captain H. Strachey, of the Bengal army, belonging to the commission appointed to define the boundary between Ladakh and the Chinese or Tibetan dependencies, spent several years, between 1846 and 1849, in those regions; and far more accurate and full information than has ever yet been obtained may be expected from his researches. The whole population of Balti, and a half in Ladakh, are Sheea Mahomedans.

Returning to the centre of the tableland, we have, on the north-east of Ngari, extensive and almost unknown deserts, containing numerous salt-lakes, and haunted by a scanty nomad population, called by the Tibetans *Sok*, and supposed to represent the ancient Sacians. South-east lie the provinces of U and Tsang, or, conjointly, U-Tsang, to which the natives specially apply the name of Bód, and which may be considered as Tibet Proper. It is that part of the region to which we turn with most curiosity and interest, as containing the centre

of spiritual and chief political supremacy—Lhasa, so long the unreachable Timbuctoo of the East. Lhasa is situated in the province of U, on a northern tributary of the Sanpoo, by which it is separated from Tsang. The latter territory is immediately governed by the Teshoo Lama, the potentate with whom we made an accidental acquaintance in Warren Hastings' time—our first and last brief but cordial intercourse with Tibet Proper. The provinces of U-Tsang are intersected by lofty alpine ranges, which, as they trend east and south-east, converge, but without uniting, insomuch that, in the inexpressibly rugged country where the frontiers of Tibet, Burma, and China approach one another, we find four parallel valleys traversed by four of the greatest rivers of Asia, embraced within the narrow space of one hundred miles. The Tibetan portion of this wild region, known as *Kham*, is inhabited by a rough race, of warlike and independent character, retaining many primitive superstitions beneath the engrafted Lamanism, and treating with little respect the Chinese pretensions to sovereignty. Through this region the missionaries Huc and Gabet were escorted back to China—the first Europeans, there can be little doubt, who ever trod those wilds. The plundering excursions of the *Kham-pa* extend all across the breadth of Tibet, and the fear of them haunts even the pilgrims to *Kylass* and the *Manusarawur Lake*.

The *Bhotan* territory remains, which, from language, religion, manners, and political connection, may justly be considered as Tibetan, though occupying not the table-land north of the Himalaya, but the whole breadth of the range itself, from the Tsang country to Assam. *Bhotan* is a mass of mountains clothed in perpetual verdure, its slopes covered with forests of large and lofty trees; populous villages, girt with orchards, are scattered along the sides and summits of the spurs; every declivity of favourable aspect is carved into terraces, cultivated to the utmost, and carefully irrigated from the abundant streams. Nothing could be physically in greater contrast with the bleak and arid plains

or rocky hills of Tibet. The people of *Bhotan* are a remarkably fine race. Scarcely anywhere else in the world shall we find an equal proportion of men so straight, so well made, and so athletic, many of them more than six feet high. Deformity is almost unknown, except that arising from goitre, which is very prevalent among them, as it is, indeed, over the whole extent of the Himalaya, and of the Turaaee, or forest tract, at the base of the mountains; whilst *Tibet Proper* is entirely free from it. Tibetan geographers, according to *Csoma de Kőrös*, compare *Ngari*, with its fountains, to a tank, U-Tsang to the irrigating channels, and *Kham* to the field irrigated. We do not appreciate the aptness of the similitude. More intelligibly, European geographers have likened *Tibet* in form to a vast cornucopia pouring from its wide eastern mouth vast rivers forth, to fertilise the happier plains of China, Siam, Burma, and Assam.

All these countries, with the exception of Little Tibet, or *Balti*, and of *Ladakh* since its seizure by the Sikhs, acknowledge more or less directly the supremacy of the *Dalai Lama* at *Lhasa*, and, beyond him, that of China. Since the accession of the existing *Manchoo* dynasty to the throne of *Pekin*, they have always maintained two envoys at the court of *Lhasa*. Mr *Prinsep* aptly compares the position of these ministers to that of a British resident at the court of *Luknow* or *Hyderabad*. They do not, however, appear to meddle much with the ordinary internal administration, nor is their military force maintained in the country large. Besides a few hundred men at *Lhasa*, and guards established at intervals on the post-road from China, they take upon them the superintendence of the passes of the Himalaya, and see to the exclusion of Europeans by those inlets with unrelaxing rigour. In other parts of Tibet there are no Chinese.

The whole of this country, though so near the tropic, is the coldest and bleakest inhabited by a civilised people on the surface of the earth, if we except *Siberia*. Forests of cedar, holly, and other Himalayan trees, are met with in the valleys of the extreme

east, bordering upon China. Lhasa is surrounded with trees of considerable size; and a few straggling willows or poplars, artfully polarded for the multiplication of their staves, are found by the watercourses of Ladakh and Tibet Proper; but the vast extent of the table-land is bare and desolate, and as devoid of trees as Shetland. The ancient Hindoos are said to have esteemed it as a vault over hell. The only shrubs that dot the waste are the Tartaric furze, or the wizened wormwood, with its white parched stalks, or perchance, in more favoured spots, a few stunted rose-bushes. Though the winter is long and severe, snow is not frequent in the valleys. The air is of a purity and brilliance which dazzles and fatigues the eye, and its excessive dryness produces effects analogous to those of the scorching May winds in the torrid plains of Hindostan;—

“The parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect
of fire;”

vegetation is dried to brittleness, and leaves may be rubbed between the fingers into dust. Mahogany chests, and furniture belonging to Turner's party, which had stood the climate of Bengal for years, warped and split under the cold dry winds of Tibet. Wood seems subject to no other cause of injury from time.

As might be expected, tillage is scanty, and the population depend much on imported food. Villages are small, seldom containing more than twenty houses. These, in the better parts of the country, have a cheerful appearance, the dwellings being all white-washed, with doors and windows picked out in red or yellow. Lhasa would seem to be the only city of Tibet worthy of that title: the Chinese geographers, indeed, and native itineraries, speak of one or two others, but nothing is known of them. Teshoo Loombo on the Sanpo, ten days from Lhasa, though the residence of the second personage in Tibet, seems to be merely a monastic establishment. Indeed, the large convents are probably, after Lhasa, the most considerable nuclei of population in the

country; and Lhasa itself has perhaps grown to importance as an appendage to the Potála, or residence of the Grand Lama.

No European traveller has described this celebrated city before M. Huc, and we cannot say that he succeeds in bringing its aspect before his readers very vividly. When within a day's journey of the city, one of the most rugged mountain passes of the many which the missionaries had met with, in their journey from the east of Tartary, still intervened. “The sun was about to set as we completed our descent of the innumerable zigzags of the mountain path. Issuing into a wide valley, we beheld on our right Lhasa, the famous metropolis of the Buddhistic world. The multitude of aged trees, which encircle the city as with a girdle of foliage—the lofty white houses, terminating in flat roofs surrounded by turrets—the numerous temples, with their gilded canopies—the Boodhala, crowned by the palace of the Dalai Lama—all unite to give Lhasa a majestic and imposing appearance.” The city is stated to be nearly two leagues in circumference, and it is now without walls. Outside the suburbs are numerous gardens planted with the large trees mentioned above. The main streets are wide, well laid-out, and tolerably clean in dry weather; but the dirt of the suburbs is unspeakable. The houses, which are large, and several stories high, are whitewashed, according to universal Tibetan custom, the doors and windows being bordered in red or yellow. M. Huc does not enter into any detail of their architecture, but we may suppose that these houses are analogous in character to what is seen in other parts of Tibet. The lower part of a house presents lofty dead walls, pierced only by two or three air-holes; above these are from one to half-a-dozen tiers of windows with projecting balconies, and, over all, flat, broad-brimmed roofs, at a variety of levels; add to this, that the houses run into one another so strangely that it is difficult to determine the extent of each mansion, and that the groups of building generally contract in extent as they rise. On the whole, we may conceive a Tibetan city like a

cluster of card-houses of various altitudes. In the suburbs of Lhasa there is one quarter entirely built of the horns of sheep and oxen set in mortar. The construction is solid, and the effect highly picturesque, the varied colour and texture of the two species facilitating the production of a great variety of patterns. Lhasa bustles with the continual traffic of crowds attracted by commerce or devotion from all parts of Asia, and presents an astonishing variety of physiognomy, costume, and language.

Less than a mile north of the town a conical craggy hill rises like an island from the middle of the wide valley. On this hill, Potala, (the name of which M. Huc writes Boodhala, and interprets, questionably,* to mean "Mount of Buddha,") is the residence of the Tibetan flesh-and-blood divinity. It is a great cluster of temples and other buildings, terminating in a lofty four-storied edifice towering over the others, crowned by a dome or canopy entirely covered with gold, and encircled by a range of gilded columns. From this lofty sanctuary the great Lama may contemplate on festival days the crowds of his adorers moving in the plain, and prostrating themselves at the foot of the holy hill. The subordinate buildings of this acropolis serve as residences to a crowd of Lamas of all ranks, who form the court and permanent attendants of the sacred sovereign. Two avenues lined with trees lead from the city to the Potala, generally thronged with mounted lamas of the court, and with pilgrims from a distance, who, as they move along, thread their long rosaries, and mutter the sacred symbol of their faith. The crowds around the Potala are in continual motion, but generally grave and silent, as if in religious abstraction. It is probably etiquette to be so.

Unfortunately our missionaries have ventured on no graphic illustrations; and the only attempt that we know of to delineate this interesting citadel of Buddhism, is a plate contained in the narrative of Grueber and Dorville's journey, given by Athanasius Kircher in his *China Illustrata*. It is meagre

enough, but yet looks genuine, and not a mere Amsterdam concoction.

A singular legend is stated by Huc to exist, both at Lhasa and among the dwellers by the Koko-Noor, (the great salt lake on the north-east frontier of Tibet,) that the waters of that basin formerly occupied a subterraneous site beneath the capital city; but, on the breaking of a charm which detained them there, they passed off under ground, and flooded the valley where the lake now exists. It is curious that Turner met with a version of this same tradition on the southern frontier of Tibet; but there it was related that Buddha, in compassion to the few and wretched creatures who then inhabited the land, drew off the waters through Bengal. A similar tradition regarding the valley of Katmandoo exists in Nepal.

The people of Tibet are of the great Mongolian family, and exhibit its characters in a very marked degree;—platter face, with prominent cheekbones, button-hole eyes and upright eyelids, squashed nose, wide mouth, retiring chin, scant beard, coarse black hair, deeply-marked and weather-beaten countenances; naturally of a pale-brown colour, but tanned to any depth of copper, not without a ruddy tint at times; of a considerable variety of stature. The English traveller who, in traversing the steep valley-sides of the Himalaya, comes for the first time on a party of Tibetans driving southward their flock of sheep and goats—each little quadruped, like a camel from Lilliput, laden with some twenty pounds of salt or borax—is struck at once with the idea that he has stumbled on a group of Esquimaux out of Parry's voyages. These quaint, good-humoured people frequent the fairs of the British hill-territory, to exchange their salt for wheat and barley; and sometimes they get so far from home as to astonish, with unwonted apparition, the evening promenaders at Simla or Mussooree.

These uncouth peasants, though perhaps the best ethnographic studies, are not to be taken as samples of the culture and refinement of Tibet. The higher classes of the country have only been known to those few travel-

* The Tibetan scholar Csoma de Körös writes it *Patala*.

lers who have penetrated to the capitals—Ladakh on the one side, Lhasa and Teshoo Loombo on the other. All these seem to have been most favourably impressed with the kindly and simple, but by no means unpolished manners of the educated class; the plain and unaffected language, the mild and unassuming demeanour, of the ruling prince at Teshoo Loombo—which Turner, at the same time, says was characteristic of all well-educated Tibetans—fully accords with the character of the regent-minister at Lhasa, as he appears in the later narrative of M. Huc.

Dark woollen cloth is the standard material of dress, formed into a wide frock, trousers, and leggings, the last replaced in the wealthy by boots of Russia, or other costly leather. Over all is worn a capacious mantle of cloth, sometimes lined with fur. From a red girdle depend various purses, containing the wooden teacup inseparable from a Tibetan, flint and steel, and other odds and ends. Gay broad-brimmed hats are in vogue at Lhasa, but are rarer in the west. The women dress much like the men, and plait the hair in narrow tresses hanging on the shoulders. On the top of the head the Ladakh women wear a flat lappet of cloth or leather, descending in a peak behind, stuck over with beads of turquoise, amber, and cornelian; and the back hair is gathered in a queue, which is lengthened by tassels of coloured worsted intermixed with shells, bells, and coins, until it nearly touches the ground. Though not veiled, like the Moslem women, with muslin or calico, their charms are subjected to a much more efficacious disguise. Before leaving home, every respectable woman at Lhasa plasters her face with a black sticky varnish like raspberry jam, which gives her an aspect scarcely human. The practice is said at Lhasa to have been introduced some centuries ago, in order to check the immortality which was then rampant in the city. But it appears to be widely diffused, and is probably ancient. Rubruquis refers to something like it in the thirteenth century. Grueber and Dorville, who travelled through Tibet and Nepaul in 1661, say, "The women of these kingdoms

are so hideous that they are liker demons than human creatures; for through some superstition, instead of water they always use a stinking oil to wash with; and with this they are so fetid and so bedaubed that they might be taken for hateful hobgoblins." But tastes differ, and the same unguent which the missionaries represent as intended to render the women hideously unattractive, or at least a modification of it in fashion at Ladakh, Moorcroft appears to think is adopted as a cosmetic. From all the fathers could learn, the black varnish has not altogether reformed Tibetan morals.

The strange, repulsive custom of *polyandry*, or the marriage of one woman to several brothers, is diffused over the greater part of Tibet, though it is not mentioned by Huc as existing at Lhasa. It is not confined to the lower ranks, but is frequent also in opulent families. Turner mentions one instance in the neighbourhood of Teshoo Loombo, where *five* brothers were living together very happily under the same connubial compact.

Moorcroft speaks of three meals a-day as the practise of Ladakh, but this extraordinary symptom of civilisation does not seem to be general. In Eastern Tibet, regular meals are not in vogue; the members of a family do not assemble to dine together, but "eat when they're hungry, drink when they're dry." We remember to have heard a graphic description of the Tibetan cuisine from a humorous *shikaree*, or native Nimrod, of our Himalayan provinces. "The Bhoteeas folk," he said, "have a detestable way of eating. They take a large cooking-pot full of water, and put in it meat, bread, rice, what not, and set it on the fire, where it is always a-simmering. When hungry, they go and fish out a cupful of whatever comes uppermost, perhaps six or seven times a-day. Strangers are served in the same way. If a man gets hold of a bone, he picks it, wipes his hands on his dress, and chucks it back into the pot; so with all crumbs and scraps, back they go into the pot, and thus the never-ending, still beginning mess stews on."

Tea, however, is a staple article of diet, and is served on all occasions. A vast quantity is imported, artifici-

ally compressed into the form of solid bricks of about eight pounds weight, in which shape it requires little packing, and forms a most handy article for barter. Instead of infusing it after our fashion, they pulverise a piece of the brick and boil it in water, with a proportion of salt and soda; then churn it up with a quantity of butter, and serve the mess in a teapot. At Tassisudon, Turner admired the dexterity (comparable to that of a London waiter manipulating a bottle of soda-water) with which the raja's attendant, before serving the liquid, "giving a circular turn to the teapot, so as to agitate and mix its contents, poured a quantity into the palm of his hand, which he had contracted to form as deep a concave as possible, and hastily sipped it up." When taken as a meal, *tsamba*, or the flour of parched barley, is added, each man mixing his own cupful up into a sort of brose or gruel with his five natural *spatula*. Meat is abundant, but is taken as an extra or embellishment, rather than as a staple of diet. In cookery, the people appear to have none of the genius of their neighbours, either of India or of China. Hares, winged game, and fish, though abundant, are not eaten, so that they have scarcely any meat but mutton, (excepting occasionally yak beef,) and their mutton they have but three ways of serving—viz., absolutely raw, frozen, and boiled. The frozen meat having been prepared in winter may then be kept throughout the year, and carried to any part of Tibet. European travellers generally commend this meat, which undergoes no process of cookery.

The Tibetans, being no great water-drinkers, the liquid next in importance to tea is an acidulous beverage made from fermented barley, known through more than 20° of longitude as *chong*. Turner absurdly calls it whisky, but it is rather analogous to beer. It requires a large quantity to produce intoxication, but, nevertheless, that result is attained.

One of the peculiar customs which prominently mark the whole Tibetan race is the use of the *khata*, or scarf of ceremony. This is a fringed scarf of Chinese silk gauze, which is interchanged on all occasions of ceremoni-

ous intercourse, even the most trivial, and in every rank of society. They are to be had of qualities and prices suited to all pockets, and no Tibetan travels without a stock of them. In paying formal visits, in asking a favour, or returning thanks for one, in offering a present or delivering a message to a superior, the *khata* is presented. On the meeting of friends after long separation, the first care is to exchange the *khata*. In epistolary correspondence, also, it is customary to enclose the *khata*; without it, the finest words and most magnificent presents are of no account. Turner mentions that the Bhotan Raja once returned a letter of the Governor-General's, because it was unaccompanied by this bulky but polite incumbrance.

Of all the quaint modes of salutation among men, that in fashion at Lhasa is surely the quaintest and most elaborate; and we can fancy that it affords room for all the graces of a Tibetan Chesterfield. It consists in uncovering the head, sticking out the tongue, and scratching the right ear; and these three operations are performed simultaneously.

Tibet has always been a subject of curiosity, not more from its inaccessibility than from the singular nature of its government, resting, as is well known, in the hands of a sovereign, elective under a singular and superstitious system, who, by the name of Dalai (*the ocean*) Lama, is not only king and spiritual father, but also the embodied divinity of his people. The Buddhistic faith, numbering as its adherents a greater population than any other existing creed, when driven from its native soil, India, (in which it has long been totally extinct, though its gigantic footsteps still mark the surface in all parts of the peninsula,) spread over Nepal, Ceylon, the kingdoms of the Transgangetic Peninsula, China, Corea, Japan, Tibet, and the whole Mongolian region to the confines of Siberia. The essential idea of Buddhism appears to be a peculiar development of the notion which runs through nearly all the Asiatic pagan philosophies, and which, interwoven with the fantasies of the innumerable Gnostic sects, once spread its influence to the centre of the Christian world—viz., that all the external world

is but a transient manifestation of the Divine Being, and the souls of all living creatures are emanations from Him; that these souls, whilst included in material and perishable bodies, are in a state of imperfection, degradation, and suffering; and that the great object of intelligent creatures should be final release from the clog of the flesh, and abdication of all personal identity, to be absorbed in the universal soul. Considerable difference of opinion exists among the learned as to the true epoch of Sakya Muni or Gautama, the Indian deified saint, or *Buddha*, who was the propagator of the doctrine in the particular form which derives its appellation from him; but the latest of the various periods assigned for his death is 543 B.C. After a long life spent in preaching humility, self-denial, meditation on the divine perfections, and the celebration of solemn ritual services of praise and worship, he is believed himself to have been, at death, absorbed into the divine essence on account of his great attainments in sanctity. Sakya was followed by a succession of sacred personages, who are to be regarded either as mortals whose attainments in sanctity have reached, in repeated transmigrations, to a divine eminence, though not yet to the final absorption of a *Buddha*, or as voluntary incarnations of souls whose virtue *had* attained to freedom from the necessity of renewed terrestrial life, but who chose to dwell again on earth in order to aid men in the attainment of perfection, and facilitate their reunion with the universal soul. It is this part of the system which has assumed an exaggerated prominence in Tibet and Mongolia, where these regenerations have gradually, in the general faith, taken the form of continual and manifold incarnations of *Buddha*, or the Divine Being.

In combination with this doctrine, and the stress laid on meditation and ritual worship, a vast proportion of the inhabitants, both in Tibet and Mongolia, one at least out of every family where there are more than one son, devote themselves to a religious life, and many of these dwell together in monastic communities. The *Shabongs* or Regenerate *Buddhas* are so

numerous that many of the chief convents possess one. These personages, though all esteemed divine, appear somehow to vary in spiritual consideration as well as temporal grandeur, as one Marian idol in the Church of Rome has more sanctity and miraculous power ascribed to it than another has. The most eminent and most venerated of all is the *Dalai Lama*. The exercise of his authority is in theory unlimited; he is the centre of all government. But since, in the capacity of manifested divinity, he could not, without derogation of his sacred character, mix himself up with the numerous trivialities of human affairs, few questions are actually submitted to him; he is regarded only in the most amiable light, as absorbed in religious duty, or interfering only to exercise the most benign attributes. The general administration of the government is carried on by another personage, also a *Shabong*, nominated by the supreme *Lama*, and known as the *Nomé-Khan*; by the Chinese and the Western Tibetans, he is generally called King of Tibet Proper. The *Nomé-Khan* is appointed for life, and can only be removed by a *coup-d'état*. He is assisted in administration by four lay ministers called *Kalongs*.

The provinces are governed by ecclesiastical princes receiving their investiture from the *Dalai Lama*, and acknowledging his supremacy, but enjoying apparently a good deal of practical independence.

The most important of these princes, and in spiritual estimation but little below the *Dalai Lama* himself, is the *Punjun Rimboochee* of *Jachee* (or *Teshoo*) *Loombo*, known to the British in India as *Teshoo Lama*. The intercourse between the Anglo-Indian Government and this prince arose as follows:—In 1772 the *Deb Raja*, or sovereign of *Bhotan*, laid claim to and seized *Kooch Bahar*, a district at the mouth of the *Assam Valley*, adjoining *Rungpoor*. A sepoy force was sent to expel the hill people, which they speedily accomplished, pursuing the enemy to their mountains. The *raja*, alarmed for his own dominions, applied for the intercession of *Teshoo Lama*, who was then regent, spiritual and political, of the whole of Tibet, during the minority of

the Lhasa pontiff. The Lama sent a deputation to Calcutta, with a letter to Warren Hastings, then Governor—"an authentic and curious specimen," says Turner, "of his good sense, humility, simplicity of heart, and, above all, of that delicacy of sentiment and expression which could convey a threat in terms of meekness and supplication." The deputation, and the presents which it bore from a country so mysterious and inaccessible, excited intense interest at Calcutta—the Governor at once acceded to the Lama's intercession, and determined to take advantage of the opportunity afforded to acquire knowledge of those obscure regions, and to find, possibly, new outlets to British commerce, under circumstances so favourable and unlooked for. He accordingly despatched Mr George Bogle, a civilian, with presents and specimens of articles of trade. Bogle started in May 1774. There was a good deal of delay and difficulty made on the part of the Tibetan government about granting him a passport; and it was not till October that he arrived at the residence of the Lama. The two seem, during Bogle's visit, which continued till April 1775, completely to have gained each other's confidence and good-will. The Englishman, on his return, always spoke of the Lama as one of the most able and intelligent men he had ever known, maintaining his rank with the utmost mildness of authority, and living in the greatest purity and simplicity of manners. Turner, whose mission will be mentioned presently, found these praises confirmed by the very strong and unusual impression of regard which the sovereign's gentleness and benevolence had left among his subjects. On the other hand, the Lama showed his confidence in Bogle, by remitting to him some time after a considerable sum of money, to be expended in the erection of a temple and dwelling-house on the banks of the Hoogly, for the use of his votaries in Bengal. The characteristic reason assigned for this wish was, that during the numerous series of the Lama's regenerations, Bengal was the only country in which he had been born twice. In 1779, when the Lama, after repeated invitations, visited Pekin, he, in the same

friendly spirit, requested Mr Bogle to go round to Canton, promising to obtain the Emperor's permission for his proceeding to the capital. This singular tryst came to nothing in consequence of the death of the Lama at Pekin—in accordance with a fatality which seldom spares the vassal princes of Central Asia on their visits to the Chinese court—and that of Mr Bogle himself about the same time. The brother and minister of Teshoo Lama communicated the circumstances in letters to Mr Hastings, stating that they were in continual prayer for the accomplishment of the transmigration; and, soon after intelligence of this important event was received, the governor sent a renewed deputation as bearers of congratulations, in which (in the lax Anglo-Indian spirit of that age) the continued identity of the Lama was fully recognised. The result of Captain Samuel Turner's mission, as regarded the establishment of commercial intercourse with Tibet, was nothing, but it obtained for us at least a very interesting and valuable book. Turner had the privilege of an interview with the young Lama, at that time past eighteen months old; and as the occasion was unique of its kind, we abstract his account of it. The envoy found the infant placed in great form on an elevated musnud, covered with embroidered silk; on the left stood the child's father and mother, on the right the officer specially appointed to wait on him. Turner, advancing, presented a white scarf, and put into the Lama's hands the Governor-General's present of a string of pearls and coral. The other things were set down before him, and having then exchanged scarfs with the father and mother, the Englishmen took their seats on the Lama's right. The infant turned towards them, and received them with a cheerful look of complacency. "During the time we were in the room," says Turner, "I observed that the Lama's eyes were scarcely ever turned from us, and when our cups were empty of tea he appeared uneasy, and, throwing back his head, and contracting the skin of his brow, continued to make a noise, for he could not speak, until they were filled again. He took

some burnt sugar out of a golden cup containing confectionary, and, stretching out his arm, made a motion to his attendant to give it to me. He sent some in like manner to Mr Saunders, who was with me." Turner then made him a speech, expressing the Governor-General's grief at hearing of his decease in China, and his joy at the news of his reappearance; his hope that their former friendship might be increased, and that there might be extensive communication between his votaries and British subjects. "The little creature turned, looking steadfastly towards me with the appearance of much attention while I spoke, and nodded with repeated but slow movements of the head, as though he understood and approved every word, but could not utter a reply His whole attention was directed to us; I must own that his behaviour on this occasion appeared perfectly natural and spontaneous, and not directed by any external action or sign of authority."

The existing Punjun or Teshoo Lama is described by Huc from report, in 1846, as a man of about sixty years of age. It is, therefore, very probable that he is the same person who was seen by Turner in infancy; and if so, he has fulfilled the promise of mark, then precociously exhibited. He has great fame throughout Tibet and all Tartary, his partisans claiming for him spiritual power at least equal to that of the Dalai Lama, and never naming him without deep reverence. His influence has waxed the more from the fact that three successive Dalai Lamas have perished before attaining majority. He is said to be of majestic port, and surprising vigour for his age. All pilgrims to the holy sites of Tibet visit Jachee Loombo, and, after making their offerings to the Teshoo, are enrolled in the brotherhood of Gylongs in-

stituted by him, of which all Tartar Buddhists aspire to be members, and which, doubtless, will one day play an important part in the history of that part of Asia. The votaries of Teshoo Lama are satisfied that he is acquainted with all languages, and converses with the pilgrims of all countries, "each in the tongue in which he was born." His predecessor, Punjun Irтинnee, being a native of Ladakh, was able to converse with Mr Bogle in Hindustanee, and as the bystanders believed their unknown language to be English, this strongly confirmed their belief in the polyglot powers of their chief.

Prophecies of coming events, all tending to the glorification of Punjun Remboochee, are in the mouths of all; and that personage is said to be preparing himself, by the practice of military exercises, and the accumulation of horses, for his warlike career.

The Lama next in influence and sanctity appears to be the Geesoo-Tamba, whose residence is at Oorga or Kooren, among the Khalka Tartars, beyond the great Gobi desert, on the banks of the Toola river, which flows northward into the Siberian Lake Baikal. This potentate, from his special influence over the Mongol tribes, is an object of great jealousy at Pekin. In 1839 he alarmed that court by announcing an intended visit. Great stringency was employed in reducing the number of his retinue, but his progress through Mongolia was a continued ovation, the Tartars thronging on all sides to meet and worship him. Geesoo Tamba's visit was hurried over, and, according to the rule in such cases, he died on his way back.* Most of the living Buddhas, even in the Tartar convents, are natives of Tibet, and the influence of the Chinese Emperor has been exerted to arrange that the Geesoo Tamba shall always seek his transmigration there.

* "It is said that when the son of a chieftain attains the age of from ten to fifteen, the father is invited to Pekin, and, after being treated with every mark of distinction, is sent back to his tribe. On the route, some Chinese functionary, in the course of the usual interchange of civilities, in which tea forms a prominent part, takes an opportunity of giving him a medicated draught: his son, whose youth and inexperience render him harmless, is raised to his father's dignity, to be removed by a similar method in his turn before he becomes dangerous." — MOORECROFT and TREBECK, vol. i. p. 380.

Other sanctities of celebrity are the Chang-kia-fo, a sort of grand almoner to the court of Pekin, and the Saja-fo, residing near the Himalayas, who has a singular and special mission. He is day and night in prayer for the perpetual fall of snow on the peaks of the mountains; for, according to Tibetan tradition, behind that range dwells a savage race, which only bides the thawing of the snows to pass the barrier, massacre the tribes of Bod, and seize their country.

The story related by Tavernier Grueber and Father Giorgi,* regarding the degrading superstition with which the basest personal relics of the reigning Lama were cherished by his votaries, was utterly denied to both Bogle and the French missionaries. The former ascribes the origin of the story to the Lama's practice of distributing little balls of consecrated flour, which the superstition of his more ignorant votaries may have converted into what they pleased.

Convents are exceeding numerous both in Tibet and Mongolia. In the former their number is said to amount to 3000, some near Lhasa containing as many as 15,000 members.

These convents consist usually of groups of whitewashed cells or cottages, clustered together on a hill-side, interspersed with temples of fantastic architecture. Opposite the great entrance to a temple is a sort of altar, above which the idols are enshrined, usually of handsome Caucasian features and colossal size, seated cross-legged. Before the chief image, (representing Maha-muni or Sakya,) and on a level with the altar, is a gilded seat for the Regenerate or Grand Lama of the convent, the rest of the apartment being occupied by rows of carpeted benches.

At prayer time, a conch blown at the temple-gate summons the members to their devotions. After making three prostrations to the head, they take their places, according to precedence, on the benches, seating themselves cross-legged and *vis-à-vis*, as choir and anti-choir. When a bell, rung by the master of the ceremonies, gives the signal, all commence muttering in a low tone a preparatory act of

devotion, as they unroll on their knees the rubrical form of the day. After this short recitation is an interval of profound silence. The bell rings again, and then rises a psalmody of responsive choirs, in a grave and melodious tone. The Tibetan prayers, broken usually into verses, and composed in a style of rhythmic cadence, lend themselves with marvellous effect to concerted recitation. At intervals of repose, fixed by the rubrics, the instrumental band executes a piece of music. In the Tartar choirs this is described by Huc as a confused and stunning jumble of instruments, all the performers emulous in din. Turner, however, in a similar description of the service, speaks more respectfully of the Tibetan instrumental music. According to the latter authority also, the Tibetans possess a musical notation. Their instruments are generally on a large scale;—sliding trumpets from six to ten feet long, which Moorcroft describes as of very deep and majestic intonation; kettle drums; cymbals, highly mellow and sonorous; gongs, hautboys; a large shallow drum, mounted on a tall pedestal: these, with the human tibia and the sea-conch, compose their religious band.

From the earliest traveller to the court of the Grand Khan, to the last vice-regal aide-de-camp whose arduous duties have led him up the Sutlej to the pleasant slopes of Cheenee in Kunawur, whence Ramsay of Dalwolsie dealeth law to the millions of India from under the ripening grapes, all witnesses of the Lamaistic worship have been struck with the extraordinary resemblance of many features of the ecclesiastical system and ritual to those of the Roman Catholic Church. Rubruquis, who travelled in the thirteenth century, mentions a Mongolian people called Jugurs, (probably the Chakars of M. Huc,) whom he brands as rank idolaters, but at the same time admits that it is most difficult to distinguish many of their observances from those of the Catholic Church. They had holy candles, rosaries, and conventual celibacy. The further description of these Jugurs identifies them as

* *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, p. 247.

Buddhists. "They placed their ideas of perfection in the silent and abstracted contemplation of the Divinity. They sit in the temples on two long forms, opposite to each other, repeating mentally the words, *Om mam lactami*, but without uttering a word." The missionaries of after days are struck by the same resemblances. Father Grueber, in 1661, states that at Lhasa there are two kings—one civil, the other sacred. "They regard the latter as the true and living God, the eternal and celestial Father. Those who approach prostrate themselves before him and kiss his feet, exactly as is done to his holiness the Pope; so showing the manifest deceptions of the devil, who has transferred the veneration due to the sole Vicar of Christ to the superstitious worship of barbarous nations, as he has also, in his innate malignity, abused the other mysteries of the Christian faith." Father Desideri, without directly making such comparisons, indicates more marvellous coincidences than any one else; in fact, he drew some aid from a lively imagination when he deduced that the people of Ladakh had some idea of the Trinity, because they sometimes used the singular and sometimes the plural in speaking of the Deity, and from the form of the sacred symbol constantly in their mouths, which he simplifies into *Om ha hum!* "They adore," he goes on to say, "one *Urg-hien* (?), who was born seven hundred years ago. If you ask them if he was God or man, they will answer sometimes that he is both God and man, and that he had neither father nor mother, but was born of a flower. Nevertheless, they have images representing a woman with a flower in her hand, and this, I was told, was the mother of Urg-hien. They adore several other persons, whom they regard as saints. In their churches you see an altar covered with an altar-cloth; on the middle of the altar is a sort of tabernacle, where, according to them, Urg-hien resides, although at other times they will assure you that he is in heaven." Turner and Moorcroft, Protestant laymen, were as much

struck by the resemblance of the choral service to the mass as the Roman priests, and none testify to it more frequently than our latest travellers, Huc and Gabet. "The crosier, the mitre, the Dalmatica, the cope or pluvial which the Grand Lamas wear in travelling, the double-choired liturgy, the psalmody, the exorcisms, the censor swung by five chains, and opening and shutting at will; the benedictions given by the Lama, in stretching his right hand over the head of the faithful; the rosary, the ecclesiastical celibate, the spiritual retreats, the worship of the saints; fasts, processions, holy water," (and they might have added, the tonsure, the ringing of bells during service, the conclave assembled in a temple to elect a pontiff, and the appellation of *Eternal Sanctuary* applied to Lhasa, the Rome of their faith, by the Tartars,) "in all these numerous particulars do the Buddhists coincide with us." The matter-of-fact Moorcroft describes a Lama of Ladakh as dressed almost like a cardinal. Allowing for some accidental and some exaggerated similarities, more analogy remains than can well be explained, without supposing that the Lamas may have borrowed and adapted parts of the Church ritual from the Nestorians, who were early diffused over Asia; or perhaps that the churches of the latter, sinking in corruption and ignorance, had merged in the sea of superstition which surrounded them, leaving only some corrupted relics of external rites floating on the surface to mark that a church of Christ had once existed there.

As the Christian world is divided into Papist and Protestant, and the body of Islam into Soonnee and Sheea, so also the Lamas have their two great sects, the *Gelook-pa* and *Dok-pa*, distinguished by the colour of their caps—yellow being adopted by the former, red by the latter.* Celibacy is *binding* only on the *Gelook-pa*, but all who aspire to superior sanctity profess it. They all abstain from taking animal life, and some of especial austerity will not even take vegetable life, deeming it unlawful to

* The red Lamas are stated by some travellers to constitute several sects.

cut down a tree unless it be withered, or to gather fruit unless it be ripe. Strong drink is forbidden to all the sects. The reform which originated the sect of the Gelook-pa, now predominant over Tibet and Mongolia, and claiming the Emperor himself as one of its adherents, was the work of Tsongkhapa, a celebrated Tibetan teacher of the fourteenth century. He is traditionally stated to have derived his doctrine from a mysterious western stranger, endowed with great learning and Slawkenbergian nose. To the innovations in the Lamaic worship introduced by Tsongkhapa, the missionaries ascribe many of the more striking resemblances to Roman ritual, and they feel inclined to believe that the mysterious stranger from the West may have been a Catholic missionary, whose teaching was imperfectly received or apprehended. The large nose they conceive may only be an indication of the European physiognomy from the Mongolian point of view. We have a counterpart portrait of the Mongolian from a Caucasian pencil, in Benjamin of Tudela, who speaks of the "Copperal Turks" as having *no noses*, but only two holes in the face through which they breathe. So also Rubruquis, when he was presented to the wife of Scacatai, a Tartar Khan, verily thought she had cut and pared her nose till she had left herself none at all!

Among other Romanising rites we find something analogous to masses for the dead. In a temple at Ladakh, Moorcroft witnessed the consecration of food for the use of the souls of those condemned to hell, without which, it was believed, they would starve. The chief Lama consecrated barley and water, and poured them from a silver saucer into a brass basin, occasionally striking two cymbals together, and chanting prayers, to which an inferior Lama from time to time uttered responses aloud, accompanied by the rest in an under-tone. Somewhat different appears to have been the annual festival in honour of the dead, or "All Souls," of which Turner gives a striking description. As soon as it

became dark, a general illumination was displayed on the summits of all the buildings of the monastery; the tops of the houses on the plain, and of the distant villages, were also lighted, exhibiting altogether a brilliant spectacle. Though accustomed to esteem illuminations the strongest expressions of public joy, Turner now saw them exhibited as a solemn token of melancholy remembrance—an awful tribute of respect to the innumerable generations of the dead. Darkness, silence, interrupted occasionally by the deep slow tones of the kettle-drum, trumpet, gong, and cymbal; at different intervals, the tolling of bells, and loud monotonous repetition of sentences of prayer, sometimes heard when the instruments were silent, all united to produce an impression of seriousness and awe. Remarkably similar is the description given by the Frenchmen of the nocturnal litanies which they witnessed when resident in the convent of Koonboom.* Another impressive devotional practice is mentioned by the last travellers, and one which is the more pleasing, as not being confined to the clergy. "They have at Lhasa a touching custom, which we were almost jealous of meeting among unbelievers. In the evening, as the daylight is passing into twilight, all the Tibetans suspend their occupation, and meet in groups, according to sex and age, in the public places of the town. As soon as the parties are formed, all sit down on the ground, and begin to chaunt prayers in a slow and subdued tone. The aggregation of the sound of prayer, rising all over the city, produces a vast and solemn hum of harmony, which strangely moves the spirit."

The Buddhistic symbol, or mystic form of concentrated prayer, *Om mani padme hom*, is not only heard from every mouth, or silently repeated on the rosary, but is to be seen written everywhere—in streets, public places, walls of apartments, on the fringes of the ceremonial scarf, on the flags that wave from the house-tops, and from cairns on the mountains; engraven on the rocks, carved on monuments by the way, or formed with stones, in gigantic spelling,

* Huc, vol. ii. ch. iii.

on the hill-side, so as to be legible at considerable distances. Rich Buddhists maintain travelling Lamas, to go about, like Old Mortality, with hammer and chisel, multiplying the sacred sentences on the faces of the cliffs, and on stones by the highway. The words are Sanscrit, and came from India with the Buddhist faith in the seventh century. The Lamas say that these sacred words include an infinity of doctrine, which the life of man suffices not to survey, but their infinitesimal amount of meaning to the uninitiated is said to be—"Oh, the precious lotus.—Amen!"

The great difference between the Tibetan lama-serais and the convents of Romanised Europe appears to be, that the members of the former, though subjected to the same rule, and under one superior, cannot be said to live in common, the various gradations of wealth and poverty being as distinctly marked among them as among the laity. Lamas in rags may sometimes be seen begging of their wealthy brethren in the same convent. The revenue of the convent foundation, if it has one, is distributed at intervals in the form of a scanty supply of meal, in rations proportioned to rank in the hierarchy. Occasionally donations from pilgrims also fall to be divided. Sometimes a pilgrim "stands" tea to the whole convent—no small expense, when it numbers several thousand members. Many Lamas augment their means by practising as physicians, fortune-tellers, or exorcists; by various handicrafts, or by keeping retail-shops for the benefit of their brethren. Others are occupied in printing or transcribing religious books. The character is

alphabetic, being a modification of the Nagari or Sanscrit letters introduced by Tongmi Sambodha, one of the first missionaries of Buddhism; but printing is, of course, conducted on the Chinese block system. The leaves are loose, printed on both sides, placed between two wooden boards, and tied with a yellow band. The character used in correspondence differs greatly from that of the printed books and literary MSS., being much more rounded and fluent. It is, however, perhaps, like our own writing, only a modification of the other adapted to a current hand.

The classic Tibetan literature appears to consist in two or three great collections, or cyclopædias, in many volumes, the greater part translated in remote times from ancient Sanscrit works. From the abstracts given in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, by the one European who has mastered the subject, Alexander Csoma de Körös,* these books appear to be a dreary wilderness of puerile metaphysics and misplaced labour.

According to M. Huc, the Lama physicians reckon 440 maladies affecting the human frame, neither more nor less. Their medical books, which the students of the faculty have to learn by heart, consist of a mass of aphorisms, more or less obscure, and a number of recipes. Most of their medicines are vegetable simples, generally mild and inoffensive. The number of their "simples," however, includes "*laudamy* and *calamy*." At least, they have the art of preparing mercury, and use it as a specific, producing salivation. This result they promote by gagging the patient with

* This very remarkable person, a native of Pesth, travelled to the East about thirty years ago, with the view of tracing the original birthplace of the Hungarian race, which he conceived was to be found in Tibet. Moorcroft, on one of his expeditions, whilst resident at Ladakh, encountered him travelling in the garb of an Armenian, and obtained for him from the khalun, or minister, permission to reside in the monastery of Zanskar, (south-west of Lé). Here he spent several years mastering the Tibetan literature, and composing a grammar and dictionary of the language. This great work was carried on when, for four months, the thermometer was below zero, in a room nine feet square, and without a fire! He afterwards proceeded to Calcutta, and resided there till 1841 or 1842, engaged, under some patronage from the Bengal government and Asiatic Society, in publishing the works above mentioned, and many other notices of Tibetan literature.

In 1842 he visited the hill-station of Darjeeling, in sanguine expectation of being able to prosecute a long-meditated journey to Lhasa, but shortly after his arrival was seized with fever, and died.

a stick. Their diagnosis they derive principally from the pulse, professing to discover the seat of disease from its peculiar vibratory motion rather than its frequency. They have not the Chinese horror of bleeding; and practise cupping by help of a cowhorn and oral suction. Small-pox is held in great dread; indeed, they scarcely attempt to treat it, but endeavour to save the uninfected by cutting off all communication at the risk of starving the sufferers. The infected house or village is often razed to the ground.

Some of the baser class of the Lamas seek notoriety and lucre by juggling and disgusting feats, professing to rip open their stomachs, to lick red-hot iron bars, &c. &c., and to perform other such exploits. Messrs Huc and Gabet knew a Lama who was generally reputed able at will to fill a vessel of water by means of a certain form of prayer. They never could get him to perform in their presence, however. He said that, as they had not the same faith, the attempt would be unsuccessful, and perhaps dangerous. He obliged them by reciting his charm, which, it must be confessed, reads so like a Dr Faustus contract, that one cannot but suppose that the preconceived ideas of the good missionaries have lent it a little colouring. The Lama was, perhaps, after all, only an *electro-biologist*. Respectable Lamas affect to frown on such displays, but wink at them occasionally, for profit's sake.

Lamas of an ascetic spirit, not content with the duties of the convent, sometimes seek the seclusion which the desolate wilds of their country offer so plentifully, dwelling in eyries on the pinnacles of hills, either cut in the rock, or formed of timber attached to the cliff like swallows' nests. Sometimes these eremites, like Simon of the pillar, renounce all intercourse with the world—depending for their sustenance on the gifts of the devout dropt into a sack, which is let down from the inaccessible cell by a long cord.

Convents of nuns also exist, both in Tibet Proper and in Ladakh; they do not, however, appear to have been visited by any traveller, and the French fathers make no mention of them.

The inhumation of the dead is entirely unpractised in Tibet. The body of the sovereign Lama alone is preserved entire, and deposited in a shrine which is ever after looked on as sacred, and visited with religious awe. The bodies of inferior Lamas are burnt, and their ashes carefully preserved, to be enclosed in small metallic images, which have places assigned them in cabinets ranged in the sacred buildings. Sometimes, but not often, bodies are committed to the waters of lakes or rivers; but the common disposal of the dead is by making them over—

— KUMESSU

ΟΙΛΩΝΟΙΣ ΤΕ ΠΑΤΕΙ—

either in carrying the corpses to the tops of lofty eminences, where the divided limbs are left for a prey, or, in depositing them in regular golgothas assigned for the purpose. These are enclosed yards, having openings left in the foot of the walls for the admission of dogs and wolves. But the most popular form of this practice is when the body is cut in pieces at once, and given to the dogs to eat. For the interment, or rather the *incanition*, of persons of distinction, in certain convents sacred dogs are maintained, which are set apart to this office. Strabo, Cicero, and Justin mention such customs as current among the nations of Central Asia. They prevail not only in Tibet, but among the nomad tribes of Mongolia, and appear to have no connection with the existing religion of these races. The practice of the Parsees is well known to be of a similar character. The most sanctified Lamas are privileged to eat and drink out of the skulls of bodies which have been thus devoured by beasts. Rosaries also are made from these skulls, and the larger bones are often converted into trumpets.

The profane vulgar, though uninstructed in the tedious liturgic lore which the Lamas acquire, not without plentiful corporal chastisement in the days of their pupilage, are enabled to achieve a meritorious amount of devotion by the aid of certain whirligigs, or prayer-mills—cylinders of wood or pasteboard, inscribed with the words of prayer, and rotating on a spindle. These *chu-kor*, or turn-prayers, which at one time, as a pet subject of allu-

sion with Thomas Carlyle, almost rivalled Thurtell's gig, are either portable or stationary, generally turned by hand, but often by water-power; and in the Tartar huts they are suspended over the fireplace, so as to rotate like smoke-jacks, in behalf of the peace and prosperity of the family.

Various penances are performed by the pilgrims who visit the sacred places. Some make the circuit of the convent buildings laden with enormous piles of sacred books. The task achieved, they are reckoned to have recited all the prayers which form their load. Others perform the same circuit in measuring their length upon the ground at each step. This is a task often undertaken by great numbers following each other in single file; and if the convent be extensive, the day, from dawn till dusk, is occupied in the task. Some penitents, instead of making the tour of a single convent, perform long journeys in this fashion. The practice is known in India; and we remember to have heard of a Hindoo worthy, who, some sixty or seventy years ago, undertook to measure his way from Hurdwar to Calcutta, prophesying the while that, when he should have achieved his dusty task, the days of the Feringees' power would be numbered. Great was the twisting of mustaches and the furbishing of tulwars among the disaffected; but, alas! in passing Cawnpore the unlucky prophet made his last prostration; he was laid hold of by the general, and hanged.

We had purposed to conclude this paper with a sketch of the journeys of previous travellers in Tibet, and some details of the last very interesting one from which we have derived many particulars, but we have now room for only very brief indications.

The name of Tibet appears to have first become known to Europe in the itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela, a Jewish Rabbi, who travelled to the far East about the year 1160. He mentions that country as producing musk, but errs widely in placing it only four days' journey from Samarkand.

In the succeeding century, when the flood of Mongolian conquest, under Jenghiz and his successors, dissolved

all political barriers, and brought the civilisations of the East and West for the first time in contact, a greater amount of intercourse ensued between Europe and interior Asia than has ever occurred before or since. At the noise of the coming Tartars, Europe stood amazed, and even the bewildered Danes were deterred for one season from starting for their herring fishery on our northern shores, lest they should fall into the hands of this mysterious foe. Pouring over Hungary and Poland to the frontiers of Silesia, they defeated and cut in pieces the duke of that country with his army, and it seemed as if the knell of Christendom had sounded, when providentially the death of the great Khan summoned the host back into Tartary; and the invasion of Western Europe, though often threatened, was never resumed. Embassies from the Roman Pontiff and European princes, at first of intercession and supplication, afterwards on more equal terms, when the dread of the Khan had passed away, were despatched and reciprocated. Monks of Flanders, France, and Italy, visited the seat of the Grand Khan, and a Latin archiepiscopate was established in Pekin. French artists worked in gold and silver for the court of Kara-Korum, and a banished Englishman was the first ambassador from the Tartars to the king of Hungary; whilst Mongols of distinction found their way to Rome, to Barcelona, to Paris, to London, to Northampton. "The arts, the faith, and the language of the nations of Asia became a subject of curiosity and study, and it was even proposed to establish a Tartar chair in the university of Paris."*

During this extraordinary intercourse, which continued for a century and a half, the lines of travel eastward lay generally to the north of Tibet, and hints of its existence are rare and slight. Marco Polo, indeed, who travelled in the last quarter of the thirteenth century, devotes two of his Herodotean chapters to "the Province of Thibet." A few particulars, such as the existence of powerful dogs, of the musk animal, and the current use of salt in barter, are recognisable,

* REMUSAT, quoted in HUC.

but the country referred to is apparently the wild and rugged region of the Si-fan, towards the east and north-east of Tibet.

Oderic of Portenau, a travelling friar, who died in 1331, mentions Tibet, and is the first who speaks of the Grand Lama as the *pope of the idolaters*.

The Romish missionaries of later times made repeated attempts to establish themselves in the Trans-Himalayan regions. The first who appears to have succeeded in penetrating them was Antonio d'Andrada, a Portuguese Jesuit, with three companions of his order. In 1624 they ascended the Ganges by Hurdwar and Srinuggur to Budrinath, a celebrated place of Hindoo pilgrimage on the eastern branch of the sacred river. Apprehending hindrances to their advance, they made a desperate attempt to cross the pass into Tibet, (probably the Niti, or one of those nearer Lake Manusarâwur,) whilst it was still deep in snow, and without a guide. They succeeded, after frightful suffering, in surmounting the pass, but, finding the country at their feet a trackless sheet of snow, were compelled to return. Waiting for the usual convoy after the melting of the winter snow, they again effected the passage, and proceeded to what they call Rudac, the capital of Tibet. There is a fort so called (Radokh or Rohtuk) beyond the Indus, near the head of the Pang-kung Lake; but Ladakh or Le is more likely to have been the place intended.

Though it seems scarcely credible that four strangers should have found their way twice across the Himalayan passes unguided, and before the regular season of transit, and yet survive to tell the tale, it must be said that Andrada's description of their Himalayan travels, in other respects, bears every mark of truth. The precipitous paths along the Ganges, the files of pilgrims shouting as they trudged to Budrinath, the demon-like Jogees whom they encountered, the straight and lofty pines and cypresses, the large rose-bushes, and forests of flowering trees, (rhododendron,) the rope bridges, the sufferings in the snow and from the attenuated air, are all plainly drawn from actual experience.

The next visitors to Tibet, and the first Europeans, so far as we know, who reached Lhasa, were the Fathers Albert Dorville and J. Grueber of the Chinese mission. They started from Pekin in June 1661, and travelled through China to Sining-fu, on the north-west frontier. From this place their route probably coincided with that of Huc and Gabet, who reached the same place from Eastern Mongolia. Their journey thence to Lhasa, Grueber describes as extending for three months through the deserts of Kalmuk Tartary, alternately sandy and mountainous. After some stay at Lhasa, they proceeded over the mountain range of "Langur, the highest existing, so that on its summit travellers can scarcely breathe on account of the subtlety of the air; nor can it be passed in summer, on account of the virulent exhalations of certain herbs, without manifest danger to life." Descending into the kingdom of *Necbal*, (Nepaul,) they passed some time at the capital, *Cud-mendou* (Katmandoo). Quitting Nepaul, they entered the kingdom of *Maranga* (the Morung, or forest tract below the hills.) Proceeding by *Mutgari* (Mooteeharee probably, in Tirhoot) to *Battana* (Patna) on the Ganges, and thence to Benares, they reached Agra after 214 days' travelling from Pekin, exclusive of stoppages. Dorville died of fatigue shortly after the accomplishment of this heroic journey. The narrative, as abstracted in Kircher's *China Illustrata*, is adorned with some rather good cuts, most of which appear to have been derived from genuine sketches.

In the fifteenth volume of *Lettres Edifiantes* is an epistle dated from Lhasa, 10th April 1716, by Father Hipolito Desideri, a Jesuit. It relates his journey from Goa to Delhi, where he was joined by a brother missionary; thence by Lahore over the Pir Punjal to Kashmeer, and, after a residence of six months there, across the passes of the Himalayas, to Le or Ladakh, which he describes as the royal fortress of the kingdom of Great Tibet, or *Buton*. Whilst making arrangements to settle at Ladakh, and commencing the study of the language, the fathers heard for the first time of a *third* Tibet, (viz. the

Lhasa country, in addition to Little Tibet or Balti, and Great Tibet, or Ladakh,) and thought it necessary to proceed to explore it. The journey occupied them from August 1715 to March 1716. Desideri and his comrade are the only Europeans who have ever travelled from Ladakh to Lhasa; but, unfortunately, they give no particulars of their route except these dates, and even the great delay which they indicate is not accounted for.

Previous to this, a Capuchin mission had visited Lhasa via Nepal in 1707, and a few years later, a dozen brethren of that order were established there under Father Horace della Penna. They sent home flourishing accounts of their success; but their additions to our knowledge of the country were very meagre. About 1754 this mission appears to have been expelled, and found refuge for a time in Nepal. Some fifty volumes, the relics of the mission library, were, in 1847, recovered from Lhasa by Mr Hodgson, through the courtesy of the Grand Lama himself, and were transmitted to Europe to be presented to Pio Nono, whose reputation was then fresh and fragrant. Some itineraries and other curious particulars, derived from the correspondence of the Lhasa mission, are buried, among a mass of crude learning and rubbish, in a quarto published at Rome in 1762, under the name of *Alphabetum Tibetanum*, by Antonio Giorgi, an Augustin friar.

Of the missions of Bogle and Turner we have already spoken. In 1811, a Mr Manning succeeded in reaching Lhasa by their route, but was arrested and sent back by the Chinese. He died soon after without publishing any particulars of his journey. The sacred lakes of Ngari have been visited by Moorcroft, Captains Henry and Richard Strachey, and one or two more. Ladakh and the adjoining districts have been explored by the two former travellers, the Cunninghams, and others. But within this century, save Manning, no European, till Huc and Gabet, had penetrated to Tibet Proper. The enthusiastic Hungarian scholar, who would have gone with advantages possessed by none else, was cut off just as he deemed this

object of his cherished hopes attainable.

A few words remain to be said more particularly of the work which suggested this paper. These need be few, because a translation of the whole work has been announced since we commenced writing.

The book which the missionaries have produced is not altogether satisfactory. It too well justifies its title of *Souvenirs* by the lamentable paucity of dates, of which there are not half-a-dozen in the whole narrative of their two years' pilgrimage. Even the period of their starting is not stated at the time, and is only to be distinctly gathered from some retrospective calculations. Their geographical starting-point, too, is as obscure as the chronological one. Our maps help us little in following the details of their travels; and that which is inserted in their book is of as little aid as any other, being, in fact, dated five years previous to their journey. Nor, we fear, will they be found to have added much to the materials of future geographers; their work contains no indication of a single bearing or altitude, nor indeed had they the necessary instruments. The possession, indeed, of MS. maps would have endangered their lives in any collision with Chinese authority, such as actually befel them at Lhasa; but many valuable data might have been recorded without graphical embodiment. The worthy men, however, make no pretensions to science; they record of the Ko-ko-noor or Blue Lake on the north-east frontier of Tibet, that it has a flux and reflux of tide, without any further particulars of so marvellous a phenomenon, though they were some time encamped on its banks: they ascribe unquestioningly their sufferings, in passing certain lofty mountains, to poisonous exhalations from the soil; and they quit Tibet without a word as to the vexed question regarding the course of the Sanpoo. But they have given us a most readable and interesting personal narrative of a life of continued hardships, and of frequent suffering and danger in remote regions, the routes through which were partly never before recorded in detail, and partly never before trodden by any European.

FOREST LIFE IN CANADA WEST.

LADIES of Britain, deftly embroidering in carpeted saloon, gracefully bending over easel or harp, pressing, with nimble finger, your piano's ivory, or joyously tripping in Cellarian circles, suspend, for a moment, your silken pursuits, and look forth into the desert at a sister's sufferings! May you never, from stern experience, learn fully to appreciate them. But, should fate have otherwise decreed, may you equal her in fortitude and courage. Meanwhile, transport yourselves, in imagination's car, to Canada's backwoods, and behold one, gently nurtured as yourselves, cheerfully condescending to rudest toils, unrepiningly enduring hardships you never dreamed of. Not to such hardships was she born, nor educated for them. The comforts of an English home, the endearments of sisterly affection, the refinement of literary tastes, but ill prepared the emigrant's wife to work, in the rugged and inclement wilderness, harder than the meanest of the domestics, whom, in her own country, she was used to command. But where are the obstacles and difficulties that shall not be overcome by a strong will, a warm heart, a trusting and cheerful spirit?—precious qualities, strikingly combined by the lady of whose countless trials and troubles we have here an affecting and remarkable record.

The Far West of Canada is so remote a residence, and there is so much oblivion in a lapse of twenty years, that it may be necessary to mention who the authoress is who now appeals (successfully, or we are much mistaken) to the favour of her countrymen, and more especially of her countrywomen. Of a family well known in literature, Mrs Moodie is a sister of Miss Agnes Strickland, the popular and accomplished historical biographer. In 1831, Miss Susanna Strickland published a volume of poems. Had she remained in England, she in time, perhaps, might have rivalled her sister's fame as one of

the most distinguished female writers of the day. But it was otherwise ordained. In 1832 she sailed, as Mrs Moodie, an emigrant to Canada. Under most unfavourable circumstances, she still from time to time took up the pen. The anxieties and accidents of her forest life, her regrets for the country she loved so well, and had left perhaps for ever, and, subsequently, the rebellion in Canada, suggested many charming songs and poems, some of which are still extremely popular in our North American colony. Years passed amidst hardships and sufferings. At last a brighter day dawned, and it is from a tranquil and happy home, as we gladly understand, that the settler's brave wife has transmitted this narrative of seven years' exertion and adventure.

Inevitable hardships, some ill luck, some little want of judgment and deliberation, make up the history of Captain and Mrs Moodie's early days in Canada. "I give you just three years to spend your money and ruin yourself," said an old Yankee hag with whom the Captain was concluding the purchase of a wretched log-hut. It scarcely took so long. Borrowing our colours from Mrs Moodie's pages, we may broadly sketch the discomforts of the emigrant's first few months in Canada. These were passed near the village of C—, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. A farm of one hundred and fifty acres, about fifty of which were cleared, was purchased by Captain Moodie, for £300, of a certain Q—, a landjobber.

"Q—," says the Captain, who has contributed two or three chapters to his wife's book, "held a mortgage for £150, on a farm belonging to a certain Yankee settler, named Joe H—, as security for a debt incurred for goods at his store. The idea instantly struck him that he would compel Joe H— to sell him his farm, by threatening to foreclose the mortgage. I drove out with Mr Q— next day to see the farm in question. It was situated in a pretty retired valley,

Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada. By SUSANNA MOODIE. In 2 vols. London: 1852.

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surrounded by hills, about eight miles from C—, and about a mile from the great road leading to Toronto. There was an extensive orchard upon the farm, and two log-houses, and a large frame-barn. A considerable portion of the cleared land was light and sandy; and the uncleared part of the farm, situated on the flat rocky summit of a high hill, was reserved for 'a sugar bush,' and for supplying fuel."

Pleased with the place, Captain Moodie bought it, and, having done so, had leisure to repent his bargain. Of the land he got possession in the month of September; but it was not till the following summer that the occupants of the house could be prevailed upon to depart. Until then the new comers dwelt in the wretched hut already mentioned. Even to this hovel Mrs Moodie's English habits of order and neatness imparted something like comfort; but a still greater evil, beyond her power to remedy, was connected with her residence. Her nearest neighbours were disreputable Yankee settlers.

"These people regarded British settlers with an intense feeling of dislike, and found a pleasure in annoying and insulting them when any occasion offered. They did not understand us, nor did we them, and they generally mistook the reserve which is common with the British towards strangers, for pride and superciliousness.

"You Britishers are too *superstitious*," one of them told me on a particular occasion.

"It was some time before I found out what he meant by the term '*superstitious*,' and that it was generally used by them for '*supercilious*.'"

All that poor Mrs Moodie endured from her reprobate neighbours, could not be told in detail within the compass of a much larger work than hers. But we may glean a tolerable idea of her constant vexations and annoyance from her first volume, which contains sketches, at once painful and humorous, of the persecutions to which she was subjected. Impudent intrusion and unscrupulous borrowings were of daily occurrence, varied occasionally by some gross act of unneighbourliness and aggression. Although evidently a person of abundant energy and spirit, Mrs Moodie, partly through terror of these semi-savages, and partly

from a wish to conciliate and make friends, long submitted to insolence and extortion. The wives and daughters of the Yankee settlers—some of whom had "squatted," without leave or license, on ground to which they had no right, made a regular property of her. Every article of domestic use, kettles and pans, eatables, drinkables, and wearables, did these insatiable wretches borrow—and never return. They would walk into her house and carry off the very things she at the moment needed, or come in her absence and take her gown from the peg, or the pot from the fire. The three families from which she had most to endure were those of a red-headed American squatter, who had fled his own country for some crime; of "Uncle Joe," the former proprietor of her farm, and still the occupant of her house; and of "Old Satan," a disgusting and brutal Yankee, who had had one eye gouged out in a fight, and whose face was horribly disfigured by the scars of wounds inflicted by his adversary's teeth. A pertinacious tormentor, too, was old Betty Fye, who lived in the log shanty across the creek. Having made Mrs Moodie's acquaintance, under pretence of selling her a "rooster," she became a constant and most unwelcome visitor, borrowing everything she could think of, returning nothing, and interlarding her discourse with oaths, which greatly shocked the good-tempered English lady.

"Everybody swears in this country," quoth Betty Fye. 'My boys (she was a widow with twelve sons) all swear like Sam Hill; and I used to swear mighty big oaths, till about a month ago, when the Methody parson told me that if I did not leave it off I should go to a tarnation bad place; so I dropped some of the worst of them.'

"You would do well to drop the rest; women never swear in my country."

"Well, you don't say! I always hear'd they were very ignorant. Will you lend me the tea?"

Tea to-day—it was something else to-morrow. Mrs Moodie tried every means of affronting her, but long without success. The most natural and effectual plan would have been to refuse all her demands; but to this Mrs Moodie, perhaps from unwilling-

ness to disoblige, was tardy in having recourse. At last she got rid of her by quoting Scripture.

"The last time I was honoured with a visit from Betty Fye, she meant to favour me with a very large order upon my goods and chattels.

"Well, Mrs Fye, what do you want to-day?"

"So many things, that I scarce know where to begin. Ah, what a thing 'tis to be poor! First, I want you to lend me ten pounds of flour to make some Johnnie cakes."

"I thought they were made of Indian meal!"

"Yes, yes, when you've got the meal. I'm out of it, and this is a new fixing of my own invention. Lend me the flour, woman, and I'll bring you one of the cakes to taste."

"This was said very coaxingly.

"Oh, pray don't trouble yourself. What next?" I was anxious to see how far her impudence would go, and determined to affront her, if possible.

"I want you to lend me a gown and a pair of stockings. I have to go to Oswego, to see my husband's sister, and I'd like to look decent."

"Mrs Fye, I never lend my clothes to any one. If I lent them to you, I should never wear them again."

"So much the better for me," (with a knowing grin.) "I guess if you won't lend me the gown, you will let me have some black slack to quilt a stuff petticoat, a quarter of a pound of tea and some sugar; and I will bring them back as soon as I can."

"I wonder when that will be. You owe me so many things that it will cost you more than you imagine to repay me."

"Since you're not going to mention what's past, I can't owe you much. But I will let you off the tea and the sugar, if you will lend me a five-dollar bill."

This was too much for even Mrs Moodie's patience. She read the incorrigible Betty a sharp lecture upon her system of robbing under colour of borrowing, and concluded by saying she well knew that all the things she had lent her would be a debt owing to the day of judgment.

"'S'pose they are,' quoth Betty, not in the least abashed at my lecture on honesty, 'you know what the Scripture saith, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."'

"Ay, there is an answer to that in the same book, which doubtless you may have heard," said I, disgusted with her

hypocrisy, 'The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.'

"Never shall I forget the furious passion into which this too apt quotation threw my unprincipled applicant. She lifted up her voice and cursed me, using some of the big oaths temporarily discarded for conscience' sake. And so she left me, and I never looked upon her face again."

Uncle Joe was another pleasant neighbour, and brought up his children to resemble himself. Mrs Joe would occasionally stroll over to visit Mrs Moodie, and exult over the unaccustomed toils to which the young English wife and mother submitted with a cheerfulness that did her infinite honour. It was a rough and hard life, even for men, in that Canadian loghouse; much worse, then, for a delicate woman, and worst of all for one who arrived there with an infant, and whose family rapidly augmented.

"For a week I was alone," writes Mrs Moodie, in the early days of her exile, "my good Scotch girl having left me to visit her father. Some small baby-articles were needed to be washed, and after making a great preparation, I determined to try my unskilled hand upon the operation. The fact is, I knew nothing about the task I had imposed upon myself, and in a few minutes rubbed the skin off my wrists, without getting the clothes clean. The door was open, as it generally was, even during the coldest winter days, in order to let in more light and let out the smoke, which otherwise would have enveloped us like a cloud. I was so busy that I did not perceive that I was watched by the cold, heavy, dark eyes of Mrs Joe, who, with a sneering laugh, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God! I am glad to see you brought to work at last.'"

Further, the amiable Mrs Joe declared her intense hatred of all Britishers, and her hearty wish that her unoffending neighbour might be brought down upon her knees to scrub the floor. Mrs Moodie had sense and dignity enough merely to smile at her vulgar malignity. The impudence of these people knew no bounds. The same evening, Mrs Joe sent over two of her offspring to borrow something she needed of the woman she had spitefully abused in the morning.

During Mrs Moodie's abode near C——, Old Satan got married for the

fourth time. This was the occasion of a charivari, a custom dating from the French occupation of Canada, and still kept up there. Mrs Moodie has an amusingly *naïf* chapter on this subject, concerning which she has collected some curious anecdotes. It is hardly necessary to explain that a mismatch—of a young and an old person—is the usual pretext for a charivari.

"The idle young fellows of the neighbourhood disguise themselves, blackening their faces, putting their clothes on hind part before, and wearing horrible masks, with grotesque caps on their heads, adorned with cocks' feathers, and bells. They then form in a regular body, and proceed to the bridegroom's house, to the sound of tin kettles, horns, drums, &c. Thus equipped, they surround the house, just at the hour when the happy couple are supposed to be about to retire to rest, beating upon the door with clubs and staves, and demanding of the bridegroom admittance to drink the bride's health, or in lieu thereof, a certain sum of money to treat the band at the nearest tavern."

Mrs Moodie expresses all a woman's indignation at what she styles "a lawless infringement upon the natural rights of man." The charivari is usually bought off—she mentions an instance when thirty pounds were disbursed by an antiquated swain who had wedded a handsome widow—but sometimes the victim resists, and the consequences are serious. Shortly before old Satan's bridal, a tragical affair had taken place at one of these saturnalia.

"The bridegroom was a man in middle life, a desperately resolute and passionate man, and he swore that if such riff-raff dared to interfere with him, he would shoot at them with as little compunction as if they were so many crows. His threats only increased the mischievous determination of the mob to torment him; and when he refused to admit their deputation, or even to give them a portion of the wedding cheer, they determined to frighten him into compliance by firing several guns, loaded with peas, at his door. Their salute was returned from the chamber-window, by the discharge of a double-barrelled gun, loaded with buck-shot. The crowd gave back with a tremendous yell. Their leader was shot through the heart, and two of the foremost in the scuffle dangerously wounded. They vowed they would set fire to the

house, but the bridegroom boldly stepped to the window and told them to try it, and before they could light a torch he would fire among them again, for his gun was reloaded, and he would discharge it at them as long as one of them dared to remain on his premises. They cleared off."

In point of amusement there is little difference between the first and the second volumes of Mrs Moodie's book—which, however, is not intended merely to amuse, but also as "a work of practical experience," written for the benefit of, and conveying useful hints to, persons contemplating emigration to Canada. The first volume is the gayest of the two; there is a vein of great humour in Mrs Moodie's descriptions and sketches of her neighbours, and of her wild Irish servant, John Monaghan, who gave Uncle Joe an awful thrashing for purloining the captain's hay; and of Mrs D., the Yankee lady, who considered her English neighbours shocking proud because they did not eat with their "helps," but was of opinion that all negroes were children of the devil, for that "God never condescended to make a nigger." But it is in the second volume that the interest is strongest, and at times becomes intense. Disgusted with their neighbours, Captain and Mrs Moodie left their farm at C—, and removed to the township of Douro, forty miles off, in the backwoods, where they had friends and relatives settled, and where the society—consisting chiefly of English, Irish, and Scotch gentlemen, recently come from Europe, and many of them half-pay officers—was more congenial to their tastes and habits. Unfortunately, about this time Captain Moodie sold his commission, in consequence of an intimation in the newspapers that half-pay officers must either do so or join a regiment. This was not enforced in the case of officers settled in the colonies, and the captain greatly repented his haste; the more so, as he was induced to invest the proceeds of his sale in shares in a steamboat on Lake Ontario. Q—, the land-jobber, appears to have led him into this investment. He received no interest on his shares, and when, some years afterwards, the boat was

sold, he got back only a fourth of his capital. The mistake he made in parting with his half-pay was the cause of great privations and anxiety.

"It was a bright frosty morning," says Mrs Moodie, "when I bade adieu to the farm, the birthplace of my little Agnes, who, nestled beneath my cloak, was sweetly sleeping on my knee, unconscious of the long journey before us into the wilderness. . . . It was not without regret that I left Melsetter, for so my husband had called the place, after his father's estate in Orkney. It was a beautiful, picturesque spot; and, in spite of the evil neighbourhood, I had learned to love it; indeed, it was much against my wish that it was sold. I had a great dislike to removing, which involves a necessary loss, and is apt to give to the emigrant roving and unsettled habits. But all regrets were now useless; and, happily unconscious of the life of toil and anxiety that awaited us in those dreadful woods, I tried my best to be cheerful, and to regard the future with a hopeful eye."

Most nobly, when the toil and anxiety came, did this high-hearted woman bear up against them. Severer hardships and trials were perhaps never endured, for so long a period, by one of her delicate sex. At first, affairs looked promising in the forest. A timely legacy supplied means to purchase and clear land and to build a house; a considerable sum still remained in hand, and a good income from the steamboat stock was looked upon as certain. The first spring in the forest was spent in comparative ease and idleness.

"Those were the halcyon days of the bush. My husband had purchased a very light cedar canoe, to which he attached a keel and a sail; and most of our leisure hours, directly the snows melted, were spent upon the water. These fishing and shooting excursions were delightful. . . . We felt as if we were the first discoverers of every beautiful flower and stately tree that attracted our attention, and we gave names to fantastic rocks and fairy isles, and raised imaginary houses on every picturesque spot which we floated past during our aquatic excursions. I learned the use of the paddle, and became quite a proficient in the gentle craft."

They received visits from the Indians, a number of whom (of the Chippewa tribe) frequented a dry

cedar-swamp hard by, fishing, shooting, and making maple-sugar, baskets, and canoes. They were friendly and communicative, grateful for the slightest kindness, never intrusive or offensively familiar; in short, they were born gentlemen, and in every respect a perfect contrast and immeasurably superior to the Yankee squatters at C—. Mrs Moodie devotes the greater part of a most interesting chapter to stories and traits of her red friends. No attention, however small, was lost upon these warm-hearted people. One cold night, late in autumn, six squaws asked shelter of Mrs Moodie. It was rather a large party to lodge, but forest hospitality is not stinted. There was "Joe Muskrat's squaw" and "Betty Cow," and an old white-haired woman, whose scarlet embroidered leggings showed her to be a chief's wife. After they had all well supped, mattresses and blankets were spread on the parlour floor for their use, and Mrs Moodie considerably told her servant to give the aged squaw the best bed.

"The old Indian glanced at me with her keen, bright eye; but I had no idea that she comprehended what I said. Some weeks after this, as I was sweeping my parlour floor, a slight tap drew me to the door. On opening it I perceived the old squaw, who immediately slipped into my hand a set of beautifully embroidered bark trays, fitting one within the other, and exhibiting the very best sample of the porcupine-quill work. While I stood wondering what this might mean, the good old creature fell upon my neck, and kissing me, exclaimed, 'You remember old squaw—make her comfortable! Old squaw no forget you. Keep them for her sake,' and before I could detain her she ran down the hill with a swiftness which seemed to bid defiance to years. I never saw this interesting Indian again, and I concluded that she died during the winter, for she must have been of a great age."

When fortune frowned on *Nonocosiqui*, "the humming-bird," (the name given to Mrs Moodie by the Indians, in allusion to the pleasure she took in painting birds,) when her purse and pantry were alike empty, and, in Indian phrase, "her hearth-stone was growing cold," many an acceptable supply of much-needed food was brought to her by her red friends.

"Their delicacy in conferring these favours was not the least admirable part of their conduct. John Nogan, who was much attached to us, would bring a fine bunch of ducks, and drop them at my feet, 'for the papoose [child,]' or leave a large muskinnonge on the sill of the door, or place a quarter of venison just within it, and slip away without saying a word, thinking that a present from a poor Indian might hurt our feelings, and he would spare us the mortification of returning thanks."

The coolness and courage of these Indians are remarkable. Mrs Moodie tells a story of a squaw who was left by her husband in charge of some dead game, and who, whilst sitting carelessly upon a log, with his hunting-knife in her hand, heard a cracking amongst the branches, and, turning round, saw a bear within a few paces of her.

"It was too late to retreat; and seeing that the animal was very hungry, and determined to come to close quarters, she rose, and placed her back against a small tree, holding her knife close to her breast, and in a straight line with the bear. The shaggy monster came on. She remained motionless, her eyes steadily fixed upon her enemy, and as his huge arms closed around her, she slowly drove the knife into his heart. The bear uttered a hideous cry, and sank dead at her feet. When the Indian returned, he found the courageous woman taking the skin from the carcass of the formidable brute."

Mrs Moodie was not likely to emulate such feats as this. She had a horror of wild beasts, and was afraid even of cattle. Her dread of lions, tigers, and other unamiable carnivora, was the reason of her finding herself in Canada. Her husband had a property in South Africa, where he had passed many years, and whither the fine climate and scenery made him desirous to return. But his wife would not hear of it, and, when he tried to remove her exaggerated terrors, referred him triumphantly to the dangerous encounters and hairbreadth escapes recorded in a book of his own, called *Ten Years in South Africa*. A European woman's fear of tigers and rattle-snakes is natural enough, and let none impute want of courage to Mrs Moodie. The hero of a hundred fights might

feel nervous, if perched on the top-gallant-yards of a frigate, whose captain might prefer boarding a French three-decker to riding at a bull-fence. Mrs Moodie's courage was not of the bear-fighting sort, but of a higher kind—moral, rather than physical. We read with admiration and deep sympathy of her presence of mind and intrepidity upon many trying occasions—when her house, for instance, was blazing over her head, and she alone was there to rescue her four children and such portions of her worldly possessions as her strength enabled her to carry out of the cedar-log dwelling, whose roof "was burning like a brush heap, and, unconsciously, she and her eldest daughter were working under a shelf upon which was deposited several pounds of gunpowder, procured for blasting a well. The gunpowder was in a stone-jar, secured by a paper stopper; the shelf upon which it stood was on fire." As to her fortitude under severe suffering—from bitter cold and other causes—and the perseverance with which she toiled, even at farm-labour, they are beyond praise.

"In the year 1835, my husband and I," she says, "had worked hard in the field; it was the first time I had ever tried my hand at field-labour, but our ready money was exhausted, and the steamboat stock had not paid us one farthing; we could not hire, and there was no help for it. I had a hard struggle with my pride before I would consent to render the least assistance on the farm, but reflection convinced me that I was wrong—that Providence had placed me in a situation where I was called upon to work—that it was not only my duty to obey that call, but to exert myself to the utmost to assist my husband, and help to maintain my family."

Most affecting is the account that follows, of hopes disappointed and hardships endured, in the years 1836 and 1837. To pay off debts—incurred chiefly for clearing land, and in confident expectation of deriving an income from the steamboat—Captain and Mrs Moodie resorted to a pinching economy. Milk, bread, and potatoes, were for months their only fare. Tea and sugar were luxuries not to be thought of. "I missed the tea very much," says the poor

English lady, who, on an anchorite's fare, performed a day-labourer's task, hoeing potatoes, and cheerfully sharing with her husband the rude toils of the field. "We rang the changes on peppermint and sage, taking the one herb at our breakfast, the other at our tea, until I found an excellent substitute for both in the root of the dandelion." This root, roasted crisp, and ground, proved a very good imitation of coffee. Squirrel—stewed, roast, and in pies—was a standard dish at the dinner-table in the bush. In a trap set near the barn, often ten or twelve were caught in a day. But the lake was the great resource.

"Moodie and I used to rise by day-break, and fish for an hour after sunrise, when we returned, he to the field, and I to dress the little ones, clean up the house, assist with the milk, and prepare the breakfast. Oh, how I enjoyed those excursions on the lake!—the very idea of our dinner depending upon our success added double zest to the sport."

Even here there was some compensation. The strange, Robinson-Crusoe-like existence had its joys as well as its sorrows. Who can doubt that, seasoned by labour, squirrel pie had, for the dwellers in the forest, such savour as few epicures find in pasty of choicest venison? The warm breath of summer, too, alleviated the hardships of the poor emigrants. But winter came, and, with winter, privation and misfortune.

"The ruffian squatter P——, from Clear Lake, drove from the barn a fine young bull we were rearing, and for several weeks all trace of the animal was lost. We had almost forgotten the existence of poor Whisky, when a neighbour called and told Moodie that his yearling was at P——'s, and that he would advise him to get it back as soon as possible. Moodie had to take some wheat to Y——'s mill, and as the squatter lived only a mile farther, he called at his house; and there, sure enough, he found the lost animal. With the greatest difficulty he succeeded in regaining his property, but not without many threats of vengeance from the parties who had stolen it. To these he paid no regard; but a few days after, six fat hogs, on which we depended for all our winter store of animal food, were driven into the lake and destroyed.

The death of these animals deprived us of three barrels of pork, and half-starved us through the winter. That winter of '36, how heavily it wore away! The grown flour, frosted potatoes, and scant quantity of animal food, rendered us all weak, and the children suffered much from the ague."

Under these circumstances, great was the glee when a stray buck was shot. Spot, Katie's pet pig, had to be killed, in spite of the tears and entreaties of its little owner, for the family were craving after a morsel of meat. Here is a melancholy note in the diary of the emigrant's wife:—

"On the 21st May of this year, my second son, Donald, was born. The poor fellow came in hard times. The cows had not calved, and our bill of fare, now minus the deer and Spot, only consisted of bad potatoes, and still worse bread. I was rendered so weak by want of proper nourishment that my dear husband, for my sake, overcame his aversion to borrowing, and procured a quarter of mutton from a friend. This, with kindly presents from neighbours—often as badly off as ourselves—a loin of a young bear, and a basket containing a loaf of bread, some tea, fresh butter, and oatmeal, went far to save my life."

Think of this, ye dainty dames, who, in like circumstances, heap your beds with feathers, and strew the street with straw. Think of the chilly forest, the windy log-house, the frosted potatoes, the five children, the weary, half-famished mother, the absence of all that gentle aid and comfort which wait upon your slightest ailment. Think of all these things, and, if the picture move you, remember that the like sufferings and necessities abound nearer home, within scope of your charity and relief.

Quitting, for a while, the sad catalogue of her woes, Mrs Moodie launches forth into an episode which fills one of the most characteristic chapters of her work. In the midst of these hard times, an Englishman—with whom Captain Moodie had once travelled in the mail to Toronto, and whom he had invited to call on him, should he come into his part of the country—dropped in upon them one evening, proposing to remain for the night. He was their inmate for nine months. Mrs Moodie disliked him

from the very first day, for he was a surly, discontented, reckless scamp, but somehow there was no getting rid of him. He grumbled over his first meal of salt pork, dandelion coffee, and heavy bread; and he grumbled almost daily, until the happy morning when he left them for good and all. Malcolm (as Mrs Moodie chooses to call him) told his host that he was in hiding from the sheriff's officers, and should esteem it a great favour to be allowed to remain a few weeks at his house. The captain was far too good-natured and hospitable to refuse his request. "To tell you the truth, Malcolm," said he, "we are so badly off that we can scarcely find food for ourselves and the children. It is out of our power to make you comfortable, or to keep an additional hand, without he is willing to render some little help on the farm. If you can do this, I will endeavour to get a few necessities on credit, to make your stay more agreeable." The proposition suited Malcolm to a hair. By working for his keep, he got rid of the obligation, and acquired a right to grumble. As to the work he did, it was really not worth speaking of. Mrs Moodie had a sort of rude bedstead made for him out of two large chests, and put up in a corner of the parlour. Upon that he lay, during the first fortnight of his stay, reading, smoking, and drinking whisky and water from morning till night. There was a mystery about the fellow which he did not care fully to clear up, but portions of his history oozed out.

"He was the son of an officer in the navy, who had not only attained a very high rank in the service, but, for his gallant conduct, had been made a Knight-Companion of the Bath. He had himself served his time as a midshipman on board his father's flag-ship, but had left the navy, and accepted a commission in the Buenos-Ayrian Service during the political struggles in that province. He had commanded a sort of privateer under the government, to whom, by his own account, he had rendered many very signal services. Why he left South America, and came to Canada, he kept a profound secret. He had indulged in very vicious and dissipated courses since he came to the province, and by his own account had spent upwards of four thousand

pounds in a manner not over-creditable to him. . . . He was now considerably in debt. Money he had none; and, beyond the dirty fearnought blue seaman's jacket which he wore, a pair of trousers of the coarse cloth of the country, an old black vest that had seen better days, and two blue-checked shirts, clothes he had none. He shaved but once a week, never combed his hair, and never washed himself. A dirtier or more slovenly creature never before was dignified by the title of a gentleman. He was, however, a man of good education, of excellent abilities, and possessed a bitter sarcastic knowledge of the world; but he was selfish and unprincipled in the highest degree."

This piratical sea-bear quarrelled with Mrs Moodie's servants, disgusted and offended her by his ungentelemanly habit of swearing, and behaved altogether so outrageously that any one less forbearing and good-tempered than Captain Moodie would have turned him out of the house before he had been a month in it. But the captain, who lacked not spirit on occasion, had Highland notions of hospitality; and, moreover, he pitied the unhappy scapegrace—whose vile temper was his own greatest curse—and bore with his infirmities. Malcolm got the ague, and poor Mrs Moodie nursed him.

"During the cold fit, he did nothing but swear at the cold, and wished himself roasting; and, during the fever, he swore at the heat, and wished that he was sitting in no other garment than his shirt on the north side of an iceberg."

The only trait that somewhat reconciled Mrs Moodie to her rude guest was his affection for one of her children, a merry golden-haired little boy. When left alone with her in the house, he almost frightened her by his strange, sullen stare, and told her stories about wild deeds of bloodshed committed in his privateering days, and was very anxious to read her a manuscript work on South America, for which Murray, he said, had offered him a sum of money, but to which she preferred not listening. At last he got so indolent and insolent that Captain Moodie was roused to anger, sharply reproved him, and ordered him to be gone. But it was not a trifle in the way of rebuke that would drive Malcolm from free bed and board. He walked away for a few hours, and

then returned and joined the family party, as if nothing had happened. One day, however, anickname applied to him by Mrs Moodie's eldest girl put him in a furious passion, and he took himself off for ever, as his entertainers hoped. They were mistaken.

"Two months after, we were taking tea with a neighbour, who lived a mile below us on the small lake. Who should walk in but Mr Malcolm ! He greeted us with great warmth, for him ; and when we rose to take leave, he rose and walked home by our side. ' Surely the little stumpy man (the name Katie had given him) is not returning to his old quarters ! ' I am still a babe in the affairs of men. Human nature has more strange varieties than any one menagerie can contain, and Malcolm was one of the oddest of her odd species. That night he slept in his old bed below the parlour window, and for three months afterwards he stuck to us like a beaver."

The manner of this strange being's final departure was as eccentric as that of his first coming. On Christmas eve he started after breakfast to walk into Peterborough to fetch raisins for next day's pudding. He never came back, but left Peterborough the same day with a stranger in a waggon. It was afterwards said that he had gone to Texas, and been killed at San Antonio de Bexar. Whatever became of him, he never again was seen in that part of Canada. Mrs Moodie's account of his residence in her house is full of character, and admirable for its quietness and truth to nature. "Firing the Fallow," and "Our Logging Bec," are also, apart from their connection with the emigrant's fortunes, striking and interesting sketches of Canadian forest life. We are unable to dwell upon or extract from them, and must hasten to conclude our notice of this really fascinating book.

Rebellion broke out in Canada. Captain Moodie, although suffering from a severe accident he had met with whilst ploughing, felt his loyalty and soldiership irresistibly appealed to by the Queen's proclamation, calling upon all loyal gentlemen to join in suppressing the insurrection. Toronto was threatened by the insurgents, and armed bands were gathering on all sides for its relief. So Captain Moodie marched to the front.

Regiments of militia were formed, and in one of them he received command of a company. He left in January, and Mrs Moodie remained alone with her children and Jenny—a faithful old Irish servant—to take care of the house. It was a dull and cheerless time. And yet her husband's appointment was a great boon and relief. His full pay as captain enabled him to remit money home, and to liquidate debts. His wife, on her side, was not inactive.

"Just at this period," she says, "I received a letter from a gentleman, requesting me to write for a magazine (the *Literary Garland*) just started in Montreal, with promise to remunerate me for my labours. Such an application was like a gleam of light springing up in the darkness."

When the day's toils—which were not trifling—were over, she robbed herself of sleep—which she greatly needed—to labour with her pen ; writing by the light of what Irish Jenny called "sluts"—twisted rags, dipped in lard, and stuck in a bottle. Jenny viewed these literary pursuits with huge discontent.

"You were thin enough before you took to the pen," grumbled the affectionate old creature—"what good will it be to the children, dear heart ! if you die afore your time by wasting your strength afther that fashion !"

But Mrs Moodie was not to be dissuaded from her new pursuit. She persevered, and with satisfactory results.

"I actually," she says, "shed tears of joy over the first twenty-dollar note I received from Montreal."

Emulous of her mistress's activity, Jenny undertook to make "a good lump" of maple-sugar, with the aid of little Sol, a hired boy, whom she grievously cuffed and ill-treated, when he upset the kettle, or committed other blunders. Every evening during the sugar-making Mrs Moodie ran up to see Jenny in the bush, singing and boiling down the sap in front of her little shanty.

"The old woman was in her element, and afraid of nothing under the stars ; she slept beside her kettles at night, and snapped her fingers at the idea of the least danger."

The sugar-making was a hot and wearisome occupation, but the result was a good store of sugar, molasses, and vinegar.

"Besides gaining a little money with my pen," writes Mrs Moodie at about this time, "I practised a method of painting birds and butterflies upon the white velvety surface of the large fungi that grow plentifully upon the bark of the sugar maple. These had an attractive appearance; and my brother, who was a captain in one of the provisional regiments, sold a great many of them among the officers, without saying by whom they were painted. One rich lady in Peterborough, long since dead, ordered two dozen to send as curiosities to England. These, at one shilling each, enabled me to buy shoes for the children, who, during our bad times, had been forced to dispense with these necessary coverings. How often, during the winter season, have I wept over their little chapped feet, literally washing them with my tears. But these days were to end. Providence was doing great things for us; and Hope raised at last her drooping head, to regard, with a brighter glance, the far-off future. Slowly the winter rolled away; but he to whom every thought was turned, was still distant from his humble home. The receipt of an occasional letter from him was my only solace during his long absence, and we were still too poor to indulge often in the luxury."

The spring brought work. Corn and potatoes must be planted, and the garden dug and manured. By lending her oxen to a neighbour who had none, Mrs Moodie obtained a little assistance; but most of the labour was performed by her and Jenny, the greatest jewel of an old woman the Emerald Isle ever sent forth to toil in American wildernesses. A short visit from the captain cheered the family. In the autumn, he expected, the regiment to which he belonged would be reduced. This was a melancholy anticipation, and his wife again beheld cruel poverty seated on their threshold. After her husband's departure, the thought struck her that she would write to the Governor of Canada, plainly stating her circumstances, and asking him to retain Captain Moodie in the militia service. She knew nothing of Sir George Arthur, and received no reply to her application. But the Governor acted,

though he did not write, and acted kindly and generously. "The 16th of October my third son was born; and a few days after, my husband was appointed paymaster to the militia regiments in the V—— district, with the rank and full pay of captain." The appointment was not likely to be permanent, and Mrs Moodie and the children remained at their log-cabin in the woods during the ensuing winter. Malignant scarlet fever attacked the whole family; a doctor was sent for, but did not come; Mrs Moodie, herself ill, had to tend her five children; and when these recovered, she was stretched for many weeks upon a bed of sickness. Jenny, the most attached of humble friends, and a greater heroine in her way than many whom poets have sung and historians lauded, alone kept her suffering mistress company in the depths of the dark forest.

"Men could not be procured in that thinly-settled spot for love nor money; and I now fully realised the extent of Jenny's usefulness. Daily she yoked the oxen, and brought down from the bush fuel to maintain our fires, which she felled and chopped up with her own hands. She fed the cattle, and kept all things snug about the doors; not forgetting to load her master's two guns, 'in case,' as she said, 'the rebels should attack us in our retreat.'"

What says the quaint old song? that—

"The poor man alone, when he hears the
poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!"

It were a libel to adopt the sentiment to its full extent, when we witness the large measure of charity which the more prosperous classes in this country are ever ready to dispense to the poor and suffering. But doubtless the sympathy with distress is apt to be heartiest and warmest on the part of those who themselves have experienced the woes they witness. It is very touching to contemplate Mrs Moodie walking twenty miles through a bleak forest—the ground covered with snow, and the thermometer far below zero—to minister to the necessities of one whose sufferings were greater even than her own.

Still more touching is the exquisite delicacy with which she and her friend Emilia imparted the relief they brought, and strove to bestow their charity without imposing an obligation. "The Walk to Dummer" is a chapter of Mrs Moodie's book that alone would secure her the esteem and admiration of her readers. Captain N. was an Irish settler in Canada, who had encountered similar mishaps to those Captain Moodie had experienced—but in a very different spirit. He had taken to drinking, had deserted his family, and was supposed to have joined Mackenzie's band of ruffians on Navy Island. For nine weeks his wife and children had tasted no food but potatoes; for eighteen months they had eaten no meat. Before going to Mrs Moodie, Jenny had been their servant for five years, and, although repeatedly beaten by her master with the iron ramrod of his gun, would still have remained with them, would he have permitted her. She sobbed bitterly on learning their sufferings, and that Miss Mary, "the tinder thing," and her brother, a boy of twelve, had to fetch fuel from the bush in that "oncommon savare weather." Mrs Moodie was deeply affected at the recital of so much misery. She had bread for herself and children, and that was all. It was more than had Mrs N. But for the willing there is ever a way, and Mrs Moodie found means of doing good, where means there seemed to be none. Some ladies in the neighbourhood were desirous to do what they could for Mrs N.; but they wished first to be assured that her condition really was as represented. They would be guided by the report of Mrs Moodie and Emilia, if those two ladies would go to Dummer, the most western clearing of Canada's Far West, and ascertain the facts of the case. *If* they would! There was not an instant's hesitation. Joyfully they started on their Samaritan pilgrimage. Ladies, lounging on damask cushions in your well-hung carriages, read this account of a walk through the wilderness; read the twelfth chapter of Mrs Moodie's second volume, and—having read it—you will assuredly read the whole of her book, and rise from its perusal with full hearts, and with

the resolution to imitate, as far as your opportunities allow—and to none of us, who seek them with a fervent and sincere spirit, shall opportunities be wanting—her energetic and truly Christian charity.

Le diable ne sera pas toujours derrière la porte, says the French proverb. The gentleman in question had long obstinately kept his station behind Mrs Moodie's shanty door; but at last, despairing, doubtless, of a triumph over her courage and resignation, he fled, discomfited. The militia disbanded, Captain Moodie's services were no longer needed. But his hard-saved pay had cleared off many debts, and prospects were brighter.

"The potato crop was gathered in, and I had collected my store of dandelion roots for our winter supply of coffee, when one day brought a letter to my husband from the Governor's secretary, offering him the situation of Sheriff of the V—— district. Once more he bade us farewell; but it was to go and make ready a home for us, that we should no more be separated from each other. Heartily did I return thanks to God that night for all his mercies to us."

Short time sufficed for preparation to quit the dreary log-house. Crops, furniture, farm-stock, and implements, were sold, and as soon as snow fell and sleighing was practicable, the family left the forest for their snug dwelling in the distant town of V——. Strange as it may seem, when the time came, Mrs Moodie clung to her solitude.

"I did not like," she says, "to be dragged from it to mingle in gay scenes, in a busy town, and with gaily-dressed people. I was no longer fit for the world; I had lost all relish for the pursuits and pleasures which are so essential to its votaries; I was contented to live and die in obscurity. For seven years I had lived out of the world altogether; my person had been rendered coarse by hard work and exposure to the weather. I looked double the age I really was, and my hair was already thickly sprinkled with grey."

Honour to such grey hairs, blanched in patient and courageous suffering. More lovely they than raven tresses, to all who prefer to the body's perishable beauty the imperishable qualities of the immortal soul!

FAREWELL TO THE RHINE.

LINES WRITTEN AT BONN.

FARE thee well, thou regal river, proudly-rolling German Rhine,
 Sung in many a minstrel's ballad, praised in many a poet's line!
 Thou from me too claim'st a stanza; ere thy oft-trod banks I leave,
 Blithely, though with thread the slenderest, I the grateful rhyme will weave;
 Many a native hymn thou hearest, many a nice and subtle tone,
 Yet receive my stranger lisplings, strange, but more than half thine own.

Fare thee well! but not in sorrow; while the sun thy vineyards cheers,
 I will not behold thy glory through a cloud of feeble tears;
 Bring the purple Walportzheimer, pour the Rudesheimer bright,
 In the trellis'd vine-clad arbour I will hold a feast to-night.
 Call the friends who love me dearly, call the men of sense and soul,
 Call the hearts whose blithe blood billows, like the juice that brims the bowl:
 Let the wife who loves her husband, with her eyes of gracious blue,
 Give the guests a fair reception—serve them with a tendance true;
 With bright wine, bright thoughts be mated; and if creeping tears must be,
 Let them creep unseen to-morrow, Rhine, when I am far from thee!

Lo! where speeds the gallant steamer, pranked with flags of coloured pride,
 And strong heart of iron, panting stoutly up the swirling tide;
 While from fife, and flute, and drum, the merry music bravely floats,
 And afar the frequent cannon rolls his many-pealing notes;
 And as thick as flowers in June, or armies of the ruddy pine,
 Crown the deck the festive sailors of the broad and German Rhine.
 "Der Rhein! Der Rhein!" I know the song, the jovial singers too I know,—
 'Tis a troop of roving Burschen, and to Heisterbach they go;
 There beneath the seven hills' shadow, and the cloister'd ruin grey,
 Far from dusty books and paper, they will spend the sunny day;
 There will bind their glittering caps with oaken wreaths fresh from the trees,
 And around the rustic table sit, as brothers sit, at ease;
 Hand in hand will sit and laugh, and drain the glass with social speed,
 Crowned with purple Asmannshausen, drugged with many a fragrant weed;
 While from broad and open bosom, with a rude and reinless glee,
 Sounds the jocund-hearted pæan,—*Live the Bursch! the Bursch is free!*
 Thus they through the leafy summer, when their weekly work is o'er,
 Make the wooded hamlets echo with strong music's stirring roar
 From young life's high-brimming fulness—while the hills that bear the vine
 Brew their juice in prescient plenty for the Burschen of the Rhine.

Oft at eve, when we were sated with the various feast of sight,
 Looking through our leafy trellis on the hues of loveliest light,
 Poured on the empurpled mountains by the gently westerling sun;
 When at length the blazing god, his feats of brilliant duty done,
 Veiled his head, and Gündinghofen's gilded woods again were grey;
 When the various hum was hushed that stirred the busy-striving day,
 And the air was still and breezeless, and the moon with fresh-horned beam
 Threw aslant a shimmering brightness o'er the scarcely-sounding stream;
 We with ear not idly pleased would rise to catch the mellow note
 Softly o'er the waters wandering from the home-returning boat;
 And we saw the festive brothers, sobered by the evening hour,
 Shoreward drifted by the river's deep and gently-rolling power;

And our ear imbibed sweet concord, and our hearts grew young again,
 And we knew the deep devotion of that solemn social strain.
 And we loved the Bursch that mingles truth and friendship with the wine,
 While his floods of deep song echo o'er the broad and murmuring Rhine.

Fare thee well, thou people-bearing, joy-resounding, ample flood,
 Mighty now, but mightier then, when lusty Europe's infant blood
 Pulsed around thee; when thy Kaisers, titled with the grace of Rome,
 With a holy sanction issued from hoar Aquisgranum's dome,
 And with kingly preparation, where the Alps frost-belted frown,
 Marched with German oak to wreath the fruitful Lombard's iron crown.

Then the stream of wealth adown thee freely floated; then the fire
 Of a rude but hot devotion piled strong tower, and fretted spire,
 Thick as oaks within the forest, where thy priestly cities rose.
 Weaker now, and faint and small, the sacerdotal ardour glows
 Round the broad Rhine's unchurched billows; but an echo still remains,
 And a fond life stiffly lingers, in the old faith's ghostly veins.
 Ample rags of decoration, scutcheons of the meagre dead,
 By thy banks, thou Christian river, still, from week to week, are spread.
 Flags and consecrated banners wave around thee; I have seen
 Strewn with flowers thy streets, and marching in the gay sun's noonday sheen
 Lines of linen-vested maidens, lines of sober matrons grey,
 Lines of feeble-footed fathers, priests in motley grim array;
 I have seen the bright cross glitter in the summer's cloudless air,
 While the old brown beads were counted to the drowsy-mutter'd prayer;
 I have seen the frequent beggar press his tatters in the mud,
 For the bread that is the body, and the wine that is the blood,
 (So they deem in pious stupor,) of the Lord who walked on earth.
 Such thy signs of life, thou strangely-gibbering imp of Roman birth,
 Old, but lusty in thy dotage, on the banks of German Rhine:
 Though thy rule I may not own it, and thy creed be far from mine,
 I have loved to hear thy litany o'er the swelling waters float,
 Gently chaunted from the crowded, gaily-garnished pilgrim-boat;
 I have felt the heart within me strangely stirred; and, half believer,
 For a moment wished that Reason on her throne might prove deceiver.
 Live, while God permits thy living, on the banks of German Rhine,
 Fond old faith!—thou canst not live but by some spark of power divine;
 And while man, who darkly gropes, and fretful feels, hath need of thee,
 Soothe his ear with chiming creeds, and fear no jarring taunt from me.

Fare ye well, ye broad-browed thinkers! pride of Bonn upon the Rhine,
 Patient teachers, in the rock of ancient lore that deeply mine;
 Men, with whom in soul lives Niebuhr, and loves still to glean with them
 From huge piles of Roman ruin many a bright and human gem;
 Oft with you, beneath the rows of thickly-blooming chestnut trees,
 I have walked, and seen with wonder how ye flung with careless ease
 Bales of treasured thought about ye, even as children play with toys.
 Strange recluses! we who live 'mid bustling Britain's smoke and noise,
 Ill conceive the quiet tenor of your deeply-brooding joys;
 How ye sit with studious patience, and with curious travelling eyes
 Wander o'er the well-browned folio, where the thoughtful record lies;
 Musing in some musty chamber day by day, and hour by hour,
 Dimly there ye sit, and sip the ripest juice from Plato's bower;
 Each fair shape that graceful floateth through the merry Grecian clime,
 Each religious voice far-echoed through the galleries of time,
 There with subtle eye and ear ye watch, and seize the airy booty,
 And with faithful ken to know the rescued truth is all your duty.

Souls apart ! with awe I knew your silent speculative looks,
And the worship that ye practise in the temples of your books ;
And I felt the power of knowledge ; and I loved to bridge with you
Gulfs of time, till oldest wisdom rose to shake hands with the new ;
May the God of truth be with you, still to glean, with pious patience,
Grains of bright forgotten wisdom for the busy labouring nations ;
And, while books shall feed my fancy, may I use the pondered line,
Grateful to the broad-browed thinkers, pride of Bonn upon the Rhine !

Fare ye well, old crags and castles ! now with me for ever dwells,
Twined with many a freakish joy, the stately front of Drachenfels.
O'er thy viny cliffs we rambled, where the patient peasant toils,
Where the rugged copse scarce shelters from the sun that broadly smiles,
And the fresh green crown is plaited from the German's oaken bower :
Here we wandered, social pilgrims, careless as the sunny hour,
Gay and free, nor touched with horror of the legendary wood,
Harnessed priests and iron knights, and dragons banqueting on blood.
Praise who will the mail-clad epoch, when the princes all were reivers,
Every maundering monk a god, and all who heard him dumb believers ;
Me the peaceful present pleases, and the sober rule of law,
Quiet homes, and hearths secure, and creeds redeemed from idiot-awe ;
Peopled cities' din ; and where then tolled the cloister's languid chime,
Now the hum of frequent voices from each furthest human clime,
Every form of various life beneath the crag that bears the vine,
Borne upon the steam-ploughed current of the placid-rolling Rhine.

Fare thee well, thou kingly river ! while the sun thy vineyards cheers,
I will not behold thy glory through a cloud of feeble tears.
Bring the purple Walportzheimer, pour the Rudesheimer clear,
In the green and vine-clad arbour spread the goodly German cheer ;
Call the friends who love me dearly, call the men of sense and soul,
Call the hearts whose blithe blood billows like the juice that brims the bowl ;
With free cheer free thoughts be wedded ; high as heaven, deep as hell,
Wide as are the dark blue spaces where the starry tenants dwell.
Let the German hymn, that echoes from the Sound to Adria's Sea,
Ring damnation to the despot, peal salvation to the free ;
And when I from vine-clad mountains and from sunny woods am far,
By the cold bleak coast of Buchan, where wild Winter loves to war,
In my memory crag and castle, church and learned hall, shall shine
Brightly, with the seven hills glorious of fair Bonn upon the Rhine.

J. S. B.
FAHRGASSE BONN,
August 1851.

THE REFORM MEASURES OF 1852.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL's new measure of Representative Reform has resolved itself into the shape of a negation. It is, perhaps, the most abortive and unsatisfactory scheme that was ever presented to the nation. It is not good enough to be accepted by one section of politicians, at least as a permanent gift—not so utterly bad as to excite the anger of another, though it may well challenge their contempt. It is not based upon any new principle—it hardly even professes to alter or improve any principle at present acknowledged. It amounts to little more than an arbitrary lowering of the electoral qualification. Small boroughs are to retain their privileges, submitting only to an infusion of new blood from villages in their respective neighbourhoods. Large towns remain as they were, but with a lower scale of voters. So with counties. Every man paying 40s. a-year of direct taxes is to have a vote. This seems to be the whole measure of reform as regards constituencies. It is an alteration in towns from £10 to £5, and in counties from £50 to £20. For the future, no property qualification is to be required from members; and the Parliamentary oaths are to be qualified, so that every kind of unbeliever may enter. The legislature ceases to be Christian.

Considering that the scheme has been brought forward by the Whigs purely for party purposes, and to postpone, if possible, their expected ejection from office, we are surprised that it is not more democratical. We leave others to inquire why no second crusade has been made against the close boroughs—why Calne, for example, and Arundel, and Tavistock, are not to figure in a new schedule of disfranchisement. We can conjecture sufficient reasons, without pushing speculation far. But—putting aside the religious question, which Lord John Russell has most indecorously mixed up with a mass of electoral details—we should really like to know what party, or what class of men, this measure is intended to satisfy. That is, we must maintain, a consideration

of primary importance. All are agreed that it is not for the benefit of the nation that the constitution should be perpetually tinkered. Even Lord John does not broadly avow his predilection for annual repairs; though, in the true spirit of an itinerant metallurgist, he proposes, in 1852, a new solder for the constituencies of Ireland, in place of that which he gratuitously applied in 1851. If Parliaments are habitually to reform themselves, whether at the instigation or against the will of ministers, it is quite evident that all hope of discharging the real business of the nation is at an end. If repairs are needed, let them by all means be made; but let the work be done in such a substantial manner that it shall last for a given time, and not subject us to the perpetual annoyance of new experiments.

Now, we think it must strike every one that the projected measure of the present session is so far from being a permanent settlement, that, if carried, it must lead to an immense deal of future agitation. The Radicals do not even affect to deny this. They express themselves disappointed with the limited amount of the scheme. They wish for the suppression of the smaller boroughs, the enlargement of the urban constituencies, electoral divisions, household suffrage, vote by ballot, and triennial, if not annual, parliaments. These are their avowed objects—for what ultimate purpose we need not inquire; and they very candidly state that they will not rest satisfied until they obtain them. They will accept Lord John Russell's measure as an instalment, but nothing more. They think that the lowering of the franchise is a step in the right direction, because they calculate that it will give them more immediate power, but they will not take it as a settlement. Next year, if this bill should be carried, though we hardly think the Ministry will survive long enough to reach it, they are again to be in the field, busy, warlike, and active as ever; and the agitation is not to cease until their demands

are satisfied. But will it cease even then? Hardly. The Chartists have the next turn, and they, too, doubtless, will insist upon *their* schemes, all the more practicable because the intervening barriers have been taken down. So that, if the peace and quiet of the nation, and the real efficiency of Parliament as a working and legislative body, are worthy to be taken into account, it appears that Lord John Russell's measure will, if enacted, neither promote the one nor the other.

Looking simply at the broad features of the measure, with the reservation which we have already made, and without investigating the details, a shallow observer might conclude that it is calculated to do much immediate mischief. We cannot style it a revolutionary measure, simply because it lowers the franchise from a point which, twenty years ago, was arbitrarily assumed, without any shadow of reason, as the correct one. The five-pounder may be, and often is, quite as intelligent a person as the ten-pounder. But where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? If property or rent is to be the qualification and criterion, it must be drawn somewhere, else there is no answer to the Chartist; and if you once begin the system of diminishment, there is no possibility of any stoppage. The electoral shillings are like King Lear's hundred knights: they will be beaten down until the final question is asked, "What needs one?" and then the triumph will be complete.

Is this desirable? In the name of everything sacred and dear to us—in the name of intelligence, education, and common sense, we answer, No! We have but to look across the Channel to see what are the effects of universal suffrage; and surely there is no man in this country infatuated enough to wish that our free constitution should be exchanged for alternate anarchy and despotism. That is not the wish of the nation—nay more, we venture to say that it is not the wish of the nation that any experiment should be made tending in the least degree towards any such consummation. We have watched—most attentively—for the last two years, the movements of the so-called

reformers; and we are satisfied that, had they been left to themselves, their agitation must have died out as surely as a fire expires for want of fuel. The faggot-master, in the present instance, has been her Majesty's Prime Minister.

The electoral franchise is a privilege which, for its own sake, is very little coveted by the people of this country. Even in the towns, men who possess the qualification are exceedingly backward to enrol themselves; and often, when enrolled, they positively decline to vote. A rush to the poll, as every electioneering agent knows, is seldom a spontaneous movement—indeed, the general difficulty is to overcome the *vis inertiae*. We think this feeling may be carried too far, but undoubtedly it exists; and the proof of it is, that in most large constituencies, but a small portion of those who are qualified to vote appear at the poll, except under circumstances and on occasions of peculiar excitement. Nay, more than this, unless a case of very strong grievance can be made out and established, it is difficult to prevail upon the men of the middle classes to lend their countenance to or attend public meetings for any political object.

The last general election did, in reality, cause little excitement. The conduct of Sir Robert Peel—we shall not now call it his *manœuvre*—had disposed of the question of Free Trade for the time; and no one, whatever might be his secret thoughts or forebodings, wished for an immediate reversal of that policy, until the effects of the experiment became apparent. Therefore a Free-Trade House of Commons was returned, and the Ministry had it all their own way. Undoubtedly they have declined in influence since then. But why? Simply because their policy was then undergoing the test of experience, and the result has proved adverse to their anticipations. There is no other reason. If it should be said that their unpopularity is owing to the continuance of the hated Income-tax, we can only reply that Free-Trade and the Income-tax are inseparable; and that, so long as Sindbad chooses to call himself a Free-Trader, he must submit to carry the Old Man of the

Sea upon his shoulders. But the constituencies were quiet. Except when accidental elections took place, which generally terminated in the defeat of the ministerial candidates, the electoral view could not be ascertained. But there were held in every county, and in the metropolis itself, immense meetings of those who thought themselves wronged by the chicanery of a former Minister—not demanding a readjustment of the franchise, but simply requiring that the general voice of the electoral body might be taken on the subject of their complaint. Thus the only classes in the country who could allege a specific and substantial grievance, were utterly silent upon the subject of a reform in the constitution. They had faith in the justice of their cause, and believed that, sooner or later, that cause must prevail, without the intervention of any violent remedy.

It was only in one or two of the large towns that any attempt at agitation for an increase of the suffrage was made. For such agitation it was difficult to find even a tolerable pretext. According to the political and commercial views of the reformers, the system established in 1832 had worked wonderfully, nay, marvellously well. They could, in fact, point to no practical grievance affecting life, liberty, or property, such as could only be remedied by a strong organic change. They could not accuse the House of Commons of turning a deaf ear to the representations of the urban population. But as, in the absence of reason, a pretext was necessary, they reared one up in the cry for economy and retrenchment. Supposing that there had been any grounds for such a demand, that our national expenditure was too great, and our finances unduly squandered, it is difficult to understand the chain of reason which connects the cure of these things with a change in the representative body. But, in truth, nothing could be more monstrous than such an allegation. When forced to specify and particularise the nature of their proposed reductions, the agitators could only refer to our military and naval establishments, and the expense of our colonial empire. If any doubt at all existed in the minds

of men as to such points, that doubt has since been removed. After all the trash that has been uttered at Peace Congresses and Manchester gatherings, it has become clear, even to the meanest capacity, that our establishments, instead of being too large, are in reality too small, and insufficient even for our defence! We have no desire now to discuss such matters. We allude to them simply for the purpose of showing that the one pretext of the would-be agitators for a representative reform has given way under their feet.

If the anticipations of those agitators had been fulfilled—if they had carried, as they proposed, a sweeping measure of reform, based upon household or universal suffrage—and if, in consequence, the majority of the House of Commons had consisted of men professing the opinions of Mr Cobden, and resolute to put them into practice, into what a state of anarchy and abject terror would this country now have been thrown! Without a fleet to scour the Channel, without an army to defend our shores, we should have been at the mercy of almost any assailant. Yet such were the results which Mr Cobden and his friends distinctly contemplated, and which they proposed to bring about by lowering the franchise, and giving a large accession of political power to the manufacturing towns.

It is creditable to the sense of the country that the agitation totally failed—in fact, there never was any agitation at all. The electors generally abstained from giving countenance to any meetings on the subject of reform. Sir Joshua Walmsley and Mr Joseph Hume undertook journeys for the purpose of stirring up the embers, but they nowhere could create a blaze. Delegates, who represented nobody but themselves, assembled at Manchester, in the vain hope of hoaxing the country into the belief that there was a very general feeling in favour of radical reform. They might have spared themselves the trouble. Never was there so ludicrous a failure. The central English meeting was held under such sorry auspices that even Messrs Muntz and Scholefield, the members for Birmingham, declined to attend it. The conduct

of the whole scheme reflected no credit on the strategy of Mr John Bright, who acted as generalissimo on this occasion. The Edinburgh meeting, held shortly afterwards, was, in every sense of the word, contemptible. With hardly any exceptions, it was avoided and abjured by every man of station, intelligence, wealth, and respectability within the city. In fact, the movement broke down. The Radicals wished to demonstrate that public feeling was with them; and their demonstration resulted in a clear proof that public feeling was against them.

Radical reform, therefore, is clearly not wanted, and would not be tolerated by the nation. Lord John Russell's measure, however, not being violently radical in itself, though convenient for the ulterior designs of Radicalism, will doubtless be supported by those who now perceive that they cannot at present hope to carry a broad scheme of democracy. It is, therefore, proper that we should consider whether any of the objections that can be urged to the larger scheme apply equally to the lesser one.

In our opinion, it will be impossible for Lord John Russell to prove the preamble of his bill. He certainly has not established, as yet, the necessity, or even the policy, of such a change in our representative system; nor can he hope to show that this measure of his has been called for by, or is calculated to meet, the requirements of the great bulk of the community. It is a gratuitous offering on his part: no one has asked it at his hand. Let us see, then, how he attempts to justify his introduction of this measure. To preface any measure with a justification is impolitic, because it implies the existence of a serious doubt in the mind of the speaker. He begins with one of these rhetorical commonplaces which has always a counterpart or opposite, either of which may be selected, as Aristotle tells us, according to the option of the speaker. We shall quote his own words:—

"The state of affairs in which I bring forward this motion ought to be satisfactory to Parliament and to the country. During four years we have seen the con-

tinent of Europe torn by convulsions; during that period the aspect of this country has been tranquil, and any threatened danger has been averted by the general spirit and unanimous feeling of the people. It appears to me that this is a proper time for considering whether any further extension can be given to the right of voting, consistently with the principles of the constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people, are equally secured."

So far good. But we are almost old enough to recollect the time when the same speaker, on the occasion of moving a previous measure of reform, had recourse to the counterpart of this commonplace. Then a reform in the constitution was necessary because the people were discontented; *now*, a reform is necessary because the people are contented. State the proposition in any mode you please, the argument resolves itself into that; alter the argument, and you must subtract from the present instance the plea of necessity, and fall back immediately upon the minor one of expediency. But as neither the satyr of the fable, nor the ventilating Dr Reid, can compete with Lord John Russell in the art of blowing hot or cold as occasion requires, we need hardly dwell upon this evident self-contradiction. It is, however, not a little remarkable, that he cautiously abstains from averring that there has been anything like a general demand for an extension or alteration of the suffrage. We confess that we were not prepared for this abstinence. The Whigs are not usually so scrupulous in their statements, at least since they began to enlist prosperity as a standing argument on their side; therefore it was with an agreeable surprise that we marked Lord John's implied admission, that nobody had thought it worth their while to solicit that boon which he was so gracious as to accord. It is beyond a doubt that he was wise in limiting himself thus. The right and practice of petitioning Parliament against any existing grievance is well known to the people, and is held in *viridi observantia*. Can any man believe that, if reform was really and substantially the wish of a large

section of the community, the tables of both Houses of Parliament would not be groaning under the weight of the accumulated mass of petitions? Nothing of the kind has happened. Such petitions as have been presented to the House of Commons do not pray for moderate and gradual reform, but for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, electoral districts, and all the other abominations dear to the hearts of the indwellers of Marylebone. The extension they require is specific, not couched in general terms. Lord John's measure will receive from them just the same consideration which would be bestowed upon a cup of milk and water, by an inveterate gin drinker whose soul was bent upon a dram. We are decidedly of opinion, and will remain so until we have proof to the contrary, that the class which Lord John Russell now proposes to enfranchise is supremely indifferent to the privilege. We used to be told that one particular reason for fixing the limit of the franchise at ten pounds, was the hope that the possession of that right would be so strongly desired, as to act as a wholesome spur and incentive to industry. That view seems to have been given up. The people will not work up to the franchise, so the standard of the franchise is to be lowered to their reach! Very convenient legislation this, but somewhat slovenly withal.

If, then, we are correct in our premises, Lord John Russell is volunteering a measure, which is asked for by nobody, which will satisfy nobody, and which, so far from settling the question permanently, must be regarded as a stimulus to further agitation. He is, although he may not know it himself, on the highway to universal suffrage. People had begun to consider the ten pound clause in the old Reform Bill as something equivalent to a principle—now, her Majesty's chief adviser unsettles that faith, descends fifty per cent, and proclaims to the world that a further discount may probably be expected, if a material increase shall take place in the circulation of newspapers and periodicals, thereby, as he supposes, testifying the augmented intelligence of the nation! It is really no laugh-

ing matter. Such was one of the leading arguments of the Prime Minister of Great Britain in justification of his scheme, and we can only hope that it was founded upon intense ignorance of the state of our present periodical literature. That the elements of education—that is, the power of reading and writing—are more generally diffused among the lower orders than formerly may be true, though we greatly doubt it; but that has nothing to do with the question at issue. No argument is required to convince us that some of the class which the noble Lord intends to admit to the franchise, possess much more than the mere rudiments of education; the question ought to be, whether what they do read is likely to fit them for discharging the important duty of selecting and sending proper representatives to Parliament. Let Lord John Russell, or any other legislator who may be of his way of thinking, but take the trouble to send to Manchester or Birmingham for weekly sets of the political, religious, literary, and moral miscellanies, which are most eagerly bought up and perused—let them read those carefully through, and consider well their tenor—and we are satisfied that the sturdiest advocate for progression would shudder to commit the fate of his country to men who were daily and weekly imbued with the principles inculcated by such publications. It is utterly absurd to talk of the mere increase of schools, as if such increase implied education in the proper sense of the word. At the schools a boy is taught to read and write, but he is not taught, and never can be taught, what he ought to read, and what he ought to abstain from reading hereafter. His mind is simply made photographic. He can take in and retain the ideas of others; and, unfortunately, the expressed ideas which come most naturally, easily, and perhaps most palatably within his reach, are precisely those which are most dangerous to morals, and most likely to give him false views of society, and to him for a proper discharge of duties alike as a Christian and a subject. Lord John Russell, we thoroughly convinced, is at

moment entirely ignorant of the kind of literature which is current among, and greedily devoured by the operative classes. It is no wonder that such should be the case. We confess, quite frankly, that our attention was drawn to the subject, not much more than two years ago, by certain representations made by publishers on the subject of the paper duty as affecting popular publications. Being unable to reconcile their statements with certain facts which came under our own knowledge, we thought it advisable to institute an inquiry, and in the course of that we collected copies of such works as were most generally circulated among the working classes. We are most happy to admit that some of them were entirely unexceptionable in their tone and doctrine. Many men are working among the operative classes with a true knowledge of their calling, and a sincere and devout intention to dedicate themselves to the task of raising the minds of the people, by inculcating sound principles of economy, morality, and healthful and religious feelings. But these constitute the exceptions, not the rule. The political journals which have the largest circulation are something more than Radical; they are, if not avowedly, at least in spirit, republican. The Peerage and the Established Church are the institutions which they assail with the most undisguised ferocity; and no means which falsehood can suggest are left unemployed to turn both into contempt, and to inflame the minds of the people against the aristocracy and the clergy. Personality, vituperation, and ignorance, are the characteristics of those journals. Lord John Russell, we suspect, would hardly have ventured to lay so much stress upon this educational argument, had he been aware of the manner in which he is habitually mentioned by those oracles of the lower orders. We have read descriptions of and commentaries upon himself, his character, and his measures, which assuredly were the reverse of flattering, as they were clearly calumnious and wicked. Several of the works of fiction, which are most greedily bought up, are utterly loathsome and

depraved. The public appetite is not to be sated, as in days gone by, with mere melodramatic romance, and tales of the wild and wonderful—there must be a relish of cantharides in the dish in order to make it palatable. We seldom hear anything nowadays of our old friends, the benevolent robber, the mysterious monk, the misanthropical count, or the persecuted damsel—these characters belonged to past times; our caterers for the public taste deal exclusively with the present. The nobleman of these fictions, whether he be old or young, is invariably a profligate and a seducer. No imaginable combinations of vice are too revolting for him—no villany too hideous to deter him. The heroine usually is “a daughter of the people,” who sometimes successfully resists and sometimes falls a victim to the arts of the noble miscreant. But in either case, she is compelled to go through various stages of temptation and trial, which are described in glowing colours. Brothels, both public and private, are represented with an abominable minuteness of detail. So are clubs and gambling-houses, in which the aristocracy are represented as squandering the hard-won earnings of the poor. Compared with such writers, Eugene Sue appears almost a pattern of austere morality; and we believe that no man who has had the curiosity to inspect his works can misunderstand the force of that observation. Then there are biographies, in which the modern Plutarch gives a detailed and circumstantial account of such worthies as O'Connor who was murdered by the Mannings, giving due prominence to his personal intrigues from boyhood downwards. For the younger portion of the community there are cheap editions of pick-pocket prowess, both in the narrative and the dramatic form, and enticing details of the exploits of divers other ruffians and burglars. All of these publications are illustrated by woodcuts, some of which, though not by any means the majority, display a considerable degree of artistical accomplishment.

Such is the favourite reading of the lower orders—such the practical application of their boasted educa-

tional powers. Unless education can go beyond this, we regard it not as a blessing, but as a curse. This is not the kind of liberty of the press which was contended for by Milton—it is a base license, calculated to deprave the morals, and pervert the understanding of the people. If the case be as we have stated it—if it is an undeniable fact that such are the doctrines and views inculcated by some of those publications which have an immense sale in the manufacturing districts—surely we may be excused if we hesitate to admit that the education of the lower orders is such that they can be safely intrusted with the franchise. It is not true that they are compelled to take this kind of literary diet for lack of better food. With them it is absolute choice. There are, as we have already said, many cheap journals and publications of an unexceptionable character, but, unless our information is altogether erroneous, these are neglected and put aside for the others of a vicious tendency.

Now, it does appear to us, though we shall be glad to be informed to the contrary, that the qualification which Lord John Russell proposes to establish in the towns and boroughs will admit a large proportion of the class for which such publications are intended, to the possession of the franchise. We are sure, at all events, that it will bring in a large mass of those whose political opinions are represented by the *Weekly Despatch*. Indeed, it seems to us very like household suffrage under another name. If we take a house rated at the annual value of £5, we shall find that the tenant of it is paying only 2s. 6d. per week, which appears to be very nearly the minimum of rent in large towns. If the reader will look at Mr Mayhew's interesting and instructive work, *London Labour and the London Poor*, he will find in the 42d number, at page 231, a statement of the rent usually paid by the operative scavengers of the metropolis. Mr Mayhew gives us two estimates of the rent of those who have regular work and pay—the one being 3s., and the other 3s. 6d. per week.

Now, it must be obvious that a qualification which admits the scavenger, can hardly exclude any one else; so that, in reality, in so far as regards towns, it would be difficult to push democracy further. We should like to ask Lord John Russell if he really and sincerely believes that the scavengers, as a class, are proper, fit, and competent persons to return members to Parliament? It is very easy to talk in general terms about the growing intelligence and increasing education of the people; but we should much prefer, in a matter of this sort, to be instructed by actual facts. We are not of opinion that the lower classes in this country are better educated or more enlightened than they were formerly; and we have been unable to find any evidence at all to justify such an assertion. What evidence does exist upon the subject leads us to form a conclusion directly opposite; and we beg to draw the attention of our readers to the following tables. The first shows the number of criminals throughout England and Wales who could neither read nor write. The investigation embraces a period of ten years—from 1839 to 1848 inclusive—the average annual number of criminals being 27,542:—

NUMBER OF CRIMINALS IN ENGLAND AND WALES UNABLE TO READ OR WRITE.

Year.	Number.
1839, . . .	8,196
1840, . . .	9,058
1841, . . .	9,220
1842, . . .	10,128
1843, . . .	9,178
1844, . . .	7,901
1845, . . .	7,438
1846, . . .	7,698
1847, . . .	9,050
1848, . . .	9,691

Here, certainly, there are no signs of educational improvement; on the contrary, the last year, with but one exception, exhibits the greatest amount of ignorance. But in case this list should not be thought a fair one, it being quite possible that education may not yet have penetrated so low as the class of society which affords the largest contribution to crime, let us adopt another, which is liable to no such exception. The following is

an abstract of the number of persons in England and Wales who at their marriage signed the register by marks, in consequence of their being unable to write; and it extends over precisely the same period. The average annual number of persons married was 261,340:—

NUMBER OF PERSONS MARRIED IN ENGLAND AND WALES UNABLE TO WRITE THEIR NAMES.

Year.	Number.
1839, . . .	100,616
1840, . . .	104,335
1841, . . .	99,634
1842, . . .	94,996
1843, . . .	101,235
1844, . . .	107,985
1845, . . .	118,894
1846, . . .	117,633
1847, . . .	104,306
1848, . . .	105,937

The result of the whole is, that out of every hundred persons married during the above years in England and Wales, *forty could not write their names*; and the ignorance in 1848 was much greater than in 1839!

Really, with these facts before us, we cannot but wonder at the temerity of Lord John Russell in using the following language on the occasion of the introduction of his measure:—

“But there is another ground which I confess has great influence on my mind, and it was that ground which formed a case for the original proposition of reform in 1822, namely, the growing intelligence and education of the people. *I could prove, if I were not afraid of wearying the House by going into statistics—I could show* by the number of newspapers and of books, by the great number of schools established since 1831, that a great increase has taken place in intelligence among the people. *But I do not think the proof necessary*, as the experience of every honourable member is sufficient to induce him to concur in my statement, and to say that the franchise given in 1831 might be made more extensive at the present time.”

Why did he not prove it? Certain we are of this, that the House of Commons would neither have shown nor felt any weariness at listening to statistics which could satisfactorily establish that the people of this country were rising in the scale of intelligence. But it was utterly impossible

for Lord John Russell, dexterous as he is, to prove facts which have no foundation. He durst not appeal to such tests as that afforded by the register of marriages; and therefore he calmly assumes “intellectual improvement,” just as his colleagues were in the habit of assuming “prosperity,” without any substantial proof; and he applies for corroboration to that most unsatisfactory source, “the experience of every honourable member”! We say, however, that this is a matter in which no juggling or evasion can be allowed. The question of lowering the suffrage is one of the deepest importance to the nation; and if Lord John Russell rests, as he undoubtedly does, the greater part of his case upon the increased intelligence of the nation, he must prove that, if he can, to the entire satisfaction of the country, and we challenge him to do it. But it is quite evident that the noble lord has no confidence in his own statement. Towards the close of his speech we find him using the following language, which we cannot regard as altogether consistent with the passage which we have already quoted:—

“Sir, I trust that when this enlarged franchise is given, we shall next see the government of this country, in whose hands it be, consider most seriously and earnestly the great question of the education of the people. *This question of the franchise is not alien from that other one of providing that the instruction, the education of the people, should be in a better state than it now is.* I am convinced that if, after a measure of this kind, in another session of Parliament, this House shall consider the means of establishing a really national system of education, they will confer one of the greatest blessings which can be conferred upon this country; a measure for which, I believe, the people are now almost prepared, and which, after further discussion, I do trust might be carried with very nearly a general assent.”

Surely it must occur to every one to ask why the noble philanthropist, entertaining such strong and generous views on the subject of national education, has delayed so very long reducing them to a practical form? Instead of consuming the last session in fruitless debates to carry through the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, the pro-

visions of which have already become a dead letter, to the gross scandal and positive detriment of the cause of Protestantism, Lord John Russell might have occupied himself wisely and profitably by promoting the general advancement of education throughout the country. We fear, however, that his present educational zeal is not one whit more earnest and real than his indignation against Papal aggression. We are getting used to these promissory notes of the noble lord, as also to his accommodation bills, which sometimes are drawn to supersede them. We know quite well what purpose is intended to be served by his hints of grand national improvements to be proposed "in another session of Parliament." The purpose is Whig supremacy, and the perpetuation of that family and oligarchical alliance which is the sole principle of the present Ministry. But, supposing him to be in earnest, what sort of a logician does he prove himself? If education is, or ought to be, one of the conditions of the franchise, what shall we say to the man who first gives the franchise and then proposes to educate? This certainly is the most notable instance which we have seen in our day of that process which is properly expressed by the metaphor of "putting the cart before the horse." Undoubtedly the question of the franchise is not alien from that of the education of the people—knowledge and power may very well go hand in hand together; but in this instance Lord John Russell proposes to give the power first, and to impart the knowledge at some more convenient season. In our view, it would be quite as rational a proceeding to intrust the conduct of a railway engine and train, to a party wholly ignorant of the nature of the machinery, on the understanding that, at some future period, he was to acquire a knowledge of its working!

May we be allowed to express, with all humility—although in doing so we may be subjected to the charge of being behind the march of modern intellect—our very serious doubts whether the class which Lord John Russell proposes to enfranchise, is, on the whole, adequate to the proper discharge of the electoral duties? It

may be a prejudice upon our part, but we cannot think that a scavenger or a dustman is as likely to form a correct opinion of the qualities which ought to recommend a candidate as the man who has enjoyed the advantages of a superior education. We hesitate to put the costermonger on an exact political equality with the philosopher. We think, for the sake of the general welfare and security, that he should not be so placed; because it is very obvious that, if this bill passes into a law, the general average intelligence of the electors will be greatly lowered, and a fearful preponderance given to the unlettered over the lettered classes. Below a certain point you cannot expect to find generally such a degree of imparted intelligence—though you may find much natural shrewdness—as ought to prevail among those who are intrusted with political power. Therefore we cannot but regard the urgent and admitted necessity for general education as a direct argument against the arbitrary lowering of the franchise; and we further think, that the franchise, if conferred in this way, will, in many cases, be morally detrimental to the people who receive it. We all know that, under the present system, corrupt practices have prevailed to a very odious extent. The late disclosures at St Albans show us that bribery is more common and widely diffused than any one would willingly believe; and there are good grounds for suspecting that even the metropolis of England is not altogether untainted. The mischief has become chronic. There are places, possessing the privilege of returning members to Parliament, in which the vote of almost every man is rated at a certain sum; and unless a candidate is willing to satisfy these demands, he may as soon hope to stop the Thames as to succeed in the object of his ambition. This is a monstrous evil; but we cannot see how it is to be cured by the admission of a new class of electors, more straitened in circumstances, and therefore more liable to be awayed by pecuniary influence, than even the older one. The bribery will continue; the number of the bribed will be enlarged; but the dividend per head will be

smaller. Now, we entertain very strong opinions upon this same matter of bribery. We hold it to be the foulest blot in the working of the British Constitution; and we say advisedly, that nothing can be done to purify the system, short of an enactment enforcing rigorous pains and penalties, both on those who are proved to have tendered, and on those who are proved to have accepted, a bribe. There is no other way of dealing with corruption. Under the ballot—which many of the Radical reformers represent as a sure and certain check, but which we hope, for the sake of manhood and truth, will never be enacted—bribery could most easily be reduced to a system of organised betting. What could be simpler than for an agent, if the ballot were in operation—thus, be it remarked, precluding the possibility of an after inquiry—to offer bets of a certain amount to every man on the roll, that Mr So-and-so would *not* be returned, naming the opponent of his employer, and paying these, very honourably, whenever the event came off? The present bill does nothing whatever to prevent bribery; and although the “Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill,” which has also been introduced, may facilitate an inquiry into the peculiar circumstances of any suspicious case, we greatly doubt the soundness of the principle upon which it professes to be based. Lord John Russell’s view seems to be shortly this, that when it can be shown that corrupt practices prevail, the offending borough or constituency is to be disfranchised, and its privileges transferred to some other place which is not at present represented. He assumes that bribery prevails only in small boroughs, and he looks upon these as a fund which, some time or other, will become available for the supply of towns which ought, from their importance, to have a further share in the representation. We doubt both the accuracy and the morality of this view. Bribery is not confined to small constituencies; it has been practised largely in others. The only constituency in Scotland known positively to be tainted, numbers between 1800 and 1900 electors. Is London itself so virginal that no suspicion has been

raised as to the purity of its electoral fame? We can hardly believe that it was made the subject of an unfounded calumny. Now, if justice is at all to be observed in matters of this sort, it is difficult, nay impossible, to understand why small corrupt constituencies are to be disfranchised, while larger ones are to be allowed to escape unpunished. And what is to be the criterion for disfranchisement? Let us suppose the case of a constituency of 2000, whereof one-half are proved to be bribed—a number more than sufficient to pervert the true expression of that constituency’s opinion—are the remaining thousand electors, who have not participated in such practices, to be deprived of their privilege on account of the sins of their neighbours? This, we apprehend, would be neither just, politic, nor practicable; yet, if we understand him aright, Lord John Russell proposes to adopt this method with regard to small constituencies. Then again, it is alleged that there are places which, from their growing importance, ought to have representatives. If so, surely the present was the proper time to have supplied that want. There would have been but Petty regret for the extinction of Calne and divers other places, which, by some miracle or other, escaped disfranchisement twenty years ago, and which do not represent any interest, public or private, entitled to Parliamentary consideration. As it is, the “places of growing importance”—we wish we had been favoured with an accurate list of these—must wait until the corruption alleged to exist in the smaller boroughs shall extend itself to the villages which are now hung on as pendants, and until the taint is no longer endurable by a human nostril. Is there not something grossly absurd and unstatesmanlike in the proposition, which would make places of admitted importance dependent for their chance of representation on the possible increase of corruption?

We do not deny that there are several anomalies in the present distribution of representation, but not one of these is touched by the provisions of this measure. We are clearly of opinion that it would have been

far better for the interests of the country had matters been allowed to remain undisturbed. It is plain that there was no general call for such a measure; and we have already pointed out several most serious objections to the proposed lowering of the franchise in the burghs. But if the question of reform of the representation is really to be taken up, it should be approached in a very different spirit from that which seems to have dictated this slovenly and imperfect scheme. The whole system should be considered and examined from its very foundation; and, in particular, the soundness of the principle which makes the possession of the suffrage depend upon a property qualification ought to be deliberately discussed. Several schemes, which have been proposed during the last year or two, are deserving of serious thought. One of these, suggested by Mr Stapleton,* formerly the private secretary of Mr Canning, is, at all events, worth consideration, and is certainly much preferable to a plan for bestowing power upon ignorance. He proposes that a considerable number of members of the House of Commons, from eighty to a hundred, should be returned by the different learned professions, and large public institutions, just as is presently done in the case of the universities. He says, with much show of truth,—

“Is it not then a matter of extreme wonder that, in a legislature consisting of six hundred and fifty-six members, only six should be returned by the *learning* and *education* of the nation? Is it not unaccountable, that when the body of the old House of Commons was thrown by the Medæas of the day into their seething cauldron of reform, in order to infuse into its aged limbs livelier and more vital powers, it should never have occurred to these daring men to create some constituencies composed exclusively of educated persons above the suspicion of bribery, who would select their representatives for no other motives than that they believed them to be the best men at once to understand and to promote the imperial interests of Britain's almost boundless dominions! But is not this still more extraordinary when there existed no need for the creation of such

bodies, seeing that they existed already made to their hands; seeing that they are to be found in all the professions to which English gentlemen belong!”

Mr Stapleton then proceeds to give an outline of his plan, which we need not discuss, because, under present circumstances, we deprecate any change whatever, on the general ground that no change is wanted by the nation. It is impossible that any kind of constitution can be made absolutely perfect; and therefore, when we have a constitution which, at all events, is satisfactory to the majority, we see no reason to disturb it. We have no objection to amendments which do not infringe upon a principle already laid down, and tacitly acquiesced in by all parties; indeed, we shall presently have to notice some amendments which might advantageously be introduced with regard to the representation of Scotland; but we do so solely because Ministers have insisted upon making themselves agitators, and have, therefore, in a manner, forced the discussion upon us. We do not think a new Reform Bill necessary; and we very much doubt whether this one will be read a second time; nevertheless, as it has been introduced, we are justified in pointing out such obvious improvements as might be made without any lowering of the franchise.

We do not pretend to possess that degree of information which would justify us in criticising the details of the English Reform Bill, introduced specially by the Premier. We shall say nothing of the tinkering process which he proposes to apply to the lesser boroughs, or of the curious selection of the places which are set down in the schedule by way of additions to them. We are not qualified from personal knowledge to speak of those matters, but we rejoice to observe that the subject is in the hands of that practised anatomist, *The Times*, whose dissection, so far as it has gone, is an exposition of insufferable corruption. But we have a word or two to say regarding the new Reform Bill for Scotland, to which we earnestly entreat the attention of our

* *Suggestions for a Conservative and Popular Reform in the Commons House of Parliament.* By AUGUSTUS G. STAPLETON, B.A. Hatchard, London.

countrymen, whatever may be their shade of political opinion. We regard the matter as a national one of the utmost importance; and we shall try to approach it without any feeling of prejudice.

Of late years there has been a prevalent feeling in Scotland, that this portion of the United Kingdom did not receive full justice in the distribution of representatives which was made in 1832. That view has been over and over again stated and illustrated in journals widely differing from each other in general politics, but agreeing as to that particular point; and we shall presently have occasion to notice some of the leading arguments which were employed. We think it, however, right to say, that the entire change which was made in the Scottish representative system by the act of 1832, rendered it very difficult for the framers of that measure to calculate with certainty on its results. They had few data from which they might calculate the probable amount of the constituencies; and it is quite possible that they thought it safest, in the case of a population hitherto unused to open elections, to be parsimonious rather than liberal in the allotment of the members.

But twenty years have since then gone by. The people of Scotland are now as well used to elections as their southern neighbours; and it is admitted on all hands that intelligence and education are at least as widely diffused in this country as elsewhere. Therefore, now that the question of reform has been again brought forward, and a new bill introduced for amending our representation, it is incumbent upon us to consider whether the allotment of members made to Scotland is a just one; and that we can only ascertain by instituting a comparison with certain constituencies of England. We must be very cautious in doing so, to avoid exaggeration of any kind, and not to leap at rash conclusions by contrasting the constituency of this or that small English borough with a large Scottish one, possessing the same amount of political power. We must remember that there are many anomalies even in the English representation; and we must

not try to make out a stronger case than we really have, by setting, for example, Calne, with its 159 electors, against the populous county of Perth with 4806 on the roll. We have overwhelming arguments on our side for an increase of the representation, if it should be determined that any kind of change is to be made, without having recourse to extremes.

We shall consider this matter simply on its own merits, without any reference whatever to the proposed increase of the franchise; our observations upon that point being applicable alike to the constituencies of England and of Scotland. We shall take the electoral rolls as they stand at present, and state our case from them.

By the Reform Act of 1832, every English county returns at least two members to Parliament — many of them possess a larger privilege. Yorkshire has six members; twenty-five counties, being divided, send four each; seven have the privilege of three.

No Scottish county returns more than a single member to Parliament; the number of the whole being precisely that which was fixed by the Act of Union.

Now, if, in 1832, no addition had been made to the English county representation, we should perhaps have no reason to complain. But such addition was made, to a very large extent; and now that a period of accounting has come, at the instance of the Prime Minister, it is our duty to see that, if there is to be a change at all, we are at least allowed something like a measure of justice.

Let us take the case of ten Scottish counties returning only *ten* members:—

Scottish Counties.	No. of Constituency.
Perthshire, . . .	4806
Aberdeenshire, . . .	4022
Ayrshire, . . .	3823
Lanarkshire, . . .	3785
Fife, . . .	3211
Forfarshire, . . .	2882
Dumfriesshire, . . .	2520
Renfrewshire, . . .	2450
Stirlingshire, . . .	2257
Mid-Lothian, . . .	2071
Constituency of ten Scottish counties returning <i>ten</i> members,	
} 31,827	

Let us now contrast that table with another containing the electoral statistics of ten English counties, or divisions of counties, returning *twenty* members to Parliament:—

English Counties.	No. of Constituency.
Notts, N. D., .	3817
Notts, S. D., .	3539
Cambridge County, .	3757
Hants, N. D., .	3580
Salop, S. D., .	3445
Sussex, W. D., .	3289
Northumberland, .	3063
Huntingdon County, .	2892
Wilts, S. D., .	2539
Rutland, .	1908

Constituency of ten English counties returning *twenty* members, } 31,829

Here is an aggregate constituency, almost exactly equal in amount; and yet the number of members returned by the English is precisely double of that returned by the Scottish counties.

This is a monstrous inequality; and it cannot be defended by reference to other anomalies. There can be no reason why Perthshire should not stand at least on an equality with Rutland, or why the metropolitan county of Scotland should not be put upon an equality with it. If the Tweed is to be an imaginary boundary, not separating two distinct nations, but flowing through one cordially united—and if, again, we are called upon, even partially, to remodel the constitution—let this enormous discrepancy in political power be immediately remedied, as remedied it can be, if Lord John Russell chooses to deal with the trash of small English boroughs as he ought to do. We, on our side, would have no objection whatever to make concessions. One or two of our Scottish counties are, in point of population and constituency, hardly worthy of the name. Bute, which was separated from Caithness in 1832, and which has only a constituency of 491, principally derived from the little town of Rothesay, might conveniently be incorporated with Dumbartonshire. Sutherland, with a wretched constituency of 207, ought certainly to be annexed to its nearest neighbour, Caithness; and, if further consolidation were required, Selkirk might be annexed to Peebles.

In this way, only seven additional seats would be required to satisfy the just claims of the leading Scottish counties—claims which, if not satisfied just now, since the Whig Ministry have chosen to unsettle existing arrangements, will certainly be preferred hereafter, with possibly less temperance of tone than would be proper on the present occasion.

If the case needs further elucidation, we shall be glad to elucidate it. Without descending to the small English boroughs which return one member each, here is a list of twenty, each of which returns *two* members. The number of the constituency in none of them reaches 400; and we do not believe that any man in the country will maintain that the best of them is entitled to the same consideration which should be given to Perthshire or Mid-Lothian.

English Boroughs with two members each.	No. of Constituency.
Bodmin, .	381
Tewkesbury, .	378
Buckingham, .	376
Ripon, .	365
Devizes, .	358
Totness, .	362
Marlow, (Great)	357
Evesham, .	352
Wycombe, .	346
Tavistock, .	336
Cockermouth, .	332
Chippenham, .	314
Lymington, .	287
Harwich, .	272
Richmond, .	262
Marlborough, .	254
Andover, .	252
Honiton, .	240
Knaresbro', .	230
Thetford, .	210

Constituency of twenty English boroughs returning *forty* members, } 6264

It cannot, even on the ground of other existing anomalies in the representation, be considered fair that twenty English boroughs, none of which are of any separate importance, should, with an aggregate constituency of only 6264, return to Parliament *ten members more than are allowed to the whole counties of Scotland*, the constituency of which amounts to 50,948.

With regard to the Scottish burghs, fewer changes are required; but three at least, whose constituency is above 2000, ought to possess the same privilege as Edinburgh and Glasgow, of returning two members each. These are—

Burghs.	Constituency.
Aberdeen, . . .	4547
Dundee, . . .	2964
Leith, &c., . . .	2027

Surely this is a reasonable demand. The great importance of these towns, as seats of manufacture and commerce, cannot be denied; and it is not just that their interests should be disregarded for the sake of maintaining intact a few nomination boroughs in the South.

Since the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, two manufacturing towns in the south of Scotland have greatly increased in importance. These are Hawick and Galashiels. We would propose that these towns, along with Peebles and Innerleithen, should be erected into a new group of burghs, with the privilege of returning one member to Parliament. In this way, the constituency of Roxburghshire, now amounting to 2033, would be reduced below the point of 2000, which we have assumed, both in counties and burghs, as the number entitling us to demand an increase of representation; and the principal objections to the amalgamation of Peebles and Selkirk counties would at once be removed.

Finally, we would urge upon the legislature, in the event of any organic change being seriously discussed in Parliament, as a measure not less of expediency than of justice, the propriety of giving a fair representation to the Scottish universities. It is not creditable to the learning of this country, and not conducive to the welfare of these important national institutions, that they should be placed on a lower footing than the universities of the other kingdoms. As a proof of the detrimental effects of this neglect, we may state the notorious fact, that so far back as the year 1826, a Royal Commission was issued for the inspection and visitation of the Scottish universities. The visitation was held; an immense mass of infor-

mation was collected; and, after an inquiry of unusual duration, the whole proceedings of the Commissioners, along with detailed reports, were printed and laid before Parliament. Since then, not the slightest notice has been taken of these reports, nor any effect given to the recommendations of the Commissioners—a circumstance which we can only attribute to the utterly unrepresented state of the universities. Let the Scottish universities, therefore, be adequately represented; St Andrews being combined for electoral purposes with Edinburgh, and the two Colleges of Aberdeen with the University of Glasgow. In this way, by the addition of two members, the learning of Scotland would have a direct voice in the legislature.

Such is the nature of the Reform Bill which, in our humble opinion, ought to have been introduced for Scotland, supposing that any change in the existing system was really advisable. It would be a very perilous experiment indeed to lower the franchise here, especially in the burghs. Our constituencies, we are glad to say, have hitherto, with scarcely any exception, maintained their character for purity, a circumstance which we attribute very much to the non-existence among them of a class corresponding to the freemen and potwallopers. But to descend lower in the scale would be to invite the very evil from which Lord John Russell professes to recoil in horror. We need not, however, again enforce that division of our argument. If there is to be any reform at all, it should be a substantial, not a theoretical one; and in dealing with the Scottish measure we have attempted to point out the real improvements which ought to be made on the existing arrangements, without departing in any way from the spirit or principles of the Reform Act of 1832.

Let us shortly recapitulate our views with regard to Scottish Reform.

We would give to ten counties, the constituency of each of which is at present above 2000, an additional member each.

We would give to three burghs, with the same amount of constituency, an additional member each.

We would erect a new group of burghs, with the privilege of returning one member.

We would give the Scottish universities the right of returning two members.

This would imply an addition of sixteen members to Scotland; but there are three counties which, from their proximity to others, and the smallness of their constituencies, might well be amalgamated, just as Ross is at present with Cromarty, Clackmannan with Kinross, and Elgin with Nairn. The numbers of the amalgamated constituencies would stand as follows:—

Dumbarton and Bute,	. .	1805
Caithness and Sutherland,	. .	849
Peebles and Selkirk,	. .	905

with some slight deduction in the latter case for the small towns separated from the counties, and erected into a group of burghs along with Hawick.

Thus, only thirteen new members would be required for Scotland; and surely, when we limit our demand so far as to desire no additional representation for any existing constituency which does not exceed 2000, we cannot be charged with extravagance. Lord John Russell, if he must needs unsettle his own handiwork, and assume, for the future, the part of a mere political cobbler, can very easily spare us the required number: at all events, if he does not, his bills should be summarily rejected. Hitherto we have not asked for reform, or for any increase in the number of our national representatives. We were contented to leave matters as they were, so long as no change was proposed. But now that the proposal for a change has been made, and made on the part of Ministers, the people of Scotland will be strangely wanting in duty to themselves, and in fidelity to their country, if they do not insist upon a fair measure of justice. And they must do it early. Upon the arrangements made with regard to the English boroughs, depends our sole chance of increased Scottish representation. If we wait until the English bill has passed into a law, we need not hope to extort from the ministry the concession of a single member.

We ought, perhaps, to say—for it is as well to exhaust the subject—that we have no objection to make to the minor measures of detail contained in the Lord Advocate's Scottish bill. He stated, very truly, that the manufacture of fictitious votes was a system which ought to be put an end to; and also, very fairly, that no one political party was more chargeable than another with blame in this matter. Without, then, inquiring too curiously into the origin of the system, we shall simply express our entire concurrence in the sentiments of the learned lord, and our acquiescence in the remedy which he proposes.

We cannot, however, regard the Scottish measure otherwise than as entirely subsidiary to that proposed by Lord John Russell for England. In our opinion, the noble lord has brought an old house about his ears. He wants to do two things which are hardly reconcilable. He seeks to retain the nomination boroughs, with such change only as may give a colour for their retention; and, at the same time, in other places, to increase the popular franchise; and this he has managed in so clumsy a way, that he has only succeeded in unsettling what was fixed, without providing for stability for the future. Even if the Radical party were contented with his measure—which they are not—and if they religiously abstained from urging their peculiar panaceas on our acceptance, it is quite plain that sufficient matter of discord must arise out of this bill, to give full employment to the Legislature for several years to come. It is an inflammatory, not a sedative prescription: it is rather a blister than an opiate. In the Reform Bill of 1832, a distinct principle can be traced, though the details are not always consistent with it. In this measure there is no principle at all. It is on all hands allowed that, in one respect at least, the Reform Act has not improved the character of the Legislature. Under its operation, a class of men decidedly inferior to their predecessors in talent, training, sagacity, and mental acquirement, have found their way into Parliament. Questions of national import are less considered—certainly less thoroughly understood,

than formerly ; and class interests, too often antagonistic to sound general policy, are advocated, with a selfish and pertinacious zeal. It may be said that this is an evil inseparable from popular representation ; and so it is, to a certain extent : but the evil will be greater or less according to the prejudice or the enlightenment of the representatives. It is a huge mistake to suppose, though it is constantly assumed by public writers, and even made matter of boast by orators upon the hustings, that men are sent to the House of Commons to represent this or that class, community, or interest, without reference to any other consideration. They are sent there for no such purpose. The whole tenor of their deliberations ought to be directed towards the general wellbeing of the community ; and if this principle is disregarded, public debate degenerates into a contest of classes. We shall find, on observation, that very large constituencies rarely send distinguished statesmen to Parliament ; the reason for which, as we take it, is, that the representative is expected to identify himself entirely with the peculiar interests of the electors. We require from judges, who administer the laws, an entire absence of any personal interest in the suit which is brought before them. We cannot exercise the same strictness in the case of those who make the laws ; but this at least is clear, that the higher the representative standard can be raised in point of intelligence, the better. And how is this to be secured ? Not, certainly, by lowering the franchise, as Lord John Russell proposes, so as to let in a flood of ignorance and prejudice upon the existing electoral body—not certainly by increasing the number of those who estimate every measure solely by the effect which it is calculated to have upon themselves. We all know that, in addressing popular assemblies, the first and most effective appeal which the demagogue can make, is directed to the self-interest of his audience. It must always be so—for this plain reason, that ill-educated men, who have neither the leisure nor the capacity for reflection, invariably act upon the motive of self-interest. They

know, or think they know, what would be good for themselves ; and very seldom, indeed, do they take pains to investigate further. Hence the popularity with the lower orders of such subjects as the reduction of taxation, no matter by what means accomplished—as the demolition of the Established Church, as the cheap loaf, and many others. They will not listen to—or, if they do, they cannot understand—any arguments to the contrary ; and they measure out their favour to the speaker or candidate, precisely according to the degree in which he coincides with their own prejudices. Orators, ancient and modern, who understood their art, have invariably attempted to reconcile their conclusions with the self-interest of their audiences, rather than appeal to the higher motives of truth, justice, or moral obligation. It is on account of this natural tendency that, after such deliberation as Lord John Russell has mercifully allowed us, we are forced to express our conviction that his proposed measures are eminently mischievous and impolitic. Being so, and entertaining very serious doubts whether he really expected to carry them, they seem to us eminently stupid, and, when taken in conjunction with other recent exhibitions, we can hardly resist the conclusion that, as a political leader, Lord John Russell has very nearly fulfilled his mission.

Such are the views which have occurred to us on perusing the draughts of the contemplated measures. Some points we could well desire to have reconsidered, had the necessary time been allowed us ; on others—such, for example, as the changes which ought to be made on the existing system of Scottish representation—we have long ago formed a calm, deliberate, and dispassionate opinion. The haste with which Lord John Russell seems inclined to force on his incongruous measures, argues but little confidence, on his part, of their actual wisdom, or of their fitness to withstand scrutiny. It is, of course, desirable that no measure should be unnecessarily delayed ; but there is a wide difference between the fair and proper determination of a Minister to have his project discussed

with all convenient speed, and that indecent hurry which deprives the country at large, and the organs of public opinion, of the opportunity of duly considering his plan, and weighing it as its importance deserves. Lord John Russell, in this instance—we are sorry that we cannot use a milder expression—has attempted a discreditable *coup-de-main*. Up to the last moment the nature of his proposed measures was not divulged to the public, although he had ample means within his power of affording general information. Yet no sooner was the bill brought in—it not even having been printed or tabled when leave was given to introduce it—than a single fortnight was arbitrarily fixed as the intervening period before the second reading, upon which, in the general case, the principle of a bill depends! We do not profess to be adepts in Parliamentary lore and precedent, but it does strike us that, when no urgency can be alleged, a measure of this sort, affecting as it does the whole interests of the Empire, and involving a change which, if not organic, is certainly enormous, ought most assuredly to be submitted to the public for a reasonable time before it is forced through the House of Commons. However late examples on the other side of the Channel may have prepossessed Lord John Russell in favour of long secrecy and rapid subsequent action, we cannot as yet allow him to assume the functions of a dictator. Were he a wiser man than he has shown himself to be, his schemes might require less deliberation; but he cannot now expect, after his many failures and abortive devices, that any party will take him on trust; or repose, without full investigation, confidence in his powers of statesmanship. What is worse, there is a general impression abroad that the Cabinet has not been at unity regarding the nature of the measure to be proposed. We can readily believe it. In a junta so constituted, there must have been considerable clashing of private and of public interests; and if it should turn out that the former have prevailed, it needs, we think, little argument to show that the greater was the necessity for giving the public time to deliberate

seriously upon a question of such paramount importance. We have outlived the days of "*sic volo, sic jubeo*." We recollect the time when Lord John Russell assumed the bearing of a Tribune of the people; and if his memory is defective on that point, we refer him to Mr Roebuck's lately published *History of the Whig Ministry*. He may now, if he chooses, disown the part; but if so, he must submit to the fate which has overtaken all lapsed Tribunes. He is not now without competitors. The modern Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, genuine Tribunes of the people, are watching him as closely as their prototypes did Coriolanus; and he is not the less selected for their victim, because, at the present moment, they appear to be favourably disposed. What urgency was there on the present occasion? If for twenty years it has not been thought necessary to make any violent change on the working of the constitution, surely a longer period than a fortnight ought to have been granted, in order that men, both within and without the Houses of Parliament, might consider the principle and master the details of a measure which is entirely to alter the electoral arrangements of the empire. We cannot help thinking that, if Lord John Russell could have calculated upon any considerable degree of public support—if he had expected to see monster-meetings held in the towns for the purpose of backing up his schemes—he would not have exhibited such unmistakable symptoms of hurry. If the coin which he tenders is a good one, and of sound metal, it will bear inspection; if, on the contrary, it is a mere counterfeit, there is the more need of scrutiny. That it is counterfeit, we have not the least shadow of a doubt. It is not always our fortune to coincide in the political opinions advocated by the *Times*; but we are glad that, in the present instance, there is no difference in our views as to the practical working of the measure, one certain result of which would be the continual introduction of new elements of strife into the Legislature. "We have not alluded," says a late writer in the *Times*, "to a tithe of the evils incident to the protracted and detailed

operation now recommended by the Premier. Every Parliament, every Session, every election—and we have, on the average, a new member once a fortnight—the fires of party spirit would be fed with a new politico-judicial process. Borough would be dragged into Parliament in requital for borough, and the result would be a series of angry retaliations, or of disgraceful compromises. We do not hesitate to avow our belief, that the operation of gradual reforms, advised by Lord John Russell, would take up at least one-third of the time of the House of Commons for the next twenty years, and, after all, disappoint the intentions of its author, by driving Parliament to some much larger measure than any it has yet seriously entertained. The last Reform Act was a summary, a severe, and, in some

respects, a final measure. Accordingly, the wounds it inflicted were soon healed, and in two or three years everybody acquiesced in it. The present measure is expressly made not to be final. The ship leaves the port with the fire already smouldering in its cargo, the leak already gaping in its timbers; and, instead of an end of controversy, we have only the beginning of the end."

Our old acquaintance, the Jew Bill, now figures as a clause in the new measure of reform. It seems as if the introduction of a vast flood of electoral ignorance would not altogether satisfy the noble lord. The House of Commons, in order to approach his ideas of perfection, must also cease to be Christian. Is this a bill which ought, in any shape, to receive the support of the people of England?

POSTSCRIPT.

Just as our last sheets were passing through the press, we learn that the Ministry have resigned. We are not surprised by the intelligence. We are exceedingly glad, however, to think that they cannot draw upon the country for any fund of credit on account of their proposed reform measures, which clearly was their object; and that, by general acquiescence, their scheme, even before discussion, was condemned. We do not claim for the author of "Cupid in the Cabinet," which appeared in our last Number, the possession of *clairvoyance*; nevertheless, his vaticination has been most signally and literally fulfilled.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXXXVIII.

APRIL, 1852.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET;
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

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THE EARL OF DERBY.

"———And marvelling went away
To muse on scene, and actor, each the other
Besitting gracefully. O, good my lord,
I would the Lieges had been there, to see
Such shining chivalry."—*The Royal Stranger.*

ON Friday evening, the 27th February 1852, the House of Lords presented a magnificent and profoundly interesting spectacle. Vanishing daylight was being succeeded by that artificial illumination which gradually gave a new aspect to the gorgeous fabric, vivid with innumerable heraldic emblazonments, within which was about to be enacted a scene of vital concernment to the greatest empire upon earth. And the interest of that scene was centred in one individual, not yet within the House, and whose arrival all were awaiting with anxiety and expectation. A nobleman of ancient lineage, of chivalrous honour, of uncompromising character and commanding abilities, the acknowledged leader of the most powerful party in the country, and fresh from the presence of his Royal Mistress, who had cheerfully intrusted to him the direction of public affairs at a momentous crisis, was about to indicate the principles on which his policy would be based. He was to do this in the presence of fervent friends and fierce opponents; of persons representing all the great interests of the country, and professing to regard, and many sincerely, the very existence of those interests as in jeopardy;

exponents of every shade of political opinion; the representatives of all the leading civilised nations of the earth, between some of the greatest of whom and ourselves, relations were at that moment delicate, and even precarious. Every syllable, moreover, that he was to utter, would, as it fell from his lips, be then and there exactly and irrevocably recorded, and within an hour or two flying far and wide on the wings of the lightning! to be instantly subjected to jealous scrutiny; exciting alike hopes and fears, reasonable and unreasonable, calling forth admiration, or provoking bitter censure; a single ambiguous or inconsiderate word destined to be disingenuously misrepresented, and become a spark to kindle revolutionary agitation. Everything, again, that he might utter, would come quickly under the anxious eye of the Queen, who had confided so implicitly in his discretion; and finally, what he was that evening to say, would forthwith become matter of historical record and reference.

Is it unreasonable to suppose that some such reflections as the foregoing might flit across the mind of an anxious statesman, on such an eventful evening—thoughts calculated to dis-

pirit and disturb one of inferior mettle and capacity, but greatly to elevate and strengthen a superior intellect, trained to the conduct of affairs, conscious of the exigency, but also of being equal to it? We appeal, indeed, to all whose fortune it has been to make public addresses on very critical occasions, when miscarriage may not only be mischievous and dangerous, whether it is possible to overstate the anxiety with which such occasions are approached.

The Earl of Derby has just stepped into his carriage with a brother peer high in his confidence; and while they are driving down to the House, let us occupy the brief interval by glancing back at a somewhat similar scene in which the Earl figured exactly twelve months before. The scene is the same to which he is now hastening—in one respect the person is changed—Baron Stanley has passed into the Earl of Derby; but are the PRINCIPLES, and is the MAN the same? Let us look at—

LORD STANLEY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, ON FRIDAY, THE 28TH FEBRUARY 1851.

On that evening he made an elaborate statement in the presence of his brother Peers, but spoke from another part of the House, and in a capacity different from that in which he is now about to make his appearance. He stood on the Opposition side of the House, and in the character of a statesman come to announce, amidst the blank disappointment of his friends and supporters, the failure of all his efforts to comply with the wishes of his Sovereign, that he should form a new Ministry. Two other Peers had also, on the same evening, made statements in that House, and at the same moment two statesmen were making corresponding statements in the other House; all of them indicating a conjuncture of affairs, and a position of parties, altogether unexampled in the history of the country. Who can appreciate that week's anxiety to the Queen of this great country? A Queen, with an exact knowledge of her own august and transcendent relations and responsibilities to a free state, intimately acquainted with the characters and position of public

men, sending for one of them after the other, to form a Ministry in accordance with their own political principles, but in vain; and at length compelled to command her late Ministers to resume, for a time, the reins which they had surrendered, that the country might not be without any Government at all, and at a moment fraught with very special national anxieties. Let us take the opportunity of saying, with proud satisfaction, that all the noblemen and gentlemen in question—Lord Stanley, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham—acquitted themselves as became British statesmen, patriots, and loyal subjects; in a manner which excited universal approbation both at home and abroad: exhibiting a vivid and most instructive illustration of the strength and elasticity of our institutions, and the courage and discretion of both Queen and People. On that occasion, he with whom we have now to deal played his part nobly, and the manner in which he played it has become a matter of high importance; regard being had to his present position—to which his conduct then now affords a key—and bearing in mind that which is very dear to Englishmen, *the simplicity and truthfulness of his personal character, and the consistency of his political career.* Let us see, then, what were the precise circumstances under which he then made so conspicuous and memorable an appearance on the scene of public affairs; and what was the account which he thought proper to give of himself, and the principles on which he should have constructed his policy, had he succeeded in forming a Government. What he said in the House of Lords in February 1851, will throw a flood of light on his position in the House of Lords in February 1852.

We all recollect the special circumstances of anxiety and difficulty with which the last Session of Parliament opened, arising out of the newly balanced strength of parties in the House of Commons, the rickety condition of the Government, and the apprehended consequences of a vast influx of foreigners—many strongly tainted with revolutionary principles—on

occasion of the Great Exhibition. Thus, when a Government ought to have been strongest, it was confessedly weakest! The Queen's Speech, whether wisely or not is now no province of ours to consider, contained matter calculated greatly to stimulate party contentions. The Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer excited universal dissatisfaction; Lord John Russell's famous letter on the Papal Aggression had excited a prodigious ferment in the public mind, and a just demand for immediate and stringent legislation, which, however, he immediately found almost insuperable difficulties in satisfying. It is said that his Cabinet became the scene of violent dissensions upon this subject, inevitably inducing feebleness and vacillation in action. Again, the Queen's Speech having solemnly recognised the existence of great distress among the agricultural interest, in bitter contradistinction to the prosperity of all other interests, as declared in the same Speech—Ministers, nevertheless, took no steps whatever to remedy or alleviate that distress; on which Mr Disraeli almost immediately brought forward his celebrated motion, "That it was the duty of Ministers to introduce without delay such measures as might be effectual for relieving the ADMITTED agricultural distress." After a protracted debate, the whole strength of the Government being brought to bear against the motion, aided by the Peel party, (with the brilliant exception of Mr Gladstone, *who both spoke and voted in favour of the motion*,) a House of five hundred and forty-eight members negatived the motion, but by a majority of *fourteen* only! Thus Lord John Russell's Government, having volunteered an admission of great agricultural distress, deliberately resolved to afford it no redress whatever! This was on the 13th February 1851, only nine days after the opening of the session. A week afterwards, viz., on the 20th February, came on Mr Locke King's motion for an extension of the franchise. This motion, also, the Government *professed* to oppose; but here,

in a House of only one hundred and forty-eight members, Ministers were *defeated* by a majority of forty-eight. Lord Stanley's friends in the House of Commons abstained from attending to oppose the motion; but he told the Queen, and in the House of Lords stated that he had done so,* that the reason why they did so, was "because they saw that her Majesty's Ministers were not honestly exercising their influence to defeat the motion." The truth of this statement was tacitly acknowledged by Ministers in both Houses! Immediately after their defeat, which they had clearly invited, Ministers tendered their resignation; the Queen sent for the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell; then for Lord Stanley; and on all declaring themselves unable to coalesce, or form an Administration, her Majesty, in great anxiety, sent for her venerable and illustrious adviser the Duke of Wellington; who wisely counselled her to continue Lord John Russell's Government in office, at all events for the present, and under the pressing circumstances of the time. This decision having been arrived at, Parliament reassembled on Friday the 28th February, anxious to hear an account of that busy and critical week's doings in Downing Street, St James's Square, and Buckingham Palace. We have here, however, to do with the House of Lords only.—It was almost as greatly crowded as on the corresponding day in the ensuing year; and though Lord Lansdowne and Lord Aberdeen had to address the House, Lord Stanley was he whom all were naturally most anxious to hear. He sat in his usual place, low down on the front seat of the Opposition side of the House, surrounded by a goodly muster of his friends; all of them exhibiting more or less anxiety. He was but little interrupted, and sat with folded arms, his hat coming, as usual, low down on his head, and almost entirely concealing a powerfully-developed forehead. He listened with close attention to Lord Lansdowne, who spoke briefly, temperately, and with extreme gravity of manner. The

* HANNAH, (3d Series,) vol. cxiv., col. 1007.

following sentence, delivered with much energy, elicited from Lord Stanley, unless we are mistaken, an emphatic "Hear, hear, hear:"—

"There is one sacrifice public men can never be called upon to make; because it is not only a sacrifice of themselves, but a sacrifice of the honour and dignity of the Crown; I mean, that involved in a prolonged attempt, under any circumstances, to carry on the public business of the country, without the promise of that amount of support, which is indispensable to all Governments, for the purpose of enabling them to maintain the honour of the Crown, and to maintain and promote the efficient carrying on of the public service."* Lord Aberdeen followed, and declared that it was the *Ecclesiastical Titles Bill* which alone had frustrated all efforts at combination between himself and his friends, and Lord John Russell. Then rose Lord Stanley, amidst general indications of increased interest, and spoke calmly and gravely. He gave a lucid account of the abortive negotiations in which he had been engaged, speaking with marked caution and exactness of phraseology, in all those passages describing his interviews and communications with the Queen. His speech consisted of two parts;—a narrative of what had passed during the week; and a declaration of intended policy. In two sentences, he disposed of two idle but sedulously disseminated rumours—that he had been coldly received by the Queen, and that she had withheld from him the power of dissolving Parliament. As to the former, "Nothing, my lords, could exceed the condescension and graciousness of manner, and *more than of manner*, with which any proposition from me has been listened to, with which any communication and advice which I felt it my duty to tender to her Majesty, has been received." As to the latter, "There is not the shadow of a foundation for the statement that her Majesty would not have given me the power of dissolving Parliament; and I am authorised by the Queen to say, that no one could

be justified in saying, or holding out a belief, to the contrary." Such, then, was her Majesty's confidence in Lord Stanley, that even in the critical condition of the country at that time, she would have intrusted him with the great power of dissolving Parliament. And now what did this faithful and plain-speaking nobleman tell his Royal Mistress? Let him speak for himself; and what he then said to the Queen, it is now of supreme importance for us to know.

"My first statement to the Queen was, that, had I been a member of the House of Commons, I should have certainly supported the motion of Mr Disraeli.† . . . I stated that it would be impossible for me, as an honest man, to take office without a full determination to deal with that distress, and endeavour to apply to it, as a Minister, effective measures of relief." And yet again, with an explicitness defying all possibility of misapprehension—"I stated, that if I could so far forget myself as to sacrifice my honest convictions, the loss of honour which would be involved in such a course of procedure would make my services worse than valueless; . . . that I would not take office on any other condition than that of endeavouring, *bonâ fide*, to give effect to my own conviction, of the necessity of legislating for that class [the agricultural] of her Majesty's subjects: *but I did not bind myself to any specific measure*." So much for Lord Stanley's explanation of what had passed between himself and the Queen. Now let us see the policy on which he would have acted with his Ministry; and he explained it with admirable straightforwardness, principally with reference to three great topics—the *Income Tax*, *Agricultural Distress*, and *Papal Aggression*. He began by saying, "I might, I think, have brought to a satisfactory issue two or three important questions, which appear to be the great stumbling-block of politicians at the present moment."

First, then, of the *INCOME TAX*. "Take it as you will, levy it as you please, this is a tax which is full of

* HANSARD, (3d Series,) vol. cxiv., col. 998-9.

† On *Agricultural Distress*, ante, p. 389.

anomalies and inconveniences, pressing variously upon different classes of the community, with a complicated injustice which no modification can altogether remove." He declared his conviction in strong terms, that if the House of Commons had not implicitly relied on Sir Robert Peel's pledge that the Income Tax was to last for only three years, "it would not have consented to the imposition of it for an hour; . . . there was no man living who believed that it would." And he added, "I hold it to be an object, not only of vital importance, but one to which the faith of successive Ministers has been pledged, that the Income Tax should not be permitted to degenerate into a permanent tax."

Secondly, as to AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS. "I hold it to be an admitted and undisputed fact, that the land is, at this moment, the only suffering interest; and that it is labouring under an amount of taxation, of various descriptions, far exceeding the amount which falls upon other classes of the community. . . . By imposing a moderate duty on the imposition of foreign corn, you might raise a very considerable revenue for the country, while you would not materially raise the price to the consumer; but you would, by the acquisition of a duty of £1,500,000, or £2,000,000, enable the Government more rapidly to effect that object to which I have referred as of great advantage to the community at large — the extinction of the Income Tax. . . . The relief of the finances of the country, and the removal of that pressure of taxation, would infinitely and immeasurably exceed in advantage any possible trifling alteration in the price of food—and trifling indeed it must be—which could touch the consumer."

We beg particular attention to the following passage:—

"I express my frank opinion, that the question of *Protection*, or, if you please, the question of the unrestricted import of provisions, is one which must be settled *by the country*, once, and for ever, whenever it is appealed to for its decision. Should the next general election prove that the sense of the country is in favour of a per-

fectly unrestricted import of all provisions, unaccompanied by those duties which in other countries are imposed for purposes of revenue, upon all articles, and which in this country are imposed to a vast extent upon articles of prime necessity for consumption hardly inferior to *bread* itself, I, for one, and I believe the majority of your lordships and of Parliament, would respectfully bow to that expression of the sense of the country."

Lastly, AS TO PAPAL AGGRESSION. Lord Stanley treated this question, which he solemnly pronounced to be "the most important of all important questions," in a spirit of resolute and comprehensive statesmanship. Sharing the universal indignation, at the impudent and dangerous attempt of the Pope upon the liberties of this country and the Queen's supreme authority, Lord Stanley denounced the petty legislation by which the Government proposed to meet it, as beneath contempt, and predicted precisely that which has come to pass. But what were his own views? And how would he have *acted* upon them? Let every Protestant in the Empire give ear.

"The real danger is this: The GRADUAL growth and encroachment of the power of the Pope, and of the prelates acting under his authority, in interfering with matters not purely and strictly religious, and in assuming to themselves powers, which if not in violation of the [letter of the] law of the land, are at variance with [the spirit of] that law.

"I conceive that there are grave questions depending upon the position of the Roman Catholics in this country, with regard to the rights of their own church, to the disposition of property, and the manner in which trust property is held for Roman Catholic purposes.

"I think it is a subject for inquiry, how religious houses of various descriptions are carried on in this country; and it is a grave question whether *all* religious houses should not be subjected to the power of visitation, in order that it may be ascertained that no persons are retained within them contrary to the law of the land.

"I should have recommended that, in both Houses of Parliament, inquiries should take place as to the actual relations in which the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen stand towards the State, towards any foreign power, and towards their own priests and prelates. I would have advised that this subject should be fully investigated; the present anomalies of the law really exposed, and amendments suggested for the consideration of Parliament."

Such is a faint sketch of the leading portions of Lord Stanley's exposition of his views and intentions in February 1851; and whoever may take the trouble to read it *in extenso*, as it appears in Hansard, will heartily concur in an observation of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, made in the course of his address to the House of Commons on the same evening: "At the moment I am speaking," said Mr Disraeli, "Lord Stanley is explaining all the circumstances connected with that transaction [the attempt to form a Ministry.] And I will express my conviction, that when that statement shall have gone forth to the public, the character of my noble friend will stand, if possible, higher than ever."

Here, then, we have a sketch of Lord Stanley's political character on the 28th February 1851, under his own hand, unconsciously delineating features beaming with manly determination, noble frankness, and sagacious intellect; of a man who, on a signal occasion, proved himself true to his Queen, to his country, to himself, and to that Higher Power *by whom actions are weighed*,* and who rules the destinies of mankind. He must have foreseen, and known that everybody else foresaw, that he would inevitably, and very speedily, be called to the head of affairs. We do not think it possible to speak too highly of Lord Stanley's frankness as to his political opinions, on that all-important occasion. He might have wrapped himself up in what might have appeared a discreet reserve, resolving to watch the chapter of accidents, the progress of opinions and events, and *then* adapt

himself to any position which he might be called by the Sovereign to occupy. He was aware, moreover, that the country knew his straightforwardness, and that he was a man of uncompromising determination. Why, then, did he volunteer, in the capacity of a defeated candidate for the highest office, so explicit a declaration of his political principles? Who cannot *now* give the answer? In order that both the Queen and the country, both friends and opponents, might know exactly the course which he would pursue if placed in power; and he was distinctest on questions of the greatest moment, and on which it would have been easiest to raise a cry against him. That the country might have the opportunity of saying, whoever may come into power, *this* man shall not; whatever principles shall become dominant, *his* shall not, for they are those opposed to public opinion, and inconsistent with the common weal. Therefore Lord Stanley deliberately afforded to his opponents, even his most active and virulent, every opportunity they could desire for forming powerful combinations of parties, and eliciting an overpowering expression of the voice of the nation. His *trumpet gave no uncertain sound*. The enemy had ample notice, and might easily have baffled apprehended intrigue, and guarded against suspected surprise. But there has been, confessedly, neither intrigue nor surprise. Well, exactly twelve months have elapsed, during which the weakness of the existing Ministry became every month more apparent, and its speedy dissolution inevitable. What is the result?

THE EARL OF DERBY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, ON FRIDAY THE 27TH FEBRUARY 1852.

He stood there with a very eventful year's better acquaintance between himself and the country, than when he had presented himself on the corresponding Friday of the preceding year. During that interval, the importance of which all political parties appreciated, more than one earnest effort was made, as privately as was

* 1 Samuel, ii. 3.

practicable, to establish a basis of conjoint political action between three classes of the Liberal party, in opposition to a Protectionist policy; but it was found impracticable. And unless our means of information have misled us, it was plainly stated by a highly influential and clear-headed Liberal, to some who sought his advice, that he much doubted whether Free-Trade principles were making the way they ought to be making; and that the probable results of a formal appeal to the country upon the question was a matter requiring serious consideration, for that a great mass of prejudice on the subject yet existed in the country. But the Earl of Derby must by this time have reached the House of Lords.

It is just on the stroke of five o'clock, and we are standing at the bar of the House of Lords, under a grievous pressure of members of the House of Commons. What an exciting, what a splendid scene! The gentle strife between natural and artificial light has ceased, and brilliant jets reveal distinctly the spacious and noble proportions of the Lords' House. Look wherever you will, all is rich and mellow! And see those light graceful galleries half filled with fair female politicians, their gentle hearts beating with quite as keen feelings of rivalry—hopes, fears, and anxieties—as their noble lords, kinsmen, and friends beneath them! The strangers' gallery was packed with a far greater number than it could conveniently accommodate: and those highly important functionaries, the Reporters, seemed to have mustered in almost double strength. The throne end of the House was filled with peers' sons, ambassadors, and others. On the woolsack sate Lord Redesdale, as Deputy-Speaker, the new Lord Chancellor having not yet passed from Sir Edward Sugden into Lord St Leonards; while the late one, Lord Truro, sate, in plain clothes, on the Opposition side of the House, which was considerably more crowded with the ex-Ministry and their supporters, than the Ministerial side with their successors. There is the Marquis of Lansdowne, white-haired, and somewhat feeble in his gait, walking slowly down the House, till he takes

his seat near that so recently occupied by the Earl of Derby. He looks depressed and anxious, but is calm and dignified, and apparently not disposed to conversation. Near to him are the Earl of Carlisle and Earl Grey—just above, but in a line with them, Lord Brougham and the Earl of Aberdeen: all these sit quietly enough, with an expectant air, in their places; while the younger folk, especially those just displaced from subordinate office, flit about among their friends, apparently in a state of concern and bewilderment! The cross benches are nearly filled. The Bishops' benches are occupied by only four or five Prelates, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London being of the number. Confronting the long line of the Opposition, sit many of the new Ministry and their friends, a goodly phalanx, generally wearing the appearance of excitement and resolution. At the corner of the second back bench is to be seen the striking figure of Lord Lyndhurst: with folded arms, his commanding countenance, now exhibiting too many of the traces of age, shows that he is at this moment in profound thought. He seems disinclined to speak to anybody. We miss one great familiar figure, the white-haired Duke of Wellington; for he is gone to Strathfieldsaye, giving, this evening, his customary banquet to the Judges of Assize. The whole House is in a subdued buzz of conversation. A slight commotion at the further end attracts all eyes—and—enter the Earl of Derby, accompanied by a friend. He is dressed in a plain black surcoat, with crape round his hat; and walks quietly to the place left vacant for him, on the front bench, and for the last five or six years occupied by the Marquis of Lansdowne, who now regards him with an expression of by no means eager hostility. On one side of the new Prime Minister sits the Duke of Northumberland, on the other the Earls of Eglington and Mar. Lord Derby is in his fifty-third year, but looks nearly ten years younger. He is tall and well-proportioned: his countenance displays a frankness, and determining distinguishing feature is his piercing eye now

lutely at the lowering array of the Opposition. On the table before him stand a decanter of water and a glass. As far as we can see, he has not brought with him a single note. He whispers for a moment to the Earl of Malmesbury, then rises, steps to the table, removes his hat, folds his arms, and a loud cry of "Hear! hear! hear!" issues from every quarter of the House, instantly hushed into deep silence—amidst which is heard a clear ringing voice speaking with beautiful distinctness of articulation, and very deliberately.

On that day week, and at that hour, he was pacing the pleasant grounds of Badminton, little dreaming that the electric wire, within a few hours, would be charged with two or three potent syllables addressed to himself, announcing the sudden fall of a Ministry, and summoning him to town, to form a new one! On Saturday evening he received a command to attend her Majesty on the ensuing day, when he presented to her Majesty "an outline of his Administration,"—and, within three days' time, a list of all "those friends whom he had selected to discharge the principal offices of the Government." On the very day on which he was speaking, he and they had kissed hands on receiving the seals of office; and it is easy to imagine how every moment of the last five days must have been occupied with the harassing anxieties of forming an Administration. Yet there he stood, prepared to state, before that brilliant and imposing audience—before the whole country, and representatives of every civilised nation on earth, the policy on which he proposed to govern this vast empire!—An exposition which he well knew would require profound consideration to frame, so as to hit the happy mean between candour and statesmanlike reserve; to satisfy just expectation, and at the same time avoid alarming friends, or provoking captious enemies. Such a speech as the Earl of Derby delivered during the ensuing hour; so prudent in what was said, and omitted; so complete and comprehensive in its scheme and scope; so exact and felicitous in detail and expression—could

not have been prepared, and delivered, as it was, by any man but one of great and practised powers, and consummate discretion. With no disposition whatever to flatter the Earl of Derby, and uninfluenced by any consideration except a rigorous regard for truth and justice, we declare our deliberate conviction that this speech alone showed its speaker fit to conduct the affairs of this country, at the grave crisis which undoubtedly exists. It is pervaded by an air of modesty, simplicity, frankness, resolution, discretion, and dignity, that is very lovely to the eyes of Englishmen. It is the speech of a Christian gentleman and statesman, and delineates a policy based upon Principle, as contradistinguished to Expediency. It exhibited a noble spirit, at once conciliatory, and uncompromising; and, in a word, immediately produced a prodigious effect upon the country. Had it been less able and satisfactory than it was, the consequences, as the speaker well knew, would have been immediately serious and prejudicial, to an extent beyond present calculation. As it is, the country, though in a very anxious and exacting humour, appeared to become at once assured and calm; and its pulse—the Funds—has ever since beat, not with feverish fluctuation, but with tranquil regularity. There is no gainsaying that fact, and it is a very pregnant one.

Standing with folded arms, his countenance and demeanour exhibiting a certain mixture of gravity and cheerfulness,—and speaking with the utmost deliberation and distinctness, the Earl of Derby thus began: they are his *ipsissima verba*.—

"My Lords, the place from which I have now the honour of addressing the House, at once not only affords a justification for my rising upon this occasion, but imposes upon me, as I conceive, the necessity of endeavouring to state, as shortly and as distinctly as I can, with as much frankness as may be in my power, and no more reserve than may be imposed by a due sense of my position, not only the motives which induced me to undertake the arduous duty which I thought myself bound not to decline; but also, as far as I can, an outline

of the course which, having undertaken such a responsibility, I feel it incumbent on me to pursue."

—"O," whispered, at this point, a leading Liberal member of the House of Commons, to one beside him, "he's going to speak out;" and both listened to Lord Derby from that moment with unbroken silence and attention, and, when he had finished, looked at each other significantly, and for a few moments without uttering a word.

The Earl of Derby paused for a second or two, and directing a look of affectionate sincerity towards Lord Lansdowne, commenced that graceful, eloquent, well-weighed eulogy, which must long live in his memory.* The last sentence of it was as follows. It elicited universal cheering, and evidently affected Lord Lansdowne.

"My Lords, it must be an encouragement to future statesmen, that they should be able to point to his example; and see how, after a period of, I believe, nearly fifty years spent in the public service, a statesman can retire with the friendship, the warm and cordial friendship, of his political associates, with the cordial and sincere esteem of his political opponents, and with a character unblemished by a single stain on his political virtue or private honour!"

After a lucid statement of the circumstances under which he had been so suddenly and unexpectedly called to the helm of public affairs, the steps which he had taken to form a Government, and a frank avowal that he saw himself, for the present, environed with almost insuperable difficulties, arising principally out of the confused condition of parties in the House of Commons, he proceeded to indicate the principles on which he proposed to conduct the Government of the country. He commenced with his Foreign Policy, and there was perceptible a faint stir in the quarter where stood several ambassadors, and other members of the diplomatic body. As if anxious that all he said on this subject should be well understood by persons not perfectly familiar with the English

language, he here spoke with even greater deliberation and distinctness than in any other part of his speech. He doubtless felt no little anxiety that his views of our foreign relations should be thoroughly appreciated by the representatives of foreign states, who would, of course, instantly, on quitting the House, forward accounts of what they had heard to their respective governments. One or two might have been seen taking a pencil note of particular expressions; and this might well be done; for he handled these critical topics with exquisite discretion and delicacy. His tone was cordially pacific, but also dignified and resolute. How would the Funds have fallen the next morning, had he here committed himself! The essence of what he said may be thus expressed—would that we had space to give, throughout, the speaker's own choice and nervous language!—The new Government cherished a profound anxiety to preserve the blessings of universal peace; and, said the Earl of Derby, "there is not one of my noble friends who will not consider that every effort should be made by the Government, with a view of averting *the remotest chance*," (the words in italics he uttered with marked emphasis,) "of incurring the miseries of war." Our demeanour towards foreign governments should be on all occasions frank and conciliatory; we should treat all nations alike, whether great or small, with due respect and consideration, equally in acts, in words, in conduct. Treaties should be observed with punctual fidelity, both as to letter and spirit. Every nation's independence should be held sacred, and on no pretence should we interfere with their internal and individual arrangements. Whatever form of government each thought proper to adopt, we had no right to manifest either sympathy or prejudice in respect of one more than another, "be it the most absolute despotism, limited monarchy, constitutional republic, or—if such a thing can be conceived to continue in existence—absolute Red Republicanism. That

* Lord Brougham said not long ago, in the hearing of the writer, "Lord Lansdowne is the very best leader of a deliberative assembly that was perhaps ever seen. In courtesy, temper, discretion, and business ability, he is, in my opinion, unequalled."

which is the choice of a nation, is that which it is the duty of the British Government to recognise." Whenever explanations, or redress, become unfortunately requisite, they should be asked for with temper and frankness, and offered in the same spirit.

Who sees not the significance of this, on adverting to various portions of the foreign policy of the late Government? Then Lord Derby approached very tender ground, treading cautiously, but firmly. It was the proud and ancient characteristic of this country, to afford a home to the homeless, inviolable shelter to the exile; but not to become a nursery for foreign traitors. It not only would not countenance, but would not tolerate, those whom it was hospitably sheltering from the storms of political adversity, intriguing and plotting here against their own governments. We should watch all such movements vigilantly, and apprise foreign governments of what was here hatching against them. Nay, such attempts constitute a high offence against our own laws, "to be visited with exemplary and condign punishment;" but, at the same time, those laws must never be strained, with a view of either conciliating the friendship, or averting the hostility, of foreign powers. All this was said in a noble spirit; and the opportune enunciation of such principles was like shedding oil on the troubled waters. It afterwards elicited from that discreet and experienced Foreign Minister, the Earl of Aberdeen, the following strong expression of concurrence:—"In that portion of my noble friend's speech in which he laid down the course of policy which he means to pursue towards Foreign Powers, I entirely concur. The noble Earl and myself have acted together for the last ten or twelve years, both in and out of office, in full concert and communication on that subject; and, so far as I am aware, there is not a shade of difference between us. In all that he has said on that subject, I fully concur." The Earl of Derby's sentiments on this subject have been since communicated to all Foreign Powers; and we suspect that there is not one of their representatives in this

country that has not been ordered to communicate to him the warm satisfaction with which his pacific and honourable declarations have been received, and an increased desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with Great Britain.

As regards our own safety, and our means of repelling foreign aggression, and maintaining internal order and tranquillity, Lord Derby made the important and gratifying announcement, that both our army and navy are in a state of high efficiency, and adequate to all the multifarious calls upon them, arising out of our universally-extended empire. England herself dreams not of aggression in any quarter, or extended dominion, abundantly satisfied with what she possesses. She seeks only to protect her just rights and interests; and though in no wise apprehensive of aggression upon herself, but rather feeling assured of the continuance of peace, this latter consideration of itself justified, and even suggested, the propriety of *deliberately* organising our own energies, and making them so promptly and effectively available as to place this country beyond the reach of aggression from any quarter. There is, however, no necessity for any increased military force, regular or irregular; and the Earl of Derby concluded this part of his speech by one of the happiest strokes conceivable. Without saying it in words, he invited foreign countries to contemplate our own institutions, and the great strength and happiness which they confer upon us; at the same time affording a faint and delicate intimation of the strength which we can put forth on an adequate occasion! In a few graceful sentences he alluded to the memorable demonstration in London on the 10th of April 1848: "My lords, upon many memorable occasions, and upon none more than in the course of the last three or four years, the people of this country have shown, in a manner to excite the wonder and admiration of foreign powers, that the peace and tranquillity of the kingdom may be safely intrusted to the loyalty of the people of England. I believe, my lords, that it is not the ability of her rulers—I am

sure that it is not the multitude of her forces—that keeps this country in a state of tranquillity and contentment; but I must say that it is a due and frank appreciation, on the part of every class of her Majesty's subjects, of the inestimable value of those institutions under which they live, and a conviction that not merely the just prerogatives of the Crown, but the real liberties of the people, are best secured by these institutions!" We know not which most to admire, the perfect good taste, or the masterly tact and sagacity here displayed, in the expression of that which will be—perhaps has been—appreciated abroad, with many a royal sigh of acquiescence.

Such was Lord Derby's Foreign policy. We have already stated that his speech was equally striking in what it said, and in what it did not say. Among other matters of this negative character, is one which seems to have hitherto attracted no public attention—Lord Derby's silence on the subject of our *Colonial* policy. His sentiments on that subject are perfectly well known, and he has himself, and recently, brought them prominently before the very assembly whom he was addressing. He is indeed peculiarly familiar with that great section of our national interests, and will doubtless give them much personal attention. Why did he, then, omit all allusion to our colonial policy on that memorable evening? Did he forget it? *There sat before him Earl Grey*, with a millstone of responsibility suspended from his neck, for a long series of colonial exploits, every one of them familiar to the Earl of Derby; who also knew, in common with everybody else, what was the last straw which had broken the camel's back—what was the real reason of the late Ministers' sudden retreat from office—to avoid the blighting exposure, in the House of Commons, of Earl Grey's Kaffir misdoings. With high judgment, and a generous forbearance, the Earl of Derby passed over the legitimate and tempting topic in blank silence—a silence, however, which may have been felt by the ex-colonial Minister as very ominous. Let us, however, seize the opportunity of touching, for

an instant, only one part of this sore—we mean Earl Grey's last despatch to Sir Harry Smith; one of the most cruel and impudent documents that ever libelled the character of a state paper, or threatened to break a noble heart; a document that ought to be burned at the head of every regiment in the service; one which had been splendidly falsified by the triumphant veteran before it had come into his gallant hands, or been trodden into the dust under the foot of scornful and insulted soldier. Gallant veteran! what a reception awaits you on your return home, from your Queen and from your country, if indeed you live to tread the soil of old England again! You will be welcomed in Downing Street, whence your libeller has been expelled, and from which he is now for ever excluded.

Thus much for Lord Derby's *temporary* silence on Colonial policy.

Having concluded his observations on his Foreign, he approached our Domestic policy. Here he paused for a few moments; his manner showing a consciousness that he was entering on a topic of the last importance and difficulty—one fraught with absorbing interest, in the eyes of every one present, and with the fate of his newly-formed Administration.

"My Lords," he commenced, and in a very resolute manner, "I have now stated to your lordships the principles on which I think that our foreign policy should be regulated and conducted. I will not shrink, my lords, from dealing with questions of far greater difficulty. I will not shrink from speaking frankly upon the subject of our commercial and financial policy." It is impossible to describe the sudden silent manifestation of intense anxiety and interest excited by these words; rendered the more striking, from the loud cheering which had accompanied the preceding sentence, and which was suddenly succeeded by profound silence. It was at that interesting and exciting moment that we bethought ourselves of Lord Stanley in the House of Lords on that day twelvemonth. Our recollection of what he had then said, on the question which he was now approaching, was vividly distinct. We were cer-

tain that he would thoroughly identify Earl Derby of February 1852 with Lord Stanley of February 1851; but who could stifle a feeling of lively anxiety to learn the precise manner in which he proposed to deal with this great stumbling-block to the statesmen of this age? He began by referring to Sir Robert Peel's commercial policy in 1842, stating that he had cordially supported it.

But here let us pause; for this sudden ten years' retrospect awakens painful memories, and suggests a very painful contrast. Let us speak of the dead, the distinguished dead, in a spirit of forbearance and charity. Nay, let us pay the homage due to a man of great political capacity and knowledge, and unsullied purity of personal character!—There is now lying before us, side by side with a reprint of Lord Derby's speech, a fellow reprint* of that delivered by the late Sir Robert Peel in 1841, and published, we believe, in a cheap form for extensive circulation, with that late right honourable baronet's sanction. It is the speech which he addressed to his constituents at Tamworth, on the 28th of June 1841, and was a most able and elaborate statement of his leading political opinions, on the occasion of the then pending general election which returned a glorious majority of ninety-one pledged to support the opinions so luminously expounded in that memorable speech. How it reads, by the light of 1852! Alas! the exultation with which he contemplated the great Conservative party, which, he said, "has been pleased to intrust your representative with its confidence! You may rely upon it that that party which has paid me the compliment of taking my advice, and following my counsel, are a united and compact party, among whom there does not exist the slightest difference of opinion in respect of the principles they support, and the cause they may desire to pursue. Gentlemen, *I hope I have not abused the confidence of that great party!*" And the proud appeal evoked "loud cheers." Alas! what is man? Again, how eloquently, and upon what grand considerations of morality and

religion, he deprecated England's "running the risk of losing the benefit of its sacrifices for the abolition of slavery, and tarnishing for ever that glory, by admitting to the British markets, sugar, the produce of foreign slavery!" At length, said he, "I now come to the most important question of all, the introduction of foreign corn into this country." We beg earnest attention to what follows, for it bears directly and powerfully upon the same great question, and in the precise form in which it now stands before the country, and with which the Earl of Derby has to deal.

"When I look at the burdens the land is subject to in this country, I do not consider the fixed duty of eight shillings a quarter on corn from Poland, Russia, and Prussia, where no such burdens exist, a sufficient protection for it. (*Great cheering.*) Gentlemen," continued the eloquent and gifted speaker, warming with the enthusiasm which he had elicited, "it is certainly a very tempting thing in theory, to buy your corn at the cheapest market; but before you adopt that theory in practice, you must, as a matter of common justice, compare the burdens on the land in other countries, with the burdens on the land in this country. (*Cheers.*) The land in this country is most heavily burdened—you cannot conceal that. Look at the amount of the poor-rate levied on land, as compared with that levied on the productive means of manufacturing industry. (*Cheering.*) Who pay the highway rates?—who pay the church-rates?—who pay the poor-rate?—who pay the tithes? I say, not perhaps altogether, but chiefly, the landed occupiers of this country. And, gentlemen, if corn be the product of other land not subject to those burdens, it surely would not be just to the land of this country, which bears them all, to admit such corn at a low duty!" Sir Robert Peel then quoted from a pamphlet which had just before been published by Mr M'Culloch, the following striking passage:—"Considering the vast importance of agriculture—that nearly half the population of the empire is dependent upon it, directly or indirectly, for employ-

* "Tamworth Election. Speech of Sir Robert Peel."—Ollivier, Pall Mall, 1841.

ment, and the means of subsistence—a prudent statesman would pause before he gave his sanction to any measures, however sound in principle, or beneficial to the mercantile or manufacturing classes, which might endanger the prosperity of agriculture, or check the rapid spread of improvement.” “Gentlemen,” continued Sir Robert Peel, “I need not say that I fully concur with this sentiment; and I certainly think that a prudent statesman *would* pause before he meddled with it. . . . I do think that if you disturb agriculture, and divert the employment of capital from the land, you may not increase your foreign trade, (for that is a thing to doubt, under existing circumstances,) *but will assuredly reduce the home trade, by reducing the means to meet the demand,* and thus permanently injure yourselves also.” Towards the close of that most able address, he taunted Lord John Russell with having “made an appeal to public feeling, on account of cheap sugar and cheap bread. My firm belief is, that the people of this country have not at all responded to this cry!” Sir Robert was right, and Lord John was wrong. The country repudiated the “cry;” and, in spite of desperate exertions on the part of the Government, returned an overwhelming majority, pledged to the support of agricultural protection. Lord John was instantly swept away by it, and Sir Robert floated proudly into his place.

Let us, however, with a sigh over the past—a sigh over the dead—turn from the departed to the living statesman of 1852. Here again we lament being unable to adopt, except occasionally, the felicitous language in which the Earl of Derby expressed himself; but here follows the pith of what he said.

He had cordially concurred with Sir Robert Peel's revision of the customs duties in 1842, and in the policy of imposing duties on all the principal articles of import, not only for purposes of revenue, but also for that of levying duties, in a given proportion, to the extent to which the articles subjected to such duties admitted, or did not admit, of the expenditure of future British labour. “I thoroughly agreed in the principle understood to be there

laid down as to the freest possible admission of all raw materials which formed the basis of our native industry. My lords, that system has been, to a certain extent, adopted since that period; and I cannot but think, that if we look to the whole of our financial system, there is ground for believing that it is open, in point of principle, and in point of practice, to considerable and useful revisions.” Our present policy contrasts disadvantageously with that of America, which is lauded as a free-trade country,—“yet they avowedly levy high duties on those articles which compete with the produce of their own soil and industry; whereas we both admit such articles with perfect freedom, and load with inordinate taxation a certain small number of articles, entering, to an immense extent, into the necessary consumption of the masses of the community!”

“In my individual opinion, I can see no grounds why the single article of corn should be made a solitary exception to the general system of imposing duties on foreign imports. . . . I state this as my opinion; but I think the question one which can be satisfactorily solved only by reference to the well-understood and clearly-expressed opinion of the intelligent portion of the community.” This appears tolerably distinct, and is an echo of what the speaker had said in the same House twelve months previously. It failed, however, to convey any distinct meaning to the mind of—Earl Grey, whose head was, doubtless, running on other matters—and who succeeded in afterwards eliciting from the Premier a still more explicit declaration. “What I meant to say was, that this was a question which ought to be settled, and could not be settled, except by the deliberate opinion of the large and intelligent communities in the country. And I stated, that neither with regard to that question, nor to the great and complicated question of finance, had I any intention of making a proposition to Parliament, *until public opinion should have been decidedly and emphatically expressed.* . . . Any scheme dealing with a system so very intricate as our financial] including within its range

duties on foreign imports, but also the incidents and the pressure of local and domestic taxation, requires to be dealt with by a government strong in the confidence, not only of the country, but of Parliament, and able to carry, with the concurrence of Parliament and the country, measures adopted and matured with great deliberation, and with such care and foresight as it is impossible that any Administration could give to such a subject, called suddenly to deal with public affairs, at the commencement of a parliamentary session." These statements met with a very cordial reception from the House, which seemed to feel that nothing could be more just and reasonable, regard being had to the trying position in which the Earl and his Ministry found themselves, through no fault or procurement of their own. He proceeded to say, that he owned they were in a decided minority in the House of Commons; nay, further, that he was even by no means assured of being in a majority in the House of Lords—circumstances surely entitling them, he thought, to the forbearance of opponents, and even, occasionally, to the indulgence of friends. In the mean time, and till he was able to ascertain and act upon the decided opinion of the country and Parliament on the cardinal question of the day, the new Government had abundant work before it, and had prescribed to itself a temperate and moderate course of action, devoting all its energies to measures for improving the social condition and adding to the comforts of the people, and especially simplifying and improving the administration of justice in the courts of law and equity. "I believe," said the Earl of Derby, with dignity, "that in acting thus, even as a minority in the House of Commons, we shall not uselessly or dishonourably conduct the public affairs; and, my lords, I must say, that if interrupted in such a course by a merely factious opposition, I have that confidence in the good sense of the country, that that faction will, at no distant period, recoil upon its authors." This passage produced a loud burst of cheering.

The new Government recognised

the existence of a shameless system of bribery and corruption at parliamentary elections, which had greatly extended itself during the last twenty years, but which they were fixedly resolved to deal with effectually, and visit every one proved to be guilty of it with condign punishment. With reference to a measure which Lord John Russell had introduced during the present session into the House of Commons, "comprising a somewhat miscellaneous assortment of topics, and containing, as a leading feature, a large and extensive alteration of the elective system, and the electoral districts of the country," it was not the intention of the Government to proceed with it. He accompanied that intimation, however, with another, pointedly contrasting with the "finality" declaration of Lord John Russell. The Earl disclaimed altogether the opinion that the Reform Act of 1831 "was a perfect system, incapable of improvement." "I do not, my lords, for a moment pretend to say that the system of representation introduced in 1831 was a perfect system, or incapable of improvement. I think that there may have arisen, and will arise in the course of time, abuses requiring change, and evils demanding a remedy; but, my lords, I say, before you seek to apply a remedy—at all events, before you pledge yourself to a definite plan, and unsettle that which is, be quite sure that you know the course which you are about to pursue. Be satisfied that the evils which you mean to meet do exist; that the remedy which you propose to apply is not calculated to aggravate existing evils. And, my lords," continued the Earl of Derby, speaking with a kind of deferential emphasis, "if I were speaking in the presence of members of the other House of Parliament, I would entreat them seriously to consider the incalculable injury, not only to the monarchy of this country, but ultimately to the real and true liberties of the country, which may arise from constantly—from time to time—unsettling everything and settling nothing; rendering the country dissatisfied with that which is, without in the slightest degree removing the dissatisfaction

of those who are prepared to go much further than any of your lordships could desire! . . . If you will show or prove to us the existence of any substantial grievances, no men will be more ready than my colleagues and myself to endeavour to remove those grievances in the manner which we consider best calculated to insure that end, without endangering the constitution or the internal peace of the country." When the Earl of Derby uttered these weighty sentences, which were received with loud and earnest cries of "Hear! hear! hear!" many of which issued from the cross-benches, he was doubtless aware that Lord John Russell's absurd but mischievous new Reform Bill had alienated from him the countenance of some of his staunchest and most powerful, though silent supporters, whom the Earl of Derby's moderation and firmness of tone upon that topic had commensurately conciliated—a fact of which he received a decisive intimation that very evening.

The last topic of the Earl of Derby's speech was one of transcendent importance—the education of the people; and he dealt with it in a noble and exalted spirit. Our own convictions on this subject are profound and unalterable, and we are satisfied that they are shared with a very great majority of the people of England. This is a matter lying at the very root of the national safety and prosperity; and it is with unspeakable satisfaction that we transcribe the passage, that it may stand recorded in our own columns. It is worthy of being written in letters of gold, as the glory of Christian statesmanship.

"My Lords,* I believe, and I rejoice to believe, that the feelings of the community at large—that the convictions of all classes, high and low, rich and poor, have now come to this conclusion, that the greater the amount of education which you are able to give, and the more widely it is spread among all classes of the community, the greater prospect there is of the tranquillity, the happiness, and well-

being of the community. But, my lords, when I use the term *education*, let me not be misunderstood. By *education*, I do not mean the mere development of the mental faculties—the mere acquisition of temporal knowledge—the mere instruction—useful as, no doubt, that may be—which enables a man simply to improve his condition in life, gives him fresh tastes and fresh habits, and also the means of gratifying such improved tastes. Valuable as that instruction may be, when I speak of *education*, I speak of this, and of this alone, an education involving culture of the mind and culture of the soul; laying the basis and foundation upon a knowledge of the Scripture, and revealed religion. My lords, I desire to look upon all those who are engaged in the work of spreading knowledge, even though they be of communions different from that of which I am a sincere and attached member, rather as fellow soldiers than as rivals, in the warfare against vice and ignorance. But I trust, my lords, I shall say nothing which can be offensive to those who differ with me, and belong to other communions, when I say that for the promotion of education and of religious knowledge, I rest mainly and chiefly upon the exertions, the able, the indefatigable and enlightened exertions, of the parochial clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland. My lords, I look upon that Church as the depository of what I believe to be the truth, and as an instrument of incalculable good here, and leading to still more incalculable good hereafter. I say, my lords, that it is not only the interest, but the duty of her Majesty's Government to uphold and maintain that Church in its integrity, not by penal enactments against those who dissent from her communion, or by violent abuse and invective against the religious faith of those whose errors we may deplore, but to whose consciences we have no right to dictate; but by steadfastly resisting all attempts at aggression against that Church, come from what quarter, and backed by what authority it may,

* Almost every other sentence of this paragraph was followed by loud cheering; but the Earl of Derby continued to speak with calmness and solemnity.

and by lending every power of the Government to support and extend the influence of that Church, in its high and holy calling, with the view of diffusing throughout the length and breadth of the empire (and I speak not of this country alone) that knowledge which can be derived only from the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures."

By this passage of his speech, even had it stood alone, the Earl of Derby established a claim to the hearty confidence, the zealous and enthusiastic support, of every sincere member, lay and clerical, of the Church of England—nay, we go fearlessly much further, and say, of every sincere Christian in the empire, in the portentous times in which we live. And, indeed, we entertain no doubt whatever that this noble declaration has already produced great, though silent, effect, which will be made manifest when the time for *action* shall have arrived. While breathing a spirit of pure and ardent affection for the Church of England, this declaration is not disfigured by the faintest trace of bigotry, intolerance, or uncharitableness; and we thank God that such words are now going forth all over the world, as having been spoken, and on so great an occasion, by the Prime Minister of the Queen of England.

The concluding passage of Lord Derby's memorable exposition was very finely delivered; not with oratorical art, but in a manner which exactly befitted the affecting simplicity and solemnity of the matter. He spoke with a dignified manliness, which went to the heart of every one who heard him, friend or opponent, who had a heart that could be reached and influenced by anything worthy and great.

"My Lords, for my own part, when I look to the difficulties which surround my friends and myself, when I look to the various circumstances which must combine to give us a chance of successfully encountering the various difficulties which beset our path, I confess that I am, myself, appalled by the magnitude of the task which I have undertaken. But I believe, and know, that the destinies of nations are in the hands of an over-

ruling Providence! I know that it is often the pleasure of that great Being to work out His own objects by weak and unworthy means. In His presence, I can solemnly aver,* that no motives of personal ambition have led me to aspire to that dangerous eminence on which the favour of my Sovereign has placed me. In the course of my duties, no considerations will sway me, except those which have led me to that eminence—the paramount considerations of public duty: And with this feeling in my mind, and with a deep conviction of the sincerity of my own motives, and trusting to the guidance and blessing of higher powers than my own, I venture to undertake a task from which I should otherwise have shrunk with apprehension of its dangers. And, my lords, be the period of my Administration longer or shorter, not only shall I have obtained the highest object of my personal ambition, but I shall have fulfilled one of the highest ends of human being, if, in the course of that Administration, I can in the slightest degree advance the great object of peace on earth, and good-will among men—if I can advance the social, moral, and religious improvement of my country, and at the same time contribute to the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions!" For nearly a minute after Lord Derby had resumed his seat, the House echoed with hearty cheering, which then subsided into a loud hum of conversation; amidst which—suddenly up jumped Earl Grey! and, apparently much to the surprise of the House, proceeded to address it. Without wishing to say or to insinuate anything offensive or discourteous, we cannot help observing that there is a great contrast between the two Earls, in countenance, demeanour, and style of speaking; and the advantage is not on the side of Earl Grey. On the present occasion, he was heated and querulous. He did not rise for the purpose of noticing Lord Derby's marked silence as to colonial policy, and eliciting some indication of his views on a

* We shall never forget the tone and the look with which this solemn asseveration was uttered.

subject in which the late Colonial Secretary might have been presumed to take special interest; but he rose exactly in the spirit of a Manchester Corn-law-Exchange agitator—for the purpose of endeavouring to entangle the new Minister in a corn-law discussion! He declared that he had been filled with ‘*consternation*’ on hearing that which Lord Derby instantly rose to assure him had not been said! Notwithstanding Lord Derby explicitly repeated what he had said, Lord Grey proceeded to argue on his own repudiated version, though professing, amidst the laughter of the House, to have been “greatly relieved by the explanation!” Conceiving this to be rather too bad, the Earl of Derby rose a second time, and, in a tone of calm sarcasm, thus indicated to the House the course which his eager opponent seemed bent upon pursuing. “I have already, with the view of correcting the misapprehension of the noble Earl, stated what I believe I *did* say, and what I know I *meant* to say, and the noble Earl thereupon says he is relieved by my explanation. And then he gives a version of what he says he had understood me to say!—but what, I hope, I have satisfactorily explained to your lordships that I did *not* say; and upon that misunderstanding he is proceeding to argue, as if I had not already corrected his misapprehension!” Notwithstanding even this rebuke, delivered with a singularly expressive smile, Earl Grey returned to the charge, manifestly bent upon kindling, at the earliest possible moment, popular excitement, and “consternation” in sympathy with his own. Had he foreseen, however, what was to happen, he would probably not have risen that evening; for he called up a Peer sitting on one of the cross benches—no less a person than Earl Fitzwilliam, a powerful patron of the late Government. His appearance seemed to be welcomed with great complacency by Earl Grey and his friends; for who could doubt what Earl Fitzwilliam was about to say on the subject of a Protectionist Ministry? Of course he was going to denounce, as absurd and impracticable, their attempt to govern the country, and

to predict, in comfortable terms, the immediate resumption of office by their predecessors. But alas! what blank surprise and mortification overspread their countenances—with the exception of the Marquis of Lansdowne—when the liberal Earl proceeded to administer a stern and forcible rebuke to Earl Grey for having risen to make such a speech as his, “after the ample, frank, and honourable manner in which the noble lord at the head of the Government had stated to the House the position in which he stood, and the circumstances under which he had been induced to undertake the great task of forming an Administration! . . . I lament also, my lords, that the noble Earl, instead of taking a comprehensive view of the speech of the noble Earl [Derby,] had chosen to single out one particular topic, and that the most exciting of all. . . . I do not think the noble Earl was entitled to animadvert as he has done, upon the speech of my noble friend.” After briefly expressing his own well-known views on the subject of corn-laws, and charging both the contending parties with entertaining and fostering delusions on the subject, he proceeded to declare “the great satisfaction with which he had heard one part of the speech of the noble Earl at the head of the Government—that in which he announced that he should not carry on the bill of the late Government for altering the Parliamentary representation, because, I believe,” continued Earl Fitzwilliam, “it will not do for the Government to be continually tampering with constitutional rights. And with respect to the new Government, generally, I hope there will be no factious opposition to the measures which they intend to propose; and I think that the noble Earl has been unfairly called upon to make, within so very short a period, a farther declaration of the principles on which he intends to carry on the Government. I shall regret to see any sort of opposition which many persons out of doors will be disposed to characterise with the epithet—*factious*.” The Marquis of Clanricarde upon this rushed to the rescue of his discomfited friend—to “protest against

the censure which my noble friend has thought fit to pronounce upon the noble Earl near me;" but the feeling of the House was manifestly with Earl Fitzwilliam, who had suddenly given utterance, with admirable candour, to a great amount of that public opinion, which *has* so decisively pronounced, for itself, "out of doors." When Lord Clanricarde sate down, two grey-haired peers rose together, at the opposite end of the Opposition side of the House—the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Brougham, but the latter readily gave way; on which Lord Aberdeen, who spoke with unusual earnestness, and very impressively, declared his determined adherence to the corn-law policy of the late Sir Robert Peel, and that he should oppose any attempt to re-impose duties, under the name of either protection or revenue. He proceeded then to say, and with emphatic cordiality of manner, that he entirely concurred in every other part of the Earl of Derby's speech, especially, as we have already seen, that relating to foreign policy. "I can assure my noble friend," said Lord Aberdeen, in conclusion, "that I am fully aware of the difficulties which he has to encounter; and he may rely on receiving from me, whenever it is in my power, a cordial and most sincere support"—an announcement giving evident satisfaction to the House. Lord Brougham then rose again, evidently in a very friendly spirit towards the Earl of Derby, to express his great gratification at finding that the multifarious public and private business before Parliament was not to be interrupted by "an early dissolution, which was out of the question;" and that the subject of the corn-laws must be postponed till after the general election. He had risen, however, to ask only one question—whether the measures for law amendment could not be at once proceeded with? The Earl of Derby rose with alacrity, to answer in the affirmative; adding, "I am sure that my noble and learned friend will agree with me, that when the Lord Chancellor [Lord St Leonards] takes his seat in this House, he will apply his vigorous powers of mind to the careful consideration of all those measures which

have been recommended by the commissioners." How satisfactorily that pledge was redeemed on the very first night that Lord St Leonards presided in the House of Lords, viz., on the 12th March, our readers must be well aware. A more important speech than that which the new Lord Chancellor then delivered, has rarely been heard from any one of his predecessors; assuring the country that his vast practical knowledge of the subject should be forthwith honestly and zealously applied to the effecting a thorough radical reform in the courts, not only of Chancery, but of common law.

With the Earl of Derby's answer to Lord Brougham, the two hours' sitting of that eventful evening terminated, exactly one of those two hours having been occupied by the Earl of Derby.

No candid person who was present when the Earl delivered his speech, will hesitate to acknowledge that it produced a deep and most favourable impression. We ourselves know that the case was such with several able and determined members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons who stood at the Bar of the House of Lords; one of whom observed, "It is certainly a great speech, and likely to do Lord Derby service with the country." Mr Villiers, however, was also an auditor of the noble Earl; and might have been seen rushing from the House of Lords, and by-and-by in eager and excited conversation with that great statesman Mr Cobden; the result of which was that absurd notice of motion which, the crude product of their joint sagacity, the former gave that evening in the House of Commons, doubtless expecting that it would produce a sensation. Such, however, was not the case: it was received with but faint indications of satisfaction by his own friends; has ludicrously failed to excite attention out of doors; and is already discarded by its astute originators! It bore upon it the glaring brand of Faction; and the country is in far too serious and stern a humour, knowing what it has at stake, to tolerate either trifling or trickery on the part of those who have too long falsified public opinion, and inflicted serious injury on several of the greatest public interests.

Lord Derby's speech was characterised throughout by consummate discretion, and displayed a profound appreciation of the sense and spirit of the country. That great country has received him cordially, and in the spirit in which he had advanced to it. His most sanguine opponents must acknowledge that matters have not hitherto gone as could have been desired, and seems certainly to have been expected, by themselves. The Funds *will* not go down! and yet Lord Derby has stood on the heights, with flag unfurled, ever since the 27th February 1852—nay, ever since the 28th February 1851! He is pledged to nothing but Principles, and has wisely abstained from gratifying his factious enemies, by precipitately pledging himself to specific measures. But such he will in due time bring forward; and that they will be in strict accordance with his principles, the whole country is sure of, for it knows the firmness, honour, and consistency of his character and conduct. It also knows, and his enemies also well know, that they have to deal, in him, with a man not easily to be daunted, by even the loudest squeaks of the penny trumpets of the Manchester Anti-Corn-Law League gentry. They may rely upon it that they cannot terrify the Earl of Derby, however otherwise it may have been with one of his predecessors. They may depend upon it that he has had ample time and opportunity during the last year to ascertain the true sources of his strength and of his weakness; to mature a policy, based on settled principles; and select able men to carry it out. He has looked his dangers steadily in the face; and without affecting to underrate them, has declared his determination to encounter them with patient resolution. Our own belief is, that he possesses more extensive resources than his adversaries are at present aware of, and will use them prudently. One of these resources consists of the conviction prevalent among the vast majority of moderate men of intelligence, that if the Earl of Derby's Administration should fail to keep its place, the inevit-

able alternative is a fearful revolutionary struggle, which would shake our strongest institutions to their very foundations, and convulse society. We lament feeling constrained to express our strong belief, that Lord John Russell, conscious of having forfeited the confidence of some of his most important supporters, is prepared to throw himself unreservedly into the arms of those who, he knows, and cannot but know, will force him infinitely further than in his own recently *declared* opinion he asserted, and in his conscience he believes to be consistent with the safety of the throne, and the preservation of the liberties of the country. We believe that hundreds of thousands in this country take this justly alarming view of his position and purposes; and are prepared to encounter with a resolute "no!" the inquiry, whether he shall return again to power with *seven spirits more wicked than himself*.*

We are writing far on in the first month of the new Administration, anxiously watching the signs of the times; and are totally at a loss to discover a single symptom of national dissatisfaction or disquietude, at the establishment of a thoroughly Conservative Administration. We have noticed, on the contrary, indications of a cheerful acquiescence in the new arrangements, a contemptuous indifference to the worn-out machinery of agitation, and a quiet determination to see fair play. How foolish, indeed, and dangerous would it be to act otherwise! The late Administration crumbled gradually to pieces before the eyes of the contemptuous country, which then looked about it, and deliberately substituted the present: and do Lord John Russell and his friends really suppose that this great enlightened country is going to blow down that new Administration like a child's house built of cards?

We see, however, plainly one part of the tactics which are to be resorted to. They are based on a very natural, a perfectly intelligible, dread lest the new Ministry should be able to show the country that they understand, and can manage its affairs better

* If Lord John Russell should contrive to resume power, his cabinet would unquestionably include Messrs Villiers, Bright, Cobden, Hume, Fox, and probably Wilson. What would be the figure of the *Funds* the next morning!

than their rivals; and a suspicion that they have it in their power to go to the country, when the proper time arrives, with immense advantages, and a repetition of the result of the general election of 1841. The country, for instance, is groaning under the back-breaking pressure of the Tax upon Incomes, precariously derived from trades and professions; we know—the country knows, what is the Earl of Derby's present view of that iniquitous, that cruel, that abominable tax, which has broken many an honourable heart, and filled many a house with bitter privation, anxiety, and mortification. And why was it imposed? With what declared purpose? And has the solemnly-plighted faith been kept with the public? We have shown how Lord Derby would now answer these questions, because we have shown how he answered them in 1851. A glimpse of daylight lately broke in upon a clear-headed Liberal, as appears by the columns of that very consistent, but candid, advocate of Free Trade, the *Spectator*.* On the day after Lord Derby had delivered his speech in the House of Lords, there appeared conspicuously in that journal an ably-written letter, "*From a vigilant politician of the Liberal school*," who evidently stands high in the confidence of the editor. Let us hear this gentleman.—"Let us imagine that Lord Derby proposes a 5s. duty, together with a repeal of the Income Tax, as respects professions and trades. *The whole pill, so compounded, would be swallowed by a vast number of Free-Traders*, as well as by the bulk of the agricultural interest, glad to get anything at all in the shape of protection. There is † some little reaction of opinion about Free Trade. . . . A 5s. duty would *not* make bread 'dear.' . . . I think it probable that a general election on the proposal of a 5s. duty, combined with the aforesaid modification of the Income Tax, would yield Lord Derby a majority in the House of Commons." We are ourselves of this opinion; and believe that Lord John Russell and his friends are desperately apprehensive of the effect which may attend some such appeal to the country, and the sub-

stantial popularity which it may earn an honest and firm Government. We verily believe that great numbers of Lord John's friends, and he himself, would see with secret satisfaction the imposition of a fixed duty on foreign corn; but Lord Derby is assuredly not pledged to that particular measure; and in the most honourable manner has declared that nothing shall prevent him from submitting the great question *fairly* to the country itself, and carrying out its deliberate decision faithfully. What can mortal man—the most scrupulously conscientious of mankind—say, or do, more? That justice must be done to the suffering interests of agriculture, in some way or other, only the most blind and bigoted faction will deny, or those *whose craft is in danger*, and who are unconsciously exhibiting the extent of their selfish interest in upholding the existing system, by the large sums which they profess to have subscribed in order to stir up and keep alive agitation. The disgusting effrontery of a handful of Manchester manufacturers, in thus presuming to dictate to the country at large, is already widely appreciated, and will be more so; and Lord Derby can afford to despise it, while keeping a calm, a vigilant, a comprehensive superintendence over all the great national interests intrusted to his keeping by the Sovereign and the country.

It would be foolish to predict with confidence the result of the next general election; but if anything appears tolerably clear, it is this—that those who are resolved to take the opinion of the country on a great national question, *deliberately*, are, *ipso facto*, infinitely better entitled to its confidence than those who would precipitate such an appeal. Very little that is said by a paid agitator, like Mr Cobden, is entitled to respect; but he involuntarily spoke the truth, and disclosed his inward quaking for the result, when the other day he publicly acknowledged the great difficulty of "keeping up the enthusiasm of the people beyond a few weeks!" Does this voluble disclaimer suppose that such an admission of the truth is lost upon the great statesman now at the head of affairs?

* February 28, 1852.

† The Italics are those of the writer in the *Spectator*.

The Earl of Derby's Ministry may stand—the Earl of Derby's Ministry may fall; but the country feels that it will do either with honour, and that there will be no “paltering with it in a double sense.” We believe that it will stand, numerous and serious as are the obstacles with which it has to contend; and we also believe, that the opinion is gaining ground among even the more clear-headed of its miscellaneous enemies, that it will not be so very easy to dislodge it from the position which it has now thoroughly occupied. All its honourable opponents recognise the fair spirit in which the Earl of Derby asserted his claims to the forbearance of foes, and the indulgence of friends, while endeavouring honestly to conduct public affairs at a moment when no one else offered, or seemed able, to do so. That forbearance, that indulgence, he is justly entitled to, and, to a great extent, will receive. We

feel that we cannot go far wrong in trusting freely one who has never deceived or betrayed us, and whose whole personal and political character and conduct show that it is impossible he should ever do so. Let, then, both friends and enemies be at their ease for a while; an honourable country trusting implicitly, in a great conjuncture, to one of the most honourable of her sons. As long as he can retain the reins with safety and advantage to his gracious Mistress and the country, he will do so firmly and steadily, and not one moment longer. *But to whom will they have to be surrendered?* It is a fearful question. He is now nobly doing his duty to the country—towards the great party which is proud to see him standing at the helm of the vessel of the State. Let them, in turn, do their duty towards him who has come forward so chivalrously at their bidding; and we say, with a swelling heart,—*On, Stanley! on!*

Every line of the foregoing pages was in type, before the length and breadth of the land was thrilling with delight inspired by the Earl of Derby's splendid reappearance on the scene of the two former triumphs celebrated in those pages; and if we had written after perusing the report of the noble Earl's speech on Monday evening the 15th of March, we should not have modified a single expression, or varied a hair's-breadth from the course which we had taken, after much deliberation concerning the position and prospects of the new Administration, except perhaps in two respects:—First, to note the rapidity with which the noble Earl is visibly satisfying all the conditions, moral and intellectual, of the highest responsible statesmanship; while his noble but unhappy predecessor is dwindling down into a mere baffled tactician and partisan. At the very moment that mere petty spite and virulence were exuding from the leader of an Opposition consisting of a suddenly-fused aggregate of incompatibilities, his noble successor was ascending to a still higher vantage-ground, and calmly unfurling afresh the glittering standard of conservative statesmanship. Calm, resolute, circumspect,

the higher the altitude he has reached, and the more comprehensive the view he has taken, the stronger appears his position, the distincter his enemies' real weakness under the guise of apparent strength. It is now clear to our minds that Lord John Russell and his friends had calculated on prodigious effects springing from causes deemed by himself adequate to produce them, namely, an array of untried officials; and that confusion and “*consternation*” throughout the country which his friend Lord Grey had, to the very utmost of his little power, striven to excite, under the prospect of a suddenly-reversed commercial policy. *But it will not do.* Faction already “gins pale its ineffectual fires” before patriotism; and the star of Stanley is unquestionably at this moment in the ascendant. Passing over Lord Derby's overpowering *ad hominem* argument to Lord John Russell, reminding him of the day when he was in Lord Derby's position, and held the language which he now denounces in his successor; and the quiet contempt with which the noble Earl disposes of the little worn-out tricks of agitators and demagogues, unable to do more than develop virulent

pustules of local irritation in divers parts, without hurrying the pulse or corrupting the circulation of the general body politic, we come to the Premier's appeal to the state of the public Funds—a topic of confident congratulation in the preceding pages.* Lord Beaumont had made a piteous appeal to the new minister, on behalf of certain petitioners, complaining of the fearful consequences, apparent and apprehended, of the recent changes, and of uncertain policy. "Where," asks the cheerful Earl, speaking upwards of a fortnight after the delivery of his great speech—which we are more than ever satisfied ought to remain prominently under the eye of the country, for the guidance alike of candidates and electors in the approaching great struggle—"where are the indications of alarm, anxiety, and uncertainty? The public mind seems to be peaceable and content! Is there a more accurate barometer of public feeling than the public funds? Yet, will the noble lord point out a single moment, during the whole time the late Government was in office, when the Funds were so high, were so steady, and had a more decided tendency to advance, than they have at this moment, when, according to the noble Baron, the whole country is in a state of suspense and excitement?" *The Premier's bold challenge remained unanswered*—though Earl Grey, Lord Beaumont, and several other Peers, attempted to reply to other portions of his brilliant, overpowering, and spontaneous speech. But what said, on the ensuing afternoon, the City Article of that able, honourable, but truthful opponent of Protection, the *Sun* newspaper, which has done itself honour by its manly course during the recent crisis? While its leading article vied with the *Times* of that morning in splendid eulogy of Lord Derby's speech, and stern denunciation of the factiousness against which it had been fulminated, the dry money aspect of the question was thus faithfully indicated: "The English Funds have been very buoyant [Tuesday 16th March, 1852,] and the speech of Lord Derby has given pretty general satisfaction. *Consols have been 98½ for transfer, and 98½*

to ¼ for account!" And they have since steadily risen higher! Well might Lord Derby appeal to the beating of this "pulse," and well might discarded state doctors abstain from gainsaying the declaration of their rival!

The mention of Earl Grey's name reminds us of another coincidence between our own foregoing speculations, and the subsequent speech of Earl Derby. We noted pointedly his silence on the Colonial question—though in the provoking presence of Earl Grey. On the evening to which we are now referring, Earl Derby showed how nearly we had groped towards the truth of the case, by letting fall one or two sentences, like ominous drops of a coming storm, against which it would be prudent for Earl Grey to be looking out for shelter. Earl Derby was speaking of the presumed causes of the late Ministry's fall. "When the division on the Militia Bill had taken place, it was the ostensible cause; *the real cause may be different—and perhaps the noble Earl [Grey] whom I see taking notes, may be cognisant of the real cause!*" Let us hope that when the day of reckoning shall have arrived, that insulted and outraged veteran, Sir Harry Smith, will, amidst the indignant sympathy of the whole country, be alive and present, to witness Lord Derby's squaring of accounts with the late Colonial Secretary.

The whole of Earl Derby's second manifesto is pervaded by a mingled tone of moderation and resolution, eminently calculated to win the favour of those on whose *fiat* all ministers must depend—the enlightened public. Some days have elapsed since we penned the preceding pages of this article; and during that interval, having carefully watched the current of events, we declare that all our previous conclusions, not hastily arrived at, are confirmed—that the Earl of Derby will surmount his difficulties, and baffle his desperate, and, we regret being forced to say it, unscrupulous parliamentary opponents. His spirit is thoroughly English. As a people, we love courage, hate injustice, and despise trickery; and every day, every hour's experience shows that

* *Ante*, p. 405.

it is a vile combination of trickery and injustice with which the noble Premier has to deal. With one topic more, we close our article. The tactics of the Opposition, as far as developed on the evening of Monday the 15th March — especially in the House of Commons, where Sir James Graham was to be seen publicly and eagerly bidding for revolutionary support—to our eye clearly indicate that their trump card is — a premature dissolution, and on one particular question, selected by themselves—and framed so as to admit of their war-cry being, as of old, “bread-tax—cheap bread!” It is evident, however, that here is a little reckoning without the host; who has a few words of serious import to say upon the matter. Earl Derby was at that precise moment announcing elsewhere, in resolute and well-weighted terms, that he will “go to the country,” in his own way—and bring out broadly, for the decision of the country, two distinct entire systems of general policy, domestic and foreign, and the conduct and pretensions of the two classes of men—himself and his opponents—concerned in working them out. We invite earnest attention to every word of the ensuing three paragraphs. As to the question concerning a *Duty on Foreign corn*, nothing can be more assuring to his friends, more decisive of waverers, and more embarrassing to enemies, than the following single sentence:—

“I shall leave it to the general concurrence of the country, without which I shall not bring forward that proposition (*loud and general cheering*); and I will not, by a bare majority, force on the country a measure against which a great proportion of the country shall have expressed an opinion.” (*Here the cheering was renewed.*) That declaration alone takes the wind out of the sails of the enemy. As to being goaded into an immediate dissolution:—

“I say that the appeal to the country ought to be made as early as the great interests of the country will permit; but I say further—that, so far as I am individually concerned, no taunt, no challenge, no difficulties to which I may be subjected, no mortification to which I may be exposed, shall induce me to recommend to my Sovereign that the

dissolution of Parliament, however anxious I may be for a decision, shall take place AN HOUR SOONER than those great and paramount interests render necessary.” We wish that every member of the House of Commons had been bodily transported into the House of Lords, to observe, and meditate upon, the tone and air, indicative of inflexible purpose, with which this sentence was delivered.

It was, however, the last paragraph of his address, which, weightily worded, and magnificently delivered, carried away the whole House, and has produced a commensurate effect upon the public mind. “We are threatened with far more serious difficulties than opposition to the imposition of a five shilling, six shilling, or seven shilling duty on corn. It is a question whether the government of this country can be carried on, and on what principles, and through what medium; and when I shall appeal to the country, I shall do so on this ground—Will you, who desire well to all the interests of the country, place your confidence in, and give your support to a Government which, in the House of Lords, did not hesitate to take the post of danger, when the helmsman had left the helm? (*Great cheering.*) Will you support a Government which is against hostile attacks; which will maintain the peace of the world; which will uphold the Protestant institutions of the country; which will give strength, and increased power, to religious and moral education throughout the land; and which will exert itself, moreover, I will not hesitate to say, to oppose some barrier against the current, continually encroaching, of democratic influence, which would throw power *nominally*, into the hands of the masses, *practically*, into those of the demagogues who lead them? Will you resist a Government which desires to oppose that noxious and dangerous influence, and to maintain the prerogative of the Crown, the rights of your lordships’ House, and the privileges of the other freely-elected and fairly-represented House of Parliament?”

“*These* are the principles on which I shall make my appeal, on behalf of myself and colleagues; and in words which are placed in the mouths of the meanest felons in the dock.

which are not unworthy of the lips of a First Minister of the Crown, 'I elect that we shall be tried by God, and our country!'"

It is recorded by some of the Journals, that this noble appeal, with which the Earl of Derby sate down, was received "with tremendous cheering"—a reception it richly deserved: and a similar one it deserves, and will receive, and is receiving already, in every loyal and patriotic assemblage which may have an opportunity of considering it, throughout the nation. It contains the exact issue to be ere long decided by the country. A very solemn issue it is, fraught with momentous consequences, alike to Sovereign and subject—an issue of enormously larger proportions than those to which Lord Derby's enemies

seek so eagerly to reduce it. This pregnant paragraph ought to be a kind of watchword during the coming fight. It shows a distinct perception by the speaker of a fact indicated by ourselves in the preceding pages—that Lord Derby's Government is separated from its predecessors, and its present newly-combined opponents, by a GREAT GULF. That gulf is REVOLUTION; and every moderate politician and staunch lover of his country, without respect to Whig or Tory, Protectionist or Free-Trader, at this moment has that gulf yawning before his eyes.

We see a signal beauty and force in the Earl of Derby's concluding reference to a formula of our ancient criminal jurisprudence: and completing that reference, we fervently add—"God send thee A GOOD DELIVERANCE!"

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK X. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER X.

THE next morning Harley appeared at breakfast. He was in gay spirits, and conversed more freely with Violante than he had yet done. He seemed to amuse himself by attacking all she said, and provoking her to argument. Violante was naturally a very earnest person; whether grave or gay, she spoke with her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes. She did not yet comprehend the light vein of Harley's irony; so she grew piqued and chafed; and she was so lovely in anger; it so brightened her beauty and animated her words, that no wonder Harley thus maliciously teased her. But what, perhaps, she liked still less than the teasing—though she could not tell why—was the kind of familiarity that Harley assumed with her—a familiarity as if he had known her all her life—that of a good-humoured elder brother, or a bachelor uncle. To Helen, on the contrary, when he did not address her apart, his manner was more respectful. He did not call *her* by her Christian name, as he did Violante, but "Miss Digby," and softened his tone and inclined his head when he spoke to her. Nor did he presume to jest at the very few and brief sentences he

drew from Helen; but rather listened to them with deference, and invariably honoured them with approval. After breakfast he asked Violante to play or sing; and when she frankly owned how little she had cultivated those accomplishments, he persuaded Helen to sit down to the piano, and stood by her side while she did so, turning over the leaves of her music-book with the ready devotion of an admiring amateur. Helen always played well, but less well than usual that day, for her generous nature felt abashed. It was as if she was showing off to mortify Violante. But Violante, on the other hand, was so passionately fond of music that she had no feeling left for the sense of her own inferiority. Yet she sighed when Helen rose, and Harley thanked her for the delight she had given him.

The day was fine. Lady Lansmere proposed to walk in the garden. While the ladies went up-stairs for their shawls and bonnets, Harley lighted his cigar, and stepped from the window upon the lawn. Lady Lansmere joined him before the girls came out.

"Harley," said she, taking his arm, "what a charming companion you have introduced to us! I never met

with any that both pleased and delighted me like this dear *Violante*. Most girls who possess some power of conversation, and who have dared to think for themselves, are so pedantic, or so masculine; but *she* is always so simple, and always still the girl. Ah, *Harley*!

"Why that sigh, my dear mother?"

"I was thinking how exactly she would have suited you—how proud I should have been of such a daughter-in-law—and how happy you would have been with such a wife."

Harley started. "Tut," said he, peevishly, "she is a mere child; you forget my years."

"Why," said *Lady Lansmere*, surprised, "Helen is quite as young as *Violante*."

"In dates—yes. But Helen's character is so staid;—what it is now it will be ever; and Helen, from gratitude, respect, or pity, condescends to accept the ruins of my heart;—while this bright Italian has the soul of a Juliet, and would expect in a husband all the passion of a Romeo. Nay, mother, hush. Do you forget that I am engaged—and of my own free will and choice? Poor dear Helen! Apropos, have you spoken to my father, as you undertook to do?"

"Not yet. I must seize the right moment. You know that my lord requires management."

"My dear mother, that female notion of managing us, men, costs you, ladies, a great waste of time, and occasions us a great deal of sorrow. Men are easily managed by plain truth. We are brought up to respect it, strange as it may seem to you!"

Lady Lansmere smiled with the air of superior wisdom, and the experience of an accomplished wife. "Leave it to me, *Harley*; and rely on my lord's consent."

Harley knew that *Lady Lansmere* always succeeded in obtaining her way with his father; and he felt that the Earl might naturally be disappointed in such an alliance, and, without due propitiation, evince that disappointment in his manner to Helen. *Harley* was bound to save her from all chance of such humiliation. He did not wish her to think that she was not welcomed into his family; therefore he said, "I resign myself to your promise and

your diplomacy. Meanwhile, as you love me, be kind to my betrothed."

"Am I not so?"

"Hem. Are you as kind as if she were the great heiress you believe *Violante* to be?"

"Is it," answered *Lady Lansmere*, evading the question—"is it because one is an heiress and the other is not that you make so marked a difference in your own manner to the two; treating *Violante* as a spoiled child, and Miss Digby as"—

"The destined wife of Lord L'Estrange, and the daughter-in-law of *Lady Lansmere*—yes."

The Countess suppressed an impatient exclamation that rose to her lips, for *Harley's* brow wore that serious aspect which it rarely assumed save when he was in those moods in which men must be soothed, not resisted. And after a pause he went on—"I am going to leave you to-day. I have engaged apartments at the Clarendon. I intend to gratify your wish, so often expressed, that I should enjoy what are called the pleasures of my rank, and the privileges of single-blessedness—celebrate my adieu to celibacy, and blaze once more, with the splendour of a setting sun, upon Hyde Park and May Fair."

"You are a positive enigma. Leave our house, just when you are betrothed to its inmate! Is that the natural conduct of a lover?"

"How can your woman eyes be so dull, and your woman heart so obtuse?" answered *Harley*, half-laughing, half-scolding. "Can you not guess that I wish that Helen and myself should both lose the association of mere ward and guardian; that the very familiarity of our intercourse under the same roof almost forbids us to be lovers; that we lose the joy to meet, and the pang to part. Don't you remember the story of the Frenchman, who for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. 'I wish you joy,' cried his friend; 'you may now marry the woman you have so long adored.' 'Alas,' said the poor Frenchman, profoundly dejected; 'and if so, where shall I spend my evenings?'"

Here *Violante* and Helen were seen in the garden, walking affectionately, arm in arm.

"I don't perceive the point of your witty, heartless anecdote," said Lady Lansmere, obstinately. "Settle that, however, with Miss Digby. But, to leave the very day after your friend's daughter comes as a guest!—what will *she* think of it?"

Lord L'Estrange looked steadfastly at his mother. "Does it matter much what she thinks of me?—of a man engaged to another; and old enough to be—"

"I wish to Heaven you would not talk of your age, Harley; it is a reflection upon mine; and I never saw you look so well nor so handsome." With that, she drew him on towards the young ladies; and, taking Helen's arm, asked her, aside, "if she knew that Lord L'Estrange had engaged rooms at the Clarendon; and if she understood why?" As, while she said this she moved on, Harley was left by Violante's side.

"You will be very dull here, I fear, my poor child," said he.

"Dull! But why *will* you call me child? Am I so very—very child-like?"

"Certainly, you are to me—a mere infant. Have I not seen you one; have I not held you in my arms?"

VIOLANTE.—"But that was a long time ago!"

HARLEY.—"True. But if years have not stood still for you, they have not been stationary for me. There is the same difference between us now that there was then. And, therefore, permit me still to call you child, and as child to treat you!"

VIOLANTE.—"I will do no such thing. Do you know that I always thought I was good-tempered till this morning."

HARLEY.—"And what undeceived you? Did you break your doll?"

VIOLANTE, (with an indignant flash from her dark eyes).—"There!—again!—you delight in provoking me!"

HARLEY.—"It *was* the doll, then. Don't cry; I will get you another."

Violante plucked her arm from him, and walked away towards the Count-

ess in speechless scorn. Harley's brow contracted, in thought and in gloom. He stood still for a moment or so, and then joined the ladies.

"I am trespassing sadly on your morning; but I wait for a visiter whom I sent to before you were up. He is to be here at twelve. With your permission, I will dine with you to-morrow, and you will invite him to meet me."

"Certainly. And who is your friend? I guess—the young author?"

"Leonard Fairfield," cried Violante, who had conquered, or felt ashamed, of her short-lived anger.

"Fairfield!" repeated Lady Lansmere. "I thought, Harley, you said the name was Oran."

"He has assumed the latter name. He is the son of Mark Fairfield, who married an Avenel. Did you recognise no family likeness?—none in those eyes,—mother?" said Harley, sinking his voice into a whisper.

"No," answered the Countess, falteringly.

Harley, observing that Violante was now speaking to Helen about Leonard, and that neither was listening to him, resumed in the same low tone, "And his mother—Nora's sister—shrank from seeing me! That is the reason why I wished you not to call. She has not told the young man *why* she shrank from seeing me; nor have I explained it to him as yet. Perhaps I never shall."

"Indeed, dearest Harley," said the Countess, with great gentleness, "I wish you too much to forget the folly—well, I will not say that word—the sorrows, of your boyhood, not to hope that you will rather strive against such painful memories than renew them by unnecessary confidence to any one; least of all to the relation of—"

"Enough!—don't name her; the very name pains me. And as to confidence, there are but two persons in the world to whom I ever bare the old wounds—yourself and Egerton. Let this pass. Ha!—a ring at the bell—that is he!"

CHAPTER XI.

Leonard entered on the scene, and joined the party in the garden. The Countess, perhaps to please her son, was more than civil—she was mark-

edly kind to him. She noticed him more attentively than she had hitherto done; and, with all her prejudices of birth, was struck to find the

son of Mark Fairfield the carpenter so thoroughly the gentleman. He might not have the exact tone and phrase by which Convention stereotypes those born and schooled in a certain world; but the aristocrats of Nature can dispense with such trite minutiae. And Leonard had lived, of late at least, in the best society that exists, for the polish of language and the refinement of manners,—the society in which the most graceful ideas are clothed in the most graceful forms—the society which really, though indirectly, gives the law to courts—the society of the most classic authors, in the various ages in which literature has flowered forth from civilisation. And if there was something in the exquisite sweetness of Leonard's voice, look, and manner, which the Countess acknowledged to attain that perfection in high breeding,

which, under the name of "suavity," steals its way into the heart, so her interest in him was aroused by a certain subdued melancholy which is rarely without distinction, and never without charm. He and Helen exchanged but few words. There was but one occasion in which they could have spoken apart, and Helen herself contrived to elude it. His face brightened at Lady Lansmere's cordial invitation, and he glanced at Helen as he accepted it; but her eye did not meet his own.

"And now," said Harley, whistling to Nero, whom his ward was silently caressing, "I must take Leonard away. Adieu! all of you, till to-morrow at dinner. Miss Violante, is the doll to have blue eyes or black?"

Violante turned her own black eyes in mute appeal to Lady Lansmere, and nestled to that lady's side as if in refuge from unworthy insult.

CHAPTER XII.

"Let the carriage go to the Clarendon," said Harley to his servant; "I and Mr Oran will walk to town. Leonard, I think you would rejoice at an occasion to serve your old friends, Dr Riccabocca and his daughter?"

"Serve them! O yes." And there instantly returned to Leonard the recollection of Violante's words when, on leaving his quiet village he had sighed to part from all those he loved; and the little dark-eyed girl had said proudly, yet consolingly, "But to serve those you love!" He turned to L'Estrange with beaming inquisitive eyes.

"I said to our friend," resumed Harley, "that I would vouch for your honour as my own. I am about to prove my words, and to confide the secrets which your penetration has indeed divined;—our friend is not what he seems." Harley then briefly related to Leonard the particulars of the exile's history, the rank he had held in his native land, the manner in which, partly through the misrepresentations of a kinsman he had trusted, partly through the influence of a wife he had loved, he had been driven into schemes which he believed bounded to the emancipation of Italy from a foreign yoke by the united exertions of her best and bravest sons.

"A noble ambition," interrupted Leonard, manfully. "And pardon

me, my lord, I should not have thought that you would speak of it in a tone that implies blame."

"The ambition in itself was noble," answered Harley. "But the cause to which it was devoted became defiled in its dark channel through Secret Societies. It is the misfortune of all miscellaneous political combinations, that with the purest motives of their more generous members are ever mixed the most sordid interests, and the fiercest passions of mean confederates. When those combinations act openly, and in daylight, under the eye of Public Opinion, the healthier elements usually prevail; where they are shrouded in mystery—where they are subjected to no censor in the discussion of the impartial and dispassionate—where chiefs working in the dark exact blind obedience, and every man who is at war with law is at once admitted as a friend of freedom—the history of the world tells us that patriotism soon passes away. Where all is in public, public virtue, by the natural sympathies of the common mind, and by the wholesome control of shame, is likely to obtain ascendancy; where all is in private, and shame is but for him who refuses the abnegation of his conscience, each man seeks the indulgence of his private vice. And

hence, in Secret Societies, (from which may yet proceed great danger to all Europe,) we find but foul and hateful Eleusinia, affording pretexts to the ambition of the great, to the license of the penniless, to the passions of the revengeful, to the anarchy of the ignorant. In a word, the societies of these Italian Carbonari did but engender schemes in which the abler chiefs disguised new forms of despotism, and in which the revolutionary many looked forward to the overthrow of all the institutions that stand between Law and Chaos. Naturally, therefore," (added L'Estrange, dryly,) "when their schemes were detected, and the conspiracy foiled, it was for the silly honest men entrapped into the league to suffer—the leaders turned king's evidence, and the common mercenaries became—banditti." Harley then proceeded to state that it was just when the *soi-disant* Riccabocca had discovered the true nature and ulterior views of the conspirators he had joined, and actually withdrawn from their councils, that he was denounced by the kinsman who had duped him into the enterprise, and who now profited by his treason. Harley next spoke of the packet despatched by Riccabocca's dying wife, as it was supposed, to Mrs Bertram; and of the hopes he founded on the contents of that packet, if discovered. He then referred to the design which had brought Peschiera to England—a design which that personage had avowed with such effrontery to his companions at Vienna, that he had publicly laid wagers on his success.

"But these men can know nothing of England—of the safety of English laws," said Leonard, naturally. "We take it for granted that Riccabocca, if I am still so to call him, refuses his consent to the marriage between his daughter and his foe. Where, then, the danger? This Count, even if Violante were not under your mother's roof, could not get an opportunity to see her. He could not attack the house and carry her off like a feudal baron in the middle ages."

"All this is very true," answered Harley. "Yet I have found through life that we cannot estimate danger by external circumstances, but by the character of those from whom it

is threatened. This Count is a man of singular audacity, of no mean natural talents—talents practised in every art of duplicity and intrigue; one of those men whose boast it is that they succeed in whatever they undertake; and he is, here, urged on the one hand by all that can whet the avarice, and on the other, by all that can give invention to despair. Therefore, though I cannot guess what plan he may possibly adopt, I never doubt that some plan, formed with cunning and pursued with daring, will be embraced the moment he discovers Violante's retreat, unless, indeed, we can forestall all peril by the restoration of her father, and the detection of the fraud and falsehood to which Peschiera owes the fortune he appropriates. Thus, while we must prosecute to the utmost our inquiries for the missing documents, so it should be our care to possess ourselves, if possible, of such knowledge of the Count's machinations as may enable us to defeat them. Now, it was with satisfaction that I learned in Germany that Peschiera's sister was in London. I know enough both of his disposition and of the intimacy between himself and this lady, to make me think it probable he will seek to make her his instrument and accomplice, should he require one. Peschiera (as you may suppose by his audacious wager) is not one of those secret villains who would cut off their right hand if it could betray the knowledge of what was done by the left—rather one of those self-confident vaunting knaves, of high animal spirits, and conscience so obtuse that it clouds their intellect—who must have some one to whom they can boast of their abilities and confide their projects. And Peschiera has done all he can to render this poor woman so wholly dependent on him, as to be his slave and his tool. But I have learned certain traits in her character that show it to be impressionable to good, and with tendencies to honour. Peschiera had taken advantage of the admiration she excited, some years ago, in a rich young Englishman, to entice this admirer into gambling, and sought to make his sister both a decoy and an instrument in his designs of plunder. She did not encourage the addresses of our

countryman, but she warned him of the snare laid for him, and entreated him to leave the place lest her brother should discover and punish her honesty. The Englishman told me this himself. In fine, my hope of detaching this poor lady from Peschiera's interests, and inducing her to forewarn us of his purpose, consists but in the innocent, and, I hope, laudable artifice, of redeeming herself—of appealing to, and calling into disused exercise, the better springs of her nature."

Leonard listened with admiration and some surprise to the singularly subtle and sagacious insight into character which Harley evinced in the brief clear strokes by which he had thus depicted Peschiera and Beatrice, and was struck by the boldness with which Harley rested a whole system of action upon a few deductions drawn from his reasonings on human motive and characteristic bias. Leonard had not expected to find so much practical acuteness in a man who, however accomplished, usually seemed indifferent, dreamy, and abstracted to the ordinary things of life. But Harley L'Estrange was one of those whose powers lie dormant till circumstance applies to them all they need for activity—the stimulant of a motive.

Harley resumed—"After a conversation I had with the lady last night, it occurred to me that in this part of our diplomacy you could render us essential service. Madame di Negra—such is the sister's name—has conceived an admiration for your genius, and a strong desire to know you personally. I have promised to present you to her; and I shall do so after a preliminary caution. The lady is very handsome, and very fascinating. It is possible that your heart and your senses may not be proof against her attractions."

"O, do not fear that!" exclaimed Leonard, with a tone of conviction so earnest that Harley smiled.

"Forewarned is not always forearmed against the might of Beauty, my dear Leonard; so I cannot at once accept your assurance. But listen to me: Watch yourself narrowly, and if you find that you are likely to be captivated, promise, on your honour, to retreat at once from the field. I

have no right, for the sake of another, to expose you to danger; and Madame di Negra, whatever may be her good qualities, is the last person I should wish to see you in love with."

"In love with her! Impossible!"

"Impossible is a strong word," returned Harley; "still, I own fairly (and this belief alone warrants me in trusting you to her fascinations) that I do think, as far as one man can judge of another, that she is not the woman to attract you; and, if filled by one pure and generous object in your intercourse with her, you will see her with purged eyes. Still I claim your promise as one of honour."

"I give it," said Leonard positively. "But how can I serve Ricca-bocca? How aid in—"

"Thus," interrupted Harley. "The spell of your writings is, that, unconsciously to ourselves, they make us better and nobler. And your writings are but the impressions struck off from your mind. Your conversation, when you are roused, has the same effect. And as you grow more familiar with Madame di Negra, I wish you to speak of your boyhood, your youth. Describe the exile as you have seen him—so touching amidst his foibles, so grand amidst the petty privations of his fallen fortunes, so benevolent while poring over his hateful Machiavel, so stingsless in his wisdom of the serpent, so playfully astute in his innocence of the dove—I leave the picture to your knowledge of humour and pathos. Describe Violante brooding over her Italian poets, and filled with dreams of her fatherland; describe her with all the flashes of her princely nature, shining forth through humble circumstance and obscure position; waken in your listener compassion, respect, admiration for her kindred exiles;—and I think our work is done. She will recognise evidently those whom her brother seeks. She will question you closely where you met with them—where they now are. Protect that secret: say at once that it is not your own. Against your descriptions and the feelings they excite, she will not be guarded as against mine. And there are other reasons why your influence over this woman of mixed nature may be more direct and effectual than my own."

"Nay, I cannot conceive that."

"Believe it, without asking me to explain," answered Harley.

For he did not judge it necessary to say to Leonard, "I am high-born and wealthy—you a peasant's son, and living by your exertions. This woman is ambitious and distressed. She might have projects on me that would counteract mine on her. You she would but listen to, and receive, through the sentiments of good or of poetical that are in her—you she would have no interest to subjugate, no motive to ensnare."

"And now," said Harley, turning the subject, "I have another object in view. This foolish sage friend of ours, in his bewilderment and fears, has sought to save Violante from one rogue by promising her hand to a man who, unless my instincts deceive me, I suspect much disposed to be another. Sacrifice such exuberance of life and spirit to that bloodless heart, to that cold and earthward intellect! By Heavens, it shall not be!"

"But whom can the exile possibly have seen of birth and fortunes to render him a fitting spouse for his daughter? Whom, my lord, except yourself?"

"Me!" exclaimed Harley, angrily, and changing colour. "I worthy of such a creature? I—with my habits! I—silken egotist that I am! And you, a poet, to form such an estimate of one who might be the queen of a poet's dream!"

"My lord, when we sate the other night round Riccabocca's hearth—when I heard her speak, and observed you listen, I said to myself, from such knowledge of human nature as comes, we know not how, to us poets—I said, 'Harley L'Estrange has looked long and wistfully on the heavens, and he now hears the murmur of the wings that can waft him towards them.' And then I sighed, for I thought how the world rules us all in spite of ourselves. And I said, 'What pity for both, that the exile's daughter is not the worldly equal of the peer's son!' And you too sighed, as I thus thought; and I fancied that, while

you listened to the music of the wing, you felt the iron of the chain. But the exile's daughter is your equal in birth, and you are hers in heart and in soul."

"My poor Leonard, you rave," answered Harley, calmly. "And if Violante is not to be some young prince's bride, she should be some young poet's."

"Poet's! O, no!" said Leonard, with a gentle laugh. "Poets need repose where *they* love!"

Harley was struck by the answer, and mused over it in silence. "I comprehend," thought he; "it is a new light that dawns on me. What is needed by the man, whose whole life is one strain after glory—whose soul sinks, in fatigue, to the companionship of earth—is not the love of a nature like his own. He is right—it is repose! While I, it is true! Boy that he is, his intuitions are wiser than all my experience! It is excitement—energy—elevation, that Love should bestow on me. But I have chosen; and, at least, with Helen my life will be calm, and my hearth sacred. Let the rest sleep in the same grave as my youth."

"But," said Leonard, wishing kindly to arouse his noble friend from a reverie which he felt was mournful, though he did not divine its true cause—"but you have not yet told me the name of the Signora's suitor. May I know?"

"Probably one you never heard of. Randal Leslie—a placeman. You refused a place;—you were right."

"Randal Leslie? Heaven forbid!" cried Leonard, revealing his surprise at the name.

"Amen! But what do you know of him?"

Leonard related the story of Burley's pamphlet.

Harley seemed delighted to hear his suspicions of Randal confirmed. "The paltry pretender!—and yet I fancied that he might be formidable! However, we must dismiss him for the present;—we are approaching Madame di Negra's house. Prepare yourself, and remember your promise."

CHAPTER XIII.

Somedays have passed by. Leonard and Beatrice di Negra have already

made friends. Harley is satisfied with his young friend's report. He him-

self has been actively occupied. He has sought, but hitherto in vain, all trace of Mrs Bertram; he has put that investigation into the hands of his lawyer, and his lawyer has not been more fortunate than himself. Moreover, Harley has blazed forth again in the London world, and promises again *de faire fureur*; but he has always found time to spend some hours in the twenty-four at his father's house. He has continued much the same tone with Violante, and she begins to accustom herself to it, and reply saucily. His calm courtship to Helen flows on in silence. Leonard, too, has been a frequent guest at the Lausmeres': all welcome and like him there. Peschiera has not evinced any sign of the deadly machinations ascribed to him. He goes less into the drawing-room world: he meets Lord L'Estrange there; and brilliant and handsome though Peschiera be, Lord L'Estrange, like Rob Roy Macgregor, is "on his native heath," and has the decided advantage over the foreigner. Peschiera, however, shines in the clubs, and plays high. Still scarcely an evening passes in which he and Baron Levy do not meet.

Audley Egerton has been intensely occupied with affairs. Only seen once by Harley. Harley then was about to deliver himself of his sentiments respecting Randal Leslie, and to communicate the story of Burley and the pamphlet. Egerton stopped him short.

"My dear Harley, don't try to set me against this young man. I wish to hear nothing in his disfavour. In the first place, it would not alter the line of conduct I mean to adopt with regard to him. He is my wife's kinsman; I charged myself with his career, as a wish of hers, and therefore as a duty to myself. In attaching him so young to my own fate, I drew him necessarily away from the professions in which his industry and talents (for he has both in no common degree) would have secured his fortunes; therefore, be he bad, be he good, I shall try to provide for him as I best can; and, moreover, cold as I am to him, and worldly though perhaps he be, I have somehow or other conceived an interest in him—a liking to him. He has been under my roof, he is dependent on me; he has been docile and prudent, and I am a lone

childless man; therefore, spare him, since in so doing you spare me; and ah, Harley, I have so many cares on me now, that—"

"O, say no more, my dear, dear Audley," cried the generous friend; "how little people know you!"

Audley's hand trembled. Certainly his nerves began to show wear and tear.

Meanwhile, the object of this dialogue—the type of perverted intellect—of mind without heart—of knowledge which had no aim but power—was in a state of anxious perturbed gloom. He did not know whether wholly to believe Levy's assurance of his patron's ruin. He could not believe it when he saw that great house in Grosvenor Square, its hall crowded with lacqueys, its sideboard blazing with plate; when no dun was ever seen in the antechamber; when not a tradesman was ever known to call twice for a bill. He hinted to Levy the doubts all these phenomena suggested to him; but the Baron only smiled ominously and said—

"True, the tradesmen are always paid; but the *how* is the question! Randal, *mon cher*, you are too innocent. I have but two pieces of advice to suggest, in the shape of two proverbs—'Wise rats run from a falling house,' and 'Make hay while the sun shines.' Apropos, Mr Avenel likes you greatly, and has been talking of the borough of Lansmere for you. He has contrived to get together a great interest there. Make much of him."

Randal had indeed been to Mrs Avenel's *soirée dansante*, and called twice and found her at home, and been very bland and civil, and admired the children. She had two, a boy and a girl, very like their father, with open faces as bold as brass. And as all this had won Mrs Avenel's good graces, so it had propitiated her husband's. Avenel was shrewd enough to see how clever Randal was. He called him "smart," and said "he would have got on in America," which was the highest praise Dick Avenel ever accorded to any man. But Dick himself looked a little careworn; and this was the first year in which he had murmured at the bills of his wife's dressmaker, and said with an oath, that "there was such a thing as going *too much* ahead."

Randal had visited Dr Riccabocca, and found Violante flown. True to his promise to Harley, the Italian refused to say where, and suggested, as was agreed, that for the present it would be more prudent if Randal suspended his visits to himself. Leslie, not liking this proposition, attempted to make himself still necessary, by working on Riccabocca's fears as to that espionage on his retreat, which had been among the reasons that had hurried the sage into offering Randal Violante's hand. But Riccabocca had already learned that the fancied spy was but his neighbour Leonard; and, without so saying, he cleverly contrived to make the supposition of such espionage an additional reason for the cessation of Leslie's visits. Randal, then, in his own artful, quiet, roundabout way, had sought to find out if any communication had passed between L'Estrange and Riccabocca. Brooding over Harley's words to him, he suspected there had been such communication, with his usual penetrating astuteness. Riccabocca, here, was less on his guard, and rather parried the sidelong questions than denied their inferences.

Randal began already to surmise the truth. Where was it likely Violante should go but to the Lansmeres? This confirmed his idea of Harley's pretensions to her hand. With such a rival what chance had he? Randal never doubted for a moment that the pupil of Machiavel would 'throw him over,' if such an alliance to his daughter really presented itself. The schemer at once discarded from his project all further aim on Violante: either she would be poor, and he would not have her; or she would be rich, and her father would give her to another. As his heart had never been touched by the fair Italian, so the moment her inheritance became more than doubtful, it gave him no pang to lose her; but he did feel very sore and resentful at the thought of

being supplanted by Lord L'Estrange, the man who had insulted him.

Neither, as yet, had Randal made any way in his designs on Frank. For several days Madame di Negra had not been at home, either to himself or young Hazeldean; and Frank, though very unhappy, was piqued and angry; and Randal suspected, and suspected, and suspected, he knew not exactly what, but that the devil was not so kind to him there as that father of lies ought to have been to a son so dutiful. Yet, with all these discouragements, there was in Randal Leslie so dogged and determined a conviction of his own success—there was so great a tenacity of purpose under obstacles, and so vigilant an eye upon all chances that could be turned to his favour, that he never once abandoned hope, nor did more than change the details in his main schemes. Out of calculations apparently the most far-fetched and improbable, he had constructed a patient policy, to which he obstinately clung. How far his reasonings and patience served to his ends, remains yet to be seen. But could our contempt for the baseness of Randal himself be separated from the faculties which he elaborately degraded to the service of that baseness, one might allow that there was something one could scarcely despise in this still self-reliance, this inflexible resolve. Had such qualities, aided as they were by abilities of no ordinary acuteness, been applied to objects commonly honest, one would have backed Randal Leslie against any fifty picked prizemen from the colleges. But there are judges of weight and metal, who do that now, especially Baron Levy, who says to himself as he eyes that pale face all intellect, and that spare form all nerve, "This is a man who must make way in life; he is worth helping."

By the words "worth helping," Baron Levy meant "worth getting into my power, that he may help me."

CHAPTER XIV.

But Parliament had met. Events that belong to history had contributed yet more to weaken the administration. Randal Leslie's interest became absorbed in politics; for the stake *to him* was his whole political career.

Should Audley lose office, and for good, Audley could aid him no more; but to abandon his patron, as Levy recommended, and pin himself, in the hope of a seat in Parliament, to a stranger—an obscure stranger, like

Dick Avenel—that was a policy not to be adopted at a breath. Meanwhile, almost every night, when the House met, that pale face and spare form, which Levy so identified with shrewdness and energy, might be seen amongst the benches appropriated to those more select strangers who obtained the Speaker's order of admission. There Randal heard the great men of that day, and with the half contemptuous surprise at their fame, which is common enough amongst clever, well-educated young men, who know not what it is to speak in the House of Commons. He heard much slovenly English, much trite reasoning, some eloquent thoughts, and close argument, often delivered in a jerking tone of voice, (popularly called the Parliamentary *twang*,) and often accompanied by gesticulations that would have shocked the manager of a provincial theatre. He thought how much better than these great dons (with but one or two exceptions) he himself could speak—with what more refined logic—with what more polished periods—how much more like Cicero and Burke! Very probably he might have so spoken, and for that very reason have made that deadeast of all dead failures—an excellent spoken essay. One thing, however, he was obliged to own, viz., that in a popular representative assembly it is not precisely knowledge which is power, or if knowledge, it is but the knowledge of that particular assembly, and what will best take with it;—passion, invective, sarcasm, bold declamation, shrewd common sense, the readiness so rarely found in a very profound mind—he owned that all these were the qualities that told; when a man who exhibited nothing but “knowledge,” in the ordinary sense of the word, stood an imminent chance of being coughed down.

There at his left—last but one in the row of the ministerial chiefs—Randal watched Audley Egerton, his arms folded on his breast, his hat drawn over his brows, his eyes fixed with steady courage on whatever speaker in the Opposition held possession of the floor. And twice Randal heard Egerton speak, and marvelled much at the effect that minister produced. For of those qualities enumerated

above, and which Randal had observed to be most sure of success, Audley Egerton only exhibited to a marked degree—the common sense, and the readiness. And yet, though but little applauded by noisy cheers, no speaker seemed more to satisfy friends, and command respect from foes. The true secret was this, which Randal might well not divine, since that young person, despite his ancient birth, his Eton rearing, and his refined air, was not one of Nature's gentlemen;—the true secret was, that Audley Egerton moved, looked, and spoke, like a thorough gentleman of England. A gentleman of more than average talents and of long experience, speaking his sincere opinions—not a rhetorician aiming at effect. Moreover, Egerton was a consummate man of the world. He said, with nervous simplicity, what his party desired to be said, and put what his opponents felt to be the strong points of the case. Calm and decorous, yet spirited and energetic, with little variety of tone, and action subdued and rare, but yet signalised by earnest vigour, Audley Egerton impressed the understanding of the dullest, and pleased the taste of the most fastidious.

But once, when allusions were made to a certain popular question, on which the premier had announced his resolution to refuse all concession, and on the expediency of which it was announced that the cabinet was nevertheless divided—and when such allusions were coupled with direct appeals to Mr Egerton, as “the enlightened member of a great commercial constituency,” and with a flattering doubt that “that right honourable gentleman, member for that great city, identified with the cause of the Burgher class, could be so far behind the spirit of the age as his official chief,”—Randal observed that Egerton drew his hat still more closely over his brows and turned to whisper with one of his colleagues. He could not be *got up* to speak.

That evening Randal walked home with Egerton, and intimated his surprise that the minister had declined what seemed to him a good occasion for one of those brief, weighty replies by which Audley was chiefly distin-

guished, an occasion to which he had been loudly invited by the "hears" of the House.

"Leslie," answered the statesman briefly, "I owe all my success in Parliament to this rule—I have never spoken against my convictions. I intend to abide by it to the last."

"But if the question at issue comes before the House, you will vote against it?"

"Certainly, I vote as a member of the cabinet. But since I am not leader and mouthpiece of the party, I retain the privilege to speak as an individual."

"Ah, my dear Mr Egerton," exclaimed Randal, "forgive me. But this question, right or wrong, has got such hold of the public mind. So little, if conceded in time, would give content; and it is so clear (if I may judge by the talk I hear everywhere I go) that, by refusing all concession, the government must fall, that I wish"—

"So do I wish," interrupted Egerton, with a gloomy impatient sigh—"so do I wish! But what avails it? If my advice had been taken but three weeks ago—now it is too late—we could have doubled the rock; we refused, we must split upon it."

This speech was so unlike the discreet and reserved minister, that Randal gathered courage to proceed with an idea that had occurred to his own sagacity. And before I state it, I must add that Egerton had of late shown much more personal kindness to his *protégé*; that, whether his spirits were broken, or that at last, close and compact as his nature of bronze was, he felt the imperious want to groan aloud in some loving ear, the stern Audley seemed tamed and softened. So Randal went on.

"May I say what I have heard expressed with regard to you and your position—in the streets—in the clubs?"

"Yes, it is in the streets and the clubs that statesmen should go to school. Say on."

"Well, then, I have heard it made a matter of wonder why you, and one or two others I will not name, do not at once retire from the ministry, and on the avowed ground that you side with the public feeling on this irresistible question."

"Eh!"

"It is clear that in so doing you would become the most popular man in the country—clear that you would be summoned back to power on the shoulders of the people. No new cabinet could be formed without you, and your station in it would perhaps be higher, for life, than that which you may now retain but for a few weeks longer. Has not this ever occurred to you?"

"Never," said Audley, with dry composure.

Amazed at such obtuseness, Randal exclaimed, "Is it possible! And yet, forgive me if I say I think you are ambitious, and love power."

"No man more ambitious; and if by power you mean office, it has grown the habit of my life, and I shall not know what to do without it."

"And how, then, has what seems to me so obvious never occurred to you?"

"Because you are young, and therefore I forgive you; but not the gossips who could wonder why Audley Egerton refused to betray the friends of his whole career, and to profit by the treason."

"But one should love one's country before a party."

"No doubt of that; and the first interest of a country is the honour of its public men."

"But men may leave their party without dishonour!"

"Who doubts that? Do you suppose that if I were an ordinary independent member of Parliament, loaded with no obligations, charged with no trust, I could hesitate for a moment what course to pursue? Oh, that I were but the member for —! Oh, that I had the full right to be a free agent! But if a member of a cabinet, a chief in whom thousands confide, because he is outvoted in a council of his colleagues, suddenly retires, and by so doing breaks up the whole party whose confidence he has enjoyed, whose rewards he has reaped, to whom he owes the very position which he employs to their ruin—own that though his choice may be honest, it is one which requires all the consolations of conscience."

"But you will have those consolations. And," added Randal energetically,

cally, "the gain to your career will be so immense!"

"That is precisely what it cannot be," answered Egerton gloomily. "I grant that I may, if I choose, resign office with the present government, and so at once destroy that government; for my resignation on such ground would suffice to do it. I grant this; but for that very reason I could not the next day take office with another administration. I could not accept wages for desertion. No gentleman could! And therefore—" Audley stopped short, and he buttoned his coat over his broad breast. The action was significant: it said that the man's mind was made up.

In fact, whether Audley Egerton was right or wrong in his theory depends upon much subtler, and perhaps

loftier views in the casuistry of political duties, than it was in his character to take. And I guard myself from saying anything in praise or disfavour of his notions, or implying that he is a fit or unfit example in a parallel case. I am but describing the man as he was, and as a man like him would inevitably be, under the influences in which he lived, and in that peculiar world of which he was so emphatically a member. "*Ce n'est pas moi qui parle, c'est Marc Aurèle.*"

He speaks, not I.

Randal had no time for further discussion. They now reached Egerton's house, and the minister, taking the chamber candlestick from his servant's hand, nodded a silent good-night to Leslie, and with a jaded look retired to his room.

CHAPTER XV.

But not on the threatened question was that eventful campaign of Party decided. The government fell less in battle than skirmish. It was one fatal Monday—a dull question of finance and figures. Prosy and few were the speakers. All the government silent, save the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and another business-like personage connected with the Board of Trade, whom the House would hardly condescend to hear. The House was in no mood to think of facts and figures. Early in the evening, between nine and ten, the Speaker's sonorous voice sounded, "Strangers must withdraw!" And Randal, anxious and foreboding, descended from his seat, and went out of the fatal doors. He turned to take a last glance at Audley Egerton. The whipper-in was whispering to Audley; and the minister pushed back his hat from his brow, and glanced round the house, and up into the galleries, as if to calculate rapidly the relative numbers of the two armies in the field; then he smiled bitterly, and threw himself back into his seat. That smile long haunted Leslie.

Amongst the strangers thus banished with Randal, while the division was being taken, were many young men, like himself, connected with the

administration—some by blood, some by place. Hearts beat loud in the swarming lobbies. Ominous mournful whispers were exchanged. "They say the government will have a majority of ten." "No; I hear they will certainly be beaten." "H— says by fifty." "I don't believe it," said a Lord of the Bedchamber; "it is impossible. I left five government members dining at the 'Travellers.'" "No one thought the division would be so early." "A trick of the Whigs—shameful." "Wonder some one was not set up to talk for time; very odd P— did not speak; however, he is so cursedly rich, he does not care whether he is out or in." "Yes; and Audley Egerton too, just such another; glad, no doubt, to be set free to look after his property; very different tactics if we had men to whom office was as necessary as it is—to me!" said a candid young placeman. Suddenly the silent Leslie felt a friendly grasp on his arm. He turned and saw Levy

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Majority for the Opposition at least twenty-five."

"And in that case must the government resign, sir?" asked the candid young placeman, who had been listening to the smart well-dressed Baron, 'his soul planted in his ears.'

"Of course, sir," replied the Baron blandly, and offering his snuff-box, (true Louis Quinze, with a miniature of Madame de Pompadour, set in pearls.) "You are a friend to the present ministers? You could not wish them to be mean enough to stay in?" Randal drew aside the Baron.

"If Audley's affairs are as you state, what can he do?"

"I shall ask him that question to-morrow," answered the Baron, with a look of visible hate. "And I have come here just to see how he bears the prospect before him."

"You will not discover that in his face. And those absurd scruples of his! If he had but gone out in time—to come in again with the New Men!"

"Oh, of course, our Right Honourable is too punctilious for that!" answered the Baron, sneering.

Suddenly the doors opened—in rushed the breathless expectants. "What are the numbers? What is the division!"

"Majority against ministers," said a member of Opposition, peeling an orange, "twenty-nine."

The Baron, too, had a Speaker's order; and he came into the House with Randal, and sate by his side. But, to their disgust, some member was talking about the other motions before the House.

"What! has nothing been said as to the division?" asked the Baron of a young county member, who was talking to some non-parliamentary friend in the bench before Levy. The county member was one of the Baron's pet eldest sons—had dined often with Levy—was under 'obligations' to him. The young legislator looked very much ashamed of Levy's friendly pat on his shoulder, and answered hur-

riedly, "O yes; H—— asked, 'if, after such an expression of the House, it was the intention of ministers to retain their places, and carry on the business of the government?'"

"Just like H——! Very inquisitive mind! And what was the answer he got?"

"None," said the county member; and returned in haste to his proper seat in the body of the House.

"There comes Egerton," said the Baron. And, indeed, as most of the members were now leaving the House, to talk over affairs at clubs or in saloons, and spread through town the great tidings, Audley Egerton's tall head was seen towering above the rest. And Levy turned away disappointed. For not only was the minister's handsome face, though pale, serene and cheerful, but there was an obvious courtesy, a marked respect, in the mode in which that rough assembly made way for the fallen minister as he passed through the jostling crowd. And the frank urbane nobleman, who afterwards, from the force, not of talent but of character, became the leader in that House, pressed the hand of his old opponent, as they met in the throng near the doors, and said aloud, "I shall not be a proud man if ever I live to have office; but I shall be proud if ever I leave it with as little to be said against me as your bitterest opponents can say against you, Egerton."

"I wonder," exclaimed the Baron aloud, and leaning over the partition that divided him from the throng below, so that his voice reached Egerton—and there was a cry from formal, indignant members, "Order in the strangers' gallery!"—"I wonder what Lord L'Estrange will say!"

Audley lifted his dark brows, surveyed the Baron for an instant with flashing eyes, then walked down the narrow defile between the last benches, and vanished from the scene in which, alas! so few of the most admired performers leave more than an actor's short-lived name!

CHAPTER XVI.

Baron Levy did not execute his threat of calling on Egerton the next

morning. Perhaps he shrank from again meeting the flash of those in-

dignant eyes. And indeed Egerton was too busied all the forenoon to see any one not upon public affairs, except Harley, who hastened to console or cheer him. When the House met, it was announced that the ministers had resigned, only holding their offices till their successors were appointed. But already there was some reaction in their favour; and when it became generally known that the new administration was to be formed of men, few indeed of whom had ever before held office—that common superstition in the public mind that government is like a trade, in which a regular apprenticeship must be served, began to prevail; and the talk at the clubs was, that the new men could not stand; that the former ministry, with some modification, would be back in a month. Perhaps that too might be a reason why Baron Levy thought it prudent not prematurely to offer vindictive condolences to Mr Egerton. Randal spent part of his morning in inquiries, as to what gentlemen in his situation meant to do with regard to their places; he heard with great satisfaction that very few intended to volunteer retirement from their desks. As Randal himself had observed to Egerton, “their country before their party!”

Randal's place was of great moment to him; its duties were easy, its salary amply sufficient for his wants, and defrayed such expenses as were bestowed on the education of Oliver and his sister. For I am bound to do justice to this young man — indifferent as he was towards his species in general, the ties of family were strong with him; and he stinted himself in many temptations most alluring to his age, in the endeavour to raise the dull honest Oliver and the loose-haired pretty Juliet somewhat more to his own level of culture and refinement. Men essentially griping and unscrupulous, often do make the care for their family an apology for their sins against the world. Even Richard III., if the chroniclers are to be trusted, excused the murder of his nephews by his passionate affection for his son. With the loss of that place, Randal lost all

means of support, save what Audley could give him; and if Audley were in truth ruined? Moreover, Randal had already established at the office a reputation for ability and industry. It was a career in which, if he abstained from party politics, he might rise to a fair station and to a considerable income. Therefore, much contented with what he learned as to the general determination of his fellow officials, a determination warranted by ordinary precedent in such cases, Randal dined at a club with good relish, and much Christian resignation for the reverse of his patron, and then walked to Grosvenor Square, on the chance of finding Audley within. Learning that he was so, from the porter who opened the door, Randal entered the library. Three gentlemen were seated there with Egerton: one of the three was Lord L'Estrange; the other two were members of the really defunct, though nominally still existing, government. He was about to withdraw from intruding on this conclave, when Egerton said to him gently, “Come in, Leslie; I was just speaking about yourself.”

“About me, sir?”

“Yes; about you and the place you hold. I had asked Sir — (pointing to a fellow minister) whether I might not, with propriety, request your chief to leave some note of his opinion of your talents, which I know is high, and which might serve you with his successor.”

“Oh, sir, at such a time to think of me!” exclaimed Randal, and he was genuinely touched.

“But,” resumed Audley with his usual dryness, “Sir —, to my surprise, thinks that it would better become you that you should resign. Unless his reasons, which he has not yet stated, are very strong, such would not be my advice.”

“My reasons,” said Sir —, with official formality, “are simply these: I have a nephew in a similar situation; he will resign, as a matter of course. Every one in the public offices whose relatives and near connections hold high appointments in the government, will do so. I do not think Mr Leslie will like to feel himself a solitary exception.”

"Mr Leslie is no relation of mine—not even a near connection," answered Egerton.

"But his name is so associated with your own—he has resided so long in your house—is so well known in society, (and don't think I compliment when I add, that we hope so well of him,) that I can't think it worth his while to keep this paltry place, which incapacitates him too from a seat in parliament."

Sir — was one of those terribly rich men, to whom all considerations of mere bread and cheese are paltry. But I must add, that he supposed Egerton to be still wealthier than himself, and sure to provide handsomely for Randal, whom Sir — rather liked than not; and, for Randal's own sake, Sir — thought it would lower him in the estimation of Egerton himself, despite that gentleman's advocacy, if he did not follow the example of his avowed and notorious patron.

"You see, Leslie," said Egerton, checking Randal's meditated reply, "that nothing can be said against your honour if you stay where you are; it is a mere question of expediency; I will judge that for you; keep your place."

Unhappily the other member of the government, who had hitherto been silent, was a literary man. Unhappily, while this talk had proceeded, he had placed his hand upon Randal Leslie's celebrated pamphlet, which lay on the library table; and, turning over the leaves, the whole spirit and matter of that masterly composition in defence of the administration (a composition steeped in all the essence of party) recurred to his too faithful recollection. He, too, liked Randal; he did more—he admired the author of that striking and effective pamphlet. And, therefore, rousing himself from the sublime indifference he had before felt for the fate of a subaltern, he said with a bland and complimentary smile, "No; the writer of this most able publication is no ordinary place-man. His opinions here are too vigorously stated; this fine irony on the very person who in all probability will be the chief in his office, has excited too lively an attention, to allow him the *sedet eternumque sede-*

bit on an official stool. Ha, ha! this is so good! Read it, L'Estrange. What say you?"

Harley glanced over the page pointed out to him. The original was in one of Burley's broad, coarse, but telling burlesques, strained fine through Randal's more polished satire. It was capital. Harley smiled, and lifted his eyes to Randal. The unlucky plagiarist's face was flushed—the beads stood on his brow. Harley was a good hater; he loved too warmly not to err on the opposite side; but he was one of those men who forget hate when its object is distressed and humbled. He put down the pamphlet and said, "I am no politician; but Egerton is so well known to be fastidious and over scrupulous in all points of official etiquette, that Mr Leslie cannot follow a safer counsellor."

"Read that yourself, Egerton," said Sir —; and he pushed the pamphlet to Audley.

Now Egerton had a dim recollection that that pamphlet was unlucky; but he had skimmed over its contents hastily, and at that moment had forgotten all about it. He took up the too famous work with a reluctant hand, but he read attentively the passages pointed out to him, and then said gravely and sadly—

"Mr Leslie, I retract my advice. I believe Sir — is right; that the nobleman here so keenly satirised will be the chief in your office. I doubt whether he will not compel your dismissal; at all events, he could scarcely be expected to promote your advancement. Under the circumstances, I fear you have no option as a"—Egerton paused a moment, and, with a sigh that appeared to settle the question, concluded with—"as a gentleman."

Never did Jack Cade, never did Wat Tyler, feel a more deadly hate to that word "gentleman," than the well-born Leslie felt then; but he bowed his head, and answered with his usual presence of mind—

"You utter my own sentiment."

"You think we are right, Harley?" asked Egerton, with an irresolution that surprised all present.

"I think," answered Harley, with a compassion for Randal that was

almost over generous, and yet with an *équivoque* on the words, despite the compassion—"I think whoever has served Audley Egerton, never yet has been a loser by it; and if Mr Leslie wrote this pamphlet, he must have well served Audley Egerton. If he undergoes the penalty, we may safely trust to Egerton for the compensation."

"My compensation has long since been made," answered Randal with grace; "and that Mr Egerton could thus have cared for my fortunes, at an hour so occupied, is a thought of pride which—"

"Enough, Leslie! enough!" inter-

rupted Egerton, rising and pressing his *protégé's* hands. "See me before you go to bed."

Then the two other ministers rose also and shook hands with Leslie, and told him he had done the right thing, and that they hoped soon to see him in parliament; and hinted smilingly, that the next administration did not promise to be very long-lived; and one asked him to dinner, and the other to spend a week at his country seat. And amidst these congratulations at the stroke that left him penniless, the distinguished pamphleteer left the room. How he cursed big John Barley!

CHAPTER XVII.

It was past midnight when Audley Egerton summoned Randal. The statesman was then alone, seated before his great desk, with its manifold compartments, and engaged on the task of transferring various papers and letters, some to the wastebasket, some to the flames, some to two great iron chests with patent locks, that stood, open-mouthed, at his feet. Strong, stern, and grim, they looked, silently receiving the relics of power departed; strong, stern, and grim as the grave. Audley lifted his eyes at Randal's entrance, signed to him to take a chair, continued his task for a few moments, and then turning round, as if with an effort he plucked himself from his master passion—Public Life—he said with deliberate tones—

"I know not, Randal Leslie, whether you thought me needlessly cautious, or wantonly unkind, when I told you never to expect from me more than such advance to your career as my then position could effect—never to expect from my liberality in life, nor from my testament in death—an addition to your private fortunes. I see by your gesture what would be your reply, and I thank you for it. I now tell you, as yet in confidence, though before long it can be no secret to the world, that my pecuniary affairs have been so neglected by me, in my devotion to those of the state, that I am somewhat like the man who portioned out his capital

at so much a-day, calculating to live just long enough to make it last. Unfortunately he lived too long." Audley smiled—but the smile was cold as a sunbeam upon ice—and went on with the same firm, unfaltering accents: "The prospects that face me I am prepared for; they do not take me by surprise. I knew long since how this would end, if I survived the loss of office. I knew it before you came to me, and therefore I spoke to you as I did, judging it manful and right to guard you against hopes which you might otherwise have naturally entertained. On this head I need say no more. It may excite your surprise, possibly your blame, that I, esteemed methodical and practical enough in the affairs of the state, should be so imprudent as to my own."

"Oh, sir! you owe no account to me."

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he rested his firm foot. "But now," he resumed, "I have failed to advance your career. True, I warned you that you drew into a lottery; but you had more chance of a prize than a blank. A blank, however, it has turned out, and the question becomes grave—What are you to do?"

Here, seeing that Egerton came to a full pause, Randal answered readily—

"Still, sir, to go by your advice."

"My advice," said Audley, with a softened look, "would perhaps be rude and unpalatable. I would rather place before you an option. On the one hand, recommence life again. I told you that I would keep your name on your college books. You can return—you can take your degree—after that, you can go to the bar—you have just the talents calculated to succeed in that profession. Success will be slow, it is true; but, with perseverance, it will be sure. And, believe me, Leslie, Ambition is only sweet while it is but the loftier name for Hope. Who would care for a fox's brush, if it had not been rendered a prize by the excitement of the chase?"

"Oxford—again! It is a long step back in life," said Randal drearily, and little heeding Egerton's unusual indulgence of illustration. "A long step back—and to what? To a profession in which one never begins to rise till one's hair is grey! Besides, how live in the meanwhile?"

"Do not let that thought disturb you. The modest income that suffices for a student at the bar, I trust, at least, to insure you from the wrecks of my fortune."

"Ah, sir, I would not burthen you farther. What right have I to such kindness, save my name of Leslie?" And in spite of himself, as Randal concluded, a tone of bitterness, that betrayed reproach, broke forth. Egerton was too much the man of the world not to comprehend the reproach, and not to pardon it.

"Certainly," he answered calmly, "as a Leslie you are entitled to my consideration, and would have been entitled perhaps to more, had I not so explicitly warned you to the contrary. But the bar does not seem to please you?"

"What is the alternative, sir? Let me decide when I hear it," answered Randal sullenly. He began to lose respect for the man who owned he could do so little for him, and who evidently recommended him to shift for himself.

If one could have pierced into Egerton's gloomy heart as he noted the young man's change of tone, it may be a doubt whether one would have seen there, pain or pleasure—pain, for merely from the force of habit he had begun to like Randal—or pleasure, at the thought that he might have reason to withdraw that liking. So lone and stoical had grown the man, who had made it his object to have no private life. Revealing, however, neither pleasure nor pain, but with the composed calmness of a judge upon the bench, Egerton replied—

"The alternative is, to continue in the course you have begun, and still to rely on me."

"Sir, my dear Mr Egerton," exclaimed Randal, regaining all his usual tenderness of look and voice, "rely on you! But that is all I ask! Only—"

"Only, you would say, I am going out of power, and you don't see the chance of my return?"

"I did not mean that."

"Permit me to suppose that you did: very true; but the party I belong to is as sure of return as the pendulum of that clock is sure to obey the mechanism that moves it from left to right. Our successors profess to come in upon a popular question. All administrations who do that are necessarily shortlived. Either they do not go far enough to please present supporters, or they go so far as to arm new enemies in the rivals who outbid them with the people. 'Tis the history of all revolutions, and of all reforms. Our own administration in reality is destroyed for having passed what was called a popular measure a year ago, which lost us half our friends, and refusing to propose another popular measure this year, in the which we are outstripped by the men who halloo'd us on the last. Therefore, whatever our successors do, we shall, by the law of reaction, have another experiment of power

afforded to ourselves. It is but a question of time; you can wait for it; whether I can, is uncertain. But if I die before that day arrives, I have influence enough still left with those who will come in, to obtain a promise of a better provision for you than that which you have lost. The promises of public men are proverbially uncertain. But I shall intrust your cause to a man who never failed a friend, and whose rank will enable him to see that justice is done to you—I speak of Lord L'Estrange."

"Oh, not him; he is unjust to me; he dislikes me; he—"

"May dislike you, (he has his whims,) but he loves me; and though for no other human being but you would I ask Harley L'Estrange a favour, yet for *you* I will," said Egerton, betraying, for the first time in that dialogue, a visible emotion—

"for you, a Leslie, a kinsman, however remote, to the wife from whom I received my fortune! And despite all my cautions, it is possible that in wasting that fortune I may have wronged you. Enough: You have now before you the two options, much as you had at first; but you have at present more experience to aid you in your choice. You are a man, and with more brains than most men; think over it well, and decide for yourself. Now to bed, and postpone thought till the morrow. Poor Randal, you look pale!"

Audley, as he said the last words, put his hand on Randal's shoulder; almost with a father's gentleness; and then suddenly drawing himself up, as the hard inflexible expression, stamped on that face by years, returned, he moved away and resettled to Public Life and the iron box.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Early the next day Randal Leslie was in the luxurious business-room of Baron Levy. How unlike the cold Doric simplicity of the statesman's library! Axminster carpets three inches thick, *portières à la Française* before the doors; Parisian bronzes on the chimney-piece; and all the receptacles that lined the room, and contained title-deeds, and post-obits, and bills, and promises to pay, and lawyer-like japan boxes, with many a noble name written thereon in large white capitals—"making ruin pom-pous"—all these sepulchres of departed patrimonies veneered in rosewood that gleamed with French polish, and blazed with ormolu. There was a coquetry, an air of *petit maitre*, so diffused over the whole room, that you could not for the life of you recollect you were with a usurer! Plutus wore the aspect of his enemy Cupid; and how realise your idea of Harpagon in that Baron, with his easy French "*Mon cher*," and his white warm hands that pressed yours so genially, and his dress so exquisite, even at the earliest morn? No man ever yet saw that Baron in a dressing-gown and slippers! As one fancies some feudal baron of old (not half so terrible) everlastingly clad in mail,

so all one's notions of this grand marauder of civilisation were inseparably associated with varnished boots, and a camellia in the button-hole.

"And this is all that he does for you!" cried the Baron, pressing together the points of his ten taper fingers. "Had he but let you conclude your career at Oxford, I have heard enough of your scholarship to know that you would have taken high honours—been secure of a fellowship—have betaken yourself with content to a slow and laborious profession—and prepared yourself to die on the woolsack."

"He proposes to me now to return to Oxford," said Randal. "It is not too late!"

"Yes it is," said the Baron. "Neither individuals nor nations ever go back of their own accord. There must be an earthquake before a river recedes to its source."

"You speak well," answered Randal, "and I cannot gainsay you. But now!"

"Ah, the *now* is the grand question in life—the *then* is obsolete, gone by—out of fashion; and *now*, *mon cher*, you come to ask my advice."

"No, Baron; I come to explanation."

"Of what?"

"I want to know why you spoke to me of Mr Egerton's ruin; why you spoke to me of the lands to be sold by Mr Thornhill; and why you spoke to me of Count Peschiera. You touched on each of these points within ten minutes—you omitted to indicate what link can connect them."

"By Jove," said the Baron, rising, and with more admiration in his face than you could have conceived that face so smiling and so cynical could exhibit—"by Jove, Randal Leslie, but your shrewdness is wonderful. You really are the first young man of your day; and I will 'help you,' as I helped Audley Egerton. Perhaps you will be more grateful."

Randal thought of Egerton's ruin. The parallel implied by the Baron did not suggest to him the rare enthusiasm of gratitude. However, he merely said, "Pray, proceed—I listen to you with interest."

"As for politics, then," said the Baron, "we will discuss that topic later. I am waiting myself to see how these new men get on. The first consideration is for your private fortunes. You should buy this ancient Leslie property—Rood and Dulmansberry—only £20,000 down; the rest may remain on mortgage for ever—or at least till I find you a rich wife—as in fact I did for Egerton. Thornhill wants the twenty thousand now—wants them very much."

"And where," said Randal, with an iron smile, "are the £20,000 you ascribe to me to come from?"

"Ten thousand shall come to you the day Count Peschiera marries the daughter of his kinsman with your help and aid—the remaining ten thousand I will lend you. No scruple—I shall hazard nothing—the estates will bear that additional burden. What say you—shall it be so?"

"Ten thousand pounds from Count Peschiera!" said Randal, breathing hard. "You cannot be serious? Such a sum—for what?—for a mere piece of information? How otherwise can I aid him? There must be trick and deception intended here."

"My dear fellow," answered Levy, "I will give you a hint. There is such a thing in life as being over-suspicious. If you have a fault, it is that.

The information you allude to is, of course, the first assistance you are to give. Perhaps more may be needed—perhaps not. Of that you will judge yourself, since the £10,000 are contingent on the marriage aforesaid."

"Over suspicious or not," answered Randal, "the amount of the sum is too improbable, and the security too bad, for me to listen to this proposition, even if I could descend to—"

"Stop, *mon cher*. Business first—scruples afterwards. The security too bad—what security?"

"The word of Count di Peschiera."

"He has nothing to do with it—he need know nothing about it. 'Tis my word you doubt. I am your security."

Randal thought of that dry witticism in Gibbon, "Abu Rafe says he will be witness for this fact, but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?" but he remained silent, only fixing on Levy those dark observant eyes, with their contracted wary pupils.

"The fact is simply this," resumed Levy: "Count di Peschiera has promised to pay his sister a dowry of £20,000, in case he has the money to spare. He can only have it to spare by the marriage we are discussing. On my part, as I manage his affairs in England for him, I have promised that, for the said sum of £20,000, I will guarantee the expenses in the way of that marriage, and settle with Madame di Negra. Now, though Peschiera is a very liberal, warm-hearted fellow, I don't say that he would have named so large a sum for his sister's dowry, if in strict truth he did not owe it to her. It is the amount of her own fortune, which, by some arrangements with her late husband not exactly legal, he possessed himself of. If Madame di Negra went to law with him for it, she could get it back. I have explained this to him; and, in short, you now understand why the sum is thus assessed. But I have bought up Madame di Negra's debts. I have bought up young Hazeldean's, (for we must make a match between these two a part of our arrangements.) I shall present to Peschiera, and to these excellent young persons, an account that will absorb the whole

penury and ruin, deserted, in his hour of need, by the pensioner of his bounty—as he will be by the last friend of his youth—when it so pleases me—me whom he has called ‘scoundrel!’ and whom he—” Levy’s soliloquy halted there, for the servant entered to announce the carriage.

And the Baron hurried his hand over his features, as if to sweep away all trace of the passions that distorted their smiling effrontery. And so, as he took up his cane and gloves, and glanced at the glass, the face of the fashionable usurer was once more as varnished as his boots.

CHAPTER XIX.

When a clever man resolves on a villainous action, he hastens, by the exercise of his cleverness, to get rid of the sense of his villainy. With more than his usual alertness, Randal employed the next hour or two in ascertaining how far Baron Levy merited the character he boasted, and how far his word might be his bond. He repaired to young men whom he esteemed better judges on these points than Spendquick and Borrowell— young men who resembled the Merry Monarch, inasmuch as

**" They never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."**

There are many such young men about town—sharp and able in all affairs except their own. No one knows the world better, nor judges of character more truly, than your half-beggared *roué*. From all these, Baron Levy obtained much the same testimonials: he was ridiculed as a would-be dandy, but respected as a very responsible man of business, and rather liked as a friendly accommodating species of the Sir Epicure Mammon, who very often did what were thought handsome, liberal things; and “in short,” said one of these experienced referees, “he is the best fellow going—for a money-lender! You may always rely on what he promises, and he is generally very forbearing and indulgent to *us* of good society; perhaps for the same reason that our tailors are;—to send one of us to prison would hurt his custom. His foible is to be thought a gentleman. I believe, much as I suppose he loves money, he would give up half his fortune rather than do anything for which we could cut him. He allows a pension of three hundred a-year to Lord S—. True; he was his man of business for twenty years,

and, before then, S—— was rather a prudent fellow, and had fifteen thousand a-year. He has helped on, too, many a clever young man ;—the best boroughmonger you ever knew. He likes having friends in Parliament. In fact, of course he is a rogue; but if one wants a rogue, one can't find a pleasanter. I should like to see him on the French stage—a prosperous *Macaire*; *Le Maître* could hit him off to the life."

From information in these more fashionable quarters, gleaned with his usual tact, Randal turned to a source less elevated, but to which he attached more importance. Dick Avenel associated with the Baron—Dick Avenel must be in his clutches. Now Randal did justice to that gentleman's practical shrewdness. Moreover, Avenel was by profession a man of business. He must know more of Levy than these men of pleasure could; and, as he was a plain-spoken person, and evidently honest, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, Randal did not doubt that out of Dick Avenel he should get the truth.

On arriving in Eton Square, asking for Mr Avenel, Randal was once ushered into the drawing-room. The apartment was not in the solid mercantile taste as his father's residence at Screwstown. His taste now was the Hon. Avenel's; and, truth to say, it could be worse. Furniture of epochs he had collected together;—here a chair of the 17th century, in Göttingen style, and there a French sofa of the 18th century, from the time of Louis XV. The walls were covered with tapestries of the Middle Ages, and the ceiling was painted to represent the sky.

on these estates—on the encumbered possession of which I shall soon congratulate you. You see I am frank; 'tis the only way of coming to the point with so clever a fellow as you. And now, since the less we rake up the mud in a pond from which we have resolved to drink, the better, let us dismiss all other thoughts but that of securing our end. Will you tell Peschiera where the young lady is, or shall I? Better do it yourself; reason enough for it, that he has confided to you his hope, and asked you to help him; why should not you? Not a word to him about our little arrangement; he need never know it. You need never be troubled." Levy rang the bell: "Order my carriage round."

Randal made no objection. He was deathlike pale, but there was a sinister expression of firmness on his thin bloodless lips.

"The next point," Levy resumed, "is to hasten the match between Frank and the fair widow. How does that stand?"

"She will not see me, nor receive him."

"Oh, learn why! And if you find on either side there is a hitch, just let me know; I will soon remove it."

"Has Hazeldean consented to the post-obit?"

"Not yet; I have not pressed it; I wait the right moment, if necessary."

"It will be necessary."

"Ah, you wish it. It shall be so."

Randal Leslie again paced the room, and after a silent self-commune, came up close to the Baron, and said—

"Look you, sir, I am poor and ambitious; you have tempted me at the right moment, and with the right inducement. I succumb. But what guarantee have I that this money will be paid—these estates made mine upon the condition stipulated?"

"Before anything is settled," replied the Baron, "go and ask my character of any of our young friends, Borrowell, Spendquick—whom you please; you will hear me abused, of course; but they will all say this of me, that when I pass my word, I keep it; if I say, '*Mon cher*, you shall have the money,' a man has it; if I

say, 'I renew your bill for six months,' it is renewed. 'Tis my way of doing business. In all cases my word is my bond. In this case, where no writing can pass between us, my only bond must be my word. Go, then, make your mind clear as to your security, and come here and dine at eight. We will call on Peschiera afterwards."

"Yes," said Randal, "I will at all events take the day to consider. Meanwhile I say this, I do not disguise from myself the nature of the proposed transaction, but what I have once resolved I go through with. My sole vindication to myself is, that if I play here with a false die, it will be for a stake so grand, as, once won, the magnitude of the prize will cancel the ignominy of the play. It is not this sum of money for which I sell myself—it is for what that sum will aid me to achieve. And in the marriage of young Hazeldean with the Italian woman, I have another, and it may be a larger interest. I have slept on it lately—I wake to it now. Insure that marriage, obtain the post-obit from Hazeldean, and whatever the issue of the more direct scheme for which you seek my services, rely on my gratitude, and believe that you will have put me in the way to render gratitude of avail. At eight I will be with you."

Randal left the room.

The Baron sat thoughtful. "It is true," said he to himself, "this young man is the next of kin to the Hazeldean estate, if Frank displease his father sufficiently to lose his inheritance; that must be the clever boy's design. Well, in the long-run, I should make as much, or more, out of him than out of the spendthrift Frank. Frank's faults are those of youth. He will reform and retrench. But *this* man! No, I shall have *him* for life. And should he fail in this project, and have but this encumbered property—a landed proprietor mortgaged up to his ears—why, he is my slave, and I can foreclose when I wish, or if he prove useless;—no, I risk nothing. And if I did—if I lost ten thousand pounds—what then? I can afford it for revenge!—afford it for the luxury of leaving Audley Egerton alone with

penury and ruin, deserted, in his hour of need, by the pensioner of his bounty—as he will be by the last friend of his youth—when it so pleases me—me whom he has called ‘scoundrel!’ and whom he—” Levy’s soliloquy halted there, for the servant entered to announce the carriage.

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On arriving in Eton Square, and asking for Mr Avenel, Randal was at once ushered into the drawing-room. The apartment was not in such good solid mercantile taste as had characterised Avenel’s more humble bachelor’s residence at Screwstown. The taste now was the Honourable Mrs Avenel’s; and, truth to say, no taste could be worse. Furniture of all epochs heterogeneously clumped together;—here a sofa *à la renaissance* in *Gobelin*—there a rosewood Console from Gillow—a tall mock-Elizabethan chair in black oak, by the side of a modern Florentine table of mosaic marbles. All kinds of colours in the room, and all at war with each other. Very bad copies of the best-known

pictures in the world, in the most gaudy frames, and impudently labelled by the names of their murdered originals — “Raffaele,” “Corregio,” “Titian,” “Sebastian del Piombo.” Nevertheless, there had been plenty of money spent, and there was plenty to show for it. Mrs Avenel was seated on her sofa *à la renaissance*, with one of her children at her feet, who was employed in reading a new Annual in crimson silk binding. Mrs Avenel was in an attitude as if sitting for her portrait.

Polite society is most capricious in its adoptions or rejections. You see many a very vulgar person firmly established in the *beau monde*; others, with very good pretensions as to birth, fortune, &c., either rigorously excluded, or only permitted a peep over the pales. The Honourable Mrs Avenel belonged to families unquestionably noble, both by her own descent and by her first marriage; and if poverty had kept her down in her earlier career, she now, at least, did not want wealth to back her pretensions. Nevertheless, all the dispensers of fashion concurred in refusing their support to the Honourable Mrs Avenel. One might suppose it was solely on account of her plebeian husband; but indeed it was not so. Many a woman of high family can marry a low-born man not so presentable as Avenel, and, by the help of his money, get the fine world at her feet. But Mrs Avenel had not that art. She was still a very handsome, showy woman; and as for dress, no duchess could be more extravagant. Yet these very circumstances had perhaps gone against her ambition; for your quiet little plain woman, provoking no envy, slips into the *coteries*, when a handsome, flaunting lady—whom, once seen in your drawing-room, can be no more overlooked than a scarlet poppy amidst a violet bed—is pretty sure to be weeded out as ruthlessly as a poppy would be in a similar position.

Mr Avenel was sitting by the fire, rather moodily, his hands in his pockets, and whistling to himself. To say truth, that active mind of his was very much bored in London, at least during the fore part of the day.

He hailed Randal's entrance with a smile of relief, and rising and posting himself before the fire—a coat tail under each arm—he scarcely allowed Randal to shake hands with Mrs Avenel, and pat the child on the head, murmuring, “Beautiful creature.” (Randal was ever civil to children—that sort of wolf in sheep's clothing always is—don't be taken in, O you foolish young mothers!) Dick, I say, scarcely allowed his visitor these preliminary courtesies, before he plunged far beyond depth of wife and child, into the political ocean. “Things now were coming right—a vile oligarchy was to be destroyed. British respectability and British talent were to have fair play.” To have heard him you would have thought the day fixed for the millennium! “And what is more,” said Avenel, bringing down the fist of his right hand upon the palm of his left, “if there is to be a new parliament, we must have new men—not worn-out old brooms that never sweep clean, but men who understand how to govern the country, sir. I INTEND TO COME IN MYSELF!”

“Yes,” said Mrs Avenel, hooking in a word at last, “I am sure, Mr Leslie, you will think I did right. I persuaded Mr Avenel that, with his talents and property, he ought, for the sake of his country, to make a sacrifice; and then you know his opinions now are all the fashion, Mr Leslie; formerly they would have been called shocking and—vulgar!”

Thus saying, she looked with fond pride at Dick's comely face, which at that moment, however, was all scowl and frown. I must do justice to Mrs Avenel; she was a weak silly woman in some things, and a cunning one in others, but she was a good wife, as wives go. Scotchwomen generally are.

“Bother,” said Dick! “What do women know about politics. I wish you'd mind the child—it is crumpling up, and playing almighty smash with that flim-flam book, which cost me a one pound one.”

Mrs Avenel submissively bowed her head and removed the Annual from the hands of the young destructive; the destructive set up a squall, as destructives generally do when

they don't have their own way. Dick clapped his hands to his ears. "Who-e-ew, I can't stand this; come and take a walk, Leslie; I want stretching!" He stretched himself as he spoke, first half way up to the ceiling, and then fairly out of the room.

Randal, with his May Fair manner, turned towards Mrs Avenel as if to apologise for her husband and himself.

"Poor Richard!" said she, "he

is in one of his humours—all men have them. Come and see me again soon. When does Almacks open?"

"Nay, I ought to ask you that question, you who know everything that goes on in our set," said the young serpent. Any tree planted in "our set," if it had been but a crab tree, would have tempted Mr Avenel's Eve to a jump at its boughs.

"Are you coming, there?" cried Dick from the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER XX.

"I have just been at our friend Levy's," said Randal when he and Dick were outside the street door. "He, like you, is full of politics—pleasant man—for the business he is said to do."

"Well," said Dick slowly, "I suppose he is pleasant, but make the best of it—and still—"

"Still what, my dear Avenel?" (Randal here for the first time discarded the formal Mister.)

MR AVENEL.—"Still the thing itself is not pleasant."

RANDAL, (with his soft hollow laugh.)—"You mean borrowing money upon more than five per cent!"

"Oh, curse the percentage. I agree with Bentham on the Usury Laws—no shackles in trade for me, whether in money or anything else. That's not it. But when one owes a fellow money even at two per cent, and 'tis not convenient to pay him, why, somehow or other, it makes one feel small; it takes the British Liberty out of a man!"

"I should have thought you more likely to lend money than to borrow it."

"Well, I guess you are right there, as a general rule. But I tell you what it is, sir; there is too great a mania for competition getting up in this rotten old country of ours. I am as liberal as most men. I like competition to a certain extent, but there is too much of it, sir—too much of it!"

Randal looked sad and convinced. But if Leonard had heard Dick Avenel, what would have been his amazement? Dick Avenel rail against competition! Think there could be too much of it! Of course, "heaven and

earth are coming together," said the spider when the housemaid's broom invaded its cobweb. Dick was all for sweeping away other cobwebs; but he certainly thought heaven and earth coming together when he saw a great Turk's-head besom poked up at his own.

Mr Avenel, in his genius for speculation and improvement, had established a factory at Screwstown, the first which had ever eclipsed the church spire with its Titanic chimney. It succeeded well at first. Mr Avenel transferred to this speculation nearly all his capital. "Nothing," quoth he, "paid such an interest. Manchester was getting worn out—time to show what Screwstown could do. Nothing like competition." But by-and-by a still greater capitalist than Dick Avenel, finding out that Screwstown was at the mouth of a coal mine, and that Dick's profits were great, erected a still uglier edifice, with a still taller chimney. And having been brought up to the business, and making his residence in the town, while Dick employed a foreman and flourished in London, this infamous competitor so managed, first to share, and then gradually to sequester, the profits which Dick had hitherto monopolised, that no wonder Mr Avenel thought competition should have its limits. "The tongue touches where the tooth aches," as Dr Roccabocca would tell us. By little and little our juvenile Talleyrand (I beg the elder great man's pardon) wormed out from Dick this grievance, and in the grievance discovered the origin of Dick's connection with the money-lender.

"But Levy," said Avenel, candidly, "is a decentish chap in his way—friendly too. Mrs A. finds him useful; brings some of your young highflyers to her *soirées*. To be sure, they don't dance—stand all in a row at the door, like mutes at a funeral. Not but what they have been uncommon civil to me lately—Spendquick particularly. By-the-by, I dine with him to-morrow. The aristocracy are behindhand—not smart, sir—not up to the march; but when a man knows how to take 'em, they beat the New Yorkers in good manners. I'll say that for them. I have no prejudice."

"I never saw a man with less; no prejudice even against Levy."

"No, not a bit of it! Every one says he's a Jew; he says he's not. I don't care a button what he is. His money is English—that's enough for any man of a liberal turn of mind. His charges, too, are moderate. To be sure, he knows I shall pay them; only what I don't like in him is a sort of way he has of *mon-cher-ing* and my-good-fellowing one, to do things quite out of the natural way of that sort of business. He knows I have got parliament influence. I could return a couple of members for Screws-town, and one, or perhaps two, for Lansmere, where I have of late been cooking up an interest; and he dictates to—no, not *dictates*—but tries to *humbug* me into putting in his own men. However, in one respect we are likely to agree. He says you want to come into parliament. You seem a smart young fellow; but you must throw over that stiff red-tapist of yours, and go with Public Opinion, and—Myself."

"You are very kind, Avenel; perhaps when we come to compare opinions we may find that we agree entirely. Still, in Egerton's present position, delicacy to him—however, we'll not discuss that now. But you really think I might come in for Lansmere—against the L'Estrange interest, too, which must be strong there?"

"It *was* very strong, but I've smashed it, I calculate."

"Would a contest there cost very much?"

"Well, I guess you must come down with the ready. But, as you

say, time enough to discuss that when you have squared your account with 'delicacy;' come to me then, and we'll go into it."

Randal, having now squeezed his orange dry, had no desire to waste his time in brushing up the rind with his coat-sleeve, so he unhooked his arm from Avenel, and, looking at his watch, discovered he should be just in time for an appointment of the most urgent business—hailed a cab, and drove off.

Dick looked hipped and disconsolate at being left alone; he yawned very loud, to the astonishment of three prim old maiden Belgravians who were passing that way; and then his mind began to turn towards his factory at Screws-town, which had led to his connection with the Baron; and he thought over a letter he had received from his foreman that morning, informing him that it was rumoured at Screws-town that Mr Dyce, his rival, was about to have new machinery on an improved principle; and that Mr Dyce had already gone up to town, it was supposed with the intention of concluding a purchase for a patent discovery to be applied to the new machinery, and which that gentleman had publicly declared in the corn-market, "would shut up Mr Avenel's factory before the year was out." As this menacing epistle recurred to him, Dick felt his desire to yawn incontinently checked. His brow grew very dark; and he walked, with restless strides, on and on, till he found himself in the Strand. He then got into an omnibus, and proceeded to the city, wherein he spent the rest of the day, looking over machines and foundries, and trying in vain to find out what diabolical invention the over-competition of Mr Dyce had got hold of. "If," said Dick Avenel to himself, as he returned fretfully homeward—"if a man like me, who has done so much for British industry and go-a-head principles, is to be catawampously champed up by a mercenary selfish cormorant of a capitalist like that interloping block-head in drab breeches, Tom Dyce, all I can say is, that the sooner this cursed old country goes to the dogs, the better pleased I shall be. I wash my hands of it."

CHAPTER XXI.

Randal's mind was made up. All he had learned in regard to Levy had confirmed his resolves or dissipated his scruples. He had started from the improbability that Peschiera would offer, and the still greater improbability that Peschiera would pay, him ten thousand pounds for such information or aid as he could bestow in furthering the Count's object. But when Levy took such proposals entirely on himself, the main question to Randal became this—could it be Levy's interest to make so considerable a sacrifice? Had the Baron implied only friendly sentiments as his motives, Randal would have felt sure he was to be taken in; but the usurer's frank assurance that it would answer to him in the long-run to concede to Randal terms so advantageous, altered the case, and led our young philosopher to look at the affair with calm contemplative eyes. Was it sufficiently obvious that Levy counted on an adequate return? Might he calculate on reaping help by the bushel if he sowed it by the handful? The result of Randal's cogitations was, that the Baron might fairly deem himself no wasteful sower. In the first place, it was clear that Levy, not without reasonable ground, believed that he could soon replace, with exceeding good interest, any sum he might advance to Randal, out of the wealth which Randal's prompt information might bestow on Levy's client, the Count; and, secondly, Randal's self-esteem was immense, and could he but succeed in securing a pecuniary independence on the instant, to free him from the slow drudgery of the bar, or from a precarious reliance on Audley Eger-ton, as a politician out of power—his convictions of rapid triumphs in public life were as strong as if whispered by an angel or promised by a fiend. On such triumphs, with all the social position they would secure, Levy might well calculate for repayment through a thousand indirect channels. Randal's sagacity detected that, through all the good-natured or liberal actions ascribed to the usurer,

Levy had steadily pursued his own interests—he saw that Levy meant to get him into his power, and use his abilities as instruments for digging new mines, in which Baron Levy would claim the right of large royalties. But at that thought Randal's pale lip curled disdainfully; he confided too much in his own powers not to think that he could elude the grasp of the usurer, whenever it suited him to do so. Thus, on a survey, all conscience hushed itself—his mind rushed buoyantly on to anticipations of the future. He saw the hereditary estates regained—no matter how mortgaged—for the moment still his own—legally his own—yielding for the present what would suffice for competence to one of few wants, and freeing his name from that title of Adventurer, which is so prodigally given in rich old countries to those who have no estates but their brains. He thought of Violante but as the civilised trader thinks of a trifling coin, of a glass bead, which he exchanges with some barbarian for gold dust;—he thought of Frank Hazeldean married to the foreign woman of beggared means, and repute that had known the breath of scandal—married, and living on post-obit instalments of the Casino property;—he thought of the poor Squire's resentment;—his avarice swept from the lands annexed to Rood on to the broad fields of Hazeldean;—he thought of Avenel, of Lansmere, of Parliament;—with one hand he grasped fortune, with the next power. "And yet I entered on life with no patrimony—(save a ruined hall and a barren waste)—no patrimony but knowledge. I have but turned knowledge from books to men; for books may give fame after death, but men give us power in life." And all the while he thus ruminated, his act was speeding his purpose. Though it was but in a miserable hack cab that he erected airy scaffoldings round airy castles, still the miserable hack cab was flying fast, to secure the first foot of solid ground whereon to transfer the mental plan of the architect to foundations of positive slime and clay. The cab

stopped at the door of Lord Lansmere's house. Randal had suspected Violante to be there; he resolved to ascertain. Randal descended from his vehicle and rang the bell. The lodge-keeper opened the great wooden gates.

"I have called to see the young lady staying here—the foreign young lady."

Lady Lansmere had been too confident of the security of her roof to condescend to give any orders to her servants with regard to her guest,

and the lodge-keeper answered directly—

"At home, I believe, sir. I rather think she is in the garden with my lady."

"I see," said Randal. And he did see the form of Violante at a distance. "But, since she is walking, I will not disturb her at present. I will call another day."

The lodge-keeper bowed respectfully, Randal jumped into his cab—"To Curzon Street—quick!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Harley had made one notable oversight in that appeal to Beatrice's better and gentler nature, which he intrusted to the advocacy of Leonard—a scheme in itself very characteristic of Harley's romantic temper, and either wise or foolish, according as his indulgent theory of human idiosyncracies in general, and of those peculiar to Beatrice di Negra in especial, was the dream of an enthusiast, or the inductive conclusion of a sound philosopher.

Harley had warned Leonard not to fall in love with the Italian—he had forgotten to warn the Italian not to fall in love with Leonard; nor had he ever anticipated the probability of that event. This is not to be very much wondered at; for if there be anything on which the most sensible men are dull-eyed, where those eyes are not lighted by jealousy, it is as to the probabilities of another male creature being beloved. All, the least vain of the whiskered gender, think it prudent to guard themselves against being too irresistible to the fair sex; and each says of his friend, "Good fellow enough, but the last man for *that* woman to fall in love with!"

But certainly there appeared on the surface more than ordinary cause for Harley's blindness in the special instance of Leonard.

Whatever Beatrice's better qualities, she was generally esteemed worldly and ambitious. She was pinched in circumstances—she was luxurious and extravagant; how was it likely that she could distinguish any aspirant, of the humble birth and fortunes of the young peasant author?

As a coquette, she might try to win his admiration and attract his fancy; but her own heart would surely be guarded in the triple mail of pride, poverty, and the conventional opinions of the world in which she lived. Had Harley thought it possible that Madame di Negra could stoop below her station, and love, not wisely, but too well, he would rather have thought that the object would be some brilliant adventurer of fashion—some one who could turn against herself all the arts of deliberate fascination, and all the experience bestowed by frequent conquest. One so simple as Leonard—so young and so new! Harley L'Es-trange would have smiled at himself, if the idea of that image subjugating the ambitious woman to the disinterested love of a village maid, had once crossed his mind. Nevertheless, so it was, and precisely from those causes which would have seemed to Harley to forbid the weakness.

It was that fresh, pure heart—it was that simple, earnest sweetness—it was that contrast in look, in tone, in sentiment, and in reasonings, to all that had jaded and disgusted her in the circle of her admirers—it was all this that captivated Beatrice at the first interview with Leonard. Here was what she had confessed to the sceptical Randal she had dreamed and sighed for. Her earliest youth had passed into abhorrent marriage, without the soft, innocent crisis of human life—virgin love. Many a wooer might have touched her vanity, pleased her fancy, excited her ambition—her heart had never been awakened: it woke now. The world, and the years that

the world had wasted, seemed to fleet away as a cloud. She was as if restored to the blush and the sigh of youth—the youth of the Italian maid. As in the restoration of our golden age is the spell of poetry with us all, so such was the spell of the poet himself on her.

Oh, how exquisite was that brief episode in the life of the woman palled with the “hack sights and sounds” of worldly life! How strangely happy were those hours, when, lured on by her silent sympathy, the young scholar spoke of his early struggles between circumstance and impulse, musing amidst the flowers, and hearkening to the fountain; or of his wanderings in the desolate, lamp-lit streets, while the vision of Chatterton’s glittering eyes shone dread through the friendless shadows. And as he spoke, whether of his hopes or his fears, her looks dwelt fondly on the young face, that varied between pride and sadness—pride ever so gentle, and sadness ever so nobly touching. She was never weary of gazing on that brow, with its quiet power; but her lids dropped before those eyes, with their serene, unfathomable passion. She felt, as they haunted her, what a deep and holy thing love in such souls must be. Leonard never spoke to her of Helen—that reserve every reader can comprehend. To natures like his, first love is a mystery; to confide it is to profane. But he fulfilled his commission of interesting her in the exile and his daughter. And his description of them brought tears to her eyes. She inly resolved not to aid Peschiera in his designs on Violante. She forgot for the moment that her own fortune was to depend on the success of those designs. Levy had arranged so that she was not reminded of her poverty by creditors—she knew not how. She knew nothing of business. She gave herself up to the delight of the present hour, and to vague prospects of a future, associated with that young image—with that face of a guardian angel that she saw before her, fairest in the moments of absence: for in those moments came the life of fairyland, when we shut our eyes on the world, and see through the haze of golden reverie. Dangerous, indeed,

to Leonard would have been the soft society of Beatrice di Negra, had his heart not been wholly devoted to one object, and had not his ideal of woman been from that object one sole and indivisible reflection. But Beatrice guessed not this barrier between herself and him. Amidst the shadows that he conjured up from his past life, she beheld no rival form. She saw him lonely in the world as she was herself. And in his lowly birth, his youth, in the freedom from presumption which characterised him in all things, (save that confidence in his intellectual destinies, which is the essential attribute of genius,) she but grew the bolder by the belief that, even if he loved her, he would not dare to hazard the avowal.

And thus, one day, yielding as she had been ever wont to yield, to the impulse of her quick Italian heart—how she never remembered—in what words she could never recall—she spoke—she owned her love—she pleaded, with tears and blushes, for love in return. All that passed was to her as a dream—a dream from which she woke with a fierce sense of agony, of humiliation—woke as the “woman scorned.” No matter how gratefully, how tenderly Leonard had replied—the reply was refusal. For the first time she learned she had a rival; that all he could give of love was long since, from his boyhood, given to another. For the first time in her life that ardent nature knew jealousy, its torturing stings, its thirst for vengeance, its tempest of loving hate. But, to outward appearance, silent and cold she stood as marble. Words that sought to soothe fell on her ear unheeded: they were drowned by the storm within. Pride was the first feeling that dominated the warring elements that raged in her soul. She tore her hand from that which clasped hers with so loyal a respect. She could have spurned the form that knelt not for love, but for pardon, at her feet. She pointed to the door—the gesture of an insulted queen knew no more till she saw. Then came that rapid flash of a lecture peculiar to the story of jealousy; that which seizes on the heart from all nature the one, and to destroy;

false, yet received at once by our convictions as the revelation of instinctive truth. He to whom she had humbled herself loved another; whom but Violante?—whom else, young and beautiful, had he named in the record of his life? None! And he had sought to interest her, Beatrice di Negra, in the object of his love—hinted at dangers, which Beatrice knew too well—implied trust in Beatrice's will

to protect. Blind fool that she had been! This, then, was the reason why he had come, day after day, to Beatrice's house; this was the charm that had drawn him thither; this—she pressed her hands to her burning temples, as if to stop the torture of thought. Suddenly a voice was heard below, the door opened, and Randal Leslie entered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Punctually at eight o'clock that evening, Baron Levy welcomed the new ally he had secured. The pair dined *en tête à tête*, discussing general matters till the servants left them to their wine. Then said the Baron, rising and stirring the fire—then said the Baron, briefly and significantly—“Well!”

“As regards the property you spoke of,” answered Randal, “I am willing to purchase it on the terms you name. The only point that perplexes me is how to account to Audley Egerton, to my parents, to the world, for the power of purchasing it.”

“True,” said the Baron, without even a smile at the ingenious and truly Greek manner in which Randal had contrived to denote his meaning, and conceal the ugliness of it—“true, we must think of that. If we could manage to conceal the real name of the purchaser for a year or so—it might be easy—you may be supposed to have speculated in the Funds; or Egerton may die, and people may believe that he had secured to you something handsome from the ruins of his fortune.”

“Little chance of Egerton's dying.”

“Humph!” said the Baron. “However, this is a mere detail, reserved for consideration. You can now tell us where the young lady is?”

“Certainly. I could not this morning—I can now. I will go with you to the Count. Meanwhile, I have seen Madame di Negra; she will accept Frank Hazeldean if he will but offer himself at once.”

“Will he not?”

“No! I have been to him. He is overjoyed at my representations, but considers it his duty to ask the consent

of his parents. Of course they will not give it; and if there be delay, she will retract. She is under the influence of passions, on the duration of which there is no reliance.

“What passions? Love?”

“Love; but not for Hazeldean. The passions that bring her to accept his hand are pique and jealousy. She believes, in a word, that one, who seems to have gained the mastery over her affections with a strange suddenness, is but blind to her charms, because dazzled by Violante's. She is prepared to aid in all that can give her rival to Peschiera; and yet, such is the inconsistency of woman, (added the young philosopher, with a shrug of the shoulders,) that she is also prepared to lose all chance of securing him she loves, by bestowing herself on another!”

“Woman indeed, all over!” said the Baron, tapping the snuff-box, (Louis Quinze,) and regaling his nostrils with a scornful pinch. “But who is the man whom the fair Beatrice has thus honoured? Superb creature! I had some idea of her myself when I bought up her debts; but it might have embarrassed me, on more general plans, as regards the Count. All for the best. Who's the man? Not Lord L'Estrange?”

“I do not think it is he; but I have not yet ascertained. I have told you all I know. I found her in a state so excited, so unlike herself, that I had no little difficulty in soothing her into confidence so far. I could not venture more.”

“And she will accept Frank?”

“Had he offered to-day she would have accepted him!”

“It may be a great help to your

fortunes, *mon cher*, if Frank Hazeldean marry this lady without his father's consent. Perhaps he may be disinherited. You are next of kin."

"How do you know that?" asked Randal, sullenly.

"It is my business to know all about the chances and connections of any one with whom I do money matters. I do money matters with young Mr Hazeldean; so I know that the Hazeldean property is not entailed; and, as the Squire's half-brother has no Hazeldean blood in him, you have excellent expectations."

"Did Frank tell you I was next of kin?"

"I rather think so; but I am sure *you* did."

"I—when?"

"When you told me how important it was to you that Frank should marry Madame di Negra. *Peste! mon cher*, do you think I'm a blockhead?"

"Well, Baron, Frank is of age, and can marry to please himself. You implied to me that you could help him in this."

"I will try. See that he call at Madame di Negra's to-morrow, at two precisely."

"I would rather keep clear of all apparent interference in this matter. Will you not arrange that he call on her?"

"I will. Any more wine? No;—then let us go to the Count's."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The next morning Frank Hazeldean was sitting over his solitary breakfast-table. It was long past noon. The young man had risen early, it is true, to attend his military duties, but he had contracted the habit of breakfasting late. One's appetite does not come early when one lives in London, and never goes to bed before daybreak.

There was nothing very luxurious or effeminate about Frank's rooms, though they were in a very dear street, and he paid a monstrous high price for them. Still, to a practised eye, they betrayed an inmate who can get through his money, and make very little show for it. The walls were covered with coloured prints of racers and steeple-chases, interspersed with the portraits of opera-dancers—all smirk and caper. Then there was a semicircular recess, covered with red cloth, and fitted up for smoking, as you might perceive by sundry stands full of Turkish pipes in cherry-stick and jessamine, with amber mouth-pieces; while a great serpent hookah, from which Frank could no more have smoked than he could have smoked out of the head of a boa constrictor, coiled itself up on the floor; over the chimney-piece was a collection of Moorish arms. What use on earth, ataghan and scimitar, and damasquined pistols, that would not carry straight three yards, could be to an officer in his Majesty's Guards,

is more than I can conjecture, or even Frank satisfactorily explain. I have strong suspicions that this valuable arsenal passed to Frank in part-payment of a bill to be discounted. At all events, if so, it was an improvement on the bear that he had sold to the hairdresser. No books were to be seen anywhere, except a Court Guide, a Racing Calendar, an Army List, the Sporting Magazine complete, (whole bound in scarlet morocco, at about a guinea per volume,) and a small book, as small as an Elzevir, on the chimney-piece, by the side of a cigar-case. That small book had cost Frank more than all the rest put together; it was his *Own Book*, his book *par excellence*; book made up by himself—his *BATTING BOOK*!

On a centre table were deposited Frank's well-brushed hat—a satin-wood box, containing kid-gloves, of various delicate tints, from primrose to lilac—a tray full of cards and three-cornered notes—an opera-glass, and an ivory subscription ticket to his opera stall.

In one corner was an ingenious receptacle for canes, sticks, and whips—I should not like, in these bad times, to have paid the bill for them;—and, mounting guard by that receptacle, stood a pair of boots as bright as Baron Levy's—"the force of brightness could no further go." Frank was in his dressing-gown—very good taste—quite Oriental—guaranteed to

be true India cachmere, and charged as such. Nothing could be more neat, though perfectly simple, than the appurtenances of his breakfast-table;—silver tea-pot, ewer and basin—all fitting into his dressing-box—(for the which may Storr and Mortimer be now praised, and some day paid!) Frank looked very handsome—rather tired, and exceedingly bored. He had been trying to read the *Morning Post*, but the effort had proved too much for him.

Poor dear Frank Hazelden!—true type of many a poor dear fellow who has long since gone to the dogs. And if, in this road to ruin, there had been the least thing to do the traveller any credit by the way! One feels a respect for the ruin of a man like Audley Egerton. He is ruined *en roi*! From the wrecks of his fortune he can look down and see stately monuments built from the stones of that dismantled edifice. In every institution which attests the humanity of England, was a record of the princely bounty of the public man. In those objects of party, for which the proverbial sinews of war are necessary—in those rewards for service, which private liberality can confer—the hand of Egerton had been opened as with the heart of a king. Many a rising member of Parliament, in those days when talent was brought forward through the aid of wealth and rank, owed his career to the seat which Audley Egerton's large subscription had secured to him; many an obscure supporter in letters and the press looked back to the day when he had been freed from the gaol by the gratitude of the patron. The city he represented was embellished at his cost; through the shire that held his mortgaged lands, which he had rarely ever visited, his gold had flowed as a Pactolus; all that could animate its public spirit, or increase its civilisation, claimed kindred with his munificence, and never had a claim disallowed. Even in his grand careless household, with its large retinue and superb hospitality, there was something worthy of a representative of that time-honoured portion of our true nobility—the untitled gentlemen of the land. The great commoner had, indeed, "something to show" for

the money he had disdained and squandered. But for Frank Hazelden's mode of getting rid of the dross, when gone, what would be left to tell the tale? Paltry prints in a bachelor's lodging; a collection of canes and cherry-sticks; half-a-dozen letters in ill-spelt French from a *figurante*; some long-legged horses, fit for nothing but to lose a race; that damnable Betting-Book; and—*sic transit gloria*—down sweeps some hawk of a Levy, on the wings of an I O U, and not a feather is left of the pigeon!

Yet Frank Hazelden has stuff in him—a good heart, and strict honour. Fool though he seem, there is sound sterling sense in some odd corner of his brains, if one could but get at it. All he wants to save him from perdition is, to do what he has never yet done—viz., pause and think. But, to be sure, that same operation of thinking is not so easy for folks unaccustomed to it, as people who think—think!

"I can't bear this," said Frank suddenly, and springing to his feet. "This woman, I cannot get her out of my head. I ought to go down to the governor's; but then if he gets into a passion and refuses his consent, where am I? And he will too, I fear. I wish I could make out what Randal advises. He seems to recommend that I should marry Beatrice at once, and trust to my mother's influence to make all right afterwards. But when I ask, '*Is that your advice?*' he backs out of it. Well, I suppose he is right there. I can understand that he is unwilling, good fellow, to recommend anything that my father would disapprove. But still—"

Here Frank stopped in his soliloquy, and did make his first desperate effort to—think!

Now, O dear reader, I assume, of course, that thou art one of the class to which thought is familiar; and, perhaps, thou hast smiled in disdain or incredulity at that remark on the difficulty of thinking which preceded Frank Hazelden's discourse to himself. But art thou quite sure that when thou hast tried to *think* thou hast always succeeded? Hast thou not often been duped by that pale visionary simulacrum of thought which

goes by the name of *reverie*? Honest old Montaigne confessed that he did not understand that process of sitting down to think, on which some folks express themselves so glibly. He could not think unless he had a pen in his hand, and a sheet of paper before him; and so, by a manual operation, seized and connected the links of ratiocination. Very often has it happened to myself, when I have said to Thought peremptorily, "Bestir thyself—a serious matter is before thee—ponder it well—think of it," that that same Thought has behaved in the most refractory, rebellious manner conceivable—and instead of concentrating its rays into a single stream of light, has broken into all the desultory tints of the rainbow, colouring senseless clouds, and running off into the seventh heaven—so that after sitting a good hour by the clock, with brows as knit as if I was intent on squaring the circle, I have suddenly discovered that I might as well have gone comfortably to sleep—I have been doing nothing but dream—and the most nonsensical dreams! So when Frank Hazeldean, as he stopped at that meditative "But still"—and leaning his arm on the chimney-piece, and resting his face on his hand, felt himself at the grave crisis of life, and fancied he was going "to think on it," there only rose before him a succession of shadowy pictures. Randal Leslie with an unsatisfactory countenance, from which he could extract nothing;—the Squire, looking as black as thunder in his study at Hazeldean;—his mother trying to plead for him, and getting herself properly scolded for her pains;—and then off went that Will-o'-the-wisp which pretended to call itself Thought, and began playing round the pale charming face of Beatrice di Negra in the drawing-room at Curzon Street, and repeating, with small elfin voice, Randal Leslie's assurance of the preceding day, "as to her affection for you, Frank, there is no doubt of *that*; she only begins to think you are trifling with her." And then there was a rapturous vision of a young gentleman on his knee, and the fair pale face bathed in blushes, and a clergyman standing by the altar, and a carriage and four with white favours at the church door;

and of a honeymoon, which would have astonished as to honey all the bees of Hymettus. And in the midst of these phantasmagoria, which composed what Frank fondly styled "making up his mind," there came a single man's elegant rat-tat-tat at the street door.

"One never *has* a moment for *thinking*," cried Frank, and he called out to his valet "Not at home."

But it was too late. Lord Spendquick was in the hall, and presently within the room. How d'ye do's were exchanged and hands shaken.

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"I have a note for you, Hazeldean."

FRANK, (lazily).—"From whom?"

LORD SPENDQUICK.—"Levy. Just come from him—never saw him in such a fidget. He was going into the city—I suppose to see X. Y. Dashed off this note for you—and would have sent it by a servant, but I said I would bring it."

FRANK, (looking fearfully at the note).—"I hope he does not want his money yet. *Private and confidential*—that looks bad."

SPENDQUICK.—"Devilish bad indeed."

Frank opens the note and reads half aloud, "Dear Hazeldean."

SPENDQUICK, (interrupting).—"Good sign! He always 'Spendquicks' me when he lends me money; and 'tis 'My dear Lord' when he wants it back. Capital sign!"

Frank reads on, but to himself, and with a changing countenance—

"Dear Hazeldean,—I am very sorry to tell you that, in consequence of the sudden failure of a house at Paris with which I had large dealings, I am pressed, suddenly, for all the ready money I can get. I don't want to inconvenience you; but do try and see if you can raise those bills of yours which I have lent you, as you know, have been due some little time. I had hit on a way of raising your money; but when I hinted at it, you said it was like the money that Leslie has lent you. I am very sorry to hear of this, and who is in g

though she has for her brother a foreign Count, as rich as Cræsus. There is an execution in her house. I am going down to the tradesman who put it in, but have no hope of softening him; and I fear there will be others before the day is out. Another reason for wanting money, if you can help me, *mon cher*!—An execution in the house of one of the most brilliant women in London—an execution in Curzon Street, May Fair! It will be all over the town, if I can't stop it.—Yours in haste, LEVY.

"P.S.—Don't let what I have said vex you too much. I should not trouble you if Spendquick and Borrowell would pay me something. Perhaps you can get them to do so."

Struck by Frank's silence and paleness, Lord Spendquick here, in the kindest way possible, laid his hand on the young Guardsman's shoulder, and looked over the note with that freedom which gentlemen in difficulties take with each other's private and confidential correspondence. His eye fell on the postscript. "Oh, damn it," cried Spendquick, "but that's too bad—employing you to get me to pay him! Such horrid treachery. Make yourself easy, my dear Frank; I could never suspect you of anything so unhandsome. I could as soon suspect myself of—paying him—"

"Curzon Street! Count!" muttered Frank, as if waking from a dream. "It must be so." To thrust on his boots—change his dressing-robe for a frock-coat—catch at his hat, gloves, and cane—break from Spendquick—descend the stairs—a flight at a leap—gain the street—throw himself into a cabriolet; all this was done before his astounded visitor could even recover breath enough to ask "What's the matter?"

Left thus alone, Lord Spendquick shook his head—shook it twice, as if fully to convince himself that there was nothing in it; and then rearranging his hat before the looking-glass, and drawing on his gloves deliberately, he walked down stairs, and strolled into White's, but with a bewildered and absent air. Standing at the celebrated bow-window for some moments in musing silence, Lord Spendquick at last thus addressed an exceedingly cynical, sceptical, old *roué*:—

"Pray, do you think there is any truth in the stories about people in former times selling themselves to the devil?"

"Ugh," answered the *roué*, much too wise ever to be surprised. "Have you any personal interest in the question?"

"I!—no; but a friend of mine has just received a letter from Levy, and he flew out of the room in the most extra-or-di-na-ry manner—just as people did in those days when their time was up! And Levy, you know, is—"

"Not quite as great a fool as the other dark gentleman to whom you would compare him; for Levy never made such bad bargains for himself. Time up! No doubt it is. I should not like to be in your friend's shoes."

"Shoes!" said Spendquick, with a sort of shudder; "you never saw a neater fellow, nor one, to do him justice, who takes more time in dressing than he does in general. And, talking of shoes—he rushed out with the right boot on the left foot, and the left boot on the right. Very mysterious." And a third time Lord Spendquick shook his head—and a third time that head seemed to him wond'rous empty.

CHAPTER XXV.

But Frank had arrived in Curzon Street—leapt from the cabriolet—knocked at the door, which was opened by a strange-looking man in a buff waistcoat and corduroy smalls. Frank gave a glance at this personage—pushed him aside—and rushed up stairs. He burst into the drawing-

room—no Beatrice was there. A thin elderly man, with a manuscript book in his hands, appeared engaged in examining the furniture and making an inventory, with the aid of Madame di Negra's upper servant. The thin man stared at Frank, and touched the hat which was on his

head. The servant, who was a foreigner, approached Frank, and said, in broken English, that his lady did not receive—that she was unwell, and kept her room. Frank thrust a sovereign into the servant's hand, and begged him to tell Madame di Negra that Mr Hazeldean entreated the honour of an interview. As soon as the servant vanished on this errand, Frank seized the thin man by the arm—"What is this?—an execution?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what sum?"

"Fifteen hundred and forty-seven pounds. We are the first in possession."

"There are others, then?"

"Or else, sir, we should never have taken this step. Most painful to our feelings, sir; but these foreigners are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. And—"

The servant re-entered. Madame di Negra would see Mr Hazeldean. Would he walk up stairs? Frank hastened to obey this summons.

Madame di Negra was in a small room which was fitted up as a boudoir. Her eyes showed the traces of recent tears, but her face was composed, and even rigid, in its haughty though mournful expression. Frank, however, did not pause to notice her countenance—to hear her dignified salutation. All his timidity was gone. He saw but the woman whom he loved, in distress and humiliation. As the door closed on him, he flung himself at her feet. He caught at her hand—the skirt of her robe.

"Oh! Madame di Negra!—Beatrice!" he exclaimed, tears in his eyes, and his voice half-broken by generous emotion; "forgive me—forgive me; don't see in me a mere acquaintance. By accident I learned, or, rather, guessed—this—this strange insult to which you are so unworthily exposed. I am here. Think of me—but as a friend—the truest friend. Oh! Beatrice"—and he bent his head over the hand he held—"I never dared say so before—it seems presuming to say it now—but I cannot help it. I love you—I love you with my whole heart and soul—to serve you—if only but to serve you!—I ask nothing else." And a sob went

from his warm, young, foolish heart.

The Italian was deeply moved. Nor was her nature that of the mere sordid adventuress. So much love, and so much confidence! She was not prepared to betray the one, and entrap the other.

"Rise—rise," she said, softly; "I thank you gratefully. But do not suppose that I—"

"Hush—hush!—you must not refuse me. Hush!—don't let your pride speak."

"No—it is not my pride. You exaggerate what is occurring here. You forget that I have a brother. I have sent for him. He is the only one I can apply to. Ah! that is his knock! But I shall never, never forget that I have found one generous noble heart in this hollow world."

Frank would have replied, but he heard the Count's voice on the stairs, and had only time to rise and withdraw to the window, trying hard to repress his agitation and compose his countenance. Count di Peschiera entered—entered as a very personation of the beauty and magnificence of careless, luxurious, pampered, egotistical wealth. His surtout, trimmed with the costliest sables, flung back from his splendid chest. Amidst the folds of the glossy satin that enveloped his throat, gleamed a turquoise, of such value as a jeweller might have kept for fifty years before he could find a customer rich and frivolous enough to buy it. The very head of his cane was a masterpiece of art, and the man himself, so elegant despite his strength, and so fresh despite his years!—It is astonishing how well men wear when they think of no one but themselves!

"Pr-rr!" said the Count, not observing Frank behind the draperies of the window; "P-rr—. It seems to me that you must have passed a very unpleasant quarter of an hour. And now—*Dieu me damne—quoi faire!*"

Beatrice pointed to the window, and felt as if she could have sunk into the earth for shame. But as the Count spoke in French, and Frank did not very readily comprehend that language, the words escaped him; though his ear was shocked by a certain satirical levity of tone.

Frank came forward. The Count held out his hand, and, with a rapid change of voice and manner, said, "One whom my sister admits at such a moment must be a friend to me."

"Mr Hazeldean," said Beatrice, with meaning, "would indeed have nobly pressed on me the offer of an aid which I need no more, since you, my brother, are here."

"Certainly," said the Count, with his superb air of *grand seigneur*; "I will go down and clear your house of this impertinent *canaille*. But I thought your affairs were with Baron Levy. He should be here."

"I expect him every moment. Adieu! Mr Hazeldean." Beatrice extended her hand to her young lover with a frankness which was not without a certain pathetic and cordial dignity. Restrained from farther words by the Count's presence, Frank bowed over the fair hand in silence, and retired. He was on the stairs, when he was joined by Peschiera.

"Mr Hazeldean," said the latter, in a low tone, "will you come into the drawing-room?"

Frank obeyed. The man employed in his examination of the furniture was still at his task; but at a short whisper from the Count he withdrew.

"My dear sir," said Peschiera, "I am so unacquainted with your English laws, and your mode of settling embarrassments of this degrading nature, and you have evidently showed so kind a sympathy in my sister's distress, that I venture to ask you to stay here, and aid me in consulting with Baron Levy."

Frank was just expressing his unfeigned pleasure to be of the slightest use, when Levy's knock resounded at the street-door, and in another moment the Baron entered.

"Ouf!" said Levy, wiping his brows and sinking into a chair as if he had been engaged in toils the most exhausting—"Ouf! this is a very sad business—very; and nothing, my dear Count, nothing but ready money can save us here."

"You know my affairs, Levy," replied Peschiera, mournfully shaking his head, "and that though in a few

months, or it may be weeks, I could discharge with ease my sister's debts, whatever their amount, yet at this moment, and in a strange land, I have not the power to do so. The money I brought with me is nearly exhausted. Can you not advance the requisite sum?"

"Impossible!—Mr Hazeldean is aware of the distress under which I labour myself."

"In that case," said the Count, "all we can do to-day is to remove my sister, and let the execution proceed. Meanwhile I will go among my friends, and see what I can borrow from them."

"Alas!" said Levy, rising and looking out of the window—"alas! we cannot remove the Marchesa—the worst is to come. Look!—you see those three men; they have a writ against her person: the moment she sets her foot out of these doors she will be arrested."*

"Arrested!" exclaimed Peschiera and Frank in a breath.

"I have done my best to prevent this disgrace, but in vain," said the Baron, looking very wretched. "You see, these English tradespeople fancy they have no hold upon foreigners. But we can get bail; she must not go to prison—"

"Prison!" echoed Frank. He hastened to Levy and drew him aside. The Count seemed paralysed by shame and grief. Throwing himself back on the sofa, he covered his face with his hands.

"My sister!" groaned the Count—"daughter to a Peschiera, widow to di Negra!" There was something affecting in the proud woe of this grand patrician.

"What is the sum?" whispered Frank, anxious that the poor Count should not overhear him; and indeed the Count seemed too stunned and overwhelmed to hear anything less loud than a clap of thunder!

"We may settle all liabilities for £5000. Nothing to Peschiera, who is enormously rich. *Entre nous*, I doubt his assurance that he is without ready money. It may be so, but—"

"£5000! How can I raise such a sum!"

* At that date the law of *meane process* existed still.

"You, my dear Hazeldean? What are you talking about? To be sure, you could raise twice as much with a stroke of your pen, and throw your own debts into the bargain. But—to be so generous to an acquaintance!"

"Acquaintance—Madame di Negra!—the height of my ambition is to claim her as my wife!"

"And these debts don't startle you?"

"If a man loves," answered Frank simply, "he feels it most when the woman he loves is in affliction. And," he added, after a pause, "though these debts are faults, kindness at this moment may give me the power to cure for ever both her faults and my own. I can raise this money by a stroke of the pen! How?"

"On the Casino property."

Frank drew back.

"No other way?"

"Of course not. But I know your scruples; let us see if they can be conciliated. You would marry Madame di Negra; she will have £20,000 on her wedding-day. Why not arrange that, out of this sum, your anticipative charge on the Casino property be paid at once? Thus, in truth, it will be but for a few weeks that the charge will exist. The bond will remain locked in my desk—it can never come to your father's knowledge, nor wound his feelings. And when you marry, (if you will but be prudent in the meanwhile,) you will not owe a debt in the world."

Here the Count suddenly started up.

"Mr Hazeldean, I asked you to stay and aid us by your counsel; I see now that counsel is unavailing. This blow on our house must fall! I thank you, sir—I thank you. Farewell. Levy, come with me to my poor sister, and prepare her for the worst."

"Count," said Frank, "hear me. My acquaintance with you is but slight, but I have long known and esteemed your sister. Baron Levy has suggested a mode in which I can have the honour and the happiness of removing this temporary but painful embarrassment. I can advance the money."

"No—no!" exclaimed Peschiera.

"How can you suppose that I will hear of such a proposition? Your youth and benevolence mislead and blind you. Impossible, sir—impossible! Why, even if I had no pride, no delicacy of my own, my sister's fair fame—"

"Would suffer indeed," interrupted Levy, "if she were under such obligation to any one but her affianced husband. Nor, whatever my regard for you, Count, could I suffer my client, Mr Hazeldean, to make this advance upon any less valid security than that of the fortune to which Madame di Negra is entitled."

"Ha!—is this indeed so? You are a suitor for my sister's hand, Mr Hazeldean?"

"But not at this moment—not to owe her hand to the compulsion of gratitude," answered gentleman Frank.

"Gratitude! And you do not know her heart, then? Do not know—" the Count interrupted himself, and went on after a pause. "Mr Hazeldean, I need not say, that we rank among the first houses in Europe. My pride led me formerly into the error of disposing of my sister's hand to one whom she did not love—merely because in rank he was her equal. I will not again commit such an error, nor would Beatrice again obey me if I sought to constrain her. Where she marries, there she will love. If, indeed, she accept you, as I believe she will, it will be from affection solely. If she does, I cannot scruple to accept this loan—a loan from a brother-in-law—loan to me, and not charged against her fortune! That, sir, (turning to Levy, with his grand air,) you will take care to arrange. If she do not accept you, Mr Hazeldean, the loan, I repeat, is not to be thought of. Pardon me, if I leave you. This, one way or other, must be decided at once." The Count inclined his head with much stateliness, and then quitted the room. His step was heard ascending the stairs.

"If," said Levy, in the tone of a more man of business—"if the Count pay the debts, and the lady's fortune be only charged with your own—after all it will not be a bad marriage in the world's eye, nor ought it to be in a father's. Trust me, we shall get Mr

Hazeldean's consent, and cheerfully too."

Frank did not listen; he could only listen to his love, to his heart beating loud with hope and with fear.

Levy sate down before the table, and drew up a long list of figures in a very neat hand—a list of figures on *two* accounts, which the *post-obit* on the Casino was destined to efface.

After a lapse of time, which to Frank seemed interminable, the Count reappeared. He took Frank aside, with a gesture to Levy, who rose, and retired into the drawing-room.

"My dear young friend," said Peschiera, "as I suspected, my sister's heart is wholly yours. Stop; hear me out. But unluckily, I informed her of your generous proposal; it was most unguarded, most ill-judged in me, and that has wellnigh spoiled all; she has so much pride and spirit; so great a fear that you may think yourself betrayed into an imprudence you may hereafter regret, that I am sure she will tell you she does not love you, she cannot accept you, and so forth. Lovers like you are not easily deceived. Don't go by her words; but you shall see her yourself and judge. Come."

Followed mechanically by Frank, the Count ascended the stairs and threw open the door of Beatrice's room. The Marchesa's back was turned; but Frank could see that she was weeping.

"I have brought my friend to plead for himself," said the Count in French; "and take my advice, sister, and do not throw away all prospect of real and solid happiness for a vain scruple. *Heed me!*" He retired and left Frank alone with Beatrice.

Then the Marchesa, as if by a violent effort, so sudden was her movement, and so wild her look, turned her face to her wooer, and came up to him, where he stood.

"Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, "is this true? You would save me from disgrace, from a prison—and what can I give you in return? My love! No, no. I will not deceive you. Young, fair, noble, as you are, I do not love you, as you should be loved. Go; leave this house; you do not know my brother. Go, go—while I have still strength, still virtue

enough to reject whatever may protect me from him! whatever—may—Oh—go, go.

"You do not love me," said Frank. "Well, I don't wonder at it; you are so brilliant, so superior to me. I will abandon hope—I will leave you as you command me. But at least I will not part with my privilege to serve you. As for the rest—shame on me if I could be mean enough to boast of love, and enforce a suit, at such a moment."

Frank turned his face and stole away softly. He did not arrest his steps at the drawing-room; he went into the parlour, wrote a brief line to Levy charging him quietly to dismiss the execution, and to come to Frank's rooms with the necessary deeds; and, above all, to say nothing to the Count. Then he went out of the house and walked back to his lodgings.

That evening Levy came to him, and accounts were gone into, and papers signed; and the next morning Madame di Negra was free from debt; and there was a great claim on the reversion of the Casino estates; and at the noon of that next day Randal was closeted with Beatrice; and before the night, came a note from Madame di Negra, hurried, blurred with tears, summoning Frank to Curzon Street. And when he entered the Marchesa's drawing-room, Peschiera was seated beside his sister; and rising at Frank's entrance, said, "My dear brother-in-law!" and placed Frank's hand in Beatrice's.

"You accept me—you accept me—and of your own free will and choice?"

And Beatrice answered, "Bear with me a little, and I will try to repay you with all my—all my—" She stopped short, and sobbed aloud.

"I never thought her capable of such acute feeling, such strong attachment," whispered the Count.

Frank heard, and his face was radiant. By degrees Madame di Negra recovered composure, and she listened with what her young lover deemed a tender interest, but what, in fact, was mournful and humbled resignation, to his joyous talk of the future. To him the hours passed by, brief and bright, like a flash of sunlight. And his dreams, when he re-

tired to rest, were so golden! But, when he awoke the next morning, he said to himself, "What—what will they say at the Hall?"

At that same hour Beatrice, burying her face on her pillow, turned from the loathsome day, and could have prayed for death. At that same hour, Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera, dismissing some gaunt, haggard Italians, with whom he had been in close conference, sallied forth to reconnoitre the house that contained Violante. At that same hour, Baron Levy was seated before his desk casting up a deadly array of figures, headed "Account with the Right Hon. Audley Egerton, M.P., *Dr.* and *Cr.*"—title-deeds strewed around him, and Frank Hazelden's post-obit peeping out fresh from the elder parchments. At that same hour, Audley Egerton had just concluded a letter from the chairman of his committee in the city he represented, which letter informed him he had not a chance of being re-elected. And the lines of his face were as composed as usual, and his foot rested as firm on the grim iron box; but his hand was pressed to his heart, and his eye was on the clock; and his voice muttered—"Dr F—— should be here!" And at that hour Harley L'Estrange, who the previous night had charmed courtly crowds with

his gay humour, was pacing to and fro the room in his hotel with restless strides and many a heavy sigh;—and Leonard was standing by the fountain in his garden, and watching the wintry sunbeams that sparkled athwart the spray;—and Violante was leaning on Helen's shoulder, and trying archly, yet innocently, to lead Helen to talk of Leonard;—and Helen was gazing steadfastly on the floor, and answering but by monosyllables;—and Randal Leslie was walking down to his office for the last time, and reading, as he passed across the Green Park, a letter from *home*, from his sister; and then, suddenly crumpling the letter in his thin pale hand, he looked up, beheld in the distance the spires of the great national Abbey; and recalling the words of our hero Nelson, he muttered—"Victory *and* Westminster, but *not* the abbey!" And Randal Leslie felt that, within the last few days, he had made a vast stride in his ambition;—his grasp on the old Leslie lands—Frank Hazelden betrothed, and possibly disinherited;—and Dick Avenel, in the back ground, opening, against the hated Lansmere interest, that same seat in Parliament which had first welcomed into public life Randal's ruined patron.

"But some must laugh, and some must weep;
Thus runs the world away!"

AMERICAN MILITARY RECONNOISSANCES.

MILITARY works are not exactly the kind of literature we look for from the United States. The gigantic European wars which ensanguined the early years of the century, make us apt to depreciate all contests that have since occurred. With Austerlitz and Jena, Leipzig and Toulouse, Salamanca and Waterloo, fresh in our memory, we scarcely heed the gallant actions of which Hungary and Northern Italy have recently been the scene. Still less do we regard, otherwise than with a smile, the easy triumphs obtained by Anglo-Americans over Indians and Mexicans. And, therefore, we were glad to find, on examining these two bulky volumes of *Military Reconnoissances*, that they had other claims to interest besides the narration of unequal combats between the stalwart and intrepid children of the Union and the degenerate descendants of the Spanish Conquistadores. Their military portions are quite subordinate, and they may be read as books of travel, written by highly intelligent and scientific men. They comprise the notes and reports of several American staff and engineer officers sent at different times to explore New Mexico, Texas, the country of the Navajos Indians, and other wild and little known districts south and west of the States—to which much of the territory thus travelled over has since been annexed. The most copious and interesting of the reports is that of Major (then Lieutenant) Emory, who, in June 1846, received orders to repair to Fort Leavenworth, with three junior officers, and to report himself and party to Colonel Kearney, as field and topographical engineers to his command. Colonel Kearney's column, rather magniloquently styled "The Army of the West," was destined to strike a blow at the northern

provinces of Mexico, particularly at New Mexico and California. This "Army of the West" was on a very diminutive scale, consisting of two batteries of six-pounders, three squadrons of dragoons, a regiment of Missouri cavalry, and two companies of infantry. It was part of Lieutenant Emory's instructions that, when military duties permitted, he and his subalterns should give their time and attention to the observation of the regions they were to traverse. The calls upon their military services proving extremely limited, they diligently pursued their peaceable and scientific researches, to which we are now indebted for a closely printed volume of notes, a large number of drawings of scenery, plants, antiquities, Indians, &c., and a map, as large as a table-cloth, of the route of the expedition. The other and more lately printed volume, more miscellaneous, and perhaps less generally interesting in its printed contents, surpasses its companion in the merits of its pictorial portion, consisting of seventy-five plates, many of them very curious, and some of them remarkably good specimens of the new art of printing in colours.

Any common map of North America will show in an instant the route followed by Lieutenant Emory. Starting from Fort Leavenworth, which is situated a little north of the junction of the Kansas with the Missouri, he marched in a south-westerly direction to Santa Fé, then nearly due south through the country of the Navajos and Apaches Indians, and then west to San Diego on the Pacific. A great portion of this route was through regions previously little explored. The contrary was the case with its earliest portion, namely, from Fort Leavenworth to Bent's Fort, which has been much

Notes of a Military Reconnoissance from Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, to San Diego in California, including parts of the Arkansas, Del Norte, and Gila rivers. By W. H. EMORY, Brevet-major, Corps Topographical Engineers. New York, 1848. London, Delf.

Reconnoissances in New Mexico, Texas, &c. (Reports of the American Secretary at War.) Washington, 1850.

visited. It is not till he quits the latter place that Lieutenant Emory commences his miscellaneous notes, previously confining himself to scientific, and especially astronomical, observations. From Bent's Fort to Santa Fé was little more than a fortnight's march. At Santa Fé the Mexican general, Armijo, was in command, and there might probably be fighting. But on the approach of the invaders, Armijo's heart failed him: he abandoned, without a shot, his advantageous and very defensible position, and fled southwards.

"As we approached the ruins of the ancient town of Pecos, a large fat fellow, mounted on a mule, came towards us at full speed, and extending his hand to the general, congratulated him on the arrival of himself and army. He said, with a roar of laughter, 'Armijo and his troops have gone to hell, and the Canon is all clear.' This was the Alcalde of the settlement, two miles up the Pecos from the ruins where we encamped. Pecos, once a fortified town, is built on a promontory or rock, somewhat in the shape of a foot. Here burned, until within seven years, the eternal fires of Montezuma, and the remains of the architecture exhibit, in a prominent manner, the engraftment of the Catholic church upon the ancient religion of the country. At one end of the short spur forming the terminus of the promontory, are the remains of the *estufa*, (stove or furnace for the preservation of the eternal fire,) with all its parts distinct; at the other are the remains of the Catholic church, both showing the distinctive marks and emblems of the two religions. The fires from the *estufa* burned and sent their incense through the same altars from which was preached the doctrine of Christ. Two religions so utterly different in theory were here, as in all Mexico, blended in harmonious practice until about a century since, when the town was sacked by a band of Indians. Amidst the havoc of plunder, the faithful Indian managed to keep his fire burning in the *estufa*, and it was continued till a few years since, when the tribe became almost extinct. Their devotions rapidly diminished their numbers, until they became so few as to be unable to keep their immense *estufa* (forty feet in diameter) replenished, when they abandoned the place and joined a tribe of the original race over the mountains, about sixty miles south. There, it is said, to this day they keep up their fire, which

has never yet been extinguished. The labour, watchfulness, and exposure to heat, consequent on this practice of their faith, is fast reducing this remnant of the Montezuma race; and a few years will, in all probability, see the last of this interesting people."

The Indians in general, Mr Emory states, were delighted to exchange Mexican for American masters. The day after his arrival at Santa Fé, the chiefs of the large and formidable tribe of the Pueblo Indians came to give in their joyful adhesion to the invaders. These Indians are some of the best and most peaceable inhabitants of New Mexico. Very soon after the Spanish conquest they embraced the religion, manners, and customs of their masters. A tradition was long current amongst them, they told the American officers, that the white man would come from the far east and release them from Spanish bondage. From Taos and other places deputations arrived to give in their allegiance, and to ask protection from hostile Indians; and a band of Navajos, naked savage-looking fellows, also dropped in and took up their quarters with the interpreter to the expedition, just opposite Mr Emory's lodging. "They ate, drank, and slept all the time, noticing nothing but a little cinnamon-coloured naked brat that was playing in the court, which they gazed at with the eyes of gastronomes." The Navajos are a robber tribe, dwelling in holes and caverns in lofty mountains, difficult of access, westward from Santa Fé and the Rio del Norte, and descending at night into the valleys to carry off the fruit, cattle, women, and children of the Mexicans. To assail and subdue them in their strongholds is an enterprise which the Mexicans never dreamed of attempting, and which Mr Emory believed would be no easy task even for his own countrymen. Armijo, during his government of New Mexico, would not allow the inhabitants to make war on these banditti, whom he took advantage of as a means of intimidation and extortion, as a thief might avail of a savage dog. Any who offended him were pretty sure to have a visit from the Navajos. Three years after Mr Emory's expedition, a military re-

connoissance was made from Santa Fé to the Navajo country, under command of Colonel Washington, governor of New Mexico. Lieutenant Simpson, of the Topographical Engineers, accompanied it, and we turn to his report (included in the second volume under notice) for some particulars of this predatory tribe and its district. The object of the expedition was to enforce compliance with a treaty made with the Navajos by a United States officer, by which they had pledged themselves to give up all Mexican captives, all murderers of Mexicans, who might be secreted amongst them, and all the Mexican stock they had driven off since the establishment of the government of the United States in that province. Several head-men of the Navajos came into camp for a talk with Colonel Washington and Mr Calhoun, (the Indian agent,) and it was agreed that on the following day the chiefs of the tribe should hold a conference with the American officers. Accordingly, at noon the next day, which was the 31st August, Narbona, the head chief of the Navajos, a man of eighty, whose portrait (that of a handsome old man, with a straight nose, a high forehead, and little or nothing of the savage in his aspect,) is given by Lieutenant Simpson, came into camp, accompanied by two other chiefs, and a colloquy was held with them through Sandoval, Navajo guide and interpreter to the expedition. The Indians agreed to the demands of the white men, who promised them protection and presents, and it was settled that another council should shortly be held at Chelly, for the arrangement of further details.

"The council breaking up, Sandoval harangued some two or three hundred Navajos, ranged before him on horseback; the object, as it occurred to me, being to explain to them the views and purposes of the government of the United States. Sandoval himself, habited in his gorgeous dress, [we could give no idea of its richness and brilliant colouring without here presenting Mr Simpson's 52d plate, a coloured print of a Navajo in full costume,] and all the Navajos as gorgeously decked in red, blue, and white, with rifle erect in hand; the spectacle was very imposing. But soon I perceived *there was likely to be some more serious*

work than mere talking. It appears that it was ascertained very satisfactorily that there was then amongst the horses, in the possession of the Navajos present, one which belonged to a Mexican, a member of Colonel Washington's command. The colonel, particularly as the possessor of it acknowledged it to be stolen, demanded its immediate restoration. The Navajos demurred. He then told them that, unless they restored it immediately, they would be fired into. They replied that the man in whose possession the horse was had fled. Colonel Washington then directed Lieutenant Tores to seize one in reprisal. The Navajos scampered off at the top of their speed. The guard present was then ordered to fire upon them—the result of which was that their head chief, Narbona, was shot dead on the spot; and six others, as the Navajos subsequently told us, were mortally wounded. Major Peck also threw amongst them, very handsomely, much to their terror, when they were afar off and thought they could with safety relax their flight, a couple of round shot. These people evidently gave signs of being tricky and unreliable, and probably never will be chastened into perfect subjection *until troops are stationed immediately amongst them.*"

This wholesale shooting, for so trifling a thing as a stolen horse, seems rather sharp practice; but perhaps it was judicious to intimidate the Navajos at first starting. They certainly showed no such formidable resistance as had been anticipated, three years previously, by Lieutenant Emory. The expedition continued its march, preceded by forty Pueblo Indians as an advanced guard, through a most formidable defile, which received the name of Washington Pass. The Pueblos were commanded by a chief of their own election, Owtewa by name, whose portrait, given by Mr Simpson, is more like that of some old weather-beaten Spanish guerilla-leader than of an Indian. Indeed, most of the portraits contained in these two volumes have much of the Spanish character of physiognomy, easily explicable by three centuries of license and oppression. Mariano Martinez, another Navajo chief, has the very features and expression of a Castilian or Biscayan peasant. He came into camp a few days after Narbona's death, embraced Colonel Washington, and declared his wish for peace, and

his willingness to comply with the conditions of the treaty. Then, again embracing the American officers, "very impressively and with much endearment," he departed to seek and restore the captives and plunder claimed from his tribe. Fear had probably something to do with his humility and submission, for by this time the expedition was in the very heart of the Navajo country, close to the renowned *cañon* of Chelly. The word *cañon*, sometimes applied to a shallow valley, more commonly means a very deep and narrow one, or rather a ravine, enclosed between lofty escarpments. The *cañon* of Chelly is of the latter description, and of most remarkable configuration. It has long been celebrated in Mexico for its great depth and for the impregnable positions it affords, as well as for a strong fort it was said to contain, and which, according to Caravajal, Mr Simpson's Mexican guide, was so high as to require fifteen ladders to scale it, seven of which the said Caravajal affirmed that he, on one occasion, ascended, but was not permitted to go higher. From their camp, within five miles of Chelly, a large party of the American officers visited the *cañon*, which more than fulfilled their anticipations—so great was its depth, so precipitous its rocks, so beautiful and regular its stratification. Plate 48, "View of the cañon of Chelly near its head," although only a rough lithograph on a minute scale, gives an imposing idea of the gloomy depths of this natural wonder. At that spot Mr Simpson estimated it to be about eight hundred feet deep.

"At its bottom," he says, "a stream of water could be seen winding its way along it, the great depth causing it to appear like a mere riband. As far as time would permit an examination, for a depth of about three hundred feet—I could descend no further, on account of the wall becoming vertical—the formation appeared to be sandstone, horizontally stratified with drift conglomerate. At this depth I found, protruding horizontally from the wall, its end only sticking out, a petrified tree of about a foot in diameter, a fragment of which I broke off as a specimen. How did this tree get there? I also picked up at this point, upon the shelf on which I was standing, a species of iron ore, probably red hematite.

The colonel commanding returning to camp, after a cursory look at the *cañon*, in order to put the troops in motion for the day's march, I had not the time necessary to make the full examination which I would have liked. I saw, however, enough to assure me that this *cañon* is not more worthy the attention of the lover of nature than it is of the mineralogist and geologist."

Three days later, Lieutenant Simpson, attended by his assistant engineers and draughtsmen, and escorted by sixty men and several officers, went to reconnoitre the *cañon*. The account he gives of it is most curious and interesting. At its mouth the walls were low; but as he proceeded, their altitude increased, until, at about three miles from the entrance, they assumed a stupendous appearance. The floor of the ravine, which in some places was no more than one hundred and fifty feet wide—although generally more than double that width—is a heavy sand. "The escarpment walls, which are a red amorphous sandstone, are rather friable, and show imperfect seams of stratification—the dip being slight, and towards the west. Almost perfectly vertical, they look as if they had been chiselled by the hand of art; and occasionally cicous marks, apparently the effect of the rotary attrition of contiguous masses, could be seen on their faces." Having proceeded about three miles, the party turned into a left-hand branch of the *cañon*. This branch was one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide, and its walls of the same towering height as those of the main line of ravine. Two or three patches of corn, with melons and pumpkins growing amongst it, were met with on the way; and then, after following this left-hand branch for half a mile, Mr Simpson turned to his right up a narrow secondary branch, enclosed between vertical walls three hundred feet high, which in some places are without a seam in their surface from top to bottom.

"About half a mile continues Mr Simpson, escarpment wall, is a canopyed by some small, cool, acceptable spring itered by A few

tical wall, affording no pathway for the ascent or descent of troops. At the head of this branch I noticed two or three hackberry trees, and also the *stramonium*, the first plant of the kind we have seen. Retracing our steps to the primary branch we had left, we followed it up to its head, which we found but two or three hundred yards above the fork—the side walls still continuing stupendous, and some fine caves being visible here and there within them. I also noticed here some small habitations, made up of natural overhanging rock, and artificial walls, laid in stone and mortar—the latter forming the front portion of the dwelling.”

It would be necessary to transcribe the whole of Mr Simpson's minute account of his visit to the cañon and its branches, in order to convey to the reader a just idea of that most extraordinary and gigantic fissure. Even then the idea obtained might be incommensurate with the grandeur of the subject, if the description were unaided by the three plates, dashed off with a bold, rough pencil, in which Mr Simpson's draughtsman has given us a better notion of the grim aspect and huge proportions of the ravine than words could well supply. Having explored the lateral branches, without seeing any sign of the celebrated fort, the party then continued their progress up the main channel, passing some ruined villages, perched on shelves of the rock wall. Near one of these, about five miles from the entrance, they observed, in the bed of the cañon, the ordinary Navajo hut, (a common Indian lodge of conical form, constructed of poles united at the apex, and covered with bark, bushes, and mud,) and, hard by it, a peach orchard.

“A mile further, observing several Navajos, high above us, on the verge of the north wall, shouting and gesticulating as if they were very glad to see us, what was our astonishment when they commenced tripping down the almost vertical wall before them as nimbly and dexterously as minuet-dancers! Indeed, the force of gravity, and their descent upon a steep inclined plane, made such a kind of performance absolutely necessary to insure their equilibrium. All seemed to allow that this was one of the most wonderful feats they had ever witnessed.”

After this meeting, the party passed more ruins of considerable villages, mostly built on shelves, and accessible only by ladders. Fragments of curiously-marked pottery were picked up, of which drawings are given. The walls, still of red sandstone, increased in the magnificence of their proportions, at intervals presenting *façades* hundreds of feet in length, and three or four hundred in height, beautifully smooth and vertical. About eight miles up the cañon, a small rill, previously lost in the deep sand, reappeared above ground. At last, at nine and a half miles from the entrance, the horses of the Pueblo Indians who accompanied him not being strong enough to go farther, and the much talked-of *presidio* or fort not appearing, Mr Simpson resolved to return to camp. The height of the walls, at the point where he turned back, he ascertained to be five hundred and two feet, and still increasing. The length of the cañon he conjectures—he does not mention on what grounds—to be about twenty-five miles. Its average width, as far as he ascended it, was two hundred yards.

“Both in going up and returning through the canon, groups of Navajos and single persons were seen by us, high above our heads, gazing upon us from its walls. A fellow upon horseback, relieved as he was sharply against the sky, and scanning us from his elevation, appeared particularly picturesque. Whenever we met them in the canon, they were very friendly—the principal chief, Martinez, joining and accompanying us in our exploration, and the proprietors of the peach orchards bringing out blanket-loads of the fruit (at best but of ordinary quality) for distribution among the troops. I noticed the cross, the usual emblem of the Roman Catholic faith, stuck up but in one instance in the canon, and this is the only one I have seen in the Navajo country.”

Mr Simpson was assured by Martinez that he and his companions were the first American troops that had visited Chelly. His visit, he considers, has solved the mystery of the wonderful cañon, and dissipated the notion previously entertained that upon a plateau, near its mouth, stood a high insulated fort, to which the Navajos repaired when danger ap-

proached. The report was very likely to be originated by the elevated position of some of the old Mexican villages, and also, perhaps, by the lofty shelves of the rock walls, to which the sure-footed Navajos may have fled when enemies were at hand, and to scale some of which would have taken more than the "fifteen ladders" spoken of by Caravajal. We cannot but regret that Mr Simpson did not prosecute his researches till he reached the extremity of the main cañon. However unnecessary in a military point of view, the results of such an expedition could not have been otherwise than highly interesting to science, and especially to the geologist. We can hardly doubt that the perusal of his report will stimulate adventurous travellers to an early exploration of the wonderful cañon. It offers, indeed, a wide field for speculation, and abounds in points of the strongest interest. Its origin—whether a natural fissure or from aqueous agents (Mr Simpson seems to incline to the former hypothesis)—its ruins, broken pottery, and other antiquities—its minerals and plants, are all fresh and fascinating subjects for investigation. The Navajos, too, are a people well worth making acquaintance with; presenting, as they do, a singular mixture of barbarism with ingenuity and civilisation. From what Mr Simpson had seen of them, he fully expected, on ascending the cañon, to find they had better habitations than the wretched wigwams we have already described. But no others did he discover, save ruined houses and villages, of whose origin the Navajos could give no account; and he was struck by the anomaly, that dwellers in miserable mud lodges should be the best blanket manufacturers in the world. "The *sarape* Navajo," says Gregg, in his *Commerce of the Prairies*, "is of so close and dense a texture, that it will frequently hold water almost as well as gum-elastic cloth. It is, therefore, highly prized for protection against the rains. Some of the finer qualities are often sold among the Mexicans as high as fifty or sixty dollars each." Gregg also speaks of the Navajos producing "some exquisite styles of cotton textures," and of their inge-

nuitly in feather embroidery; but Mr Simpson could discover amongst them no traces of either of these two arts, although they are fond of decorating their persons with plumage of birds, and display much taste in its selection and arrangement. Mr Simpson particularly noticed their wickerwork bowls and vases, which, like the blankets, held water, and were superior to anything of the kind he had seen in the States. The credit of making these was attributed, not to the Navajos, but to the Coystero Indians.

After quitting the neighbourhood of the Navajos, Lieutenant Emory and "The Army of the West" marched due south, following the course of the Del Norte for a distance of more than two hundred miles from Santa Fé. Turning off from the river, after parting with their waggons by reason of the badness of the road, their progress continued, without anything of particular interest occurring, until they reached the neighbourhood of the river Gila, when a number of Apache Indians, a tribe celebrated for their thievish propensities, came into camp, headed by their chief, Red Sleeve, swore eternal friendship to the Americans, and everlasting hatred to the Mexicans. Henceforward, they protested, the white man might pass alone and unharmed through their country: if on foot, he should be mounted—if hungry, they would give him food. Carson, the guide, only twinkled his keen eye, and declared he would not trust one of them. They were eager to trade.

"They had seen some trumpery about my camp which pleased them, and many of them collected there. My packs were made. One of my gentlest mules at that moment took fright, and went off like a rocket on the back trail, scattering to the right and left all who opposed him. A large, elegant-looking woman, mounted a straddle, more valiant than the rest, faced the brute, and charged upon him at full speed. This turned his course back to the camp; and I rewarded her by half-a-dozen biscuits, and, through her intervention, succeeded in trading two broken-down mules for two good ones, giving two yards of scarlet cloth in the bargain. By this time, a great number of Indians had collected about us, all differently dressed, and some in

the most fantastical style. The Mexican dress and saddles predominated, showing where they had chiefly made up their wardrobe. One had a jacket made of a Henry Clay flag, which aroused unpleasant sensations; for the acquisition, no doubt, cost one of my countrymen his life. Several wore beautiful helmets, decked with black feathers, which, with the short shirt, waist-belt, bare legs, and buskins, gave them the look of antique Grecian warriors. Most were furnished with the Mexican cartridge-box, which consists of a strap round the waist, with cylinders inserted for the cartridges."

The Apaches are a nomadic tribe, living in huts of twigs, easily constructed, and abandoned with indifference. In the saddle from infancy, they are perfect horsemen, and usually well mounted—their horses being kept in excellent condition by the abundant pasture that clothes the pleasant hills between the Del Norte and the Gila. Round the skirts of these they hover, overlooking the plains of Chihuahua and Sonora, and watching for those caravans whose slender escort encourages an attack. They are inveterate thieves, faithless and treacherous; but their treatment by the Mexicans was ill calculated to improve their character, or to turn them from their evil courses. The Mexicans slew them unmercifully whenever they could catch them, and used every species of stratagem to decoy them into their power.

"The former governor of Sonora," Mr Emory informs us, "employed a bold and intrepid Irishman, named Kirker, to hunt the Apaches. He had in his employment whites and Delaware Indians, and was allowed, besides a per diem, 100 dollars per scalp, and 25 dollars for a prisoner. A story is also told of one Johnson, an Englishman, an Apache trader, who, allured by the reward, induced a number of these people to come to his camp, and placed a barrel of flour for them to help themselves. When the crowd of men, women, and children was thickest, he fired a six-pounder amongst them from a concealed place, and killed great numbers."

What wonder if tribes which have met such perfidious and cruel treatment are eminently distrustful of the white men! Two poor wretches, with whom the head of the American column

fell in, could not believe their senses when suffered to ride away unmolested. They spoke no Spanish, but a language described by Mr Emory as resembling the bark of a mastiff; and it was thought they belonged to the tribe of Tremblers, so called from the emotion they display at meeting white men. Some distance down the Gila, a second band of Apaches was met. They were anxious to have "a talk," and the Americans wished to trade; but it was difficult to dispel Indian mistrust. Alone and unarmed, Mr Emory went to meet them at the top of a hill, where their chief, although well mounted, and surrounded by six or eight of his armed followers, showed great trepidation on receiving the weaponless white man. Mr Emory remained as a hostage, whilst a young Indian, bolder than his fellows, went into camp. The ice thus broken, intercourse followed. Amongst others, a middle-aged and particularly garrulous Apache lady visited the American bivouac.

"She had on a gauze-like dress, trimmed with the richest and most costly Brussels lace, pillaged, no doubt, from some fandango-going belle of Sonora. She straddled a fine grey horse; and whenever her blanket dropped from her shoulders, her tawny form could be seen through the transparent gauze. After she had sold her mule, she was anxious to sell her horse, and careered about to show his qualities. Charging at full speed up a steep hill, the fastenings of her dress broke, and her bare back was exposed to the crowd, who ungallantly raised a shout of laughter. Nothing daunted, she wheeled short round with surprising dexterity, and seeing the mischief done, coolly slipped the dress from her arms, and tucked it between the seat and the saddle. In this state of nudity she rode through camp, from fire to fire, until, at last, attaining the object of her ambition, a soldier's red flannel shirt, she made her adieu in that new costume."

Scattered through Mr Emory's journal, and especially after passing Santa Fé, and whilst following, with occasional deviations, the course of the Gila, are many notes and observations of much interest to the naturalist. Traversing the plains near the little town of Socoro on the

the mountains, and in one place I saw it growing nearly to its full dimensions from a crevice not much broader than the back of my sabre. These extraordinary-looking plants seem to seek the wildest and most unfrequented places." Although the course of the Gila is nine degrees to the north of the tropics, the vegetation, as exhibited in a plate at page 112, has something very tropical in its gigantic luxuriance and strange character. The geological features of the country are of corresponding peculiarity. On the 8th November, the course of the expedition was traversed by "a seam of yellowish-coloured igneous rock, shooting up into irregular spires and turrets, one or two thousand feet in height. It ran at right angles to the river, and extended to the north and to the south, in a chain of mountains as far as the eye could reach. One of these towers was capped with a substance many hundred feet thick, disposed in horizontal strata of different colours, from deep red to light yellow." A sketch of this singular chain of natural spires and towers is annexed to Mr Emory's description by one of his companions. At this part of the journey, although beaver "sign" and tracks of game were seen, few animals made their appearance. On the 6th November, the only creatures observed were lizards, scorpions, and tarantulas. Five days after, however, Mr Emory secured a long-sought bird, an inhabitant of the mezquite tree, having indigo-blue plumage, with top knot and a long tail, and whose wings, when spread, exhibit a white ellipse. "Strolling over the hills alone," says Mr Emory, "in pursuit of seeds and geological specimens, my thoughts went back to the States; and when I turned from my momentary aberrations, I was struck most forcibly with the fact that not one object in the whole view, animal, vegetable, or mineral, had anything in common with the products of any State in the Union, with the single exception of the cotton-wood, which is found in the Western States, and seems to grow wherever water flows from the vertebral range of mountains of North America."

On the 9th November, the expedition, which had long been struggling

over precipitous mountains and through deep cañones, emerged upon the plain, and for a moment all considered the difficulties of the journey at an end. The real gain was confined to the howitzers, which, dragged by main force of men and mules over a terribly rugged country, had by this time had every part of their running gear repeatedly broken and replaced. The artillerymen rejoiced at the level which lightened their labour. It was, however, but an exchange of one set of difficulties for another. Grass ceased when the mountains were left behind, and the mules were fain to feed on willow and cotton-wood. And soon there were short commons for men as well as for beasts. Their first day's march over the plain brought them into the vicinity of two Indian tribes of a very different stamp from the predatory Navajos and perfidious Apaches. The Maricopas and Pimos almost realise those virtuous and heroic savages whom we had hitherto thought to exist nowhere but in Fenimore Cooper's novels. They galloped into the American camp in a frank confident style, delighted to find they had to do with white men instead of with their enemies the Apaches, of whose approach a report had been spread. There was a Pimo village nine miles off, and in three hours its inhabitants crowded into the camp, laden with corn, beans, honey, and water-melons, and opened a brisk trade. It was Mr Emory's observing night, but the throng, and the perpetual galloping to and fro, interfered greatly with the correctness of his observations. He was struck by the unsuspicious character of these people, who would leave their packs in the camp and absent themselves for hours. Theft was apparently unknown amongst them. With the mounted party, which first came in, was a man on foot, who appeared able to keep pace with the fleetest horse, and who, on recovering his breath, announced himself as interpreter to Juan Antonio Llunas, chief of the Pimos. With him for a guide, Mr Emory and other officers visited some neighbouring ruined buildings, concerning whose origin he could give them no information except a wild tradition in which he himself did not

believe. They then proceeded to the Pimos village, the interpreter going a pace which kept their mules at a long trot.

"We were much impressed with the beauty, order, and disposition of the arrangements for irrigating and draining the land. Corn, wheat, and cotton are the crops of this peaceful and intelligent race of people. All the crops have been gathered in, and the stubbles show they have been luxuriant. The cotton has been picked, and stacked for drying on the top of sheds. The fields are subdivided by ridges of earth into rectangles of about 200 x 100 feet, for the convenience of irrigating. The fences are of sticks wattled with willow and mesquite, and, in this particular, set an example of economy in agriculture worthy to be followed by the Mexicans, who never use fences at all. The houses of the people are mere sheds, thatched with willow and corn stalks."

This is rather a surprising account of the agricultural accomplishments of a tribe of North American Indians. It is to be remarked, however, of all these tribes, that their progress is generally confined to one of the arts of civilised life. We have seen the Navajos, whose costume is brilliant and complete, dwelling in wretched wigwams, and scarcely cultivating a few scanty patches of corn. The Pimos, who, as tillers of the ground, are superior in some respects to the Mexicans, go naked, save a breech cloth and a cotton blanket, whilst their women wear the blanket only, pinned around their loins. And beads and red cloth are as much prized by them as by any savages on the face of the earth. For these coveted articles, for blankets, and for cotton cloth, the Americans obtained a supply of corn and beans, and two or three bullocks, but no horses or mules. These were not plentiful amongst the Pimos, who extravagantly prized the few they had. One dashing young fellow, with ivory teeth and flowing hair, dashed full speed into camp on a wild unruly horse, which flew from side to side as he approached, alarmed at the unusual appearance of the white men.

"The Maricopa—for he was of that tribe—was without saddle or stirrups, and balanced himself to the right and left

with such ease and grace, as to appear part of his horse. He succeeded in bringing his fiery nag into the heart of the camp, and was immediately offered a very advantageous trade by a young officer. Stretching himself on his horse's neck, he caressed it tenderly, at the same time shutting his eyes—meaning thereby that no offer could tempt him to part with his charger. . . . To us it was a rare sight, to be thrown in the midst of a large nation of what are termed wild Indians, surpassing many of the Christian nations in agriculture, little behind them in the useful arts, and immeasurably before them in honesty and virtue. During the whole of yesterday, our camp was full of men, women, and children, who sauntered amongst our packs unwatched, and not a single instance of theft was reported. This peaceful and industrious race are in possession of a beautiful and fertile basin. Living remote from the civilised world, they are seldom visited by whites, and then only by those in distress, to whom they generously furnish horses and food. Aguardiente (brandy) is known among their chief men only, and its abuse and the vices it entails are yet unknown. They are without other religion than a belief in one great and overruling spirit. Their peaceful disposition is not the result of incapacity for war, for they are at all times enabled to meet and vanquish the Apaches in battle; and when we passed, they had just returned from an expedition into the Apache country to revenge some thefts and other outrages, with eleven scalps and thirteen prisoners. The prisoners are sold as slaves to the Mexicans."

Soon after quitting the country of the friendly Pimos and Maricopas, the Army of the West came upon the trail of an enemy, and at night fires were seen upon the opposite side of the Gila, which were thought to be those of the Mexican general, Castro. Mr Emory took a few dragoons and went to reconnoitre. It was not Castro, but a party of Mexicans conveying five hundred horses to for his use. This was a capture, for long marches forage, besides frequent w cavalry. Unfortunately, horses were unbroken, and for immediate service. T good for meat, how time the expedition was rations. On the "Major Swords!

place one of the best pack-mules slaughtered, and the choice bits cut from his shoulders and flanks—stealthily done by some mess less provident than others." The next day, it is recorded by Mr Emory that a horse was killed for food, which was eaten with great appetite, and all of it consumed; and when the expedition reached the beautiful valley of the Agua Caliente, all waving with yellow grass, and halted at the farm of an American named Warner, so sharp set were they that Mr Emory assures us that seven of his men ate, at one single meal, a fat full-grown sheep. Near Warner's *rancheria* is the fountain whence the valley derives its name. From the fissure of a granite rock, there gushes forth a magnificent hot spring, of the temperature of 137° Fahrenheit. The volume of water is very large, and for a long distance the air is loaded with the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. Flowing down the same valley is a cold spring, of the temperature of 45°; and, without the aid of machinery, the cold and warm water may be mingled to the required temperature.

"The Indians have made pools for bathing. They huddle round the basin of the spring to catch the genial warmth of its vapours; and in cold nights immerse themselves in the pools to keep warm. A day will come, no doubt, when the invalid and pleasure-seeking portion of the white race will assemble here to drink and bathe in these waters, to ramble over the hills which surround them on all sides, and to sit under the shade of the great live oaks that grow in the valley."

This remarkable spring, destined, perhaps, at no remote period, to become the Saratoga of the Pacific States, rises in the heart of California; and, after marching away from it, the American troops might daily expect an encounter with the enemy. This occurred two days later. The Americans were victorious over greatly superior numbers, but with the loss of several officers killed and badly wounded. Mr Emory refers his readers to General Kearny's despatch for the account of the affair, but himself furnishes an elaborate topographical *sketch of the positions and movements*

of the contending parties, in what he calls the "action" at San Pasqual, which seems to have been a smart but very brief combat. The next day the Californians were driven with the utmost ease from a hill which they occupied, abandoning it on the approach of only six or eight Americans. By this time the Army of the West was, without exception, "the most tattered and ill-fed body of men that ever the United States mustered under her colours." The dragoons were diminished to a single squadron, provisions were exhausted, horses dead, mules on their last legs, men emaciated and reduced to a third of their numbers. For want of proper conveyances, it would have taken half the fighting men to transport the wounded; so it was held expedient to wait till these could ride. After dark on the 8th December, a naval lieutenant, Kit Carson the guide, and an Indian, set out for San Diego, thence twenty-nine miles distant, to ask reinforcements. There was but slender hope of their passing the enemy's pickets, which occupied all the passes to the town. Nevertheless they succeeded; and, during the night of the 10th, two hundred sailors and marines came into camp. Next morning the Californians, panic-struck at this accession to their enemies, fled precipitately, leaving most of their cattle behind them; and, on the 12th, the way-worn expedition entered San Diego.

English readers will find little to interest them in Mr Emory's narrative of some subsequent military operations in California, of sundry skirmishes, and of the capture of Pueblo de los Angeles. This, however, fills but a few pages. In the volume there is much to reward perusal, whether by the antiquarian, the geologist, the botanist, or the reader for mere amusement's sake. The same must be said of Lieutenant Simpson's report, to which we are indebted for the curious account of the cañon of Chelly and the Navajos Indians; and also of the report of Captain Marcy, who, during the summer of 1849, marched, with an escort of thirty dragoons and fifty infantry, from Fort Smith, in Arkansas territory, to Santa Fé, and back again. The objects of

the movement were to afford protection to the American citizens then emigrating to the newly-acquired provinces of New Mexico and California, to ascertain and establish the best route from the old to the new states, and to conciliate, as far as possible, the various Indian tribes inhabiting the extensive region through which lay his road. The whole distance gone over was about two thousand miles; and Captain Marcy's notes and observations are valuable to travellers and emigrants in that direction. The Comanches and Kioways (famous horse-stealers both of them) were the principal Indian tribes he met with; and, of the degree of civilisation prevailing amongst them, we may form some notion by an extract from his journal of the 19th June:—

"The Comanche women are, as in many other wild tribes, the slaves of their lords; and it is a common practice for their husbands to lend or sell them to a visitor for one, two, or three days at a time. There is no alternative for the women but to submit, as their husbands do not hesitate, in case of disobedience, to punish them by cutting off an ear or a nose. I should not imagine, however, that they would often be subjected to this degradation; for, if we may judge of them by the specimens before us, they are the most repulsive-looking objects of the female kind on earth—covered with dirt, their hair cut close to their heads, and with features ugly in the extreme. The men who visited us this morning were armed with the bow, quiver, and

shield; and they gave us an opportunity of witnessing the force with which they can throw the arrow. As we were about to slaughter an ox, one of the Indians requested to use his bow for that purpose; and, approaching to within about twenty yards of the animal, strained his bow to the full extent, and let fly an arrow, which buried itself in the vitals of the ox, passing through and breaking two ribs in its course. It is thus that they kill the buffalo, upon which these Indians, who are called the Upper Comanches, or 'buffalo-eaters,' mainly depend for a subsistence."

This description contrasts strongly with that given of the gentle, intelligent, and highly moral Pimos and Maricopas, amongst whom polygamy is unknown, and the crime of adultery entails universal contempt and detestation upon the criminals. These two tribes, apparently, form the only exception to the general character for treacherous and marauding propensities attributed to the Indians of Western Texas, New Mexico, and California. Lieutenant Whiting, in his report of a reconnoissance on the Texan frontier, denounces the Comanches as the fiercest and most formidable of all—the very pest of the western route; but gives scarcely a better character to Lipans, Wacos, and the other tribes inhabiting that region. Their speedy extermination will probably be an indirect result of Californian discoveries, and of the prodigious growth of the Anglo-Saxon race on the northern continent of America.

OUR LONDON COMMISSIONER.

ON presenting our credentials from *Maga*, we have been received in all quarters with the greatest possible respect. We have had private boxes presented to us at both the Italian Operas, and a free ticket, entitling the bearer to a glass of gin and water, at the Yorkshire Stingo. Museums are thrown open to us on the mere announcement of our name; Kew Gardens burst into bloom on our approach; and with regard to levee and drawing-room, we content ourselves with a distant and respectful allusion to the obliging behaviour of some of the loftiest personages in this realm; we will only say that the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward have behaved in a manner to secure our highest approbation and esteem. May it be long—in the figurative language of the Coal-hole—before they cut their sticks! Nor is it only with regard to the existent objects of art or elegance that we are called upon to express our acknowledgments. Artists have already waited on us to express their anxiety to do honour to our employer by attentions showered upon ourselves. To three of the most venerated members of the Royal Academy we were reluctantly compelled to refuse our consent, when they proposed a peristreplic panorama—eight miles in length—to be called *The Commissioner's Voyage to London*. We declined the glory of being the central figure in a linked sweetness so very long drawn out, more especially as we are conscious of not being in our best looks if represented at the rougher periods of our experience as passenger in a Leith smack. We omit an enumeration of the tributary offerings from Truman, Hanbury & Co., as also from Sir Felix Booth. A blush of pleasure settles on our countenance when we reflect on these friendly gifts, as you may observe, perhaps, on our return, by a close inspection of our nose. Churches and chapels, no less than distilleries and museums, have vied with each other in the warmth of their reception. From gentlemanly High-Church, as from puritanical

Dissent, we have received the most pressing invitations, particularly on occasion of a charity sermon. Country or colour no object, we have been equally addressed by the United-Negro-Mental-Cultivation-Society, and the Red-Republican-topsy-turvy Association, under the presidency of Louis Blanc. With such an "open sesame" in our possession as is supplied by the appointment we now hold, it will be our own fault if a single object worthy of observation is omitted from our report; and we have only to say, before we proceed to the serious business of our commission, that we shall discharge the duties of our office with a high and fearless disregard of all consequences whatsoever. If we are a little too severe on the vanity or other bad feelings of any of the thin-skinned subjects of our remarks, we will observe that we are of an Irish family, in which the shortest of our three brothers is six feet two; and that we are still in the possession of the hair-triggers, with which our grandfather fought his way to the head of the Bar at the expense of twelve meetings with the various leading counsel on the opposite side. For the satisfaction of less belligerent but equally sensitive opponents, we will mention that one of our cousins is an attorney in very little practice, and that his address will be forthcoming on the slightest hint of legal proceedings. After this flourish of trumpets, we toss our hat into the ring, shake hands all round with all the world, and proceed to work.

The objects which we take into our charge in the present communication, are the places of amusement. First in the rank of these are, of course, the theatres; but whether from their now existing merits, or from ancient prescription, it is useless at the present time to inquire. To many the word itself has still a magical charm; and, in spite of what is called the decadence of the stage, the inferiority of actors, and the general change of taste, to them the theatre has still unequalled attractions: the poorest

side-scenes are superior to Stanfield's finest landscapes; orange-peel is sweeter than Sabaean odours from the spicy shores of Araby the blest; and something, a sentiment, a regret, a recollection, rises to them from the seediest of dresses, and dirtiest of boards, and,

"Like the memory of the just,
Smells sweet, and blossoms from the dust."

There are others to whom the theatre is an abomination, who see nothing in it but the abode of misery and the school of vice, who frown upon the steadiest of people sitting quietly in the boxes, and look fiercely down on the humbler tenants of the pit. Let us have a few words, as used often to be observed by a witty and oleaginous friend of ours, on the "general question." People *must* be amused. That is a universal proposition. It is impossible for all mankind to be for ever bending over books, or calculating ventures, or studying mathematics, or writing history or other works of imagination. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and Janet an insufferable girl. All metaphysics and no liveliness, would make them incredibly stupid. All sermons and no relaxation would make them very wicked. Imagine a world of statist and geometricians, strong-minded women and intellectual young ladies, a whole generation of McCallochs, and Lardners, and Jellibies, and Miss Bunions! The thing is impossible. We have too many of that sort of people already; and if it were the type of the English character, and we were all condemned by law to the same dreary, useful, honourable, dull, elevated, worthy-of-an-immortal-being and detestable existence, we can only say that a French invasion would to us lose all its terrors, and that we would instantly sell our minié rifle for half price. If people are to be amused, how are we to amuse them?—Respectably of course; improvingly by all means; intellectually if possible. Now, in this united Rome-Babylon-and-Nineveh which rejoices in the name of London, there are two millions and a half of the most active, energetic, bustling, sagacious, and

exactng human beings who were ever assembled together before. The variety of tastes must be infinite in the style of their amusements, as in all other things. Mr Muggleton Stentor derives the greatest possible gratification from roaring to a dimly-lighted audience a series of denunciations and forebodings, which excite his congregation like gin; but it would be very hard if Mr Muggleton Stentor were the "arbiter of the elegancies" for everybody else, and there was no way whatever left of getting through an evening unless by listening to the howls and bellowings that are the delight of his warm and philanthropic heart. Would we put an end to the eloquence of Stentor? By no means. Horrible as may be his discord, and bitter as may be his sentiments, his auditors are better employed there than in swilling beer or cheering Brontefre O'Brien. There must be a hundred and fifty thousand people in this city who require relaxation, mental, or bodily, after the toils of the day; or some healthful stimulant after the idleness and listlessness of a rich and luxurious existence. What is to be done for them? You say you can't ask them, or even permit them, to go to the theatre, for there is nothing there to be heard but ribaldry, and nothing learned but immorality and vice. The people who tell you this will tell you in the same breath they have never been in a theatre in their lives! Oh, no! it is too shocking a place for such holy personages to visit; and the ninth commandment is rolled firmly up into a sharp and angular parcel, and sent with all their might against the faces of Henry Hart Milman, Henry Taylor, and Justice Talfourd.

This is the theatre of
theatre is true, we will
believe, of our
pidity. The world
partly to blame for the
meaning has never
cated itself from the
mind. The amphitheatre
up with its burning
murdered gladiators, and
wild beasts. Before another
obituary, the theatre rises
beirre

of Charles's time. The one class of entertainments is just as much exploded as the other. It is not more likely that the lovers of Congreve and Wycherly will be restored to the stage, than the slaughtering of French prisoners, or the conversion of oily churchmen into a row of lamps. Depend upon it, in no play of English manufacture within these twenty years, has there occurred a line, or a thought, which the most fastidious censor would be inclined to blot. The force of ancient custom, or the prestige of long-established fame, may still cause a play to be represented which is not adapted to the pure taste or morals of the present day—the spectator may have the pain of seeing equivocal situations received with applause, or coarse expressions escaping the condemnation they deserve; but if the lofty in station and mind, the matrons and daughters of England, the highly-polished gentlemen who keep the drawing-room and ball-room as pure from the whispers of evil as the inner court of Diana's temple, were to frequent the theatre, a still farther advance would be made in the refinement of the drama; vice would be shown its own image, but stripped of all its allurements; and no better school of truth, or honour, or morality, could possibly be imagined, than a stage teeming with the poetic fancies of our noblest authors, and subdued and chastened by the presence and approbation of our best and wisest men. The faults, then, such as they still exist upon the stage, are caused, not by the people who patronise the theatre, but by those who desert it. It is really too bad to hear a stiff-necked individual, who can spout you off a few hundred lines from the Greek dramatists that would make the gods in the shilling gallery shudder with horror and indignation, find fault with the productions of the modern playwrights as licentious or revolting. A man perhaps has gained his mitre by a knowledge of the scanning of the lines, and an intimate acquaintance with the most frightful allusions of Aristophanes, and would disfrack his chaplain if that worthy dignitary were seen in a box at the Princess's, laughing at the honest humour of "*She Stoops to Conquer*."

This is by no means a light question, if you grant our first postulate, that people must be amused. Not more necessary to village children are national or parochial schools—not more beneficial to mechanics and artificers are literary and scientific institutes—not more useful to the humble classes are lectures on temperance or education, than the elevation of the theatre to the hundreds of thousands in populous city pent, who fly to them for information—for a lifting up of their thoughts into a world of imagination, and run the risk, through the negligence, the pharisaism, the ignorance, or the pride of those who should regulate public taste, of finding poison set before them in the place of wholesome food—of having the melodies and humanities of Shakspeare supplanted by "*Dick Turpin*" and "*Jack Sheppard*." As long as "*Macbeth*" and "*Hamlet*" are looked upon with the same detestation as the "*Fiend of the Hollow*," and the "*Mysteries of Paris*," so long will the chances be equal that the angel of darkness will expel the angel of light. Remember, therefore, O ye who indiscriminately abuse the theatre, and sanctimoniously turn away your eyes from the stage! that you are not only deserting a strong post, but basely surrendering it to the enemy; that you are building up the school-room door, and transferring the possession of it to people who may perhaps convert it into a gin-shop. Let us therefore hear no more hootings against theatrical performances in the abstract, but let them stand or fall by their own merits.

These are our wise saws; now for our modern instances. The night is cold. We have been busy all day, no matter in what occupation, even if it were writing a few pages in *Maga*; our chop is done; our lodging looks "*lone and eerie*;" of books for the moment we are tired; besides, our eyes require repose—our spirits need refreshment—the sight of human faces will be a charm—the sound of human voices will teach us to answer, as of old, to the "*still, sad music of humanity*;" we will wend our way to a theatre, and take an interest in the fates and fortunes, the loves and sufferings, of some lovely imaginary

beings—and forget our bills, our labours, our disappointments, in following the strange eventful history that shall be unrolled before us, without any effort of our own. Muffling ourselves in our paletôt, and well enwrapt in a belcher fogle, we pursue our way through the still crowded streets, illuminated by the gorgeous windows, and find ourselves in the Haymarket. We are in ample time, and find the house only now beginning to fill. Let us look at the irreligious and disreputable pagans who occupy the boxes. Did you ever commit a murder, you old ruffian with the benevolent countenance so tenderly taking charge of those three blooming grandchildren of yours? You are a frightful hypocrite, sir, to look so calm and happy when you know very well that you come very often into this hotbed of iniquity, where you have constantly been taught to poison your oldest port in order to hocus and rob your friends. And as to you, you Messalina Manning! in the black satin, do you think all your graceful manners and pleasant smiles will conceal your real character from the Jeremiah Tawells and Doctor Dodds, who saw you bring your own nieces in your own quiet family coach into this high-school of Satan, where they will be most powerfully advised to deceive any husband they may catch, and elope with a captain in the Blues? The pit also is now nearly full. How we shudder to think of the forgers, swindlers, house-breakers, horse-stealers, drunkards, and smugglers, who are all looking so intolerably respectable, many of them accompanied by dowdy comfortable-looking companions, who pass themselves off for their wives, but all assembled here for the express purpose of taking lessons in depravity! Our eye is upon you—you there on the sixth bench from the orchestra! You are a farmer, sir, fresh from Essex; and having achieved an unenviable notoriety in Colchester, by perjury and highway robbery, you come up to perfect your education by listening to the shameful instruction communicated to you by an atrocious play. Yes, pig-stealer, our eye is upon you, and we give you up already, in spite of your expanse of greatcoat,

and your shiny top-boots, your joyous face, and rubicund complexion, as a rascal fit only for transportation or the gallows. Mr Rush was once seen at a play! See, there is a quiver of expectation in the house—the curtain rapidly rises, and the play of “Woman’s Heart” is begun. We are in a sculptor’s studio; statues are placed all round the room; on a table is a block of marble just beginning to feel the breath of genius and flush into life; and on a sofa reclining in a graceful drapery, and watched by the intense eyes of the enraptured artist, we see a tall poetic-looking girl, with fine light hair parted on her majestic forehead, and an expression on her countenance as if she listened with her heart as well as with her ears. That is Isolina, a foster-sister of Angiolo the artist; his model, his all in all, his bride. Their language is charming, from its purity and affection; her voice is soft and low, an excellent thing in woman—but her motions have a strange constraint. She puts out her arms uncertainly; she stretches forth her feet searchingly; and with a full winning trustiness, places her hand on Angiolo’s shoulder—for she is blind. But all other senses are sharpened to a painful degree. She feels his coldness in a single tone of his voice; detects the waning of the sympathy that once existed between them in the slightest motion of his form, and inquires with those sightless eyes, and scarcely in articulate words, what can be the reason of the change? He offers her the affection of a brother—the carefulness of a guardian; and she feels that she is deserted. Ambition has entered his heart. Princes invite him to their tables; the sovereign himself is honoured in the friendship of the artist and man of genius, who will bestow an immortality on his reign. There is no room for love in a heart so occupied, and he casts her off; not angrily, not even unkindly, but selfishly, and at the instigation of his pride. She throws herself for consolation on the kindness of the old peasant, the father of Angiolo, and the protector of her infancy; she utters no word against the deserter, but, as is the nature of woman’s heart, loves him still. One interview she

resolves to have, and finds her way to the magnificent palace in which the sculptor now pursues his art; fatigued with her walk, and overcome by her emotions, she lies down upon the sofa concealed in her cloak, and falls asleep. Angiolo comes in; his great friends visit him—a noble—a prince—and finally the duke. The beautiful girl is discovered, and makes an impression on the sovereign; but Angiolo is unyielding—a struggle there evidently is; but the world comes between him and the tenderness of his affection, and the blind girl finds that she is hopelessly forsaken. Two years have passed; her father, the Marquis of Albrizzi, has recognised her, taken her from the hands of the peasant, educated her, refined her, and by the touch of science removed the cloud from her sight, and she is now the noblest heiress in the land, and her hand is petitioned for by the duke. She rejects his suit, but agrees, at her father's request, to sit for her portrait to the most celebrated artist of his time. She has never *seen* Angiolo; the Marquis has made it imperative on the painter not to speak; for he dreads the effect of the recognition on his child, and in dumb show a very pretty scene takes place. But envy has been at work against the painter: a seditious picture, imitating his style, and even containing his forged initials on the canvass, has been exhibited in the market-place; a warrant has been issued for his arrest, and in the very midst of Isolina's vague anticipations and involuntary expectations—mysterious intimations, conveyed to her by magnetic sympathies, that her lover is before her—all doubts are converted into certainty, when the emissaries of the police rush into the room, attaint him of treason, and extract from him the indignant exclamation of his innocence. The voice has done it all! That sound has brought back all the past. Angiolo is hurried off to prison; but the purpose of Isolina is fixed. She follows him to his dungeon—obtains his pardon from the duke, who magnanimously foregoes his pretensions to her hand, brings better thoughts to Angiolo, whose infatuation was only momentary, and who had dearly paid, by *two years of misery*, for the heartless-

ness of his ambition; and even the proud Marquis is reconciled to the nuptials by the pleadings of his daughter, and the fame and genius of her lover.

Such is the feeble outline of the story. The language sometimes rises into exquisite poetry—is at all times smooth and graceful—and conveys a lesson, we think, that must “mend the manners and improve the heart.” The authoress is the performer of the part of the heroine; and a charming performer of it she is. Never was anything more pure and classic than her appearance in the earlier scenes. The same feminine softness continues through the play, but elevated by occasional force and dignity when she “shapes her heart with woman's meekness to all duties of her rank.” We will be bound to say, that not one thought unfit for cloistered nun or vestal pale was awakened throughout that play. The audience took a touch of decorum from the subdued and melting tenderness of the story; and even the oranges, soda-water, and ginger-beer, were announced to a thirsty and pleased audience in quieter tones than usual. The painter-sculptor was represented by Mr Barry Sullivan, a gentleman with a most Milesian name, but an impeccable English pronunciation. In this character there was no room for the display of tempestuous passion or energetic declamation; the flow of his words, as of his actions, was calm and equable; and if it had not been for the pleasantness of his look, and the gentlemanly propriety of his movements, it would have been impossible for him to regain the sympathies of the audience, after his cold rejection of the blind girl's affection. We confess *we* have not forgiven him for it yet; and if Isolina had been a sister of ours, nothing should have prevented our having a shot at him at twelve paces. Several of the other characters were executed in a very remarkable manner; and by the word “executed” here, we mean that they were fairly put to death. Some men have blank impassive features—mouths and eyes that have no expression at all; but compensate for it by the possession of legs of the most marked individuality, which there is no possibility of mistaking for anybody else's legs; regu-

lar, round, unfeathered sausages, which entirely destroy the assumption of any part by the unfortunate being who is perched upon them; but in this unchanging, stiff, unimaginative stolidity always reduce the Italian prince or Roman senator, or Grecian hero, to be nothing more nor less than plain Jack Vickers, or whatever his name may be, with his unimpulsive, unintellectual pins. A sad misfortune this; and the misery is aggravated by the apparent obtuseness of the owner of them, to the obvious bar they interpose between him and success in his profession. Can't those miserable individuals stuff the sawdust into different shapes, so as not to torment us for ever with Jack Vickers's legs? Come, let us off to the Adelaide gallery, and take a look at the Marionettes.

A pretty place this. A long narrow room, with a slight elevation from the stage, filled with comfortable seats, and closed in at the upper end with a few private boxes. A snug warm habitable apartment; and the stage so small, so low, so narrow, that any of the magnates of Baker Street could find room for it at the end of their drawing-rooms. It doesn't seem more than about nine feet wide, and the proscenium not more than eight feet high. But the proportions throughout are excellently kept; and when the manager walks in, dressed in the first style of fashion, and makes a bow to the audience, it is difficult to believe he is about a foot and a half in height; and not very easy to remember that he is merely a stuffed doll. There are some peculiarities, to be sure, about him, which lead you to perceive that he differs from other men. For instance, he comes in rolling sideways, and planting his feet upon the floor in a manner not usual among gentlemen of the present day; nor have we observed that he is imitated by this generation in having his motions steadied by a rope of considerable size attached to the top of his head. But he begins: his attitudes are very good; he suits the action to the word with unflinching correctness, and passes judgment on the different actors, who display their skill before him, with a force and

acumen which we look for in vain in the *Edinburgh Review*. Signor Bari Tone is a singer of extraordinary power, and has a perception of the humorous yet unattained by Lablache. He expresses his sentiments on the legitimate drama with an uncompromising truthfulness, which gains our respect even when we differ from him in opinion; and, for our own parts, we consider that his annotations and emendations of the Swan of Avon are worthy of the earliest attention of Mr Charles Knight. A tremendous drama succeeds these introductory flourishes, and the actors exert themselves to the utmost in the Bottle Imp. They enter, we are bound to say, more into the spirit of the author than is usually the case at larger theatres among larger performers. Here there is no underling bending his listless eyes towards the pit in the midst of the very agony of the action, nor any apathetic murderer standing utterly unconcerned when on the eve of executing the fatal deed. Here all is in excellent keeping. The dull dead eyes of the puppets are all turned to the proper part of the stage; their stiff arms are raised in horror, or extended in surprise, at the fitting moment; and, with the exception of four, or perhaps five, of the principal actors in the real stage, we consider that there is less appearance of sawdust and wool in the *dramatic persons* at this theatre than at ——— or ———. Here, in this chosen temple of originality and genius, there is nothing to turn the principal tragedian into tri of voice or style: the wooden a tade and timber tones are a natural property of the puppet; no sudden co
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have been fully obtained. We pronounce you in your *tout-ensemble* the most perfect corps of artistes in London; and though we are bound to confess that your performance is tiresome after the first ten minutes, that after the first display of your mechanism you become positively a nuisance, from your imitating humanity so abominably, justice compels us to pass the same judgment on the great majority of your living brethren, larger than you—as merely mechanical, and not a whit more intelligent.

For, after all, what is the use of our Commissionership if we do not speak the truth? We say, then, that in few theatres of London can a fair representation be presented to the public of any dramatic work whatever, which contains more than one principal part; there is scarcely one theatre, in short, where a *play* can be acted. Let us not blame the unfortunate modern author, therefore, if he accommodates himself to circumstances, and produces a drama with one strongly developed character surrounded by nonentities. It is the sad necessity of his condition, entailed on him by the fact that there exists no power on any one stage of doing justice to more than one part. Mr Phelps, to whom every one interested in the British stage owes a deep debt of gratitude, may illuminate the suburban shades of Islington with flashes of power or pathos, with Hamlet or Othello—such as awakened the rapture or evoked the tears of the thousands of Drury Lane—but how is he supported? The Marionettes would be more natural, the Bateman monstrosities more richly endowed with the human voice divine! And the same holds good in almost every other theatre, unless that in some of them even the one redeeming actor is wanting. But are we less prepared to defend the stage for this? nay, are we less hopeful of its eventful restoration? By no means. The very darkness that has settled upon it at present, foretells the near approach of dawn. It will be found that the free trade in theatres, which was to fill our land with the highest works of art and noblest specimens of acting—which has scattered in a thousand small streams,

too shallow to be fertilising, too slow to be sanitary, the majestic river which (contained within its just banks) was deep enough to bear the merchandise of Shakspeare and the war-galleys of the ancient dramatists—it will be found, we repeat, that Dramatic Free Trade has been a failure, and that we must go back to the grand old days of Protection, when native talent was supported by applauding millions in the companies of the larger houses; when the Keans and Kembles were not surrounded by shades and phantoms, but by the largest “*thews of men*,” when Young, Macready, Kemble, Elliston, Dowton, Liston, and Munden, trod the same boards; where Mrs Jordan’s merry laugh had scarcely ceased to vibrate in our ears, till our eyes and hearts began to pay tribute to O’Neil.

That theatres as places of amusement should die out we hold to be impossible. What is, therefore, to be done, is to fit them for the high uses to which they may be applied, by obtaining for them the support of a class of people, whose mere presence would be at once a cause and a guarantee of the improvement both of plays and actors. One noble personage, whom it is every Englishman’s privilege to “love, honour, and obey,” sets a good example in this behalf. In the halls of Windsor, Shakspeare’s voice is heard; surrounded by knights and nobles, by dames and demoiselles, she disdains not to shudder at the villanies of King John, or melt at the relentings of Hubert; to glow with patriotic pride at the denunciation of the Italian priest, or to refresh herself, after the excitement of “*Macbeth*,” with the sparkling wit and genial humour of some of our modern dramatists. Who are the audience there? Her sage cousins and counsellors, her statesmen, warriors, nobles, matrons as spotless as Cornelia, maidens with their blue veins filled with the blood of Saxon Thanes and Norman conquerors: nor are there lacking the representatives of law and learning; the masters of the noble seminary beyond the walls, the dignitaries of the most tolerant, the most pure, the most intellectual Church that ever was set up as a guide

and teacher among men : and what is the result ? Is there any shock given to the most sensitive feeling by word or act ? Are the young scions of the house, the future hopes of England and the world, contaminated by what they see or hear ? Not at all. They hear

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
But droppeth like the gentle dew from
heaven."

They hear

"The power I have upon you is to pardon."

And who can tell what may be at some future time the result on the happiness of one hundred millions of subjects, of sentiments like these implanted in so pure a soil ? The actor's province is not far distant from the preacher's. A happy time, if it should ever arrive, when this unity of purpose will be acknowledged by both, when the "reverend gentleman" will think it no part of his calling to rail upon the stage ; and the actor will not find a strong inclination to retort by accusations of Mawworm and Tartuffe. But an objection is made in many quarters more to the theatre than to what is represented there. A play in a drawing-room is very different from a play at the Haymarket. One is all correct and proper ; the other wicked and intolerable. This objection must therefore arise either from the different characters of the performers or of the audienob. An officer of the Guards, who is great at theatricals, is an edifying sight in the part of Joseph Surface in the hall of a great country house in the Christmas week ; and the same part is revolting and dangerous in the hands of poor Bob Finings on the regular stage. And yet the Honourable Captain Muff has been before the Consistory Court, has also made a brilliant appearance in Basinghall Street, has shot his kindest friend at Chalkfarm, and is an authority in the betting-ring second only to Mr Davis. Bob Finings is a steady, dull, respectable man, who has seen hard times, and struggled manfully against them ; has brought up his children to honest callings, and totters through the part with the most helpless and reassuring imbeci-

lity. Is there danger there ? But if the cases were reversed, and poor Bob Finings were the *roué*, and the honourable captain the respected *pater-familias*, why should that interfere with our appreciation of their dramatic skill ? Surely most inoffensive would the wildest of Bob's transgressions be to the morals or feelings of the spectators in the boxes, pit, or gallery, who were never brought into contact with him in any other character than that of Joseph Surface, and neither sup with him after the play, nor waltz with him after the supper, as might possibly be the case with the gallant Lothario Muff. Then it must be the miscellaneousness of the company assembled in a theatre. Less select, certainly, than in the county gathering to the private play ; but surely quite as safe. Is there a magnetic sympathy with vice that makes one or two sinners, locked up, we will suppose, in a private box, the electro-biologists of the whole assembly ? Insolent faces will occasionally be turned to where we sit, hair-covered faces, and eyes that are uncomfortable to look upon ; foreign-looking men dressed in the extreme fashion of Paris or Vienna, but whether British imitation or the real article is quite immaterial ;—to this vulgar and audacious stare we shall certainly be exposed. But not more than in the street, or in the park, or in the Crystal Palace, or occasionally in a Belgravian chapel of ease to Rome, where we have observed the rosaried nun by no means inconvenienced by the unmistakable glances of those whilakered pandours. But let us, for the satisfaction of all squeamish spinsters, and for the honour of the Haymarket lessee, announce a small fact which we think redounds greatly to his honour. Brazen-faced men in elegant apparel, it is, of course, impossible to exclude, but the moment the royal patronage was extended to the theatre, most rigid orders were given to the door-keepers and attendant police to include every brazen-faced of the other sex, however might be her apparel. good, not only on the which royalty the gay or

but on all nights and on all occasions. This is a sacrifice to propriety and decorum, which persons acquainted with the interior workings of a theatre have stated to us to amount to several thousands a-year. Independent of the five-shilling payments made every night by forty or fifty of the Jezebels who used to flaunt in the upper circle, it is a moderate calculation to assume that the attraction of their presence allured to the theatre at least double that number of Tittlebats, and the other pillars of Mr Tagrag's establishment; and if any person with a competent knowledge of arithmetic will find out the sum total of a hundred and fifty crowns, and multiply it by six, he will find out the weekly effect on the treasury, of this very noble and praiseworthy conduct. The royal box brings in about two hundred a-year, and can never be let for the benefit of the theatre on the most crowded nights. Go, therefore, in perfect safety to the Haymarket. If wickedness is there, it is completely in eclipse. Go, and the farces will improve in humour and refine in plot; Buckstone will be as ridiculous as ever, and give full scope to his wit and drollery without the slightest touch of the buffoon.

In all the theatres of London, a race is run in the variety and beauty of the decorations. If actors have fallen off, the scene-painter and machinist are in the ascendant. Now, this is far from a good sign, or, in the end, of any good effect in the advancement of the drama. A decent amount of illustration is indispensable—a proper attention to truthfulness of costume is highly commendable; but truly absurd is it to see the length to which this zeal is carried. In the Elizabethan time, the spectator was informed of the scene of the play by a board with the name of the locality suspended from the roof. Side-scenes then crept in; appropriate dresses were introduced at a later period; and now there is not a button wrong, not a single anachronism in the shape of a shoe, or ribbon of a cap; gorgeous landscapes are presented to the eye; noble chambers open their treasures of furniture and vertu; and in the midst of all this internal improvement, the histrionic art diminishes day by

day. "Man is the only plant that dwindles here." Thus we find that almost every manager plumes himself on restoring Shakspeare when he surrounds the play with gorgeous accessories—when the balcony scene is painted by Stanfield, or the hall of Macbeth's castle by David Roberts. This is the mode of decoration adopted by the warriors of old, when they covered the Roman traitress with their ornaments of silver and gold. This is to smother Shakspeare, not to illustrate him. 'This is to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. Let us assure those enterprising caterers for the public, that a play well acted is worth all the correct dresses, and all the befitting scenery in the world. Half the money wasted on these expensive accessories would tempt men of talent and education once more to look to the stage as a profession. Rather give us Burbage as Coriolanus in Sir Philip Sidney's clothes, than a modern declaimer in the most faultless of togas. But when scenery, dresses, and decorations, from being the casual accompaniments of a noble tragedy, which they only encumber with their help, form of themselves the staple commodity with which an appeal is made to the favour of the town, the matter becomes of very serious importance, and is probably more injurious to the dramatic taste than anything that can be named. Nothing has so depreciated the drama as the frequency, during late years, of burlesques—a contemptible species of entertainment, where parody is substituted for wit, and glitter and show for interest or language. A fairy tale, that enchanted our childhood, is chosen for a theme, and soon stript, by the ruthless playwright, of all its poetry and romance. Aladdin makes puns about the Crystal Palace. Camaralzaman and Badoura are witty about the electric telegraph; and all the time their miserable jargon is illustrated by the scenery of men of genius—with landscapes that Poussin would not be ashamed to own, and wing-covered nymphs that would have been the astonishment of all the glowries. Why vulgarise the fairy mythology by mixing it up with the oratory of the cabstand? Why not leave it as they find it?—and if they

are determined to lavish ornament on whatever they produce on the stage, why not give us, from end to end, a real dear old fairy story, with scenery as gorgeous as they please—strange apparitions of power or beauty—clothing the tale in language fit for the fairy interlocutors; and show us all the spouting waterfalls, and ticking clocks, and chattering pages, and lovely companions, of Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty?" In this the airy dances, and splendid robes, and marble palaces, would all be in keeping. The eye would be pleased without the taste being offended; and there would be no tremendous burst of human passion cast into the background by the predominance of hats and feathers. "King John" at the Princess's, we pronounce, on this ground, to be a great success as a spectacle, but a failure as a play. Mr Kean has great merits; quick appreciation, sound intelligence, and occasionally a burst of something which, if it is not genius, is describable by no other word; but he is certainly mistaken in relying so much on the resources of his painter and *costumier*. The chivalrous audacity of Wigan is sufficient of itself to attract attention, which is too likely to be distracted by the magnificence of the scene in which it is displayed by that versatile and accomplished actor. John himself ceases to be the human centre figure in a group of other men—with passions, fears, remorse, all chasing each other along his cruel and haggard countenance—and becomes the centre figure of a noble historic tableau, where the words even of Shakspeare grow subsidiary to colour and effect. But let us go into that prettiest of theatres in Oxford Street, ascend the handsome steps into the dress circle, and see what entertainment is provided by the present bearer of the name of Kean. The playbills tell us the name of the drama to-night is the "Corrican Brothers;" so with vague reminiscences of old Madame Mère, and the four young Buonapartes in the attorney's mansion in Ajaccio, we wait for the drawing up of the curtain. The house is quite full. The stage is admirably commanded from all parts of the building; the boxes are most comfort-

able and wide; a thousand expectant faces are all turned towards the scene; a great crash takes place among the fiddles; a little bell rings, and we are in a room in the house of the Dei Franchis, a poor but noble family of Corsica. A maid is singing at her wheel—a song which was evidently not the composition of either Burns or Moore—and is interrupted by the entrance of a traveller, who brings a letter of introduction from Paris from Louis Dei Franchi, a son of the house, who has resided there for some time. The countess comes in and receives him graciously. Fabian Dei Franchi, the stay-at-home brother, also is very kind, and inquires anxiously after Louis's health. He is well, and happy; but the stranger has not seen him for three weeks! Fabian makes a motion of disappointment. "I have heard of him more recently."—"How?—when?" exclaims the mother.—"Last night," replies Fabian; "and he is ill." He takes the stranger apart; hurriedly tells him not to be incredulous, or, at all events, disdainful, of their old Corsican superstitions; informs him that he and his brother are twins, and so like each other as to be almost undistinguishable; that from their birth, absent or united, a strange sympathy exists between them; that one cannot experience joy or grief that is not in this mysterious manner shared by the other; and, as he smiles on the gay Frenchman's countenance, he relates an anecdote of a case which occurred three years ago. In the story then stood a young man who was, and perhaps still is, come. To prevent the bitterness of a tumultuous scene is compulsory recognition of two persons who had been separated for some time. The story concludes with the remark that the young man is now at the side of the mother, who says,

so miserable, that I am certain you are in pain. Write—write!" While he is setting down these words, a pallid, dreadful countenance rises from the boards at the other end of the stage—rising gradually and without sound—neck, shoulders, body—and advancing at the same time towards the table at which Fabian writes; it reaches its feet when it comes within touch of his shoulder. The features of the brothers are the same; the height, the figure, even the dress—for Fabian has taken off his coat before he began to write,—and all the difference is a speck of blood on the left breast of Louis' shirt; and gazing on the group before him, (for the mother has entered in the mean time,) he slowly sinks. But this is not the end. The window at the back of the hall opens, and through that vista, what do we see? The brother exactly as we saw him a moment before, lying dead beneath the stump of a tree, supported in the arms of his seconds—a gentleman in his shirt sleeves wiping his sword—two other gentlemen in attitudes of watchfulness: it is the Bois de Boulogne; a duel has been fought. Louis dei Franchi is the victim, and the drop-scene falls, leaving the Countess and Fabian transfixed with horror at this wondrous sight.

The next act takes us into the actual events of which these are but the shadowings. It is a masked ball at the opera in Paris. There are waltzes, gallops, and polkas, with shouts of demoniac revelry; women career from end to end of the enormous salle, dancing, singing, shrieking; they are dressed in all costumes—as men, as mountebanks—but in all the unmistakable presence of wild enjoyment and a spirit of depravity, worthy of the orgies of Circe. Some gentlemen come in. Among them, M. de Chateau Renaud, whose ambition it is to be considered the greatest *roué* in Paris; when he fails to triumph over female virtue, he withers a woman's reputation with a lie. He is accused of having boasted, without foundation, of his intimacy with Madame de Lesharre. He bets he will bring her that very night into the supper-room, where there has been prepared a symposium for the prettiest of the *debardeurs*, and

wickedest of the men. Louis dei Franchi is of the party, for Madame de Lesharre has been the object of his love before her marriage, and he has heard of her reported *liaison* with Chateau Renaud. He invites himself to the supper—is cold, abstracted, severe—and keeps his eye on the boaster's face. The ball is over; the supper-room is gorgeously lighted; the clock strikes four—the appointed hour at which Chateau Renaud had betted he would introduce Madame de Lesharre. Her he had inveigled hither, under the false pretence of restoring to her some letters which she had imprudently, but innocently, written to him before her wedding, and before she had discovered the character of her admirer. He blinds her still; and as the last sound of the clock dies upon the ear, he walks in with Madame de Lesharre upon his arm. There is a shout of derision from the women assembled; a shrug of surprise from the men; the wager is acknowledged to be lost; but Madame de Lesharre, perceiving the shameful trick that has been played, indignantly pours forth her scorn on the pitiful scoundrel who had been guilty of it; recognises her old lover, Louis dei Franchi, and throws herself on his protection. He steps forward, accepts the charge, and is challenged of course by Chateau Renaud, who is the best swordsman in France. Madame de Lesharre retires supported by Louis, and a laugh of contempt and hatred resounds through the room. We are now in the Bois de Boulogne. The scene we had seen in the first act is exactly reproduced here: Louis is lying under the tree; Chateau Renaud is wiping his sword; the seconds are in attitudes of expectation—suddenly the wood opens at the back, and we see Fabian and his mother in the old hall in Corsica, gazing with rigid eyes on the scene before them; and we have now arrived at the exact position we attained half-an-hour ago. The whole of the third act passes in a glade in the forest of Fontainebleau. Chateau Renaud, flying with his second from justice, is upset on the high-road; comes into the wood in search of aid; sends a peasant for a blacksmith to repair the carriage; and

sits down, depressed and feverish, on the stump of a tree. Suddenly he looks round, and recognises the scene. It is the place where, five days before, he had had the encounter with Louis dei Franchi, and he is anxious to leave the spot. He is met by Fabian dei Franchi, in form and semblance so exactly similar to Louis, that it amounts almost to identity; a similar accident has happened to his carriage. He looks around, and he also recognises the scene presented to him in the vision. On that intimation, and no other, he has hurried from Corsica, in search of Chateau Renaud; he has found him here. He is calm; there is no room for human passion in a mission so evidently laid upon him by fate. He challenges the murderer. The challenge is refused; he twits him with his crimes—with cowardice—with falsehood—with assassination; and the bravo is compelled to fight. They fence long and warily; they rest by mutual consent. In trying the sword preparatory to the next bout, it breaks in Chateau Renaud's hand. The second declares the combat at an end, for the weapons are unequal. "No!" said Fabian quietly, and breaks his across his knee. They muffle their hands in their handkerchiefs, and seize the broken weapons. The fight is renewed. One must die. Which? They hold the fragments of their blades like daggers, point downward, and at one lucky opening Fabian strikes the blow, and Chateau Renaud falls unpitied, unforgiven—a sacrifice to Corsican honour. "Now I can weep for you, dear Louis," says the conqueror, and covers his face with his hands. Again the murdered Louis crosses the stage in the same mysterious manner as before. The brothers recognise each other; vengeance is obtained, and the curtain falls.

The language contained in this play would occupy about twenty minutes; the duration of the piece is two hours. It is a ghost story put into shape—a chapter of Mrs Radcliffe, done into *tableaux vivants*. The company at this theatre comprises Mr and Mrs Kean, Mr Wigan, Mr Meadows, Mr Ryder, Mr Bartley, and last, not least, Mr and Mrs Keeley. There is not a barn in England that could not furnish quite good enough representatives of any

person in the drama. The speeches are vapid and commonplace; the situations, as regards the development of character, very weak; and it possesses no strength whatever but the admirable stage management of the supernatural and the frightful verisimilitude of the carnival ball. Are these legitimate means of support to a theatre like this? Should the Princess's be reduced to a *salle de spectacle*—

"Where from below the trap-door demons
rise,
And from above hang dangling deities?"

But, more than all, it certainly is no place for the production of so revolting a scene as the open license of the ball, or the more quiet but quite as offensive supper-party after it. Real water, real horses, and real elephants have been banished from the stage, it being found that the real things interfere essentially with the truthfulness of the scene. A great distinction should always be taken between mere representation and identity—a difference clearly established and rigidly preserved between the fiction and the fact, or why not have a real fight with true swords? Why not go back at once to Thurtell's gig and Weir's pistol? Now, in the instance of the carnival ball, the resemblance is carried beyond all bounds. It ceases to be an imitation, and becomes a reproduction. We will be bound to say, at no saturnalia in the opera ball-room of Paris was there ever exhibited a wilder scene of revelry and debauch—women, indelicately clothed in male attire, whirl in fantastic attitudes to a noisy crash of music—their voices in the mad excitement of the moment are joined to the noise of the orchestra; petticoats, where preserved at all, assume the dimensions of kilts; it is evidently the crowning hour of the night's festivity—modesty, decorum, propriety, all laid aside, and a grinning buffoon in white gown, with chalk-covered face and ludicrous contortions, adding a new feature of disgust to the display, which is sickening enough already. We can easily imagine that this vivid scene may have injurious effects—that it may be even more hurtful than a visit to the original meeting would have been;

for there is probably here a heightening of the attractions of the show, in as much as the dancers are chosen for their beauty, and the dresses selected for the very purpose of captivation and allurements. If such a scene was required at all, it should, certainly, have been produced in a less attractive form. We should not have been so severe on this subject if we did not feel that no theatre in London less needs to depend on such displays for success. No theatre in London has it so completely in its power to show to what noble uses a stage may be applied; for on none is there so near an approach to the ancient glory of the drama in the skill and *ensemble* of the actors. Exercising talents like these on ghosts and festivals is a mere waste of power. It is turning a steam-engine to the manufacture of pins—of pins that are useless in spite of their polished heads, and poisonous if they penetrate the skin. Let not this one departure from taste be urged against theatrical amusements in general, or the entertainments at this house in particular. It is a French importation—this ghostly melodrama, this unmeasured ball. But Shakspeare is here with his English heart, and

“empire absolute” over the feelings. The poetry of “*Twelfth Night*” alternates with the wondrous picture in the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*.” The gentle Viola speaks in tones that never die away from the memory. Mrs Ford answers smile for smile and grip for grip to Mrs Brook—Caius, for the first time, is the perfect gentleman which only Wigan can depict; and scene after scene floats away before us, till it is only by an effort we wake from a dream of Herne the Hunter’s Oak to the harsh realities of eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

In some future communication we will extend our Commissionership to the other theatres, and to various places of amusement not often brought forward ‘neath the glimpses of the moon. Beware, then, ye managers and caterers of public shows; be conscious of the importance and responsibilities of your position. When we see talent, enterprise, and skill, not slow shall we be to give the word of cheer; but where we observe the smallest deviation into the coarse or the insipid, remember you have nothing to expect but rebukes sharper than swords.

“A chield’s amang ye takin’ notes,
And, faith, he’ll print it.”

THE COMMERCIAL DISASTERS OF 1851.

(TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

SIR,—The country is shortly to be called upon to decide the important question whether the policy, under which it has for the last few years been governed, is, or is not, susceptible of some modification; and, as one portion of this question, the soundness of our present commercial policy must undoubtedly be discussed. Indeed, it seems to be taken for granted on all hands that this must be the case; and in a great empire like our own, whose main source of strength has been conceived to rest upon the pre-eminence of its mercantile and industrial character, it would be singular if it could be otherwise. And it would be lamentable, too, and little calculated to inspire the hope of peace for the future, and confidence in the stability of our institutions, should that portion of the question at issue be discussed in any other spirit than that of an anxious and careful desire to arrive at the truth. No policy not based upon the truth has ever long prevailed in any civilised country. No Christian man, conscious as such a man ought to be of the imperfections of merely human judgment, could ever set himself up above his fellows as infallible. We have surely a perfect right to appeal to past experience in order to discover what has been the effect of our policy upon the different interests of the country; and in the following pages I shall endeavour to examine dispassionately what has been that effect upon our mercantile and trading classes, and particularly upon those engaged in conducting our large importing and exporting operations.

It is, of course, an acknowledged principle, that an increased import of foreign commodities, to be a profitable one, must be attended by increased means of consuming in the importing country, and be balanced ultimately by increased exports, at paying prices to the producer. The question, then, so far as the mercantile body is concerned, is simply this,—Have the transactions of the past year been

satisfactory to that body, or not? I do not hesitate to say in reply, that, with the solitary exception of the year 1847—if indeed it be an exception—there has been no such disastrous epoch in the annals of British commerce for the past quarter of a century as the year 1851. If the year 1847 was more disastrous, it was because it was one of monetary revulsion, of potato rot, and of the collapse of absurd railway speculation. During the past year we have had nothing of this kind to encounter. We entered upon 1851 with prognostications, all but unanimous, of a coming year of prosperous business. During the course of the year we had neither civil commotion nor foreign embroilment to trouble the even tenor of our way. Yet we have closed the year with the mercantile and trading interests of Great Britain poorer than they commenced it, by, I am satisfied, at least *twenty millions sterling and upwards*. During the whole of the past year, the reports of our commercial circulars have told an unvarying tale of declining prices and unprofitable imports. Scarcely a single foreign product has remunerated the merchant, or even realised the cost at which it was purchased abroad; and stocks of all kinds, not only in our seaports, but in every retailer's shop or warehouse throughout the country, have been every week deteriorating in saleable value. In no single commodity of importance has the consumption kept pace with the increase of importations; and had we at any period of the year been visited with monetary difficulty, had the Bank of England not been full of specie, and anxious to extend its accommodation to the public, the losses upon our accumulation of stocks would have been sufficient to prostrate one-half of the mercantile community.

In endeavouring to form an of the actual losses of the y. imports, I shall con s - important art COTT tered

ing to Mr Burn's *Commercial Glance*, of 581,120 bales in the entire kingdom, in the hands of importers, spinners, and speculators, spinners being estimated by Mr Burn to hold 60,000 bales. Messrs G. Holt and Co. of Liverpool, calculate the quantity at 100,000 bales in the hands of *spinners and dealers*. The bulk of this stock had been purchased at the high prices which had ruled during the last four months of 1850; and, in the first week of January, the price of "fair upland," which may be taken as a standard, was 7½d. per lb. Such were the rates ruling in the countries of its growth, it could not have been bought there within at least ½d. per lb. of that price. Although such stock would naturally find its way gradually into the market, and its place be supplied by fresh imports, and as there was a nearly similar one—estimated by Messrs Holt at 594,000 bales—left at the close of the past year, it will simplify the process of calculation, and at the same time be correct as to the general result, if I treat the stock of January 1851 as having borne the fall of the entire year. The price, then, of fair uplands having been, in the last week of December, 4½d. to 5d., and other sorts in nearly that proportion, there would be a reduction of from 2½d. to 3d. upon those American sorts which form the bulk of the consumption, and 2½d. to 2½d. upon the next in importance. Bearing in mind that the prices on the 1st of January were not remunerative to the importer, I believe I am within the mark in fixing the loss at £5 per bale of 400 lb. average weight, which, upon the stock of 581,120 bales, amounts to the large sum of £2,905,600 sterling. We now come to the imports of the year, which were, of all kinds, into the United Kingdom, 1,903,506 bales. With respect to these, the first striking fact which presents itself, on a comparison of the prices-current in this country and the cotton-growing countries, is that, throughout the whole of the year, the foreign purchases of our importing merchants were made at a large advance over the prices which could be realised on their arrival here. I have gone carefully through files of the most autho-

ritative foreign circulars, and, with respect to American cotton particularly, the unvarying result has been to find prices considerably higher than in the British market. Thus, on the 4th of January, I find "middling to fair" cotton from the Atlantic ports, corresponding with our Liverpool classification of "fair upland," quoted in New York at 13½ to 14 cents per lb.; on the 15th, at 14 to 14½ cents; on the 22d, the same; and on the 29th, 13½ cents. Assume the average of the month to have been 14 cents, and allowing a penny per lb. for freight, commission, landing charges, &c., which I am assured is too little, the cotton shipped in that month would cost in Liverpool fully 8d. per lb. Prices here, however, began to decline after the first week in January, when fair upland was quoted at 7½d.; and on the 31st of that month the quotation was only 7½d. to 7½d. On the 14th and 21st of February they were quoted at 7d. to 7½d.; and in all March, when the purchases of the month of January would be reaching us, the average was about 7½d.—showing a loss on importation of ½d. per lb. In February, prices in America commenced at 13 cents to 13½ cents; but on the 1st of May they had fallen to 11 cents to 11½ cents. The early purchases of February, which would cost, landed in Liverpool, about 7½d., would probably arrive about the middle of March, when prices here averaged about 7½d.—a loss of ½d. per lb., or nearly 10s. per bale. Those of the closing week of the month—about a week's transactions—might possibly save themselves, if sold in the beginning or middle of April. Throughout March prices rallied in America; and were sustained until nearly the middle of April at from 11½ cents to 12½ cents—about 7½d. here. Prices in Liverpool, however, had been falling rapidly; and a portion of these purchases arrived in Liverpool in the middle of May, to be sold at 5½d. to 5½d.—a loss of above 1½d. per lb., or £2, 5s. per bale. By the end of April, prices in America had receded slightly; but in the beginning of May there was another attempt to rally them—the quotations being, on the 7th, 11½ cents to 11½ cents, or about 6½d. to 6½d. here. In the whole of June, however,

when the cotton bought at these prices would arrive here, the average in Liverpool was little over 5½d.—showing a loss of from 30s. to 35s. per bale. From this point a gradual decline took place in all May, June, July, and August, reaching the lowest point—8½ cents to 9 cents—on the 9th of the last month. The decline in America, however, never overtook that experienced here—the bulk of the transactions of these months resulting in a loss. A slight rally again took place in September, and prices were forced up to an average of about 10 cents, or 6d. laid down in this country. No corresponding movement, however, took place here; and the average losses of September shipments would be nearly 25s. per bale. An unprofitable result, less disastrous, however, attended the remainder of the year's arrivals.

The loss has been nearly as serious in our transactions with the East Indies, the length of the voyage operating to aggravate the unhappy position of the importer. Thus cotton orders, transmitted by overland mail in the first three months of the year, whilst prices of Surat were about 4d. to 6½d., would arrive here in June, July, and August, when the quotations were from 1½d. to 1¾d. per lb. less, or from 45s. to 50s. per bale.

The question then arises, At what are we to estimate the loss on imports for the year? And the following circumstance appears to me to have an important bearing upon its solution. The bulk of the arrivals during the year—1,212,377 bales—took place from the beginning of March to the end of August, the period in which the greatest decline below cost price occurred. Taking this and other circumstances into consideration, I cannot consider that I am exceeding the truth in averaging the loss on importation during the year at ¾d. per lb., or 25s. per bale, upon the whole quantity received, deducting the stock on hand at the close of 1851—594,500 bales. This will give upon 1,409,046 bales a loss of £1,761,307, which, with £2,905,600, previously ascertained as the difference between the value of the stock on hand at the commencement of the year, and

the same quantity of the article at its close, makes up a total loss upon cotton of £4,667,000. Of this, at the very least, the British merchants' share is *four millions sterling!*

A large sum might fairly be added to this as the manufacturers' and spinners' share in the loss sustained upon their stocks from the declining prices of the raw material during the whole of the year's operations. I will not, however, enter into detail with respect to this part of my subject; but glance at it briefly when I come to estimate the losses, sustained by holders of produce generally, whilst *in transitu* from the importers' hands to the marts of its final consumption.

Next in importance to the article of cotton is that of SUGAR, a great staple of food, which it has been the express object of our recent legislation to cheapen, regardless whether or not in doing so we inflicted ruin upon the colonial proprietor. It is not within the limits of the inquiry which I have prescribed to myself to trace the course of that legislation which, from whatever motives prompted, bids fair ultimately to reduce our once flourishing tropical possessions to their pristine condition of waste and jungle, and to throw back their coloured population into the barbarism from which, a few years ago, it was the pride of every lover of his kind to see them rapidly emerging. A brief reference to that legislation, however, is necessary, in order to render intelligible the mode in which I have calculated the extent of the past year's losses upon our imports of the article. At the period of emancipation, (1834,) our West Indian colonies, producing for British consumption 3,844,244 cwt. of sugar out of a total import of 4,743,415 cwt. the year, were owned by a class of proprietors, partly but consisting of

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numerous branch establishments in the colonies. The measure of that year—exchanging compulsory labour for the apprenticeship system in the first instance, and shortly afterwards for free labour—precipitated the whole of this class into a fearful struggle, required from them to maintain production up to the wants of the home consumer. It was found necessary to import additional labourers to supply the place of those who, on receiving their freedom, had betaken themselves to other avocations than those of the sugar plantation; and every effort of science and improved culture had to be resorted to, in order to keep down the cost of production, and increase the yield of the soil. Whilst immersed in this struggle—a most unprofitable one, as it proved—the Free-Trader stepped in, and introduced the new element of competition with the foreign slave-grown article. The result of the much too sudden rate of reduction of the differential duties then adopted has been to render cultivation utterly unprofitable; and, so far as the original proprietors of the West Indies are concerned, the last measure directed against these unfortunate colonies may be justly termed one of direct confiscation. Under these circumstances, the bulk of the West Indian sugar and other estates have virtually lapsed to mortgagees—principally merchants in this country, who have advanced money upon them for the increased outlay required to keep up and cheapen production; and hence, so far as the West Indies are concerned, it is necessary to treat the importer and planter as one in such an inquiry as the present. There can scarcely be said to be a price at all in the West Indies—the bulk of the exports coming to the British market on the planter's and merchant's account. The same remark applies to coffee, rum, and every other description of West Indian produce. With respect to the produce of the East Indies and Mauritius, there does exist a price at the port of shipment, the articles being bought for the British markets in the ordinary way; and the result of the importation, as a

purely mercantile transaction, can therefore be more correctly ascertained.

The importation of sugar during the past year was, in round numbers, 400,000 tons against 330,000 in 1850, and 340,000 in 1849. Of this quantity 270,000 tons consisted of colonial, (two-thirds of which was West Indian,) 110,000 tons of foreign, and 20,000 tons of foreign refined. In a general summary of the year's proceedings, the editor of the *London New Price-Current*—an authority of high standing—of Tuesday, Jan. 6, remarks:—

“The excess in stock of all sorts is 57,000—viz., 157,000 tons against 107,000 at the close of 1850. Prices are lower by 7s. to 9s. per cwt. for low to mid prices of colonial, and 5s. to 6s. per cwt. for good to fine.”

Another authority, Messrs Little-dale & Co., of Liverpool, remark upon this article as follows, in their circular of the 1st January:—

“Great indeed has been the disappointment during the past year of importers and holders of nearly every description of produce; but to no parties has it been so severe as to those interested in the article of sugar, cotton excepted. The year 1851 opened with high prospects—moderate stocks, an average supply, and a largely increased consumption, arising from the satisfactory condition of the manufacturing districts, and the great prospects which were generally entertained of the approaching *Exhibition*; but these hopes were soon dissipated, the imports of foreign continuing on an unusually large scale, and the consumption, instead of increasing, barely supporting that of the previous year. *The increased production of sugar from beetroot on the Continent is fast displacing all foreign, and the latter, in turn, displacing our colonial, or forcing it down to so low a figure that its production will be unremunerative.* In little more than two years the duties will be equalised; and we can see no salvation for our colonies but a complete change, both in the manufacture and curing of this article, as it is quite evident that the taste of the large consumers in the country is changing year by year more in favour of crushed refined. . . . The decline in the value of sugar throughout the past year has been gradual, though marked; and prices now rule 5s. to 6s. per

cwt. lower on better descriptions, and 8s. to 10s. on the common and low brown sorts."

With respect, then, to that portion of the supply of sugar derived from the West Indies, the only question which can arise is—Can the grower have succeeded during the past year in reducing the cost of production so far as to have allowed the *Gazette average* of British plantation to fall from 29s. 2d. nett in February of last year, to 20s. 2d. in the February of this year? We know that during this period no economising of labour has been achieved to warrant a decline of 9s. per cwt.—nearly thirty per cent; and the conclusion is obvious, that the bulk of this saving to the British consumer has come out of the pockets of the colonial proprietor and the British colonial merchant. The price at the commencement of the year, it is admitted, was a barely remunerative one; and every shilling of reduction since has been positive loss.

With respect to East India sugar, which is actually purchased in the country of its growth, the loss has fallen directly upon the importer—the fact being notorious, that prices throughout the year have ruled higher in the colonial markets, and in China, Java, &c., by from 4s. to 5s. per cwt. than it could be sold for on its arrival here. Messrs Littledale & Co. quote the prices of Bengal, Madras, and Mauritius, best and good descriptions, in bond, from 6s. to 6s. 6d. lower in January this year than in January last year; and common and inferior descriptions as much as 8s. to 9s. lower. Upon China and Manilla the fall has been from 3s. to 4s. 6d.

The same authority to which I have before referred—the *New London Price Current*—remarks of Mauritius sugar, that the "rates are 5s. to 8s. per cwt. lower, the difference being most apparent on brown and inferior qualities;" and of East India, "Stock is 6950, (in London,) and in 1850 it was 5500 tons. Prices range 4s. to 8s. per cwt. under that period, the difference being more apparent on brown and inferior qualities, of which there is a loss upon importation."

With respect to foreign sugar, a few

preliminary explanations are necessary. As is the case with East India produce, the sugar which we draw from foreign countries—the bulk from Cuba and the Brazils—is purchased by British merchants at a price in the country of its growth, regulated of course by the cost of production, and the probable market price in Great Britain. The foreign planter, however, is seldom more than a nominal proprietor, working with borrowed capital, for which he pays an interest of from fifteen to twenty per cent, and living, in all respects, only like a superior servant or agent. With the question, whether of late he has been enabled to reap a profit on his cultivation, I have here nothing to do, although it is most probable that he has not done so, even at the prices which he has been able to secure from the British purchaser. He has had labour foisted upon him beyond his requirements, and at an exorbitant price, the slave-dealer being in many cases the party supplying capital for sugar cultivation, and the virtual proprietor of the soil and stock. So far as regards the operations of British merchants in the produce of Brazil, Cuba, and other foreign tropical produce, the result has been almost equally disastrous with that attending the trade with our own possessions. Prices in these countries have, throughout nearly the whole of the past year, been from 8s. to 5s. above those which could be realised in this country; and the loss upon the entire importation has been little, if at all, less than that upon British colonial produce. The *London New Price Current* sums up its remarks upon the trade in foreign sugar by saying,—“Prices, compared with this date last season, exhibit a decline of 3s. on the better, and 4s. to 6s. per cwt. on the brown and inferior qualities.” A comparison of the prices in the country of production, with those realised here, will prove this part of my case. From the *Pernambuco Price Current*, of the 24th of February 1851, I find that the following were the prices of Brazilian sugar, free on board; and I have set opposite to the figures the price which it would command in bond, on its arrival here, as furnished by one of our leading business:—

IN BRAZIL, 24th February, 1851.

First white, . . .	25s. 3d. to 26s. 8d. }
Second and third do. . .	20s. 7d. to 24s. 3d. }
Fourth do. . .	18s. 9d. to 19s. 8d. }
Fifth and sixth do. . .	16s. 7d. to 17s. 5d. }
Muscovado, yellow, . .	15s. 2d. to 15s. 8d. }
Brown, . . .	14s. 8d. }

IN LIVERPOOL, April 1851.

None in stock.
21s. to 22s. 6d.
19s. 6d. to 20s.
16s. to 19s.

The first qualities of the above are not imported into this market; and adding to the other, for freight at 60s. per ton, 3s.—buyer's commission in Brazil, 3 per cent—insurance, interest, brokerage, and other charges, say 4s. 6d. to 5s. per cwt.—there would

be a small loss upon the importation.

I select a later date, in order to ascertain the cost of the stocks on hand at the commencement of this year. On the 29th November last the quotations were—

IN BRAZIL, November.

First and second, . . .	24s. to 24s. 4d. }
Third, . . .	22s. 4d. to 23s. 8d. }
Fourth, . . .	20s. 9d. to 21s. 6d. }
Fifth and sixth, . . .	17s. 1d. to 19s. 4d. }
Muscovado, yellow, . .	15s. 7d. to 16s. 6d. }
Brown, . . .	14s. 7d. to 15s. 1d. }

IN LIVERPOOL, January.

None in stock.
17s. 6d. to 19s. 6d.
16s. to 17s. 6d.
13s. 6d. to 15s.

At this period freights ruled low, 35s. to 40s.; and, as is always the case when there is an abundance of shipping seeking cargo, the foreigner advanced his rates for produce. Adding 3s. 6d. to 4s. for charges upon imports, there would be a loss of, say 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. upon white; 3s. 6d. upon yellow; 5s. 6d. upon low brown, and 3s. 6d. upon the better quality. The same result is found to have resulted upon Cuban and other foreign sugars.

The reduction in this article has not been so sudden as to entitle us to put down more than a portion of it as loss to either importer or producer. Bearing in mind, however, that, from the commencement of the year to the close, it has been arriving in this country at a cost considerably over what it would realise, and that we had a good stock to begin the year with, which has kept accumulating, I believe I am justified in assuming the result of the year's business to be a loss, upon the whole of our sugar imports, of at least £5 per ton; which, upon 400,000 tons of all descriptions, amounts to the sum of £2,000,000 sterling. In this I am borne out by some of our leading authorities, whose names I hand you for your own satisfaction. Having in this calculation merged the stock in hand at the commencement of the year, (107,000 tons,) which was imported at extreme prices, and lost much more than I

have taken as an average, it is but fair to add something for the depreciation of the *increase of stock* held at the close of the year, 50,000 tons, (the total stock having been 157,000 tons against 107,000 at the commencement.) If I estimate this depreciation at £3 per ton—it fell nearly £1 in the beginning of January, and has since been quoted lower—I am satisfied that I am within the mark. This will make the *total loss on sugar* £2,150,000 sterling.

In the important article of *COFFEE* there has also been a serious loss upon the year's transactions; and this notwithstanding the fact that the import was lighter in 1851 than in either of the two preceding years, having been 22,100 tons of all descriptions against 22,700 in 1850, and 27,000 in 1849. The prices at the close of the year are stated by the *London New Price-Current* to have been "from 8s. to 16s. per cwt. below this date last season." Messrs Littledale's annual circular shows a fall, in "native ordinary Ceylon" of 16s., and of 15s. in "mid-dling plantation." The fall is less in some of the scarcer sorts. The greatest reduction, however, was in the middle of the year, "good ordinary native Ceylon," which was worth 57s. per cwt. in January, having fallen to 37s. in June. The total loss to importers, I am advised, cannot be estimated at less than £10 per ton, which, upon the total import of 22,100 tons,

makes up an amount of £221,000 sterling. It is worth while remarking here, as an instance of the blindness of Whig legislation, that although the duties on coffee were reduced last year from 6d. on foreign, and 4d. on colonial, to a uniform rate of 3d., to the serious injury of colonial interests, and apparently with no other object in view, the consumption was very little increased, having been 31,226,840 lb. in 1850, and only 32,564,164 lb. in 1851. The actual vend by retailers of *what is called coffee*—the adulterated article—is, however, known to have largely increased; and the grocer and fraudulent dealer, by the use of chicory, the admixture of which with coffee the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused to restrict, and of other worse ingredients, have been enabled to put far more than the amount of the duty remitted into their own pockets. The stock held over from 1850 was 19,300 tons; and as this was very little reduced in December 1851, and the bulk of it was bought at even higher prices than those ruling at the commencement of the year, it will not be unfair to estimate the loss upon it at £10 per ton, the same as that upon the importations. I will, however, assume it to have been only, in round numbers, £150,000. This will make the *total loss on coffee* £371,000.

In another important article—*TEA*—there have been very heavy losses. We commenced the year with prices

of *congou*, the leading article of *black tea*, at 1s. to 1s. 0½d. for "ordinary to good ordinary," and better sorts proportionally higher. The year closed with the same teas at 8d. to 8½d., and a proportionate fall in other descriptions of black. In some sorts of *green* there has not been so great a fall; but upon all kinds (two excepted, of which the consumption is not large) I find the decline estimated by Messrs Littledale & Co. at 25 to 35 *per cent.* The fall *per lb.* may, with tolerable safety, be set down at 4d. It has not been so gradual as in the case of other descriptions of produce, having, on the contrary, occurred rather suddenly towards the middle and close of the season; and this fact has an important bearing upon the amount actually lost by importers. In the first four months of the year prices gave way a little; but the demand was good, and no serious disaster in the trade was expected. Imports, however, flowed in freely, beyond the requirements for consumption; and the new crop arriving unusually early by the clipper ships, now engaged between this country and China, a sort of panic ensued, and reductions of 2d. to 4d. *per lb.* were submitted to. With a view to render my calculations with regard to this article perfectly intelligible, I subjoin the state of imports, stock, and consumption, as given in Messrs Littledale's *Circular of Jan. 3*:—

The imports for the year will be about 72,000,000 lb. against 48,800,000 in 1850.			
Deliveries,	do.	59,000,000	" 56,400,000 "
Stock,	do.	48,000,000	" 34,500,000 "

Thus, although the deliveries in 1851 exceeded those of 1850, there was an increased stock, caused by the unusually early arrival of the new crop. Under these circumstances, I find that I am fully justified in taking the loss upon the entire imports at 2d. *per lb.*, which, upon 72,000,000 lb., will be £600,000. The stock on hand at the commencement of the year, 34,500,000 lb., may be estimated as having lost 4d. *per lb.*, or £575,000, leaving in its place an accumulation of 48,000,000 lb. at the close of the year, upon most of which there is a farther loss upon the price at which it was imported, even assuming that it

was well bought, according to the range of prices here in November and December, when the bulk of the new crop reached us. I do not take into account, however, any loss upon this stock, or even upon its excess over that of the preceding year; and only set down the result as above, at a *total loss of £1,175,000 for the year.*

Even in the import of FOREIGN GRAIN the transactions of the year have been of a most unsatisfactory character, and the general result has been a loss, estimated at a very moderate computation to amount to, at the least, £500,000. The whole of this, however, has not fallen directly

upon British merchants, who are regularly engaged in the trade, but in part upon foreign houses; and upon speculators who, having been misled by the miscalculations of the Free-Trade press, and by an over-sanguine temperament, to anticipate a considerable revival of prices during the close of 1850 and the beginning of 1851, were induced to become holders of the article. In the most favourable cases, however, up to the slight revival which took place at the close of the past year, the importer has been unable to secure more than a bare brokerage, except upon French flour; and taking every redeeming

circumstance into consideration, I am warranted in setting down *the loss of the year at £500,000*, as above stated.

Upon a number of other important articles, the loss has been very heavy throughout the year, both to importers and holders of stock. Amongst these, I may mention many kinds of American provisions, colonial molasses, silk, indigo, jute, hides, linseed, and other seeds, linseed oil, gums, madder roots, dyes, dye-woods, spices, foreign fruits, &c. I shall only trouble your readers with a few, and give, in doing so, the stock and total decline during the year, not being able to give the aggregate loss in detail:—

Stock.		Decline.	
Indigo,	60,000 cwt.	9d. to 1s. per lb.	£280,000
Molasses,	10,897 tons (London)	£3, 10s. per ton.	38,000
Jute (imports, Liverpool),	86,450 bales.	£3, 0s. per ton.	
Linseed (Do.),	115,600 bales and pkts.	4s. to 5s. per qr.	
Linseed oil (Do.),	516 cases.	£4 to £5 per ton.	
Cochineal,	8,040 packages.	9d. per lb.	
Raw silk,		5 to 7½ per cwt.	

On dye-woods the loss has been fearful, cargoes imported having in many cases not realised more than actual freights; and foreign fruits have been a drug throughout the year, and have perished, or else been sold at ruinous reductions from import cost. The total loss upon the import of these articles, added to what I have already estimated, will make up a gross amount of *ten millions sterling*.

I have already stated that, in addition to the loss in first hands, there must have been a very serious one sustained by manufacturers, dealers, and retailers, throughout the country. In all cases of falling markets of either raw materials or produce, the cheaper import presses upon previously made purchases, and compels a sacrifice of a portion of stock in hand. The manufacturer who is consuming cotton bought at 7d. per lb., finds, when he has converted the raw material into goods, that he has to compete with his neighbour, who is willing to make a contract for the same article with cotton at 6d. per lb. The calico printer and dyer finds a competitor who has bought his dyes ten per cent below him. The grocer and tea-dealer has in the same way to accommodate his prices to those which happen to rule in the wholesale market. With respect to

the cotton manufacturer, we have been told that his business has been satisfactory; that he had made contracts in advance, which paid him a profit upon the raw material purchased for the purpose of fulfilling them. Suppose this to have been the case, which is only partially so, the loss must have fallen upon *the buyer*, who would have to take his goods into the home or the foreign market, in competition with more recent and cheaper purchases. Every speculative holder of produce, and every dealer, must have been similarly affected. I conceive, then, that I am not exaggerating the loss sustained by these parties, by estimating it at one-fifth of that which I have traced to importers, and adding another two millions sterling to the previous amount of ten millions.

And now, let me ask, at what are we to estimate the loss sustained by the shipping interest during the past year?

The amount of British tonnage entered inwards during the year ended 5th January 1852 was 4,388,245 tons, against 4,078,544 tons in the preceding year; the entries outwards were 4,147,007 tons against 3,960,764 tons; making a total, inwards and outwards, of 8,535,252 tons in 1851, against

8,099,308 in 1850—an increase of 495,944 tons. I refer to these returns with a view to base upon them my estimate of loss sustained; and certainly am not inclined to follow those superficial observers who are in the habit of taking the increase of tonnage, shown by them from time to time, as evidence of increased prosperity of the shipowner. It is well known that our steamers engaged in the foreign trade have enormously swelled the entries, both inwards and outwards, during the last two years. From this port alone we have now a fleet of five vessels of 300 tons and upwards, making fortnightly and monthly trips to the North of Europe and the Mediterranean, each trip of which counts for as much in the entries as the long voyage of a sailing vessel. The Cunard Line to the United States has been augmented; and we are establishing other lines to the Brazils, to Australia, &c. Our West Indian and Oriental Fleets have been similarly augmented. As a further cause of the apparent increase of sailing tonnage, the more rapid passages made by vessels of the clipper build may be mentioned—some of which, it is well known, have during the past year made the voyage out and home to China, the East Indies, &c., in from eight to ten months; whereas ships of the ordinary build and rig would have occupied above twelve months, and thus have come once only, instead of twice, into the returns. Deducting the steam and clipper ships, a correct return would, I believe, show a decrease instead of an increase in our mercantile marine; for it is well known that a large amount of British tonnage has during the past three years been rotting in the waters of California. Far better would it have been for some of the remainder, if, instead of contributing to swell these returns with a tale of delusive prosperity, it could have been laid up in dock, saving the cost of unprofitable wear and tear and of

wages. But our New Navigation Laws have rendered such a course of no avail to the British shipowner. If a portion of our mercantile navy had been laid up for a time, the foreigner would have promptly assumed its place, and benefited by the advance in freights which would have resulted from competition being withdrawn. As it is, during the whole of the past year, the British shipowner, in carrying on the struggle which has been forced upon him by our Free-Trade policy, has been injuriously met by this competition in every foreign port, and especially in the ports of our Eastern possessions and their dependencies, the carrying trade of which, formerly secured to the shipping of this country, afforded such a valuable source of remuneration to the British shipowner. In the ports of China we have been met with the same depressing competition. There is not, in fact, a country on the surface of the globe to which a ship could be sent, in cargo or in ballast, with any certainty of earning a return freight which would pay even ordinary expenses of wages and port-dues—necessary repairs being out of the question. In the attempt, which I propose to make, to form an estimate of the losses sustained upon shipping during the past year, it must be borne in mind that the year 1850, with which I shall have to compare it, was notoriously one of severe suffering to all parties interested in shipping. We had then begun to feel the effects of the ruinous policy upon which we had embarked; and the amount of loss sustained in that year had been previously unparalleled in the annals of our commerce. There was a decline, for example, of the rates current in 1848, of the extent of which the following figures, taken from the June number of *Blackwood*, furnishes a correct idea. The figures in question, I may remark, were based upon actual transactions:—

Calcutta, March 1848, Java,	£5 5 0	December 1850, £3 5 0	
Bombay, March 1848, Rangoon,	7 0 0	May 1850, "	3 0 0 and £3 5 0
Valparaiso, Oct. " Copper,	8 5 0	March 1851,	1 12 6
	4 0 0		8 7 6

Other freights bore a similar ratio of decrease. During the past and pre-

sent year we have had from

per ton, and cotton from Bombay at £2, 5s. From China we have had tea as low as 40s.; whereas, in 1850, "The Oriental," American clipper, got £6 per ton, an ordinary British ship being able to command about £4. From the west coast of America we have lately had guano brought to this country for as low as 30s. to 40s. per ton. In March last the freight actually realised was £3, 12s. per ton. These, however, it will be said, are extreme cases. I give, therefore, a more general statement, although it is almost impossible to arrive at a fixed rate of freights for any portion of our long-voyage trade. Throughout the whole of our Eastern ports, and of China, as well as in the ports of the west coast of America, the rates have depended, as they did in 1850, upon the number of American vessels arriving in ballast from round Cape Horn in search of freight, after having earned a very ample remuneration from their previous voyage from the Atlantic ports of the United States—a voyage in the benefits of which British shipping is not allowed to participate;—and these have been most arbitrary and uncertain in amount. As a rule, I find that I may safely put down the long-voyage freights, both from the East and West, as having fallen 30 per cent during the past twelve months. This is the case even with regular traders; and with transient ships it is much more. With respect to Mediterranean and other European freights, the reduction is over 10 per cent for British vessels. In Canadian timber freights there has been an average fall to large ports of from 33s. to 30s. per load in 1850, to about 25s. in 1851. With respect to these ships, the bulk of the tonnage is taken up by timber-importers, some of whom are also owners; and the result of the voyage, so far as the profit to the ship is concerned, is mixed up with the result of the sale of the freight. The Australian voyage has been a set-off against the general loss on shipping. Emigrants and goods for these settlements have been in abundance, but ships' expenses have been increased. Only for great and costly precautions, these settlements

threaten to be the grave of as large an amount of shipping as that which is now rotting idle in the waters of San Francisco.

In endeavouring to arrive at an estimate of the gross amount of loss to British shipping during the past year, I avail myself of a calculation made by a gentleman who occupies the position of secretary to the Underwriters' Association—the Lloyd's—of Liverpool. In an estimate of the amount to be put down as the freight paid to British shipowners upon the imports of 1850, that gentleman considered that a fair average earning of freight upon long and short voyages would be £2 per register ton. The total entries inwards of 1851 have been 4,388,245 tons, the freight upon which, at the estimated rate of the year 1850, would have been thus, in round numbers, £8,776,490. Bearing in mind that a large portion of British shipping goes out in ballast, and that the earnings outwards are considerably less at all times than inwards, I shall not estimate the outward freight in 1850 at more than 25s. per register ton. Taking the tonnage outwards of 1851—4,147,007 tons—at this rate, the amount would be £5,183,750—making a total, inwards and outwards, of, in round numbers, £13,900,000. I have already said, and shown from its antecedents, that the year 1850 was a year of heavy sacrifice of British shipping. It is much if the bulk of our shipping during that year earned more than would pay for necessarily-occurring repairs, which in many cases were postponed until better times—which were hoped for—should arrive. Taking all things into account—the actual reduction of freights, and the necessity which has accrued for executing those repairs—I cannot set down the loss to the British shipowner during the past year at less than 20 per cent upon his freight, or £2,700,000 sterling. In addition to the shipping engaged in the foreign trade, I have to estimate as well the loss sustained upon our coasting tonnage, which amounted, in 1851, to 12,394,902 tons inwards, and 13,466,155 tons outwards. Upon the earnings of this class of vessels there was a reduction, in 1850, of fully 30 per cent. In fact, during

that year, it brought to the owners only loss and annoyance. During the past year it cannot be said that the freights earned have been materially reduced; but they have been earned only whilst the vessels were in rapid course of being thoroughly worn out, repairs bestowed upon them being felt to be hopeless outlay. I take, as the basis of my calculation, a tonnage about half of the aggregate "inwards and outwards"—viz. 13,000,000; and estimate the freight both ways—and it is not much over the average of one way—at 5s. per ton. We have thus a gross amount of freight earned, of £3,250,000. I might treat the whole of this sum as absolute loss; for it is notorious that, as compared with former years' earnings, it is so. Not one in a hundred of our coasters are paying interest and wages. Cost of necessary repairs they do not pay; and, in fact, they are only sailed either in the fallacious hope of better days to come, or until *they go to pieces*, and are destined to be broken up for the timber and the copper and iron bolts which they contain. I shall only estimate them, therefore, at the probable amount of their deterioration, which cannot be less than £2,000,000, making a *total loss upon British shipping of £4,700,000 sterling*. This may appear an extreme amount of loss to those who do not take into consideration the peculiar nature of shipping property, its constant deterioration, and the large proportion which expenses upon it ordinarily bear to the freights earned. With respect to the estimate which I have made of the loss upon our coasters, it will probably be exclaimed against as very vague and incapable of being proved. It must be borne in mind, however, that this class of property has been injuriously affected by a combination of causes, some of which it is only fair to refer to, as, to a certain extent, removing it out of the scope of my general arguments. Our coasting vessels have had to encounter severe competition with steam craft, particularly with respect to the traffic in merchandise and produce capable of bearing the higher rates of freights. Our internal railway communications have also interfered seriously with their traffic coastwise.

A considerable amount of our coal and iron carriage has been abstracted from the small vessels formerly employed by it. For example, I heard within the last few weeks, of a government contract for engine-coals from the northern coal-fields having been entered into, such coals to be laid down at one of our dockyards for a little over 16s. per ton *per rail*—if I remember right, the Great Northern. Still, much of the deterioration in this property is attributable to our new system, which virtually hands over a portion of our coasting trade to the foreign shipowner. Cargoes of Baltic timber, grain, and other produce from Europe, are constantly arriving in the Irish and the British Channel, to be ordered thence to whatever port they may be required, and be most marketable at, rendering a portion of the voyage to all intents and purposes a coasting voyage. And it is much to be feared that, not only as respects this class of shipping, but our ocean-going vessels as well, the British shipowner has not seen the worst, and that he will have to regret the expenditure which he is now making in the attempt, by increasing the sailing qualities of his ships, to compete with his active and more favourably situated rivals. The screw will shortly supersede the "clipper" in carrying merchandise, as the paddle-wheel has superseded every other mode of propulsion in carrying passengers and correspondence. And, in the meanwhile, the latter neutralises the advantages of early arrivals of merchandise, by preparing the consumer to expect it, and to make his arrangements accordingly. A cargo of tea, advised of by steamer and overland mail, although at a distance of two or three months' voyage, exercises nearly the same influence upon the market price as if it was already being landed in one of our ports. The building of expensive vessels calculated for speed in carrying would be an undoubted good under ordinary circumstances; but *it is not a paying speculation*. Moreover, other countries are rivalling us in this effort to improve our position; and in the mean time we are adding to a mercantile marine, which is unprofitable enough at its present extent.

I shall not trouble your readers by referring to the condition of more than one of the great internal trades of the kingdom—THE IRON TRADE—the manufacture of which employs a vast amount of labour both in England, Wales, and Scotland. On this article I find the following remarks in the Circular, dated January 17th, of an eminent Liverpool house, whose means of acquiring information are very great, and their care in compiling it acknowledged. You will perhaps be inclined to suspect, from the commencing paragraph, and you will be right in doing so, that they are Free-Traders.

"Whilst the year 1851 has been one of peculiar misfortune to a large section of the mercantile community, it has been generally one of prosperity to the manufacturing interests of the country. The low prices of produce of all kinds, which have entailed such serious losses upon importers, have highly advantaged the manufacturer's department, and contri-

buted to the comfort of the operative classes, whose condition was never better than at present. *The iron manufacturing interest has not participated in the prosperity referred to, the trade having been depressed throughout the year, and totally unremunerative to those engaged in it.* The anticipations of improvement which were indulged in at the beginning of the year have been disappointed, and prices have declined to the low rates stated in our accompanying quotations. It will be found that, as compared with the rates current at this period last year, the fall upon Welsh bars is about 10s. per ton; upon the inferior makes of Staffordshire iron, 7s. 6d. to 10s. per ton; on Scotch pig-iron, 5s. to 6s. per ton; and on tin plates about 4s. per box. *The depression must mainly be attributed to the excessive production, which the demand has not yet overtaken."*

I append the make of the year, and the number of furnaces in blast, with the prices opposite, as given above, to show the total amount of the decline during the year:—

	Furnaces in blast.	Estimated make per annum.	Rate of decline.	Amount of decline.
Scotland,	114	800,000 tons.	5s. 6d. per ton.	£220,000
North and South Wales,	147	805,000	10s. 0d. "	402,500
Staffordshire,	127	720,000 "	8s. 9d. "	315,000
Other counties,	83	385,000 "	say 7s. 6d. "	144,375
		2,710,000 "		
		Total decline in the year,		£1,181,875

Of this amount, probably fully one-half would be the actual loss sustained by makers and holders during the year. I am content, however, to set it down at £500,000. Something ought to be added for the deterioration of stocks throughout the country, the precise amount of which it is very difficult to ascertain. As, however, there are on hand, in Scotland alone, 350,000 tons of pig-iron, with no prospect of any serious decrease in the quantity, or improvement in price, for some time to come, unless the make is very materially reduced, I may very safely set down in this account an additional £200,000 for the depreciation throughout the kingdom—making thus a total loss upon iron of £700,000.

It must be perfectly obvious that the cheapness of all the necessaries and the luxuries of life, so much boasted of by the Manchester school

of political economists, is not a healthy cheapness, or one which can coexist with the well-being of the mercantile classes. The consumer has, during the past year, been fed and clothed, to a considerable extent, at the expense of that class. The importer of foreign produce, like the farmer, has been living upon his capital; and, even under the most favourable circumstances, must for years to come feel the consequences. The inquiry, then, becomes an important one—what has been the cause, or the combination of causes, which has brought about this disastrous state of things? And another equally important inquiry follows this—What interest in the country has been in fault? The Free-Trader will, no doubt, tell us that the cause of our market for imports being glutted, has been over-importations. Yet the very

increase of these importations is relied upon as the surest sign of the nation's advancing prosperity! In part, I admit that the mercantile classes have imported too largely; but, then, it was in anticipation of an increased power of the people to consume, which has not manifested itself to the extent required. For example, we imported, upon an already ample stock, 70,000 tons of sugar in 1851, more than in 1850. We consumed, however, only 15,600 tons more; and, as the result, we had on the 31st December last a stock on hand of 57,000 tons, or 50 per cent in excess of the stock of the preceding year. In coffee we had no increase; but the stock with which we commenced the year was equal to nine months' consumption, which ought to have deterred importations. Of tea we increased our imports by 23,700,000 lb. We only increased the deliveries, however, for export and home consumption 2,600,000 lb. Yet we had to commence the year with a stock equal to seven months' consumption, which we have increased by 13,500,000 lb. It will be said that our merchants have bought abroad at too high prices. I admit this too. Under the circumstances, as they have turned out on actual experience, we have paid as much too high as we have bought in excess of our requirements. This, however, is only a natural result of our boasted new system. We have increased our exports to nearly £69,000,000 sterling in 1851, against £65,750,000 in 1850; £59,000,000 in 1849, and £49,000,000 in 1848, regardless of the known fact that, in the long run, the whole of these vast sums would have to find their way back to this country in the shape of imported produce, which we had not, to anything like the required extent, increased our power to consume. We have paid high prices for produce abroad, from the very fact of our having so enormously increased our exports; for the effect of every arrival of a cargo in any foreign port is to create a demand for a remittance of some kind in return. If money is generally preferred, the rate of exchange rises against the parties remitting; and a demand is created for produce, as offering at least a chance

of a profitable result. If, on the other hand, produce is recklessly competed for, the money remittance to the exporter is lessened, and the purchases of the importer are bought high, and arrive at a ruinously losing market. Messrs Littledale and Co., in their last annual circular, very lucidly and briefly illustrate this, when referring to the business of 1849 and 1850. "These years," they remark, "were confessedly prosperous to the merchant; and why? Simply because the disasters of '47, and the long pending disturbances of '48, had so effectually checked operations, that *supply and demand were fairly equalised*, both at home and abroad; the foreign market, not being deluged with exports, gave a fair profit on the outward goods, while *reduced competition for returns enabled produce to be purchased at rates which again left a remunerating profit to the importer*, and secured a ready sale." In another way, increased exports, aided by the privileges which we have given to foreign shipping, contribute to bring about a glut of imports. We have had proofs of this fact during the past year, in which shipments have been made to Great Britain from the East Indies, China, the Brasils, &c., at high prices, in consequence of the inducements to speculation in produce held out by a superabundance of vessels, both British and foreign, competing for freights at the most ruinously low rates.

But I must expressly guard myself against admitting that the disasters of the past year can be attributed to the misconduct of the British merchant, properly so termed. Our old-established houses, both in the home and foreign markets, have been elbowed at every turn by a new class of men who have rushed into extensive operations with very little discretion, and many of whom, during the past year, have paid the penalty of their want of prudence and mercantile knowledge. Nor have the manufacturing body themselves been guiltless in the matter. The home consumption of the past few years has been unequal to the office of taking off a fair portion of the increased products of our looms and our forges; and hence the accumulation

been rendered more so by our recent policy. Had these elaborate statistical documents afforded anything like an index to our condition, we ought, during the past ten years, to have been advancing in prosperity at a rate more rapid than was ever achieved by any people. They do not, however, form such an index, and, for all useful purposes, are as valueless as the paper upon which they are printed. But this is not all. Not only is the evidence afforded by them fallacious, but the figures contained in them are incorrect and often fraudulent. The entries at the Custom-Houses of merchandise shipped for foreign countries, may be valued at anything that the exporter pleases. There is no check whatever against such entries being falsified. It is the same with our imports, those brought in duty free being now no longer weighed by Government officers at the ship's side. A few dishonest men may at any time combine to increase or to decrease the amount of the next month's or year's return; and to exhibit growing prosperity, or the reverse. It is only necessary, in order to effect their object, to add fifty or a hundred per cent to the declared value of their shipments, or to undervalue them to the extent wished to be shown. We have continually been witnessing, during the past few years, the *extraordinary luck* of the late Whig Ministry in being always able, at seasons of emergency, when pressed by their opponents, to produce some favourable return from

the Board of Trade; and it is not very improbable that, whilst in opposition, they may be indulged by their Free-Trade allies throughout the country with the figures required to prove decreasing exports under a Conservative Government. But independently of such malpractices, committed from party motives, there are other causes in operation which render these returns utterly unworthy of credit. In a vast number of cases it is certain that goods exported are *not entered at all*. A few months ago it was discovered that an extensive forwarding merchant in this port had been systematically omitting entries at the Custom House for years past—no duty being chargeable—merely with a view to save the payment of the Liverpool dock and town dues; and the extent of such evasions may be conceived from the fact that—small as these dues are—the dock estate is considered to have suffered to the extent of at least £20,000 from the practice. During the past week, another case of the same description has been discovered; and there is too much reason to believe that this practice has become very prevalent on the part of the inferior clerks of our merchants.

Under these circumstances, a complete change in the mode of conducting the statistical department of the Board of Trade is imperatively called for; and, until this is effected, the sooner that Board suspends the issue of its delusive compilations, the better for the cause of truth.

LIVERPOOL, 12th March 1852.

POSTSCRIPT.

[The revelations contained in the foregoing article are of a nature eminently calculated to excite the astonishment of those who put faith in the representations of the Free-Traders. Although fully convinced of the accuracy of our esteemed correspondent, and the extensive means of knowledge which he possesses with regard to mercantile affairs, we considered it our duty, before publishing this article, to institute inquiries of our own in other quarters, and we are satisfied that it states the plain truth, without any feature of exaggeration. Indeed, it is in entire accordance with the tenor of the Trade Circulars, one of which, now lying before us, dated so late as the 22d of March, and emanating from a well-known Free-trading Manchester firm, refers to "the enormous losses sustained upon the exports made in the early part of last year, and the still greater losses on imports, many of which have b
d by the same parties." In Glasgow, during the last year, the

this, I know that *I am much below the truth*. There are secrets, however, fast locked up in the safes of too many of our importing merchants, to which I have not the key; and of many articles, such as metal of all kinds, coals, &c., so much is sent out on ship's account, the result of which is mixed up in the freight balance-sheet, that I am not disposed to run the risk of being accused of exaggeration, when no data are within

my reach to appeal to in proof of my statements.

I think it will be admitted that I have pretty nearly substantiated the assertion with which I set out, viz., that the mercantile and trading interests were left poorer at the close of the year 1851, than they were at its commencement, by twenty millions sterling, and upwards. Let me recapitulate the items:—

Loss to British importers on Cotton,	.	.	.	£1,000,000
" " Sugar,	.	.	.	2,150,000
" " Coffee,	.	.	.	371,000
" " Tea,	.	.	.	1,066,600
" " Corn and Flour,	.	.	.	500,000
" " Dye-stuffs, Molasses, Silk, and other miscellaneous articles,	.	.	.	1,912,400
" " Manufacturers of goods in course of perfection, and dealers and retailers of stocks of produce, &c., depreciated,	.	.	.	2,000,000
" " Shipowners,	.	.	.	4,700,000
" " Iron manufacture,	.	.	.	700,000
" " by Exporters,	.	.	.	2,500,000
Total,	.	.	.	£19,900,000

It would have been perfectly easy for me to have performed more than the whole of my promise, had I not strictly guarded myself in every case against assuming anything which could call forth denial which I am not fully prepared to meet. My own conviction is—and there are many who will *feelingly* confirm it—that I have understated rather than overstated the disasters of the year.

Where, in the face of these facts, can be the "*prosperity*" of which the Free-Trader has been drawing such glowing pictures? It is not gladdening the eyes of the merchant and importer. It has not rewarded the enterprise of the shipowner. It has not filled the pockets of the small trader or the shopkeeper. The millowner and the manufacturer have not only not felt it, but I am confident that the majority of this class have suffered severely, as the result of the year's operations. The labourer and the artisan, with the men of fixed money incomes, have been the only parties benefited by the cheapness of the past year. But it will be said these losses have been exceptional, and will not occur again. The importer has been taught to con-

fine his operations within the limits of legitimate demand; the manufacturer will produce no more than he can sell to a profit; and the exporter will cease to glut every foreign market. Prudence, indeed, suggests this course; but then, what will become of the statistical proofs, furnished us every month, of the nation's progress in well-doing? Our exports will no more be triumphantly pointed to as affording such proof; and our imports will cease to show that sort of prosperity, derived from the circumstance of a portion of the nation being enabled to live in abundance upon the losses of the remainder. If our exports and imports are reduced to the level of our power to sell at a fair profit, and to consume without the importer having to resort to sacrifice, the British shipowner, under our present system of competition with the foreigner, may lay up the larger portion of his ships in dock, and discharge his seamen to starve in our streets. It is idle, however, to talk now of confining our limits within reasonable and praiseworthy limits under our present system; the Free-Trader durst not do so.

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commercial disasters have been frightful; and we are not aware that, up to the present time, there has been a symptom of the turning of the tide.

We observe that Mr Cardwell, in a late speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, reasserts, in pretty strong terms, his belief in the prosperity of the country, and dwells especially upon the cheering fact that the exports and imports have increased. Now, as he is one of the representatives of Liverpool, and ought to know something about mercantile matters, we beg to call his attention to the foregoing article, which surely is specific enough to admit of refutation, if it is not consistent with the truth. There has been, of late, a great deal of babble about prosperity, but no proof of its existence. This is an easy way, no doubt, of disposing of the question; and it may succeed with people who are not accustomed to watch the flux of public events, and the rise and fall of commerce. It is not difficult to deal in general terms and rounded periods, or to make broad averments, without substantiating them, in a parliamentary speech; but it is full time that the public should be led to discriminate between what is matter of fact and what is matter of opinion. We submit a statement from Liverpool to the notice of the member for Liverpool. It contains allegations which, if true, show that the large and important mercantile constituency which he represents is very far from sharing in that general prosperity which he believes to exist somewhere. In the language of a late eminent statesman, three courses are open to Mr Cardwell. He can either deny the statement of our correspondent, in which case we shall be glad to be furnished with a refutation; or, he may admit the statement, in which case nothing more need be said on the subject; or he may maintain a dignified silence, in which case he must pardon us if we arrive at the conclusion that, in reality, he knows very little about the matter—and so we commend him to his constituents.]

THE MOTHER'S LEGACY TO HER UNBORN CHILD.

WHEN we first saw this curious and deeply-interesting little volume, we were disposed to turn from it as one of those fantastic pseudo-antiques which came into vogue a few years ago, apparently, too, under high auspices. We regretted to see an indication of the continuance of so bad a fashion—namely, a professed reproduction of a work written one or two centuries before, but, in reality, a spurious performance, with no other recommendation than the very questionable one of a little petty cleverness in assuming the tone of antique language, and the cast of sentiment and observation belonging to a day gone by. And this, moreover, in flagrant disregard of the maxim, *flat experimentum in corpore vili*, was applied to religious subjects! We were, however, quickly undeceived as to the little volume before us, which we were

assured was a veritable reprint, “a fac-simile impression,” of a small work which had *bond fide* made its appearance, under most affecting circumstances, exactly two centuries and a quarter ago; and to that reprint it seems that we are indebted to no less a personage than the Very Reverend Dr Lee, the Principal, and the pious and learned head, of the University of Edinburgh. We cordially thank the very reverend gentleman for the great gratification which he has afforded us, and the service which he has rendered the public, by bringing under its notice once more, with every mark of genuineness and authenticity, and after no small pains bestowed upon the task, an exquisite memento of tenderness, piety, and love, in the *Mothers Legacy to her Unborn Child*. It is exactly what it professes to

The Mothers Legacy to her Unborn Child. By ELIZABETH LOCKLINE. Reprinted from the edition of 1625; with a Biographical and Historical Introduction. William Blackwood and Sons.

be: in a word, a lovely young gentlewoman, newly married, conscious of being likely to become a mother, and also persuaded that, in giving birth to her infant, she herself would be called away, set to work—sweet soul! now and long since happy in eternity!—to frame a little manual of religious counsel for the guidance of that infant as it grew up. Listen to her own words—“*It may seem strange to thee to receive these lines from a mother that died when thou wert borne.*” If these few words are not full of moving tenderness to the reader, he is made of different stuff from ourselves.

The “Mother,” as we learn from the elaborate and learned “Introduction” of Principal Lee, was Elizabeth Brooke, the granddaughter of Bishop Chaderton, whose only daughter had married Sir Richard Brooke of Norton. The exemplary old bishop survived his own daughter several years, and

“Bestowed the utmost pains to train up his only grandchild in the most solid and serious, as well as the most elegant, branches of learning in which, during the greater part of the sixteenth century, no inconsiderable proportion of ladies of rank in England attained high proficiency. Dr Goad’s enumeration of the female accomplishments in which she was nurtured includes languages and other liberal arts; but, above all, that pious discipline of the mind, which is both the beginning and the consummation of the wisdom which is from above.”*

The Dr Goad here mentioned was Dr Thomas Goad, of whom Fuller, in his *Worthies* of England, makes mention as “a great and general scholar, exact critic, historian, schoolman, divine.” He was chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in that capacity possessed the power of licensing books. He knew both Bishop Chaderton and his granddaughter; and we shall now let him speak for himself in the matter; for he it was whose official *imprimatur* is impressed on this little book, which he introduces to the reader in the following quaint but beautiful “*Approbation* :”—

“Ovr lawes disable those that are vn-

der Couertbaron, from disposing by Will and Testament any temporall estate. But no law prohibiteth any possessor of morall and spirituall riches, to impart them vnto others, either in life by communicating, or in death by bequeathing. The reason is, for that corruptible riches, euen to those who haue capacity of alienating them, bring onely a ciuill propriety, but no morall and vertuous influence for the wel dispensing, or bestowing them: whereas vertue and grace haue power beyond al impeachment of sex or other debility, to enable and instruct the possessor to employ the same vnquestionably for the inward enriching of others.

“This truly rich bequeather, taking that care for the prouiding an euermlasting portion for her hoped issue, which too many parents bend wholly vpon earthly inheritance, by her death already hath giuen vnto her Testament that life and strength, whereof the Scripture speaketh, *A Testament is of force after death*—[Heb. ix. 17]—Now remained the other validitie & priuilege of a Testament, that it bee enacted in perpetual and inuolable Record. Which in this was necessary not so much for the security of the chiefe and immediate Legatary, as for the benefit of all those, who, by the common kindred of Christianity, may claime their portion in this Legacy, left in *pious vsus*; whereout, whosoever taketh, yet leaueth no whit the lesse for others in remainder.

“Wherefore vpon the very first view, I willingly not onely subscribed my *Approbat* for the registering this *Will*, among the most publike Monuments, (the rather worthy, because proceeding from the weaker sex) but also, as bound to do right vnto knowne vertue, vndertooke the care of the publication thereof, my selfe hauing heretofore been no stranger to the Testators education and eminent vertues. Whereof, I here beheld reflection cleere enough, though perhaps not so particularly euident to those that take knowledge of them onely by this Abstract.

“In her zealous affection to the holy Ministry, thereto dedicating, (if by sex capable) her yet scarce budding first fruits, I saw the lineaments of her owne parentage: Shee being the onely offspring deriued from a reuerend Grandfather, Doctor Chaderton, sometime Master of *Queens Colledge* in Cambridge, and publike *Professor of Diuinity* in that *Vniuersitie*, afterward Lord Bishop, first of *Chester*, and thence of *Lincolne*: by and vnder whom shee was from her tender yeeres carefully nurtured, as in those accomplishments of knowledge in Lan-

* Introduction, p. 6.

guages, History, and some Arts, so principally in studies of piety. And thus having from a childe knowne the holy Scriptures, which made her wise vnto salvation through faith in Christ, how well shee continued in those things, which shee had learned,—[2 Tim. iii. 15, 16]—appeareth, as otherwise to those that knew her, so here to all by the frequent and pertinent application of them in these instructions.

"In her prosecution of the duty of obedience vnto Parents, I view the deepe impression, long since, when shee was not aboue six yeeres old, made in her minde by the last words of her owne Mother, charging her vpon her blessing to shew all obedience and reuerence to her Father (Sir Richard Brooke) and to her reuerend Grandfather.

"In the whole course of her pen, I obserue her piety and humility: these her lines scarce shewing one sparke of the elementary fire of her secular learning: this her candle being rather lighted from the lampe of the Sanctuary.

"In her commission of the office of an Overseer to her husband, what eies cannot behold the flames of her true and vnspotted loue toward her dearest, who enioyed her about the space of six yeeres and a halfe, being all that while both an impartiall witness of her vertues, and an happy partner of those blessings both transitory and spirituall, wherewith shee was endowed.

"Beside the domestique cares pertaining to a wife, the former part of those yeeres were employed by her in the studies of morality and history, the better by the helpe of forreigne languages, not without a taste and facultie in Poetrie: Wherein some essay shee hath left, ingenious, but chaste and modest like the Authour. Of all which knowledge shee was very sparing in her discourses, as possessing it rather to hide, than to boast of.

"Among those her eminencies deserving our memory, was her owne most ready memory, enabling her vpon the first rehearsal to repeat aboue forty lines in English or Latine: a gift the more happy by her employment of it in carrying away an entire Sermon, so that she could (almost following the steps of the words, or phrase) write it downe in her Chamber.

"The latter yeeres of her life shee addicted to no other studies than Diuinity, whereof some imperfect notes remaine, but principally this small Treatise found in her Deske vnfinished, by reason either of some troubles befalling her about a month before her end, or of preuention by mis-reckoning the time of her going

with this her first (now also last) Childe: which Treatise, intended for her childe, shee so leaning, recommended the same to her husband by her letter to him, written and subscribed by her owne hand, as hereafter followeth.

"The many blessings, shee enioyed, were not without some seasoning of afflictions, which by the good vse shee made of them, bred in her a constant temper of patience and more than womanly fortitude: especially in her latter time, when as the course of her life was a perpetuall meditation of death, amounting almost to a propheticall sense of her dissolution, euen then when she had not finished the 27. yeeres of her age, nor was oppressed by any disease, or danger, other than the common lot of child-birth, within some moneths approaching. Accordingly when she first felt herselfe quicke with childe (as then traueiling with death itselfe) shee secretly tooke order for the buying a new winding sheet: thus preparing and consecrating herselfe to him, who rested in a new Sepulcher wherein was neuer man yet layd. And about that time vndauntedly looking death in the face, priuately in her Closet betweene God and her, she wrote these pious Meditations; whereof her selfe strangely speaketh to her owne bowels in this manner, *It may seeme strange to thee to receive these lines from a mother, that died when thou wert borne.*

"October 12. 1622. In Cambridge-shire shee was made a mother of a daughter, whom shortly after, being baptized and brought vnto her, shee blessed, and gaue God thanks that her selfe had liued to see it a Christian: and then instantly called for her winding sheet to bee brought forth and laied vpon her.

"So hauing patiently borne for some nine daies a violent fever, and giuing a comfortable testimony of her godly resolution, she ended her prayers, speech, and life together, rendring her soule into the hand of her Redeemer, and leauing behinde her vnto the world a sweet perfume of good name, and to her onely childe (besides a competent inheritance) this Manuall, being a deputed Mother for instruction, and for solace a twine-like sister, issuing from the same Parent, and seeing the light about the same time.

"Which composure because it cometh forth imperfect from the pen, doth the more expect to be supplied and made vp by practise and execution.

"*Sic approbabit*

"*Tho. Good.*"

Let vs frankly own that we to the close of this simple and to:

ing narration with tears in our eyes; and those tears fell on reading the first few lines of the death-doomed expectant mother, which follow. Let who can read them unmoved; we know of nothing in print that is more melting to a heart of even but ordinary sensibility.

"TO MY TRVLV
lowing, and most dearly
loued Husband,
Tourell Iocelin.

"Mine owne deare loue, I no sooner conceived an hope, that I should bee made a mother by thee, but with it entred the consideration of a mothers duty, and shortly after followed the apprehension of danger that might preuent mee from executing that care I so exceedingly desired, I meane in religious training our Childe. And in truth death appearing in this shape, was doubly terrible vnto mee. First, in respect of the painfulness of that kinde of death, and next of the losse my little one should haue in wanting mee.

"But I thank God, these feares were cured with the remembrance that all things work together for the best to those that loue God, and a certain assurance that he will giue me patience according to my pain.

"Yet still I thought there was some good office I might do for my Childe more than onely to bring it forth (tho' it should please God to take me) when I considered our frailty, our apt inclinations to sin, the Devil's subtilty, and the world's deceitfulness; against these how much desired I to admonish it! But still it came into my mind that death might deprive me of time, if I should neglect the present; I knew not what to do; I thought of writing; but then mine owne weakness appeared so manifestly, that I was ashamed and durst not undertake it. But when I could find no other means to expresse my motherly zeale, I encouraged my selfe with these reasons.

"First, that I wrote to a Childe, and though I were but a woman, yet to a childes iudgement, what I vnderstood might serue for a foundation to a better learning.

"Againe, I considered it was to my owne, and in priuate sort, and my loue to my owne might excuse my errors.

"And lastly, but chiefly, I comforted my selfe, that my intent was good, and that I was well assured God is the prosperer of good purposes.

"Thus resolved, I writ this ensuing

Letter to our little one, to whom I could not finde a fitter hand to conuey it than thine owne, which maist with authority see the performance of this my little legacy, of which my Childe is Executor.

"And (deare loue) as thou must be the ouerseer, for Gods sake, whē it shal faile in duty to God, or to the world, let not thy indulgence winke at such folly, but seuerely correct it: and that thy trouble may bee little when it comes to yeeres, take the more care when it is young. First, in prouiding it a nurse: O make choise, not so much for her complexion, as for her milde and honest disposition. Likewise if the child be to remain long abroad after waining, as neere as may be chuse a house where it may not learne to sweare, or speak scurrilous words.

"I know I may be thought too scrupulous in this: but I am sure thou shalt finde it a hard matter to breake a childe of that it learnes so young. It will be a great while, ere it will bee thought old enough to be beaten for euill words, and by that time it will bee so perfect in imperfections that blows will not mend it. And when some charitable body reprocues or corrects it for these faults, let no body pittie it with the losse of the mother.

"Next; good sweet heart, keepe it not from schoole, but let it learne betimes: if it be a son, I doubt not but thou wilt dedicate it to the Lord as his Minister, if he wil please of his mercy to giue him grace and capacity for that great work. If it be a daughter, I hope my mother Brook (if thou desirest her) will take it among hers, & let them all learne one lesson.

"I desire her bringing vp may bee learning the Bible, as my sisters doe, good housewifery, writing, and good workes: other learning a woman needs not: though I admire it in those whom God hath blest with discretion, yet I desired not much in my owne, hauing seene that sometimes women haue greater portions of learning than wisdom, which is of no better vse to them than a main saile to a flye-boat, which runs it vnder water. But where learning and wisdom meet in a vertuous disposed woman, she is the fittest closet for all goodnesse. She is like a well-balanced ship that may beare all her saile. She is, Indeed, I should but shame my selfe, if I should goe about to praise her more.

"But, my deare, though she haue all this in her, she will hardly make a poore mans wife: Yet I leave it to thy will. If thou desirest a learned daughter, I pray God giue her a wise and religious heart, that she may vse it to his glory, thy comfort, and her owne saluation.

"But howsoever thou disposest of her education, I pray thee labour by all means to teach her true humility: though I much desire it may be as humble if it be a son as a daughter; yet in a daughter I more feare that vice; Pride being now rather accounted a vertue in our sex worthy praise, than a vice fit for reproofe.

"Many Parents reade lectures of it to their children how necessary it is, and they haue principles that must not be disputed against. As first, looke how much you esteeme your selfe, others wil esteeme of you. Again, what you giue to others, you derogate from your selfe. And many more of these kinde. I haue heard men accounted wise that haue maintained this kind of pride vnder the name of generous knowing or vnderstanding themselves. But I am sure that hee that truly knowes himself shall know so much euill by himselfe, that hee shall haue small reason to think himselfe better than another man.

"Dearest, I am so fearful to bring thee a proud high minded child, that, though I know thy care will need no spur, yet I cannot but desire thee to double thy watchfulnessse ouer this vice, it is such a crafty insinuating deuill, it will enter little children in the likeness of wit, with which their parents are delighted, and that is sweet nourishment to it.

"I pray thee, deare heart, delight not to haue a bold childe: modesty & humilitie are the sweetest ground-works of all vertue. Let not thy seruants giue it any other title thā the Christen name, till it haue discretion to vnderstand how to respect others.

"And I pray thee be not profuse in the expence of clothes upon it. Mee thinkes it is a vaine delight in parents to bestow that cost vpon one childe which would serue two or thre. If they haue not children enow of their owne to imploy so much cost vpon, *Pauper vbique iacet.*—[There wants not poore at euery doore.]

"Thus, Deare, thou seest my beleefe, if thou canst teach thy little one humility, it must needs make thee a glad father.

"But I know thou wonderest by this time what the cause should bee that we two continually vnelasping our hearts one to the other, I should reserve this to writing. Whē thou thinkest thus, deare, remember how grieuous it was to thee but to heare mee say, I may die, and thou wilt confesse this would haue bene an vnpleasant discourse to thee, and thou knowest I neuer durst displease thee willingly, so much I loue thee. All I now desire is, that the vnexpectednesse of it make it not more grieuous to thee.

But I know thou art a Christian, and therefore will not doubt of thy patience.

"And though I thus write to thee, as heartily desiring to be religiously prepared to die, yet, my deare, I despaire not of life, nay, I hope and daily pray for it, if so God will be pleased.

"Nor shall I thinke this labour lost, though I doe liue: for I will make it my owne looking glasse wherein to see when I am too seuerer, when too remisse, and in my childes fault through this glasse to discerne mine owne errors. And I hope God will so giue me his grace, that I shall more skilfully act than apprehend a mothers duty.

"My deare, thou knowest me so well, I shall not need to tell thee I haue written honest thoughts in a disordered fashion, not obseruing method. For thou knowest how short I am of learning and naturall indowments to take such a course in writing. Or if that strong affection of thine haue hid my weakness from thy sight, I now professe seriously my owne ignorance: and though I did not, this following Treatise would bewray it: But I send it onely to the eyes of a most louing Husband, and of a childe exceedingly beloued, to whom I hope it will not be altogether vnprofitable.

"Thus humbly desiring God to giue thee all comfort in this life, and happiness in the life to come, I leue thee and thine to his most gracious protection.

"Thine inuolable,

"Eliza Jocelin."

Is there a mother, is there a woman living, who can read this heart-subduing passage without lively emotion and sympathy? What must haue been the feelings of the lovely writer, —who, in the homely language of worthy Dr Goad, "when she first felt herselfe quicke with childe, (as then traueilling with death it selfe) secretly tooke order for the buying a new winding sheet, . . . and vndauntedly looking death in the face, prinatly in her Closet betwene God and her, wrote these pious meditations!"

Of her husband, Mr Tourell Joceline, to whom she was married in her twentieth year, little more seems to be known, than that he was a gentleman, probably a relation of the learned John Joceline, chaplain of Archbishop Parker; and it is indeed, as Principal Lee informs us,

"Most satisfactory to know that he possessed the unbounded confidence and

affection of his amiable wife, whose letter, addressed to him in the immediate prospect of death, is so tender and touching, and so replete with practical wisdom and hallowed principles, that no human being who is not past feeling can read it without deep emotion. Of the maternal counsels bequeathed to the unborn child, it is unnecessary to anticipate the judgment of the reader. We are told by Dr Goad, that 'this small treatise was found in her desk unfinished;' and it is affecting to know that the serenity of her mind, in looking forward to the eternal world, was not unclouded by occasional visitations of sadness. But these seasons of affliction were happily instrumental in weaning her from the deceitful allurements of things temporal, and establishing her soul in the perfect work of patience, and in the blessed hope of an eternal weight of glory.*

The Mothers Legacy, which, as we have seen, is "a small treatise found in her desk unfinished," consists of fourteen little sections, applicable to a "child" of either sex; every one of these sections breathing a spirit of solemn and exalted piety, and evidencing a writer whose brief life had been spent in profound meditations upon religious subjects. Its perfectly orthodox character is sufficiently guaranteed by the responsible editorship of the Reverend Principal; but in addition to that circumstance, we have no hesitation in adding our own humble testimony, that every line is redolent of *religion pure and undefiled*. *The Mothers Legacy* also affords decisive evidence of its accomplished writer's having received an education far higher than falls to the lot of women of our day. Several delicate and appropriate classical allusions here and there present themselves, as from a mind imbued with such subjects; the composition is pure and nervous, and the tone uniformly grave and earnest. The following is the Introductory Section, and affords an excellent specimen of the character and tendency of the whole:—

"Having long,† often and earnestly, desired of God that I might be a mother to one of his children, and the time now drawing on, which I hope hee hath ap-

pointed to giue thee vnto mee: It drew me into a consideration both wherefore I so earnestly desired thee, and (hauing found that the true cause was to make thee happy) how I might compasse this happinesse for thee.

"I knew it consisted not in honour, wealth, strength of body or friends (though all these are great blessings) therefore it had beene a weake request to desire thee onely for an heire to my fortune. No, I neuer aimed at so poore an inheritance for thee, as the whole world: Neither would I haue begged of God so much paine, as I know I must endure, to haue only possesse thee with earthly riches, of which to day thou maist bee a great man, to morrow a poore beggar. Nor did an hope to dandle thy infancy moue mee to desire thee. For I know all the delight a Parent can take in a childe is hony mingled with gall.

"But the true reason that I haue so often kneeled to God for thee, is, that thou mightest bee an inheritour of the Kingdome of Heaven. To which end I humbly beseech Almighty God thou maist bend all thy actions, and (if it bee his blessed will) giue thee so plentifull a measure of his grace, that thou maist serue him as his Minister, if he make thee a man.

"It is true that this age holds it a most contemptible office, fit only for poore mens children, younger brothers, and such as haue no other means to liue. But for Gods sake bee not discouraged with these vaine speeches; but fortifie your self with remembring of how great worth the winning of one soule is in Gods sight, and you shal quickly finde how great a place it is to be a Priest vnto the liuing God. If it will please him to moue your heart with his holy Spirit, it will glow and burne with zeale to doe him seruice. The Lord open thy lips, that thy mouth may shew forth his praise.

"If I had skill to write, I would write all I apprehend of the happy estate of true labouring Ministers: but I may plainly say that of all men they by their calling are the most truly happy; they are familiar with God, they labour in his Vineyard, and they are so beloued of him, that hee giues them abundance of knowledge. Oh bee one of them, let not the scorne of euil men hinder thee. Look how God hath provided for thee sufficient means; thou needest not hinder thy study to look out for liuing, as the Israelites

* Introduction, p. 11.

† Her first and only child was not born till she had nearly completed her twenty-seventh year, and consequently after she had been married seven years.

hindred their worke to looke for straw : If thou beest not content with this, thou wilt not be with more ; God deliuer thee from couetousnesse.

"I desire thee that though thou takest a spirituall calling, thou wilt not seeke after the liuings of the Church, nor promotions, though I honour them as I haue great cause, but I would haue thee so truly an humble and zealous Minister, that thy onely end should bee to doe God seruice, without desire of any thing to thy selfe, saue the Kingdome of Heauen. Yet as I would not haue thee seeke these things, so I would haue thee as carefull not to neglect Gods blessings, but with all thankfulness to receiue what hee bestowes, and to bee a carefull steward, distributing it to those that haue need.

"I could not chuse but manifest this desire in writing, lest it should please God to deprive me of time to speake.

"And if thou beest a daughter, thou maist perhaps think I haue lost my labour ; but read on, and thou shalt see my loue and care of thee and thy saluation is as great, as if thou wert a sonne, and my feare greater.

"It may peraduenture when thou comest to some discretion, appeare strange to thee to receiue these lines from a Mother that died when thou wert borne ; but when thou seest men purchase land, and store vp treasure for their vnborne babes, wonder not at mee that I am carefull for thy saluation, being such an eternall portion : and not knowing whether I shall liue to instruct thee when thou art borne, let me not be blamed though I write to thee before. Who would not condemne mee if I should bee carelesse of thy body while it is within me ! Sure a farre greater care belongs to thy soule ; to both these cares I will endeaour my selfe so long as I liue.

"Againe, I may perhaps bee wondred at for writing in this kind, considering there are so many excellent bookes,

whose least note is worth all my meditations. I confesse it, and thus excuse my selfe. I write not to the world, but to mine own child, who, it may be, will more profit by a few weake instructions comming from a dead mother (who cannot enery day praise or reprove it as it deserues) than by farre better from much more learned. These things considered, neither the true knowledge of mine owne weaknesse, nor the feare this may come to the worlds eie, and bring scorne vpon my graue, can stay my hand from expressing how much I covet thy saluation.

"Therefore deare childe, reade here my loue, and if God take mee from thee be obedient to these instructions, as thou oughtest to bee vnto mee. I haue learnt them out of Gods Word, I beseech him that they may be profitable to thee."

The Principal informs us in his "Introduction," addressed to the Marchioness of Bute, that the present is "a fac-simile impression of an early and *genuine* edition" of the work, which he had lent to her ladyship ; and with equal justice and sternness, he reprobates certain spurious impressions, containing several unwarrantable deviations from the original text—to an extent which, in several instances, materially alters the author's meaning ; alluding especially to a recent republication, twelve years ago, at Oxford, of one of these spurious editions, as an appendix to a volume of Sermons." These are matters unsuited for detailed notice in our columns ; but the Principal amply vindicates the propriety of his censures, and entitles himself to our gratitude for the pious care with which he has presented this beautiful and instructive little performance, one quite unique, to the notice of the public.

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

NOT thoughtlessly, nor in a spirit of vaunting triumph, do we hail the accession of Lord Derby's Ministry to power. It is an event of by far too great importance to be classed with other Ministerial changes: it is not, in any point of view, to be regarded as a party victory. The Whig Free-Trade Cabinet has fallen from its own inherent weakness and the consummate folly of its chief. With the country it never was popular. Whiggery, in the abstract, is not an enticing creed. It is founded upon pure negations: it neither seeks nor receives the sympathy of mankind. With a selfishness that would appear surprising, if Whig history did not afford us so many instances of its recurrence, the members of the late Cabinet, though ever ready, in obedience to popular clamour, to sanction any innovation, studiously kept themselves aloof, in their official character, from the great bulk of the men whom they counted as their regular supporters. The whole affairs of the State were lodged in the hands of a family alliance. Each Cabinet Council resembled rather a meeting of relatives than an assemblage of statesmen. Fathers, sons, and brothers-in-law, with other near kinsmen and connections, met to arrange the affairs of State, and to settle among themselves the succession to important offices. In their instance nature had not been bountiful in her gifts beyond the average. There was no plethora of talent among them—not a single vestige of genius. They were simply officials, so made by fortune rather than desert—some of them glib and adroit, as the better class of officials are—some of them singularly and preternaturally dull. And so, with hunger in their hearts, from quarter-day to quarter-day, they tried to rule the colossal empire of Britain and her colonies.

Of course, this arrangement, though convenient to the monopolisers, gave vast disgust to the men who were actually the props of the Government. The veteran Joseph, with an appetite unimpaired by age, querulously com-

plained of his exclusion from every kind of Board. The Manchester men desired, not only an extension of the suffrage, but an extension of patronage, which might conveniently take them in. All the Radicals grew sulky at being called upon to give their votes gratuitously. No one can be surprised at this. Patriotism, in its highest form, is not a common virtue, and very often is found combined with self-interest—just as the gold of California usually appears in combination with worthless quartz. Although anxious to avoid anything like illiberality in estimating our opponents, we cannot conscientiously state it as our opinion that the bulk of the Radical party are actuated by pure patriotism. Even if it were otherwise, it is evident that they had ground for complaint; and we all know how soon action follows upon a sense of injury or neglect. Therefore, in the House of Commons, there was little enthusiasm displayed in favour of the Whig Cabinet by the ultra-liberal faction.

Out of doors Lord John Russell had contrived, in one way or another, to disgust almost everybody. We are informed, on good authority, that up to the present moment he is wholly ignorant of the view which is entertained of his conduct by men of all parties—believing, in his own mind, that he is rather popular than otherwise, and wondering why the people have not petitioned *en masse* for his immediate restoration to office. We should be sorry to dispel any such agreeable impression; but truth compels us to say, that a grosser delusion never occupied the mind of any man. Lord John Russell's career, during the last seven years, has ruined him in the public estimation. He has not attempted to govern by principle, but by expediency. He has never risen to the proud elevation of a British statesman—he has simply shown himself to be an unscrupulous party leader. Whether in office or out of it, his measures have uniformly been based upon considerations of Whig supremacy—not upon those

higher views of public policy which a Premier of Great Britain should entertain. He issued his famous letter from Edinburgh propounding the abolition of the Corn Laws, not because he considered such a measure necessary for the welfare of the nation, but because he thought he had discovered an admirable opportunity of ousting the Government of Sir Robert Peel. He roused the Protestant feeling in 1850, although he was the man of all others directly chargeable with the measures which invited the Papal Aggression. And finally, at the last hour of his official existence, he produces a Reform Bill, which he had no expectation of carrying, simply that it may be made, at some future period, the instrument of party strife. These things are patent to all men, and are in every mouth; and therefore it is no wonder if Lord John Russell has lost all hold of the affections, and forfeited the confidence, of the country. Expediency may be tolerated, though we doubt the propriety of its ever being adopted in lieu of broad principle, but in cases only where expediency can be shown to conduce to the immediate public welfare. But that is not the sort of expediency which Lord John Russell affects. The public interest has been to him as nothing in comparison with the maintenance of party. Whig ascendancy has been, and is, the leading object of his life. So strong is that feeling in him, that he cannot even comport himself with a show of ordinary forbearance towards his political opponents. His Cabinet falls to pieces, almost without any external violence. He is compelled to resign; and, in resigning, takes the opportunity of flinging down, like the ill-favoured Ate, an apple of discord. Hardly is the new Ministry formed, before we find him actually engaged in the work of faction, and in direct communication with the acknowledged chiefs of the democracy.

This is not conduct which will find favour in the eyes of the British public. We do not regret, except for the character of public men, that Lord John Russell has thought fit to adopt this course; on the contrary, we rejoice that he has indicated the policy which he intends hereafter to pursue.

He cannot hope, and he does not expect, again to govern with the old Whig party. The history of the last two years has demonstrated that to be impossible. He has entered into a new compact, not more scandalous, but decidedly more dangerous, than that of Lichfield House. He has thrown himself into the arms of Cobden and the men of Manchester, as he did before into those of O'Connell and his tail. He has taken sweet council with them already, and the terms of the union are sealed. If he should return to power, he can only return, not as a Whig, but as a Democrat.

Let no one be deceived in this matter. The coming strife is not as to the mere nature of the commercial policy which this country ought to pursue—it is not a simple question of import duties, or of direct or indirect taxation—it is a grand struggle between constitutional principle and that innovation whereof no man can foresee the end. Already it is so felt and acknowledged. The Roman Catholic clergy believe, and with reason, that the hour is now come when they can make their most vigorous assault upon Protestantism. Already the Irish priests have cursed and excommunicated from the altar those of their flock who had presumed to exercise their political privilege, by pledging themselves to support a member of Lord Derby's ministry. The Protestant champion of 1850 is now in league with the minions of the Pope. Radical and Papist go arm in arm together; for it is through the triumph of democracy that the apostate Church of Rome now seeks to accomplish her ends. Upon the ruins of the Protestant churches she hopes to establish her dominion.

Already are we told by Sir James Graham, the Spartacus of the present Parliament, that the voice of the country at next election, should it pronounce in favour of Lord Derby's Administration, will not be accepted as a clear indication of the public opinion. If in favour of Russell, Cobden, and Graham, all will be right; if otherwise, it will only be a proof that a further extension of the suffrage is required. Can faction go farther than this? We scarce believe

it possible. Already, without waiting for an explanation of Lord Derby's intended policy, the old Anti-Corn-Law League has been resuscitated, and the old hocus-pocus of paper subscriptions has been renewed, on the understanding that only ten pounds shall be exacted for every hundred pounds nominally subscribed! Already has Mr Cobden, like Mars in the *Iliad*,* yelled from the tops of the factories, exerting himself to the utmost to prevent the formation of any kind of Government. Already have attempts been made to excite the prejudices and to rouse the passions of the populace. If we had been at all apprehensive as to the results of these combinations, the experience of the last three weeks would have quieted our minds, by exhibiting the harmlessness of the movement. But, in truth, we never did entertain the slightest apprehension. Not courting office—not having used any Parliamentary means to attain to it, by defeating the Russell ministry—Lord Derby could not refuse to comply with the wishes of his Sovereign, when directed to undertake the task of forming a new

Administration. Nay, more, it was at the suggestion of Lord John Russell himself, that Lord Derby was sent for, and honoured with her Majesty's commands. The position of parties in the House of Commons was such that no other arrangement was practicable, if the Government was to be carried on at all. The Whigs need not have resigned on account of their Palmerstonian defeat; nor do we believe they would have resigned, but for the certainty that, in the following week, at latest, they were doomed to ignominious exposure and total overthrow. It was Lord Derby's duty, as the leader of the only compact body of politicians in the Legislature—a duty which he owed alike to his Sovereign and his country—to form a new Ministry, and to undertake the conduct of the public affairs. Lord Derby did so; and has expressly and unequivocally declared his intention of abstaining, during the existence of the present Parliament, from introducing any measure which shall tend to unsettle that system of commercial policy which is at present in operation. Without concealing his opinions as to the effect of that system, he is willing—nay, desirous—to

* The passage to which we allude is certainly remarkable. It occurs in the twentieth book of the *Iliad*, and is as follows:—

“ Ἄδ᾽ δ' Ἄρης ἐτέρωθεν, ἑρμῇ λαίλαπι ἴσος,
'Οξύ κατ' ἀκροτάτης πόλεως Τρώεσσι κελύειν,
Ἄλλοτε παρ Σιμόντι θῆων ἐπὶ Καλλικολώνῃ.”

Which is thus literally reduced into English:—“ And Mars yelled aloud on the other side, like to a dark whirlwind, sharply animating the Trojans from the summit of the city, at other times running beside the Simois upon CALLICOLONE.” Great is the ingenuity which the commentators have displayed in their researches as to the nature of this place, Callico-lone, which appears to have puzzled them. The most learned of them, however, agree in this, that it was a building situated without the walls of Troy, and decorated with a tall shaft; in short, that it bore a striking resemblance to a modern cotton factory! The reader need not be surprised at finding such allusions in Homer, who was not only a great poet, but an enlightened political economist. He was decidedly against unrestricted imports, as appears from the following passage, which is put into the mouth of Hector:—

“ Πρὶν μὲν γὰρ Πριάμῳ πόλιν μέροντες ἄνθρωποι
Πάντες μυθέσκοντο πολύχρυσον πολύχαλκον·
Νῦν δὲ δὴ ἐξαπώλωλε δόμων κειμήλια καλά,
Πολλὰ δὲ δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μηρονίην ἐρατεινὴν
Κτήματα περναμέν' ἵκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας ὠδύσατο Ζεὺς.”

We believe that the following translation will be found to express the meaning of the original in its integrity:—

Once we were a wealthy city, and our fame abroad resounded
As a place where gold and silver, and all precious things, abounded;
BUT WE TOOK TO IMPORTATION, and the sad effect has been,
That but little of our former wealth within the walls is seen.
It has gone away to Phrygia, and Moonia growing-grain,
And we've eaten all they gave us—Jove has made our thrift in vain.

—*Iliad*, xviii. 288-292.

wait for the deliberate judgment of the people of Great Britain, expressed in the only constitutional method, before attempting to modify or to change it. But he refuses, with equal wisdom and fairness, to explain to the present Parliament the nature of that policy which he may consider it his duty to submit for the consideration of another body. How was it possible to suppose that, in the face of so clear and distinct a declaration as this, any kind of agitation directed against the existence of the present Ministry could succeed? What pretext was there for agitation, seeing that the decision which must ultimately regulate the nature of our commercial policy depends upon the will of the constituencies?

Really it is difficult to know what the Whigs would be at. They cannot keep office themselves—they cannot even agree among each other while in power—and yet they seem resolved that the functions of Government shall not be exercised by other hands. They insist, almost before Ministers have taken their seats, on Ministerial explanations; and, these explanations being given, they are extremely wroth and dissatisfied to find that they have no valid pretext for proceeding at once to extremities. They are furious at Lord Derby because he will not immediately propose a reversal of the existing commercial system! They even take up the cause of the farmers, insinuating that they have been desperately ill used by Lord Derby, and that the latter has been guilty of an entire abandonment of his principles!

We have no respect for the Whigs; but we really are sorry to see men who, a week or two ago, were engaged in the administration of public affairs, degrade themselves in so pitiable a manner. We have respect for the general character of public men; and, although of late years, that character has suffered considerably in the estimation of the country, we are very anxious that it should not be rated at too low an estimate. The appearance which Lord John Russell and his friends have made upon this occasion is purely lamentable. They have shown themselves able neither to rule respectably, nor to fall decently. The character which they have lost in power, they cannot redeem in Oppo-

sition. As for their attacks upon Lord Derby, they have greatly mistaken the nature of the men with whom they have to deal, if they suppose that, by any representations of theirs, they can shake the confidence, even of a single individual, in the integrity, honour, and prudence of that distinguished nobleman who is at the head of her Majesty's Government. There is not one supporter of the interests of British industry in the country, who is not willing, with the most perfect confidence, to leave the conduct of the cause in the hands of Lord Derby, and to accord to him, in the present crisis, his firm and unconditional support. Already the great Protection Associations, both in England and Scotland, have spoken out unequivocally on the subject; and here it may be worth while to quote one or two paragraphs from the address of the Council of the Scottish Protective Association, agreed to after Lord Derby had intimated, in the House of Lords, the line of policy which he intended to pursue during the sitting of the present Parliament:—

"In common with those who ardently desire that the Government of this great country should be conducted upon just, rational, and constitutional principles, we hail the recent accession of your Lordship and your colleagues to office, with the warmest gratitude towards our beloved Sovereign, who has thus graciously confided to you the Administration of the Empire. Your Lordship's high character, great experience, and commanding intellect, are to us so many guarantees that the condition of all classes of the community will receive your most earnest consideration, with the view to promote and re-establish that harmony of interests which is essential for the permanent welfare and tranquillity of the nation.

"Since the establishment of our Association, we have seen no reason to modify the views we originally entertained. We still continue to think that, under the pressure of the existing and necessary taxation, it is impossible for the great classes of British producers to maintain their ground in the home market against open and invited competition on the part of foreign nations. We believe that the effect of this system has been to depreciate invested capital, to lower wages, and to depress the retail generally throughout the country; its grievous operation upon the industry dependent on shipping, on the

ducing colonies, and on those interested in the produce of land, is too evident to require illustration.

"In these circumstances, we desire to express to your Lordship our hearty and implicit confidence in your Lordship's justice and wisdom, being satisfied that the course which you may think fit to follow, cannot fail to be dictated by honour and tempered by prudence, and that the interests of all classes of the community cannot be lodged more safely than in your hands. We, therefore, take this opportunity of assuring your Lordship, that no effort of ours, collectively or individually, shall be spared, whereby we may contribute, in any degree, towards the stability of the present Government, as, by so doing, we are satisfied that we shall best promote the true interests of the country."

We have no manner of doubt that the sentiments so well expressed in this address will be responded to generally throughout the kingdom; and, in spite of all the efforts and misrepresentations of our enemies, we feel assured that a course so wisely and temperately begun, cannot but prove acceptable to the great body of the nation. Here are Lord Derby's own words explanatory of the course which he intends to follow; and it is most important, at the present moment, that these words should be thoroughly understood. Of their eloquence we need say nothing.

"My Lords, I go to the country when I think it is consistent with my duty to my Sovereign and my country that I should go there, not on any narrow view of whether a duty be imposed on corn or not—that question I leave to the deliberate judgment of the country, and to the general concurrence of the country, without which I will not bring forward that proposition. (Cheers.) I will not shrink from performing my duty for fear of any noisy agitation, if the general consent of Parliament and the country shall be with me in supporting a measure which I believe to be a useful measure for the country; but I will not strain the influence which may belong to the Government—I will not abuse the trust confided to me by my Sovereign—I will not coerce the consciences of the constituencies—I will not, by a mere majority in Parliament, force on the country a measure to which a great portion of the country should be adverse. (Cheers.) There may be those who will unite with us on general principles, and who, agreeing with us as to the distress which various interests in

the country suffer, may be ready to join in the endeavour to afford them relief, though there may be a difference as to the specific mode of affording that relief. But there are higher interests at stake. We are threatened with far more serious consequences than the result of the imposition or the non-imposition of a 4s., a 5s., or a 7s. duty on foreign corn. It is a question whether the Government of this country can be carried on, and on what principles it is to be carried on; and when I appeal to the country I appeal on this ground. Will you—Protectionist or Free-Trader—you who desire the advance of all the interests of the country—will you place your confidence and give your support to a Government which, in the hour of peril and danger, did not hesitate to take the post of danger when the helmsman had left the helm? (Loud cheers.) Will you support a Government which is exerting itself to protect this country against hostile attack, to maintain the peace of the world, to maintain and uphold the Protestant institutions of this country—(cheers)—to support, to the utmost of its power, religious and moral education throughout the land, and which will exert itself, moreover, I do not hesitate to say, to afford some opposition, to oppose some barrier against the recurrence of that continually encroaching democratic influence in this country—(cheers)—which is bent on throwing the whole power and authority of the country nominally into the hands of the masses, practically into the hands of demagogues and republicans, who exercise an influence over those unthinking masses? Will you support a Government which is determined to resist that dangerous and obnoxious influence, to preserve the influence and prerogative of the Crown, the rights of your Lordships' House, and the liberties of a freely-elected House of Parliament? (Loud cheers.) These are the questions on which, when I go to the country to make my appeal on behalf of myself and my colleagues, I claim—to use the words which the worst felon who stands in the prisoner's dock has a right to employ, but which I do not deem unworthy of the first minister of the crown of the first nation in the world, and to say—I elect to be tried by God and my country." (Loud cheers.)

We have, of course, no reason to complain of any efforts which may be made to give the Revolutionary party a majority in the next Parliament. That is all fair and natural. It will be for the constituencies to decide whether they will return men pledged to the maintenance of the Constitution

as it exists, and desirous to adopt such measures only as shall remedy injustice, and promote the harmony of interests throughout the country, or whether they will pronounce decidedly in favour of downright democracy. The question of Free Trade or Protection is undoubtedly one of immense importance, but it is not the only question which is now before the country. By bringing forward his mischievous Reform Bill, and, still more, by indicating his intention that, when brought forward again, that measure shall appear in a more extended shape, Lord John Russell has appealed, *as a democrat*, to the whole constituencies of Great Britain. If he returns to power, it can only be on the shoulders of the Radical party, with whose proceedings, indeed, he is now and for ever identified. The frail barrier of sentiment or opinion which separated the Ministerial Whig from the more sturdy Liberal, has been broken down by the hand of the late Premier. There is no room now for any distinction. He cannot retract what he has said, or retrieve what he has done. Of his own free will he has espoused the cause of revolution.

Therefore it is the more necessary that, at the coming election, men should distinctly understand what principle they virtually adopt in voting for particular candidates. The most strenuous efforts will be made to sink all other questions in that of the Corn Laws. We shall again hear the rhetorical commonplaces about taxing the bread of the people; and no doubt some ingenious gentlemen will illustrate their arguments, by reference to a couple of fabricated loaves of grossly unequal dimensions. For all this we are quite prepared. It has been the policy of our opponents for years back, both in their speeches and in their writings, to represent Free Trade as nothing more than the free importation of corn. In this way they get rid of the ugly circumstance, that many important branches of manufacture are still protected by large duties, and owe their present existence in this country simply to the retention of these. In this way, too, they try to persuade the other classes of the community, who are suffering under the operation of a

cruel and unnatural system, that they are compensated for diminished profits by the reduced price of bread, and that what they lose in wages they gain in the baker's account. A very favourite question of theirs is this—"You say that your wages are low—admitted. That is owing to the badness of the times, and circumstances over which we have no control; but we ask you to consider what your situation would be now, had the price of bread been kept up by an artificial Corn Law?" Of course, while putting such questions, they take especial care to conceal the fact, that the admitted "badness of the times" arises simply from the pernicious operation of Free Trade in another quarter; and thus they attempt to set the artisan against the agriculturist—to maintain the discord of interests, instead of promoting their harmony.

The evils which this wretched commercial system has brought both upon Great Britain and her Colonies, cannot be cured by a remedy applied solely to one injured interest. No such selfish cry has ever been raised on the part of the agriculturists; on the contrary, we have all along maintained that it is only by a deliberate revision of the whole system, with due consideration to the circumstances of each particular interest, that the proper measure of justice to British industry can be ascertained. Lord Derby does not propose in any way to favour the agriculturist at the expense of the artisan. His object and his desire is to place British labour on its proper footing, and to secure it against being crushed by the weight of foreign competition. We are of those who firmly believe in the reciprocity of interests in this great country. We cannot understand how one large interest can be unduly prostrated for the benefit of another. We are convinced that partial legislation ever has been, and ever must be, disastrous; and we agree entirely in the sentiment expressed by an eminent orator, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons—"Let them but once diminish the consumption of British-grown corn, and from that moment the consumption of iron, of hardware, of cotton, and of woollens must decline. There would come a

fresh displacement of labour, and a fresh lowering of wages; and discontent, disturbance, and misery, would prove its inevitable consequences." Now, although it may be rather out of place, in this part of our paper, to state any facts relating to the present condition of the country, we are tempted to give one instance, which fully corroborates the views of the said orator, and proves the justness of his remark. The wages of the iron miners and colliers in the west of Scotland, a numerous and important class, seeing that upwards of fifteen thousand persons are directly engaged in that branch of industry in the two counties of Lanark and Ayr, were in 1845, and previous years, from 5s. to 6s. per day—on the average *five and sixpence*. But now that the duty has been taken off foreign corn, and British agriculture has been depressed, their wages have fallen to 2s. 6d. or 3s. per day—on the average, *two and ninepence*. Now let us see what the miners have gained in exchange. The average price of wheat for the years 1842, 1843, 1844, and 1845, was 48s. 5½d. per quarter. If we assume the present price to be 38s., there is a diminution of about *one-fifth*. To that extent, therefore, we may presume that the miners have profited by the reduction of the price of bread; but we apprehend it would be difficult to persuade them that the benefit is at all commensurate to the loss. They may save a fifth upon one article of consumption. but their wages are reduced to *one-half*.

If it should be said that this is not a fair illustration, and that the depression in the iron districts arises from peculiar circumstances unconnected with the question of Free Trade, we reply, that to the iron trade, more perhaps than to any other in the kingdom, the most extravagant representations were made of the increased consumption which must follow on the opening of the ports. Not only have those promises utterly failed, but this most important branch of industry has been brought down to a point only short of absolute annihilation. The masters are not only realising no profit, but they are large annual losers by *carrying on their works*. The men, as we *have already seen*, are on half wages.

But who was the orator that, in 1839, predicted with such exceeding accuracy the decline of the iron and other trades as a necessary consequence of a diminution in the consumption of British corn? Hansard gives us the name: it is that of *SIR JAMES GRAHAM*.

In truth, unless an early and thorough revision of our whole commercial system is made, the mercantile interests of Great Britain will be placed in the greatest jeopardy. This may appear incredible to that portion of the public who are gulled by the political economists, and who are content to receive the Board of Trade returns of exports and imports as satisfactory proofs of prosperity. But there is not a merchant in one of our large towns who does not know that the case is otherwise. The present number of the Magazine contains a paper from a valued correspondent in Liverpool, giving a fearful account of the losses which have been sustained during the bygone year of prosperity and Free Trade; and we are enabled, on the very best authority, to state that Glasgow is at this moment suffering under the effects of extreme mercantile depression. This may, and undoubtedly does, conduce to cheapen commodities; but such cheapness will be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of capital, and the wholesale ruin of thousands. It is the knowledge of these facts, and, in many cases, the bitter experience of them, which has wrought such a change in the mercantile mind of the country. No one has profited—all have lost by Free Trade; and therefore it is no wonder if the resuscitated Anti-Corn-Law League should receive little countenance beyond its own particular domain. What the country most urgently requires, and what we expect to receive from the Government of Lord Derby, are measures calculated to secure the prosperity—not fictitious but real—of all the great interests of Britain; and it is to prevent the introduction of such measures that faction is exerting itself to the utmost. The Whigs cannot deny the fact that there has been a strong reaction throughout the country. They can assign that reaction to no other cause than a general conviction that the interests of the country have suffered,

instead of being promoted, by the practical working of Free Trade; and the existence of that conviction is of itself a clear proof that Free Trade has not fulfilled the anticipations of those who promoted it. It has long ceased to be a theory. It has been presented in a practical shape to the people of Great Britain, who, moreover, had experience of the older system of legislation; and every individual has had the opportunity of testing its effects, and feeling its operation upon his own circumstances. Can any man believe that, if Free Trade had tended to promote the prosperity of the country, or even to maintain it in its former position, there could have been any reaction at all? In that case the opponents of Free Trade might have as well attempted to overthrow Atlas, as to assail any portion of the policy inaugurated by the late Sir Robert Peel. The educated classes of England are still what they were described by Milton—"a nation not slow nor dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to." What effect could any arguments against Free Trade have had on their minds, if the system was daily and yearly vindicating itself by promoting the general prosperity? If the facts had been favourable to their side, our friends of the press, who, in the exuberance of their humour, were wont to accuse us of entertaining a scheme for the restoration of the Heptarchy, would have been fully justified in their banter. As it was, we managed to live on, even under the load of their ridicule, being fully convinced that the day must ere long arrive when stern experience would open the eyes of the public to the real posture of the country, in spite of every delusion which interest and ingenuity could devise.

That such delusions have been practised, and that very largely, we have had frequent occasion to show. Dull statisticians like Mr Porter, shallow political pretenders like Mr Cardwell, and unscrupulous compilers like the Editor of the *Economist*, have done their utmost to persuade the public that the proofs of national prosperity are to be found in certain tables eman-

ating periodically from the Board of Trade. For some time we are inclined to believe that their efforts were rather successful than otherwise. Most men have an antipathy to figures, and a fondness for general results; and when they were joyously told that both the exports and the imports of the nation were on the increase, they concluded that all was right, and that the mercantile interest was advancing. We are almost inclined to give the Whig Ministry credit for the same sincere belief, at least up to the commencement of the Session of 1850. We do this the more readily, because we feel convinced that none of them were at all conversant with the real practical working of the commerce of Great Britain. If we were to make an exception at all, it would be in the case of Mr Labouchere; but this we shall not do, as ignorance is his best excuse for the statement he made regarding the position of the shipping interest in February of that year. After that period, however, it is not uncharitable to suppose that the Whigs must have lost confidence in the accuracy of their oracles. It might, undoubtedly, be too much to expect that they should have denounced oracles so perpetually delphic and comfortable to their cause, or that they should not have availed themselves of their aid in repeating to the very last the cuckoo cry of prosperity; but we must conclude that the Trade Circulars were brought, occasionally at least, under the notice of Sir Charles Wood; and surely no man, holding the office of Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer, could fail to perceive that there was something manifestly inconsistent with the deductions which hitherto had been drawn from the trade tables, in the uniformly lugubrious, and frequently despairing tone of these valuable publications. The fact is that these Trade Circulars are by far the most authentic documents we have for ascertaining the real state of the country. They give us, from month to month, an accurate account of our commercial position. They emanate alike from Free-Trader and Protectionist—reveal the actual state of the market, and the amount of demand and supply—and admit of

no party colouring, except as regards anticipation of the future—rather a perilous commercial vaticination, as the result of each succeeding month is expected to justify the prediction of the previous issue. For nearly three years we have been unable to glean from these circulars a word of actual comfort. They are uniform in their accounts of depression and absolute want of profit in manufactures, and all of them confess that the home trade is most miserably contracted. This being the case, of what value are the tables of export? They are valuable simply as showing that the manufacturers *must* export what cannot be used at home, unless they choose at once to shut up their mills, and square their accounts with the banking establishments which have given them credit—a process which, in nine cases out of ten, would lead to most unpleasant results. As to the imports upon which so much stress has been laid, let the importers of Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol, tell us what they have made of their speculations for the last couple of years. We sympathise, most deeply, with the valuable class of men who have so suffered. They were not the originators of the system which has proved so fearfully hostile to their interests; and we firmly believe that, in giving their support and countenance to it, they were not actuated by any selfish motive. Their mistake was this—that they believed the effect of the Free-Trade measures would be to extend the foreign market of Britain, and greatly to increase its value. They contemplated a reciprocity which has not taken place, and which never can be established, unless the governments of other states fail in their duty to their own people. And here we may remark that nothing can be more odious than the spite and rancour exhibited by the Free-Traders towards the states which have not reciprocated. If the views of some of their organs were to be carried into effect, this miserable lack of liberality would be made a *casus belli*, and we are not quite certain that some members of the Peace Congress would object to such a declaration. These gentlemen have no idea that any kind of manufacture, which can *at all interfere with their own*, ought

to be permitted abroad. Since America has established her own cotton-factories, and applied herself to the working of her own mines, she has lost an amazing hold of the affections of Manchester. Sorry are we to say that Mr Cobden now seldom wafts his sighs across the Atlantic, and that apparently he has abandoned his scheme of rivetting together the valley of the Mississippi and Manchester “with hooks of steel.” The smoke of an American factory is excessively nauseous to his nostrils. John Bright has ceased to take any active interest in Pennsylvania. He opines that it has denied the faith according to *his* principles of brotherhood; and it may be that the charge is well founded. We hope our Transatlantic friends are prepared to stand the fearful consequences. Terrible as has been the denunciation of the Manchester men, launched against Russia, Austria, and every other non-reciprocating state of Europe which has made head against British calico, the Americans must expect a fuller volley of tenfold wrath for their unprincipled tergiversation. According to the views of Manchester, a Free-trading despotism is to be preferred to a Protectionist republic. Liberty is estimated according to the return which it brings, not to the children of the soil, but to the cottonocracy of Great Britain.

Even if it could be shown that the commercial policy at present in operation had tended to the prosperity of particular interests, and the realisation of individual fortunes, it would by no means follow, as a necessary consequence, that it is a desirable one for the nation at large. What are the symptoms which we find coincident with the increase of exports and imports? First, there is the wholesale depopulation of Ireland, and the great abandonment of tillage in that country, to the amount, we believe, of many millions of quarters of grain. Secondly, there is the ruin of the colonies, not in a metaphorical, but in the literal sense of the term. We have lying before us a copy of a Jamaica paper, *The Daily Advertiser*, of date 19th January last, containing a full report of a meeting in the parish of Saint George, convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the

present deplorable state of the colony. We regret much that we are precluded from commenting in this article upon the statements made by the several able speakers; but we may give, as a proof of the decline of the produce of the island, the following statement by Mr Hosack:—"The past history of Jamaica shows a crop and export of 150,000 hhds. of sugar, and 84,000,000 lb. of coffee. The present shows a crop and export of 36,000 hhds. of sugar, and 5,000,000 lb. of coffee." Another gentleman, Mr Dunbar, thus described the appearance of the island:—

"The present crisis of affairs is fearfully appalling, and cannot be viewed by those immediately concerned without the greatest dismay. Within the recollection of the youngest among us, but a few years ago, our fields wore the garb of luxuriant culture; our population was active and cheerful; our homes were easy, comfortable, and hospitable; and our towns and villages presented the appearance of busy lives. Now the scene is all changed. There is a widespread desolation; the din of industry is no longer heard; we have been driven by distress from our long-cherished homes; the jungle has taken possession of the fields where, but lately, the waving canes met the eyes; our costly buildings are mouldering into decay; and we ourselves are now suspended on the brink of a precipice, created by the unwise and heartless policy of the mother country, in the lowest abyss of which we must ere long be engulfed, unless some kind protecting angel should come to the rescue."

Still more significant, perhaps, of

the state of the colony is the account given by the collecting constable of the parish. We insert it here in order to show the effect of Liberal legislation upon British capital invested in a British colony:—

"I will show that properties which formerly paid £1400 taxes are now, if not entirely abandoned, very nearly so. Let the most favourable supporter of Free Trade policy ride over the Buff Bay River district, and at one glance he will see the awful, lamentable, miserably fallen state of our once valuable and flourishing coffee properties. Let him continue his ride through the sugar district, and I envy not the heart of that man who can look on approvingly when he beholds so many valuable estates grown up in common brushwood; the residences of many falling into decay, and scarce affording shelter to the watchman. Let him ask how long has all this been brought about, and I will tell him—that by the list I now hold in my hand, and about to submit to you, sir, it will be found that twenty-six of these coffee properties were valued in 1841 by the assessors of the parish, appointed by the House of Assembly, at a total of £53,060; that these properties paid £619 public and parish taxes; that fourteen of these sugar estates, now nearly all abandoned, were then valued for £83,600, and they then paid £782 taxes; that in 1850 the whole of the taxes of the twenty-six coffee properties amounted to, and were reduced to £147!—and of the fourteen sugar estates, £144. Are these not damning evidences of the destructive policy! Mr Sollas then laid before the meeting the following statement, which he had prepared for the occasion:—

SUGAR ESTATES.	Assessor's Value, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1850.
Kden,*	24,500	£45 14 9	£5 0 1
Paradise,†	7,000	60 18 9	12 3 11
Lenex,*	10,000	94 8 9	13 19 0
Hart Hill,*	6,000	59 16 0	12 13 10
By Brook,*	1,000	18 19 6	2 14 6
Hope,*	1,600	22 4 0	3 5 11
Spring Garden,†	20,000	181 3 1	36 5 8
Cainwood,*	4,000	56 10 0	8 1 10
Buff-Bay River,*	3,000	33 2 6	6 13 4
Elysium,*	8,000	72 4 0	15 16 7
Craigmill,*	3,500	35 14 0	4 9 10
Skibo,*	3,000	32 13 1	6 11 5
Chepstow,*	8,000	39 4 0	9 13 4
White River,*	2,000	29 15 9	7 8 8
	£53,060	£782 8 2	£144 17 11

* Abandoned.

† In partial cultivation.

COFFER PROPERTIES.	Assessor's value, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1841.	Public and Parish Taxes, 1850.
Wallenford,† . . .	£2,500	£23 16 0	£5 7 1
Ashcott,* . . .	300	6 15 0	2 1 8
Glengyle,† . . .	1,500	16 0 0	4 3 3
Cascade,† . . .	2,500	23 4 1	7 5 6
Birnamwood,* . . .	5,000	51 0 0	8 17 9
Spring Hill,* . . .	5,000	45 4 0	8 14 4
Smithfield,* . . .	1,500	15 11 6	4 3 11
Orange Vale,* . . .	2,500	39 15 0	11 18 5
Wakefield,† . . .	1,500	15 0 0	2 10 4
Ellerslie,† . . .	1,500	14 5 0	1 3 1
Middleton,* . . .	1,500	23 3 0	6 3 9
Corsham,* . . .	1,000	12 8 0	4 5 3
Green Hills,* . . .	800	8 19 6	1 3 11
Galloway,* . . .	1,000	12 15 6	3 12 7
Leighfield,* . . .	2,500	27 15 0	7 3 6
Silver Hill,* . . .	3,000	37 1 3	9 1 4
New Haven,* . . .	1,500	23 5 3	4 2 6
Mount Pleasant,* . . .	3,500	25 1 4	6 11 6
Cherry Hill,* . . .	360	5 3 11	2 3 6
Pleasant Mount,* . . .	3,000	27 19 0	7 15 10
Balcarres,* . . .	5,000	50 1 0	9 19 7
Prior Park,† . . .	1,500	38 3 0	7 0 1
Trafalgar,† . . .	2,000	41 0 0	11 10 4
Dry River Retreat,* . . .	1,600	22 10 0	5 13 6
Rectory,* . . .	500	7 4 11	1 0 11
Mount St Bernard,* . . .	500	6 16 0	3 13 6
	£53,060	£619 12 3	£147 16 11

—I feel, Sir, that I assert the truth when I add, that my predecessors in office collected these heavy sums within the walls of their office, and the proprietors were then in a position to pay sufficiently early, to avail themselves of the ten per cent discount allowed by law for prompt payment. How different is it with me, sir! I am necessitated not only to keep my hands constantly at the pump, but in too many cases I have been obliged to give the finishing stroke of destruction by levying upon the stock of these properties; and but for much forbearance on my part, heaven knows if others might not be hurried as quickly to ruin. These are truths patent to all; and I assert that this very fact of the taxes being so much reduced, so insignificant by comparison, and yet unable to be met, or met with the greatest difficulty, is an undeniable evidence of the total prostration of the island."

The third symptom to which we would refer is one of marked importance. We mean the enormous increase of emigrants from the British islands. The emigration from the United Kingdom, which, in 1848, amounted only to 57,212, rose in 1849

to the astounding number of 299,498, *being 22,000 more than the entire combined population of the large counties of Perth and Fife*, according to the census of 1841! How is that fact reconcilable with the professed prosperity of the country? Fourth, and last, because we need not here multiply examples, we have the returns of the Income-tax, which must be accepted, if anything is to be accepted, as a sure index of the state of the nation, and regarding which there can be no delusion, as in the case of export and import tables. Well, then, what do we find from these? Why, that in 1848 the amount of property assessed for trades and professions amounted to £68,021,904. That was under a protective policy. But in 1850, with Free Trade in full operation, that property, which, be it remarked, includes the entire profits arising from the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain, was estimated only at £54,977,566. Where, then, are the increased profits? Let the oracles of Free Trade explain.

Surely these are no wholesome

* Abandoned.

† In partial cultivation.

symptoms of the state of the country. Taken singly, each of them implies an enormous amount of misery and decline; taken together, they furnish clear evidence of general national decay. They show us that trade, commerce, and manufactures are far less profitable than before. They show us that emigration from the mother country has multiplied five or six fold, and that the great stream of it is directed to America, a country which is flourishing under protective laws. They show us that agriculture, the only great staple of Irish industry, is largely on the decline. They show us that some of our once richest colonies—because the case of Jamaica is precisely that of several others—are prostrated, and the capital invested in them lost. And all this has taken place under the new commercial system!

Is this a policy to be pursued? Is it one which we are justified in pursuing? Is it one which can afford the slightest pretext for agitation? The answer to these questions must ere long be given by the country on the occasion of the general election. In the mean time, we would entreat the constituencies to consider what interests are at stake, and how much of the national welfare depends upon the nature of their decision. The symptoms of general decadence which we have just referred to cannot be gainsayed nor denied. They are clear ascertained facts, which we have, over and over again, defied the Free-Traders to account for or explain, consistently with their prosperity theories; but in no one instance yet has the challenge been accepted. We are not surprised at this backwardness. Reckless as are the champions of the League—unscrupulous as are their advocates—cunning and sophistical as are the compilers of returns—slippery as are the Whig officials—it would require more courage, craft, and ingenuity than belong to the whole body, to account satisfactorily for the one fact of the diminution of the value of the property assessed for trades and professions. While this fact remains unimpeached—and we have it on Parliamentary authority—it is absolute trash and childish babble to tell us

about increased exports and imports. Here are the detailed returns. They comprise, as we have already said, the whole commercial profits of the kingdom; and if we should seem to insist, more strongly than is our wont, upon this point, our apology lies in its paramount importance.

PROPERTY ASSESSED FOR TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

1843,	.	.	£63,021,904
1848,	.	.	60,068,090
1850,	.	.	54,977,566

Can there be a more bitter commentary on the working of Free Trade—a more decisive summary of its effects—than is contained in the above three simple lines?

These are the results of that policy, to secure the adoption of which Sir Robert Peel broke up the great Conservative party, leaving the government of Great Britain, and the welfare of so many millions of human beings, in the hands of an incompetent faction, powerless of themselves, and depending mainly for support on the capricious votes of the democracy. What wonder if that democracy took due advantage of their position? Without them the Russell Cabinet was nothing; and each successive month the tone of the Minister became less firm and determined. Radicalism, in our day, has assumed an entirely new form. It affects a community of interest with the prosperity of British manufactures, though rather abroad than at home. Its focus is Manchester; its apostles are the men of the League. Brimful of hate and envy towards the aristocracy of Great Britain, these men are determined to leave no stone unturned whereby they may scramble upwards into power; and they calculate on the possible reconstruction of a Russell Cabinet as their most probable means of ascent. Their actual ulterior objects, after they have attained power, are best known to themselves: we hope never to see them placed in such a situation as shall admit of their broad development. In the mean time they are vociferously demanding an enlargement of the suffrage, and a reconstruction of the whole electoral system, by means of which additional

power may be given to the large manufacturing towns, and a huge mass of urban ignorance added to the constituencies. It is full time that their progress should be checked. Unless a stand be now made—unless the country shall rally around Lord Derby, and give him the means of stopping those perpetual inroads on the Constitution, it is by no means impossible that the revolutionary party may soon achieve a triumph. Henceforward, in any Liberal Administration, Lord John Russell can be little better than a cipher. Already there has been talk of deposing him—of electing new leaders for the conduct of the Opposition—of putting forward to the van men who are beset with less scruple, and unencumbered with aristocratic connection. The private history of Liberalism affords more than one instance of such depositions. Lord John must abdicate, or march onward at the head of the progressive democracy.

We are glad to perceive that this position of affairs is appreciated, not only at home but abroad. The advance of Radicalism, under the cover of Free-Trade opinions, has not escaped the notice of the French journalists: indeed it would be strange if it were otherwise, seeing that no long time has elapsed since the same movement was made in France by the acknowledged friends of Mr Cobden. The result of that movement is matter of common notoriety. We copy from the *Standard* of 20th March the following extract:—

“The *Assemblée Nationale*, in its remarks upon the new English Administration, makes the following just observations:—‘Lord Derby, with that elevation of sentiment, and that boldness of language, which give him a patrician superiority among English statesmen and orators, throws down a challenge to his adversaries upon the *ensemble* of Conservative policy. In this point of view we look on Lord Derby’s speech as the inauguration of a new phase in English policy. For several years back the agitators, Radicals, and English statesmen, have too much materialised the policy of England. Lord Derby is right in reacting against this tendency, which has caused the English constitution to lean too much to the side of democracy. It was by subordinating his policy to eco-

nomical questions that Sir Robert Peel threw parties into that state of mobility and confusion, which now raises such serious difficulties in the way of parliamentary government. The evil reached its extreme limits under Lord John Russell. For the honour and safety of the British Constitution, it is time to put an end to it. Thus Lord Derby does not accept the battle on the sole ground of Free Trade. He promises to disembarass the political life of England of that struggle of economical interests which has for ten years absorbed it. He aims at reconstituting in the country and the Parliament a Conservative majority, to defend traditional interests, old national institutions, and social and political principles, against disquietude and revolutionary tendencies. The English people, endowed with admirable good sense, will comprehend that power ought to be in the hands of a united and disciplined party, and of a compact and homogeneous majority; and not at the mercy of two or three factions, which can neither govern or allow others to govern; and will feel that, in the actual situation of Europe, England ought to have at its head a Ministry firmly and loyally Conservative.’”

Mr Cobden, in his speeches both at Manchester and Leeds, has thought fit to be quite explicit as to the avowed connection of the impending contest with ulterior political objects. At Leeds, he made use of the following language:—

“You feel, as all will now feel, that this is the critical time of this question. *Other questions are not so ripe as this.* You feel that this must be settled now and for ever, and therefore you come forward in all your strength, in order that you may put the finishing stroke upon it. But it is not merely the Corn-Law question which is involved in what we are now doing. If you settle the Corn question now, once and for ever, it *leaves the field open for other questions.*”

And again more enigmatically, but perhaps not less significantly—

“I have said that it is for the interest of the people that this one thing should be done, though, in saying this, I do not say that it is to be carried on to the exclusion of other important questions—as *reform in Parliament*, or *what other movement may be before you*—but I say you will be better able to do those things when you have obtained this charter of the bread of life. When you have received abundant food, with its chances of abundant labour, you *will be better able to*

ENTER UPON THAT NEW CAMPAIGN YOU HAVE CONCEDED *well drilled*; and, having beaten your opponents in one thing, you will find it is just the same party you have to beat in the other; for the monopolists in corn are, after all, the monopolists in political power. We may have in our ranks men who go various lengths in political reform and the question of the suffrage, but, at all events, I scarcely know anybody who voted in favour of the total repeal of the Corn Laws that is not willing to go onward also in the path of reform; whilst, on the other hand, they who would deprive you of the privilege of eating an untaxed loaf, they are the very men who will keep you out of the pale of the Constitution, and who will take advantage of their power to tax you in other things pretty roundly as well as the loaf. By settling this question, and securing for the working classes freedom for their industry, and the greatest abundance, under the laws of nature, in the supplies of food, we are placing them in the best possible position to fight any other battle."

We quote these passages simply for the purpose of showing that Mr Cobden considers the defeat of Lord Derby's Ministry as a necessary preliminary to ulterior objects, the nature of which may be interpreted according to the will of the reader. We have no leisure to make remarks upon the alteration of tone visible in these speeches, from that exhibited in others delivered in former years. Mr Cobden now admits that the question is not settled; and that is undoubtedly a very considerable concession. Also, he is not quite so minatory or threatening in his language as he used to be, which possibly may arise from a prudent conviction that certain acts, relating to sedition, which are contained in the statute-book, are not yet altogether in abeyance. He wisely confines himself to innendo, trusting to the intelligence of his audience to supply the lack of direct speech. Only on one occasion does he transgress the limits of prudence; and we quote it, as reported in the *Times*, as an instance of that kind of suggestive oratory, of which the late Mr Hunt was esteemed a consummate master.

"I don't like to see a London newspaper saying we have not the working classes with us on this question, because it is a great libel on the working classes to say so. And another thing too; it is

trying to discredit the working classes with those who have at present political power, in order that, by-and-by, it may be turned against them, and enable them to say they did not, by their petitions, contribute to the repeal of the Corn Law. Now, when the Corn Law was laid on in its most unmitigated severity in 1815, the loudest protests against it were made by the working classes. The working men of London made the loudest protests against it, though rather rudely I admit, for they tore the members' coats from their backs. (Cries of 'They did right.') They pulled them out of their carriages, soldiers had to be called up to protect the members of parliament, and the Houses of Parliament were surrounded by infantry and cavalry to enable them to pass this infamous corn law. The middle classes and the working classes then thoroughly co-operated in opposing this law; but the middle classes had not then the political power they have now. The working people *did their duty then, and I hope they will do it again.* (Shouts of 'We will, we will,' and loud cheers.) I hope they will do it not only in Yorkshire, where it is well said 'we are safe,' but elsewhere."

Far be it from us to put strained interpretations on the language of Mr Cobden. We do not care one rush what he says, considering the blatant absurdities of his speech on more than fifty occasions. No jack-pudding alive has exhibited himself to greater disadvantage, although jack-pudding exhibitions can always command an audience. But what we wish to bring out is this—that Mr Cobden, *the individual expressly consulted by Lord JOHN RUSSELL before the Cheesham Place meeting was held*, refers uniformly to "ulterior objects" as the consequence of the defeat of Lord Derby's Ministry, and does not hesitate to express his hope that, in the event of the parliamentary majority being returned hostile to his notions, the working classes may proceed to acts of overt violence, similar to those which were committed on a previous occasion. If we misconstrue Mr Cobden's meaning, we ask his pardon; and, on a disclaimer of such being his intention, we shall make ready reparation. But we judge of words according to their ordinary significance, and we can gather no other meaning from his language.

We have lived too long in "the

world to attach much importance to an agitation of so exceedingly equivocal a kind. Even Mr Cobden, who has had more experience in the agitating trade than any other man alive, and who has materially profited thereby, admitted the other day at Manchester that it would be no easy matter to maintain a popular ferment. "Leave this question," said he, "in suspense during a whole session of Parliament, and what will be the result? In the first place, we all know from experience that it will not be very easy to keep popular enthusiasm in that high and fervid state to which you can probably bring it in the course of a few weeks. You cannot keep the same enthusiasm alive for a number of months;" and, accordingly, he counselled immediate action. From what we can gather of the opinions of the working classes, we believe that he is right to this extent, that it would be impossible to keep up a prolonged agitation: we question much whether it is in his power to get up an agitation at all. The real objects of the League are as well known to the working classes as the characters of the men who compose it. One of the speakers at a late meeting of the "National Reform Association" in London, expressed the sentiments of the great majority of the operatives when he stated, "that they should not seek for the mere advancement of the manufacturing capitalist. He (the speaker) was a Chartist, but he would not support a mere manufacturing aristocracy, (cheers); he would never consent to turn the woollack into a cotton bag, (cheers); and he thought there were now arising daily questions deeply affecting the working man, which should be left to some one to decide not quite so deeply interested as his master." Another speaker at the same meeting observed that, "for his own part, he did not see what great good it would do the people if the Financial Reformers were in power. The people would not be in power, but the manufacturing capitalists; and, as to that, he believed many of the aristocracy had more chivalry, love of country, and fine generous feeling about them, than most of your mercantile classes." (Loud

cheers.) It is only by separating the question of free importation of corn from that of a revision of our whole commercial system, and by addressing himself exclusively to the former, that Mr Cobden hopes to succeed. The truth is, that he dare not go into the question of a revision of the commercial system. There is nothing which the members of the League dread more than the broaching of that subject; for the fact is, that a large number of our manufacturers depend for their existence upon the continuance of that Protection which has been withdrawn from other kinds of industry. Let every branch of manufacture which is at present protected by a duty, varying from 15 to 10 per cent, be subjected to the operation of Free Trade, or even protected only to the extent of 2½ per cent—as is the case with wheat, if we assume its average price to be 40s. per quarter—and six months will not elapse before a howl for manufacturing protection will be heard from one end of the country to the other. With this before them, it is not surprising if the members of the League should sedulously abstain from touching upon the question of a general commercial revision. More than two years ago, when we first drew the attention of the public to this subject, a letter, purporting to be written by Mr Cobden, went the round of the newspapers, in which it was averred that, with the exception of a small duty upon silks, there were no duties levied on foreign manufactures. In answer to that we gave a list of no less than sixty-six different kinds of manufactures upon which import duties of 10 per cent and upwards are levied. If our memory serves us right, Mr Cobden afterwards declared that he, for one, had no objection whatever that those import duties should be taken off; and we have, since then, more than once both requested and defied him to make such a proposition in the House of Commons. If those duties really are so trifling as some maintain them to be—if the remission of them would cause but little loss to the revenue, and not affect the manufacturers at all, why are they not removed? If we belonged to the Free-trading camp,

and really were of opinion that the continuance of these "fragments of protection," as we once heard them termed, were intrinsically of no importance, certainly we should make an effort to strengthen our position, and prevent the possibility of hostile attack or retort, by getting rid of them at once. We happen, however, to know that the manufacturers dare not make any such proposition. Let Mr Cobden go down to Paisley or Sheffield and try it, and we answer for it he will not be anxious to repeat the experiment again.

We rejoice to find that the "ulterior objects" of the Manchester men are well understood by the intelligent classes throughout the country, and that their insolent attitude and attempts at dictation have excited general and profound disgust. To do Mr Cobden justice, he has materially contributed towards this feeling. His conduct in the House of Commons on the 19th of March, and his coarse and vulgar contradiction of the statement of the Earl of March, deserved and received the unqualified disapprobation of every gentleman in the House; and we doubt not that, at the moment, Lord John Russell cursed the fatality which brought him into contact with such a counsellor. Bitter must have been the humiliation of the aristocratic Whigs to find themselves incorporated with a squadron under the command of so polished a leader! But, even without the able assistance of Mr Cobden, the League is likely to be obnoxious enough, especially among the mercantile community. A week or two ago a meeting of Leaguers was announced to be held in Liverpool, for the purpose, doubtless, of aiding the ten per cent subscription so auspiciously begun in Manchester. But, somehow or other, nobody thought proper to attend; or, at all events, the number of the self-sacrificers was so small that it was not deemed expedient to admit those dangerous gentlemen, the reporters, to their confidence and privacy. Accordingly, the meeting was "postponed"—*sine die*, we presume—but, in place of it, a numerous meeting of the Conservatives of Liverpool was held. The object of that meeting was essen-

tially practical. A large number of the electors of Liverpool, being convinced of the inefficiency of Sir T. B. Birch, and sick of the flippancy of Mr Cardwell, the present members for the borough, met together for the purpose of adopting a formal requisition to Mr Forbes Mackenzie, M.P., and Mr Charles Turner, chairman of the Dock Committee, to stand for Liverpool at next election. The following extract from the newspapers will show the tone which was adopted at that meeting, and the estimation in which the efforts of the League are held by the mercantile portion of the community:—

"Mr Samuel Holme, who moved the adoption of the requisition, in the course of his remarks, said he would not occupy time by going into any of those great questions which were agitating the public mind at this moment—questions which must be definitively settled, not so much mere fiscal questions—or whether there should be a duty of a few shillings imposed upon wheat. The question at issue was a more extended one, and must be treated at a larger meeting. The question was—Are the men of Manchester to be the rulers of England? (Loud cheers, and cries of 'No, never!') Are they, a number of them, to shake their parses in the faces of the aristocracy of England—(hear, hear)—in the faces of the commercial men of England—(hear, hear, and prolonged cheers)—in the faces of the agriculturists of England, and then to say, 'With a subscription of £47,000 at our back'—how much of it is paid I know not or care not—we will become the dictators of England; we will destroy the balance of the British Constitution; and we will dictate to you the principles upon which England shall be governed; and you shall do as we bid you, but shall have no voice in the matter.' (Laughter, and loud cheering.) A gentleman recently stood up at a public meeting, and threatened the aristocracy of England 'to look to their order,' but he (the speaker) asked any gentleman who had read the debates in the House of Lords, whether there was not a larger amount of talent and ability displayed there upon commercial questions than in the House of Commons? (Cheers.) He said with Cobbett, 'Thank God, we have a House of Lords;' and he trusted the people of England looked upon the Peers as a component part of the British Constitution—that Constitu-

tion which had been a blessing to mankind at large, and which had given strength and security to England when the thrones of Europe were tumbling. He asked, were they to barter these invaluable privileges away? Were they longer, by their unhappy divisions, which at the last election they had such reason to regret—(hear, hear)—to suffer two gentlemen (Mr Cardwell and Sir T. Birch) to represent a great commercial community in Parliament, gentlemen both of them amiable in private life, but utterly unfit to have placed in their hands so great a trust? (Cheers.)

"Mr Adam Hodgson said that he was present there to a great extent as a Free-Trader, but that he would throw Free Trade and everything else to the winds when the Constitution of the country was endangered. Referring to the recent meeting at Lord John Russell's, Mr Hodgson said that he gathered, from what there took place, that Lord John Russell was prepared to bid higher now, and to give a more indefinite extension to that franchise which many of them thought had been already carried quite far enough. (Loud cheers.) This was one reason why he deemed the present a most important crisis. The fundamental principles of our Constitution were, however, safe in the keeping of Lord Derby. What, again, he asked, was Free Trade, compared with a resolute determination that Protestant England should be Protestant England still!—(Loud cheers, and the 'Kentish fire';)—and that, whether she carried on her traffic under what was called a restrictive or a free system, she should carry to the remotest nations of the world, with whom she had intercourse, her Scriptural principles and attachments!

"Many other speeches were delivered, and the requisition to Mr Mackenzie and Mr Turner was most heartily and most unanimously agreed to; after which three cheers were given for Lord Derby, three cheers for the Queen, and three for the Church."

This is in the right spirit; and we trust that the example so well set by Liverpool will be followed generally throughout the country.

Is it not time that the ascendancy of mere faction should be brought to a close? Is it consistent with the honour and dignity of Great Britain, and with the welfare of the many millions of men who owe allegiance to the British Crown, that the government of the nation should be scrambled for, on account of the per-

quisites of office, as ignobly as a prize exposed for competition at a village fair? Is it seemly that the interests of the Empire should be put up to auction, to be knocked down to the largest bidder for popular support, with the most expansive conscience?—or that compacts for a prospective division of the spoil should be entered into by the leaders of factions hitherto irreconcilable on principle? Why is it that Mr Cobden, since the Whigs resigned, has become the confidant of Lord John Russell? He has not, we are well assured, abandoned one iota of his opinions. He is of the same mind as when he proposed the reduction of the army and navy, and the abandonment of national defences. He is the same Cobden who threatened the aristocracy with overthrow if they dared to oppose his will in a fiscal question. He is the identical senator who at Covent Garden, in December 1845, talked of "the Noodles and Doodles of the aristocracy," and stated that, "before we have done with them, they shall be as insignificant and more contemptible than the round-froked peasantry on his Grace's estate." He remains the unvarnished democrat. And yet this is the man from whom the ex-Premier of Britain craves counsel in preference to all others, within a fortnight of his abdication of office! What new tie was between them? None. Why should this scion of the house of Bedford have condescended to court so extraordinary an alliance, which Whigs of other and better days would have shunned with instinctive shuddering? What imaginable reason can be assigned, except that frightful craving for office, which sometimes is a positive disease?

We write strongly, because we feel strongly. Far be it from us to decry that noble ambition which, for hundreds of years, has inspired the most gifted men of the nation to take part in public affairs, and to act for the public benefit. Often has the occupancy of office been to those who filled the highest and most influential situations a burden rather than a benefit; often, but for the sake of their country and their sovereign, would they have been disposed to resign their trust,

and resume their simple habits and congenial pursuits in that private sphere which they were so well calculated to adorn. But the sense of duty prevailed over inclination, and they remained as STATESMEN, not as precarious politicians. Principle was to them all in all. Their pole-star was honour. They guided the vessel of the State with a firm hand, conscious of their great responsibility, and of the magnitude of their trust. They were no blundering navigators. They did not run the ship upon the reef and forsake her; and then, when better and bolder men were engaged in extricating her from the danger, attempt to embarrass their efforts for the sake of regaining their position. But we live in different times. One eye of Palinurus may be directed to the stars, but the other is gloating on his perquisites. The great question is not the safety of the ship, but the permanency of the appointed helmsman.

Setting aside those who are directly interested in his success—the members of the family compact, the officials, and those who expected to become officials—who are the uncompromising vindicators of Lord John Russell's past policy? We can find them nowhere. One short month ago, the Radicals had no confidence in him. To the Chartists—if we except Mr Feargus O'Connor, who lately manifested some unrequited marks of affection—he was peculiarly obnoxious. The Country party were in direct opposition to him. The Peelites rejected his overtures. The Church regarded him with dislike. The Protestant Dissenters put no faith in him. The Irish Roman Catholics denounced him with more than usual fervour. The colonists abhorred him. The shipping interest stood afar off. Even the Jews mistrusted the genuineness of his efforts in their behalf. Such was the situation of “the child of expediency,” towards the end of his official career; and can he now make it better? Only in one way. By carrying into full effect the alliance which he has already commenced, and by becoming, as we said before, a bold and uncompromising democrat.

He may do so, undoubtedly. He may, in order to regain power, and to

maintain his hold when he has regained it, tamper with the Constitution of the country. As the intelligence of the nation refuses to go with him, he may ask assistance from the mass of ignorance which lies beneath. He may, as the author of another Reform Bill, “upon an extended scale,” try to reduce the political arrangements of Great Britain to the level of those of France, and create in the country a dissatisfaction which, but for his efforts to recover his forfeited place, would never have existence. He may become the leader of an attack upon the national churches; and even, following the example of some younger brothers of the French noblesse, against the order from which he is descended. But in this he will not succeed. It would seem to be a rule of Providence, that the man who deserts the straight and beaten path cannot conduct himself aright. He loses his power of calculation. By his alliance with the Radicals, Lord John has forfeited the support of many of his best adherents. Such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne and Earl Fitzwilliam are not absolutely tied to party. They are hereditary Whigs, and would remain Whigs within the pale of the Constitution; but we mistake them greatly, and have formed a false estimate both of their character and their loyalty, if they are disposed, at the bidding of any man, to go a step beyond it. We believe they feel that, of late years, the reputation of their party has been soiled by so frequent and close a contact with the baser material. We believe that they would far rather occupy a respectable and sometimes useful place in Opposition, than submit to be dragged, against their will, to the verge of the democratic precipice. To them a Radical gain would be an incalculable loss: they can, assuredly, have little sympathy with Cobden and his crew.

In conclusion, we would entreat every man in the country who is opposed to democratic innovation, and who values the blessings of that Constitution which we now enjoy, to reflect that unless due support be given now to Lord Derby's Ministry, there may be no possibility of erecting another bulwark against the tide of

organic change—in other words, of Revolution. Men lived as calmly as we do, during the earlier days of the French commotions. They saw the waters rising gradually at their feet; but they would not believe that they could be overwhelmed, until the current became too strong for resistance. So is it always. We do not profit by the lessons of history, because we do not realise our own situation. We make light of things trivial in themselves, but which are, nevertheless, the necessary harbingers of greater things to come. No event which has occurred for the last twenty years is so significant as the movement of Lord John Russell towards Mr Cobden. It shows us what we must expect if the constituencies do not give their hearty support to Lord Derby and his Administration. We are not ashamed to confess that we greatly dread organic changes; but we dread them upon no narrow grounds. We do not advocate, and never have advocated, any class interests. What we wish to see is, a happy and contented people, united by that harmony of interest which cannot be attained if one class is to be unduly favoured at the expense of another, or if jealousies are to be sedulously promoted between natives of the same island, brothers in blood, subjects of the same sovereign, professing the same religion, and distinguishable only by a difference of craft and livelihood. What is there wanting but an equitable adjustment of interests, to restore peace and concord throughout the whole nation? Who stand in the way of that adjustment but the agitators who derive their fortune from their trade, and the trading politicians who, incapable of holding office themselves, will not allow others, with better and purer motives, to occupy it unmolested? If, as all concerned with trade and manufactures allow, the history of the last three years has been one of almost unmitigated disaster, why not allow some remedy to be tried? We do not fear the people—if by that word is meant the bulk of the operative masses—at all. Why should

we? For their cause we have ever strenuously contended. We wish to see the rights of British labour most thoroughly recognised and defended. If, in bygone years, our treasure was spent, and the labour of unborn generations mortgaged, most thanklessly, for the subsidy of Continental nations, who even failed to fulfil their part of the contract, it is the more reason that we should take care that no undue advantage is given to those nations over the people of our own soil; and that Englishmen should not be forced to emigrate, for the sake of carrying out a vain and impracticable theory.

We have looked over these pages, with much anxiety, to see if there is one word which we ought to alter or modify. We cannot find any. The approaching political struggle—however it may be disguised by local influences, whatever complexion it may assume in districts more or less interested in the solution of particular questions—is a national one, and upon its issue the destinies of the country must depend. If there are any who look with complacency on the expatriation of the British labourer, on the decline of the colonial empire, on the depression of once thriving branches of industry at home, and an unsettled trade abroad—if there are any who think that a democratic form of government is the safest and the best which can be devised by the wit of man; who agree with Mr Cobden, “that the instinct of the million is wiser than the wisdom of the wisest”—let them by all means cast the weight of their influence into the opposite scale. But let those who wish to see the harmony of interests restored, and the conflict of classes ended; who desire that labour should be justly dealt with, and native industry encouraged; who deprecate all rash innovations on the Constitution; who uphold the cause of Protestantism, and appreciate the value of sound government—let them rally around Lord Derby in answer to his noble appeal; and the triumph of the cause of truth, justice, humanity, and religion is secure.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXXXIX.

MAY, 1852.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET;
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

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GOLD: ITS NATURAL AND CIVIL HISTORY.

THE progress of knowledge naturally leads to the discovery not only of new arts, and of new uses for artificial productions, but of new stores of natural wealth in the bowels of the earth itself, and of new methods of extracting and rendering them useful. This last point is amply illustrated by the history of the progressive discovery and development of our own most valuable mineral treasures—the coal and ironstone deposits—which add so much both to our natural resources and to our national strength.

But, independent of the advance of knowledge, the exploration and colonisation of new countries by a civilised race leads of necessity to the discovery of regions rich in mineral wealth, which were unknown before, and brings new metallic supplies into the markets of the world.

When Spain conquered Mexico first, and afterwards Peru and Chili, Europe became flooded with the precious metals to a degree unknown before in the history of modern nations. When Russia began to explore her provinces on the slopes of the Ural, gold-washings were discovered, which have, by their enormous yield, made up for the deficient

supply which commotion and misrule in Central and Southern America had caused in European countries. The possession of California by an observant and curious people, of Anglo-Saxon breed, was almost immediately followed by those wonderful discoveries which have made the world ring, and have attracted adventurers from every region. And, lastly, the turning of keen eyes upon river beds in Australia—still less known and examined than almost any district of America without the Arctic circle—has brought to light those vast stores of gold which appear destined to lay the basis of a new empire in the Australian archipelago.

Nor have such discoveries been confined to the so-called precious metals. The advance of North American civilisation towards the head waters of the Missouri has made known abundant mines of lead, which the cost of transport chiefly prevents as yet from seriously competing with European produce along the Atlantic border. The joint march of Canada and the United States along the shores of Lake Superior, has laid open veins of copper of inexhaustible magnitude—on a scale, we may say,

1. *Notes on the Distribution of Gold throughout the World.* London: JAMES WILK. 1851.

2. *An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals.* By WILLIAM JACON, Esq., F.R.S. London: 1851.

in size and richness commensurate with the other great natural features of the American continent;—while, of coal and ironstone, the Central States of the Union are so full, that imagination itself cannot conceive a time when they shall cease to be sufficient for the wants of the whole civilised world.

Men untrained themselves to observe, and ignorant that it is intellectual knowledge which opens and guides the eye, affect to wonder—often, indeed, do seriously wonder—that gold so plentifully scattered over the surface of a country as it is said to be in California and Australia, or sprinkling with its yellow sheen thick veins of snowy quartz, should, for a time so comparatively long, have escaped observation. “What surprises me,” says Captain Sutter, in whose mill-race the gold was first discovered, “is, that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men, and that not one of them should have ever stumbled upon these treasures; that scores of keen-eyed trappers should have crossed the valley in every direction, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries, and yet this gold should never have been discovered. I myself have passed the very spot above a hundred times during the last ten years, but was just as blind as the rest of them, so I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier.”*

Such seeming blindness, indeed, is not really a matter of surprise. The ability to observe is an intellectual gift no less than the ability to reason; and, like the latter talent, the former also must be trained. It must be taught where to look, and what to look for; what the signs are of the presence of the thing we wish to find, and where they are likely to be met with.

It is not, in truth, a just reproach to unsuspecting men, that they have not seen what they never imagined the presence of. It would scarcely have been so, had they failed to see in a given place what they were told was likely to be found. Many of our

readers are familiar with the existence of black lines in the solar spectrum; many may have seen them, and justly wondered. Some may even recollect, when, years ago, Fraunhofer first announced their existence, how opticians everywhere mounted their most homogeneous prisms, and gazed at the spectrum eager to see them, and how many looked in vain. Of course, the failure was ascribed to the imperfection of their prisms, and not to their own defective skill. One philosopher we remember, then already distinguished, and whom now all delight to honour, of whom it was told that having obtained one of the beautifully perfect prisms of Fraunhofer's own manufacture, he was still unable to see the lines; but that another who had seen them came to his aid, instructed him how to look, and in an instant he not only clearly saw them, but exclaimed with wonder at his own blindness. Such were our own sensations also when first we saw them. Was it, then, a reproach to Sir Isaac Newton and his successors that these lines escaped them? The same reproach might be made to the predecessors of almost every discoverer in every walk of modern science. Many before him probably had looked from the same spot, with similar advantages for seeing, and had not seen. But they had gazed without any special object or previous instruction, and they had failed to discern what another coming after them, prepared to look for it, and knowing what it was like, and where likely to be, would have at once descried.

Hence the discovery of most of the rich mines in past times was the result of some unlooked-for accident happening generally to naturally-observant but ignorant men. Thus Jacob says of the mines in the Hartz—

“There are various conflicting opinions among the learned in antiquities respecting the discovery of the mineral wealth of the Hartz. The most probable accounts fix it in the tenth century; and the tradition is, that a hunter of the name of Ramm, when engaged in the chase, had

* *California: its Past History, its Present Position, its Future Prospects*, p. 77.

fastened his horse to a tree, who, by pawing with his feet, had scraped away the soil, and thereby discovered some minerals; that specimens of them were sent to the Emperor Otho, to whom all minerals, as regalities of the Empire, belonged, and who sent expert miners to examine the district, from Franconia."—(JACOB, i. p. 254.)

And again of the mines of Saxony—

"The mines of Saxony were first discovered in the tenth century, when the whole district in which they are situated was covered with wood and without inhabitants. Some carriers from Halle, on their way to Bohemia, whither they carried salt, observing metallic substances in the tracks made by the wheels, some of these were taken up and sent to Goslar to be examined, when they were found to consist of lead with a considerable quantity of silver. This led to the establishments for mining, which have continued, with some variations in their products, from the year 1169 to the present day."—(JACOB, i. p. 252.)

And of the mines of Potosi—

"In the latter end of the year 1545 the mines of the Cerro de Potosi were accidentally discovered. According to the account of Herrera, the discovery was owing to an Indian hunter, Diego Hualco, who, in pulling up a shrub, observed filaments of pure silver about the roots. On examination the mass was found to be enormous, and a very great part of the population was thereby drawn to the spot and employed in extracting the metal. A city soon sprang up, though in a district of unusual sterility. The mountain was perforated on all sides, and the produce, in a few of the first years, exceeded whatever has been recorded of the richest mines in the world."—(JACOB, ii. p. 57.)

And so with the discovery of the rich washings of California. As early as the time of Queen Anne, Captain Sheldrake, in command of an English privateer on the coast, discovered that the black sands of the rivers—

such as the washers now find at the bottom of their *rockers*—yielded gold largely, and pronounced the whole country to be rich in gold. But it remained in the hands of the Indians and the Jesuit fathers till 1820, when California was made a territory of the Mexican commonwealth, and a small party of adventurers came in. Captain Sheldrake and his published opinions had then been long forgotten,* and an accident made known again the golden sands in 1848, after the territory had been ceded to, and was already attracting adventurers from, the United States.

"The discoverer was Mr Marshall, who, in September 1847, had contracted with Captain Sutter to build a saw-mill near some pine woods on the American Fork, now a well-known feeder of the Sacramento river. In the spring of 1848 the saw-mill was nearly ready, the dam and race being constructed; but, when the water was set on to the wheel, the tail-race was found too narrow to let the water through quick enough. Mr Marshall, to save work, let the water right into the race with a strong stream, so as to sweep the race wider and deeper. This it did, and a great bank of gravel and mud was driven to the foot of the race. One day, Mr Marshall, on walking down the race to this bank, saw some glittering bits on the upper edge, and, having gathered a few, examined them and conjectured their value. He went down to Sutter's Fort and told the captain, and they agreed to keep it a secret until a certain grist mill of the captain's was finished. The news got about, however; a cunning Yankee carpenter having followed them in their visit to the mill-race, and found out the gold scales.

Forthwith the news spread. The first workmen were lucky, and in a few weeks some gold was sent to San Francisco, and speedily the town was emptied of people. In three months there were four thousand men at the diggings—Indians having been hired, eighty soldiers deserted from the

* We leave our readers to form their own opinion of the following passage from Mr Theodore Johnson's "*Sights in the Gold Region*:"—Speaking of the *Padres* of the old mission of San Francisco Dolores, he says, "That these priests were cognizant of the abundance of the precious metal at that period is now well known; but they were members of the extraordinary society of the Jesuits, which, jealous of its all-pervading influence, and dreading the effect of a large Protestant emigration to the western as well as to the eastern shores of America, applied its powerful injunctions of secrecy to the members of the order; and their faithful obedience, during so long a period, is another proof both of the strength and the danger of their organization."—(Second Edition, p. 164.)

American posts, and runaways getting up from the ships in the harbour. Such ships as got away carried news to Europe and the United States; and, by the beginning of 1849, both sides of the Atlantic were in agitation."—(WRLD, pp. 34, 35.)

But when no accident has intervened to force the discovery upon the unsuspecting or unobservant, it has sometimes happened that great riches, unseen by others, have been discovered by persons who knew what to look for, what were the signs of the presence of the thing sought, and who had gone to particular places for the purpose of exploration. Such was the case in Australia.

The preliminary history of the Australian discovery is peculiar. From what he had seen of the Ural, and had learned of the composition of the chief meridian mountain ridge of Australia, Sir Roderick Murchison publicly announced, in 1845, his belief that Australia was a country in which gold was likely to be found—recommended that it should be sought for, and even memorialised the home government on the subject.* But although this opinion and recommendation were inserted and commented upon in the colonial newspapers—although the Rev. W. B. Clarke published letters predicting, for reasons given, the discovery of gold deposits in California and Australia—although

"Sir Francis Forbes of Sydney subsequently published and circulated in New South Wales a paper, in which he affirmed in the strongest manner, on scientific data, the existence of gold formations in New Holland—although a colonial geologist had been sent out some years before and was settled at Sydney—and lastly, although one part of the prediction was soon so wonderfully fulfilled by the Californian discoveries—yet even the discoveries in California did not arouse the New Hollanders to adequate researches, though reports were spread of wonderful discoveries in Victoria and South Australia, which were speedily discredited. It was reserved for a gentleman of New South Wales, Mr Edward Hammond Hargraves, to make the definite discoveries. He appears to have acted independently of all previous views on the subject; but having acquired experience in California, and

being struck with the resemblance between the Californian formations and those of New Holland, he determined on a systematic search for gold, which he brought to a successful issue on the 12th of February of this year 1850, by the discovery of gold diggings in the Bathurst and Wellington districts, and which he prosecuted until he had ascertained the existence of gold sands in no less than twelve places."—(WRLD, p. 30.)

When this was made known by Mr Hargraves in a formal report to the authorities at Sydney, in April 1850, they then (!) despatched the provincial geologist to examine the localities, and confirm the discoveries of Mr Hargraves! But the public did not wait for such confirmation. On the 1st of May the discoveries became known in Sydney. In thousands the people forsook the city, the villages, cattle stations, and farms, in the interior, for the neighbourhood of Bathurst, where the gold had been found. Summerhill Creek alone soon numbered its four thousand diggers, who thence speedily spread themselves along the other head waters of the Darling and Murrumbidgee—rivers flowing westward from the inland slope of the mountain ridge, (Blue Mountains and Liverpool range,) which runs nearly parallel to the south-eastern coast of Australia, and at the distance from it of about one hundred miles. Near Bathurst the summit of the ridge attains, in Mount Canobolus, a height of 4461 feet. In numerous places among the feeders of these streams, which themselves unite lower down to form the main channel of the Murray, gold was speedily found. It was successfully extracted also from the upper course of the Hunter River, and from the channel of Cox's River—both descending from the eastern slope of the same ridge, within the province of New South Wales. In the province of Victoria, the feeders of the Glenelg and other rivers, which descend from the southern prolongation of the same chain—the Australian Pyrenees—have yielded large quantities of gold; and recently, Geelong and Melbourne have become the scene of an excitement scarcely inferior to that which

* Reports of British Association for 1849—Appendix, p. 63.

has longer prevailed in the country round Bathurst. South Australia also, where the main river, Murray, passes through it to the sea at Adelaide, has been reported to contain the precious metal. So suddenly does the first spark of real fire spread into a great flame of discovery—so clearly can all eyes see, when taught how to look, what to look for, and in what circumstances.

But in New South Wales, and in the province of Victoria, the excitement, and the zeal and success in digging, have up to the latest advices been the greatest. In the beginning of June 1850, the Governor-General had already bestowed a grant of £500 upon Mr Hargraves, and an appointment of £350 a-year, as acknowledgments of his services—acknowledgments he well deserved, but which might have been saved honourably to the colony, and creditably to science, had the recommendation made five years before by geologists at home, and by scientific colonists, been attended to. In the same month the Sir Thomas Arbutnot sailed from Sydney for England with £4000 worth of gold already among her cargo. The success of the explorers continues unchecked up to the latest arrivals from Australia. "When I left, on the 10th of August 1851," says the captain of one of her Majesty's ships of war, in a letter now before us, "there was then weekly coming into Sydney £13,000 of gold. One lump has been found one hundred and six pounds in weight." He adds, and we believe many are of this opinion, "that it appears to be one immense gold field, and that California is already thrown into the shade." The news of five months' later date only give additional strength to all previous announcements, anticipations, and predictions.

Now, in reflecting on these remarkable and generally unexpected discoveries, an enlightened curiosity suggests such questions as these:—What are the conditions geographical, physical, or geological, on which the occurrence of gold deposits depends? Why has the ability to predict, as in the Australian case, remained so long unexercised, or been so lately acquired? What are the absolute extent, and probable productive durability,

of the gold regions newly brought to light? What their extent and richness compared with those known at former periods, or with those which influence the market for precious metals now? What the influence they are likely to exercise on the social and financial relations of European countries? What the effect they will have on the growth and commerce of the States which border the Pacific, or which are washed by the Indian and Australian seas? In the present article we propose to answer a few of these questions.

And, first, as to the Geography of the question. There are no limits either in latitude or longitude, as used to be supposed, within which gold deposits are confined—none within which they are necessarily most abundant. In old times, the opinion was entertained that the precious metals favoured most the hot and equatorial regions of the earth. But the mines of Siberia, as far north as 69° of latitude, and the deposits of California, supposed to extend into Oregon, and even into Russian America, alone show the absurdity of this opinion.

Nor does the physical character of a country determine in any degree whether or not it shall be productive of gold. It may, like California, border the sea, or be far inland, like the Ural slopes, or the Steppes of the Kirghis; it may be flat, and of little elevation, or it may abound in streams, in lakes, and in mountains;—none of these conditions are necessarily connected with washings or veins of gold. It is true that mountain chains are usually seen at no great distance from localities rich in golden sands, and that metalliferous veins often cut through the mountains themselves. But these circumstances are independent of the mountains as mere physical features. It is not because there are mountains in a country that it is rich in gold, else gold mines would be far more frequent; and mountainous regions, like our own northern counties, would abound in mineral wealth. It is the nature of the rocks of which a country consists—its geological and chemical characters, in other words, which determine the presence or absence of the

most coveted of metals. Humboldt, indeed, supposed, from his observations, that, to be productive of gold, the chain of mountains which skirt the country must have a meridional direction. But further research has shown that this is by no means a necessary condition, although hitherto, perhaps, more gold has been met with in the neighbourhood of chains which have a prevailing north or south direction than of any other. We may safely say, therefore, that there are no known physical laws or conditions, by the application or presence of which the existence of gold can with any degree of probability be predicted.

Let us study for a little, then, the geology of a region of gold.

First, Every general reader now-a-days is aware that the crust of our globe consists of a series of beds of rock, laid one over the other, like the leaves of a book; and that of these the lowest layers, like the courses of stone in the wall of a building, are the oldest, or were the first laid down. These rocky beds are divided into three groups, of which the lowest, or oldest, is called the primary; the next in order, the secondary; and the uppermost, or newest, the tertiary.

Second, That in certain parts of the world this outer crust of rocks is broken through by living volcanoes, which, with intermissions more or less frequent, belch forth flames and smoke, with occasional torrents of burning lava. That where, or when, the cause of such eruptions is not sufficiently powerful to produce living volcanoes, earthquakes are occasioned; cracks or fissures, more or less wide, are produced in the solid rocks; smoking fumeroles appear; and vapour-exhaling surfaces show that fires, though languid and dormant for the time, still exist beneath. That besides the rocks of lava they have poured out, these volcanic agencies change the surface of a country more widely still by the alterations they gradually effect upon the previously existing slaty, calcareous, or sandstone rocks; converting limestone into marble, and baking sandstone into more or less homogeneous quartz, and *common slates* or hardened clays into

mica slates, gneiss, and granite-like rocks. That such volcanic agencies, producing similar phenomena, have existed in every geological epoch; and though the evidences of these are most extensive and distinct, perhaps, among the rocks of the oldest or primary period, that they are numerous and manifest also among those of the secondary and tertiary periods.

Third, That rocks of every age and kind, when exposed to the action of the air, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the beating of the rains, the force of flowing water, the dash of the inconstant sea, and other natural agencies, crumble down, wear away, or are torn asunder into fragments of every size. These either remain where they are formed, or are carried by winds and moving waters to distances, sometimes very great, but which are dependent on the force of the wind or water which impel them, and on the size or density of the fragments themselves. Thus are our shores daily worn away by the action of the sea, and the fragments distributed along its bottom by the tides and currents; and thus, from the far northern mountains of America, does the Missouri bring down detached fragments thousands of miles into the Gulf of Mexico, whence the Gulf Stream carries them even to the icy Spitzbergen.

Fourth, That over all the solid rocks, almost everywhere is spread a covering of this loose, and, for the most part, drifted matter, consisting of sands, gravels, and clays. These overspread not only valleys and plains, but hill-sides and slopes, and sometimes even mountain-tops, to a greater or less depth. There are comparatively few spots where these loose materials do not cover and conceal the native rocks; but in some localities, and especially in wide plains and deep river valleys, they are sometimes met with in accumulations of enormous depth. In our own island, a depth of two hundred feet of such superficial sands, gravels, and clays, is by no means unusual. They are often sorted into beds alternately coarse and fine, evidently by the action of moving water; and while the great bulk of the fragments of which our English gravels consist can generally be traced to native rocks at

no great distance from the spots on which they rest, yet among them are to be found fragments also, which must have been brought from Norway, and other places, many hundred miles distant.

On the surface of these drifted masses we generally live, and from the soils they form we extract by tillage the means of life.

Fifth, That these, occasionally thick, beds of drifted matter—*drift* we shall for brevity call it—are in some places cut through by existing rivers, the beds of which run between high banks of clay, sand, or gravel, which the action of the stream has gradually worn and washed away. This is seen in many of our own river valleys; and it is especially visible along the great rivers of North America. The effect of this wearing action is to remove, mix up, and redistribute, towards the river's mouth, the materials which have been scooped out by the cutting water, and thus to produce, on a small scale, along the river's bed, what had long before been done in the large, when the entire bed of drift through which the river flows was itself spread over the plain or valley by more mighty waters.

These things being understood, a very wide geological examination of gold-bearing localities has shown—

First, That gold rarely occurs in available quantity in any of the stratified rocks, except in those which belong to the primary or oldest group, and in these only when or where they have been, more or less, disturbed or altered by ancient volcanic or volcanic-like action; by the intrusion, for example into cracks and hollows, of veins and masses of serpentine, granite, syenite, and other igneous rocks, in a melted or semi-fluid state.

Second, That among these primary stratified rocks a subdivision, to which the name of Silurian was given by Sir Roderick Murchison, has hitherto, as a whole, proved by far the richest in this kind of mineral wealth; though the slate-rocks below, and the sandstones and limestones above, in favourable circumstances, may be equally gold-bearing.

Third, That the drifted sands and

gravels, in which gold-washing is profitable, occur only in the proximity, more or less near, of such ancient and altered (so called metamorphic) rocks. They are, in fact, the fragments of such rocks broken up, pounded, and borne to their present sites by natural causes, operating long ages ago, but similar in kind to those which now degrade and carry away to lower levels the crumbling particles still torn off from our hardest mountains by the ceaseless tooth of time.

Numerous as have been the deposits of gold found in various ages and countries, they all confirm the general geological conclusions above stated. The main and most abundant sources of gold which were known to the ancients, occurred among the sands of rivers, and amid the gravels and shingles which formed their banks. Such were the gold-washings in the beds of the Phasis, the Pactolus, the Po, the Douro, the Tagus, and the mountain streams which descended from the alpine heights of Greece, of Italy, of America, of Asia Minor, and of many other countries. These rivers all descend from, or, early on their way, pass through or among, ancient rocks, generally old and altered Silurian strata, such as those we have spoken of, in which the gold originally existed, and from which the existing rivers, since they assumed their present channels, have in some few cases, and to a small amount, separated and brought it down. And if in any region, as in Nubia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Macedonia,* the ancient or mediæval nations followed up their search to the sources of the rich rivers, and were successful in finding and extracting gold from the native rocks, later explorations, wherever made, have shown that these mines were situated among old and disturbed deposits of the primary and Silurian age.

The more modern discoveries in America, Siberia, and elsewhere, prove the same. So that, among geologists, it is at present received as an established fact, that the primary, the so called æzolic and palæozoic rocks, are the only great repositories of native gold.

* JACON, l. chap. x. *passim*.

There are no known laws, either physical or chemical, by which the almost exclusive presence of gold in these ancient rocks can be accounted for or explained. A conjecture has been hazarded, however, to which we shall for a moment advert.

From the fissures and openings which abound in volcanic neighbourhoods, gases and vapours are now seen continually to arise. Whatever is capable of being volatilised—driven off in vapour, that is—by the existing heat, rises from beneath till it reaches the open air, or some comparatively cool spot below the surface, where it condenses and remains. Such was the case also in what we may call the primary days of geology.

Gold is one of the few metals which occur, for the most part, in the native or metallic and malleable state. But in this state it is not volatile, and could not have been driven up in vapour by ancient subterranean heat. But, as in the case of many other metals, the prevailing belief is, that it has been so volatilised—not in the metallic state, however, but in some form of chemical combination in which it is capable of being volatilised. No such combinations are yet known, though their existence is not inconsistent with—may in fact be inferred from—our actual knowledge.

It is further supposed that, at the period when the primary rocks were disturbed by intrusions of granites, porphyries, serpentines, greenstones, &c., which we have spoken of as volcanic-like phenomena, the elementary bodies, which, by their union with the gold, are capable of rendering it volatile, happened to exist more abundantly than at the period of any of those other disturbances by which the secondary and tertiary rocks were affected; and that this is the reason why signs of gold-bearing exhalations, and consequently gold-bearing veins, are rare in the rocks of the newer epochs.

According to this view of the introduction of gold into the fissures and veins of the earliest rocks, its presence is due to what we may call the fortuitous and concurrent presence in the under crust of other elementary substances along with the gold, which by uniting with it could make it vola-

tile, rather than to the action or influence of any widely-operating chemical or physical law. The explanation itself, however, it will be remembered, is merely conjectural, and, we may add, neither satisfactory nor free from grave objections.

But from the geological facts we have above stated, several very interesting consequences follow, such as—

First, That wherever the rocks we have mentioned occur, and altered as we have described, the existence and discovery of gold are rendered probable. Physical conditions may not be equally propitious everywhere. Broad valleys and favourable river channels may not always coexist with primary rocks traversed by old volcanic disturbances; or the ancient sands and shingles with which the particles of abraded gold were originally mixed may, by equally ancient currents, have been scoured out of existing valleys, and swept far away. But these are matters of only secondary consideration, to be ascertained by that personal exploration which a previous knowledge of the geological structure will justify and encourage.

Whenever the geology of a new country becomes known, therefore, it becomes possible to predict the presence or absence of native gold, in available quantities, with such a degree of probability as to make public research a national, if not an individual duty. This led Sir Roderick Murchison to foretell the discovery of gold in Australia, as we have already explained; and similar knowledge places similar predictions within the power of other geologists.

We happen to have before us, at this present moment, a geological map of Nova Scotia. Two such maps have been published, one by Messrs Alger and Jackson, of Boston, and another by Dr Gesner, late colonial geologist for the province of New Brunswick. In these maps the north-western part of the province is skirted by a fringe of old primary rocks, partly metamorphic, and sometimes fossiliferous, and resting on a back ground of igneous rocks, which cover, according to Gesner, the largest portion of this end of the province. Were we inclined to try our hand at a geological prediction, we should counsel our friends in

the vale of Annapolis to look out for yellow particles along the course of the Annapolis river, and especially at the mouths and up the beds of the cross streams that descend into the valley from the southern highlands.

Nature, indeed, has given the Nova Scotians in this Annapolis valley a miniature of the more famed valley of the Sacramento. Their north and south mountains represent respectively the coast range and the Sierra Nevada of the Sacramento Basin. The tributaries in both valleys descend chiefly from the hills on the left of the main rivers. The Sacramento and the Annapolis rivers both terminate in a lake or basin, and each finally escapes through a narrow chasm in the coast ridge by which its terminating basin communicates with the open sea. The Gut of Digby is, in the small, what the opening into the harbour of San Francisco now called the "Golden Gate" and the "Narrows" is in the large; and if the Sacramento has its plains of drifted sand and gravel, barren and unpropitious to the husbandman, the Annapolis river, besides its other poor lands, on which only the sweet fern luxuriates, has its celebrated Aylesford sand plain, or devil's goose pasture—a broad flat "given up to the geese, who are so wretched that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad." Then the south mountains, as we have said, consist of old primary rocks, such as may carry gold—disturbed, traversed by dykes, and changed or metamorphosed, as gold-bearing rocks usually are. Whether quartz veins abound in them we cannot tell; but the idle boys of Clare, Digby, Clements, Annapolis, Aylesford, and Horton, may as well keep their eyes about them, and the woodmen, as they hew and float down the pine logs for the supply of the Boston market. A few days spent with a "long Californian Tom," in rocking the Aylesford and other sands and gravel-drifts of their beautiful valley, may not prove labour in vain. What if the rich alluvials of Horton and Cornwallis should hide beneath more glittering riches, and more suddenly

enriching, than the famed crops of which they so justly boast? Geological considerations also suggest that the streams which descend from the northern slopes of the Cobequid Mountains should not be overlooked. It may well be that the name given to Cap d'Or by the early French settlers two hundred years ago, may have had its origin in the real, and not in the imaginary presence of glittering gold.

But to return from this digression. *Second*, The same facts which thus enable us to predict or to suggest inquiry, serve also to test the truth or falsehood of ancient traditions regarding the former fruitfulness in gold of countries which now possess only the fading memory of such natural but bygone wealth. Our geological maps direct us to European countries, in which all the necessary geological conditions coexist, and in which, were the world still young, a geologist would stake a fair reputation on the hazard of discovering gold. But the art of extracting gold from auriferous sands is simple, and easily practised. It is followed as successfully by the black barbarians of Africa as by the whitest savages of California. The longer a country has been inhabited, therefore, by a people among whom gold is valued, the less abundant the region is likely to be in profitable washings of gold. The more will it approach to the condition of Bohemia, where gold prevailed to a great extent, and was very productive in the middle ages, though it has been long worked out, and the very localities of its mines forgotten.*

Were it to become, for example, a matter of doubtful tradition, which the historian was inclined to pass by, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth three hundred men were employed near Elvan's Foot—not far, we believe, from Wanlockhead in Scotland—at a place called the Gold Scour, in washing for the precious metal, who in a few summers collected as much as was valued at £100,000; or that in 1796, ten thousand pounds' worth of gold was collected in the alluvial soil of a small district in Wicklow—the geolo-

* Murchison—*Reports of British Association*, 1849, (Appendix, pp. 61, 62.)

gist would come to his aid and assure him that the natural history of the neighbourhood rendered the occurrence of gold probable, and the traditions, therefore, worthy of reliance.

Third, They explain, also, why it is that, where streams flowing from one slope of a chain or ridge of mountains are found to yield rich returns to the gold-seekers, those which descend from the opposite slope often prove wholly unproductive. In the Ural, rich mines occur almost solely on the eastern, or Siberian slope of the great chain. On the western, or European slope, a few inconsiderable mines only are worked. So, as yet, in the Sierra Nevada in California, the chief treasures occur in the feeders of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which descend from its western side. The eastern slope, which falls towards the broad arid valley of the Mormons, is as yet unfamed, and may probably never prove rich in gold. These circumstances are accounted for by the fact that, in the Ural, the older rocks, of which we have spoken as being especially gold-bearing, form the eastern slope of the ridge only, the western flank of the range being covered for the most part by rocks of a more modern epoch. The same may be the case also with the Sierra Nevada where it is still unexplored; and the Utah Lake, though remote, by its saltiness lends probability to this conjecture.

Fourth, and lastly, they make clear the distinction between the "dry and wet diggings" we read of in our Californian news—why in so many countries the beds of rivers have been deserted by the gold-finders, and why the river banks, and even distant dry and elevated spots, have proved more productive than the channel itself.*

Let us attempt to realise for a moment the condition of a country like California, at the period, not geologically remote, when the gold-bearing drift was spread over its magnificent valley. The whole region was covered by the sea to an unknown depth. The snowy ridge, (Nevada,) and pro-

bably the coast ridge, also formed lines of rocky islands or peaks, which withstood the fury of the waves, and, if they were covered with ice, the wearing and degrading action also of the moving glaciers. The spoils of the crumbling rocks sank into the waters, and were distributed by tides and currents along the bottom of the valley. The narrow opening through the coast chain, by which the bay of San Francisco now communicates with the Northern Pacific, would, at the period we speak of, prevent the debris of the Nevada rocks from being washed out into the main basin of the Pacific, and this would enable the metallic, as well as the other spoils of these rocks, to accumulate in the bottom, and along the slopes of what is now the valley of California.

By a great physical change the country was lifted out of the sea, either at once or by successive stages, and it presented then the appearance of a valley long and wide, covered almost everywhere by a deep clothing of sands, gravels, and shingles, with which were intermingled—not without some degree of method, but at various depths, and in various proportions—the lumps and grains of metallic gold which had formerly existed in the rocks, of which the sands and shingles had formed a part.

And now the tiny streams, which had formerly terminated their short courses in the sea itself, flowed down the mountain slopes, united their waters in the bottom, and formed large rivers. These gradually cut their way into the superficial sands, washed them as the modern gold-washer does in his cradle, and collected, in certain parts of their beds, the heavier particles of gold which they happened to meet with in their descent. Hence the golden sands of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and of so many of the rivers celebrated in ancient story. But the beds of these rivers could never be the receptacle of all the gold of such a district. *They* derived nearly all their wealth from

* "In the Temeswar Bannat the washings were performed exclusively by the gypsies, who display great skill in finding it. They dig chiefly on the *banks* of the river Nera, where more gold is found than in the bottom of the stream."—JACOB, i. p. 245.

the sands and clays or gravels they had scooped out in forming their channels; and as these channels occupy only a small fraction of the surface of the bottoms and slopes of most river valleys, they could, or were likely to contain, only an equally small fraction of the mineral wealth of their several regions. The more ancient waters had distributed the gold throughout the whole drift of the country. The river, like a "long Tom," had cradled a small part of it, and proved its richness. The rest of the drift, if rocked by art, would prove equally, it might be even more, productive.

It is in this old virgin drift, usually untouched by the river, that the so-called dry diggings are situated. The reader will readily understand that, while no estimate can be formed of the quantity of gold which an entire valley like that of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, or which wide sandy plains like those of Australia, may ultimately yield, yet it will require great sagacity to discover, it may even be that only accident and long lapse of time will reveal, in what spots and at what depths the gold is most abundantly accumulated, and where it will best pay the cost of extraction.

We do not now advert to any of the other points connected with the history of gold on which our geological facts throw light. These illustrations are sufficient to show how rich in practical inferences and suggestions geological and chemical science is, in this as in many other special branches of mineral inquiry.

Nor need we say much in answer to our question,—“Why the ability to predict, as in the Australian case,” or generally to draw such conclusions and offer such suggestions and explanations, has remained so long unanswered, or been so lately acquired? Geology and chemistry are both young sciences, almost unknown till within a few years, rapidly advancing, and every day applying themselves more widely and directly to those subjects which effect the material prosperity and individual comforts of mankind. Knowledge which was not possessed before our day, could obviously neither be applied at all by ancient nations, nor earlier by the moderns.

To the consideration of the absolute extent and probable productive durability of the gold regions newly brought to light—of their extent and richness compared with those known in former times—and of their probable effects on the social and financial relations of mankind, we shall now turn our attention.

In the preceding part we have explained the circumstances in which gold occurs—the geological conditions which appear to be necessary to its occurrence—and where, therefore, we may expect to find it. But no conditions chemical or geological at present known are able to indicate—a priori, and apart from personal examination and trial—in what quantity the precious metal is likely to occur, either in the living rocks of a gold-bearing district, or in the sands and gravels by which it may be covered. Yet, next to the fact of the existence of gold in a country, the quantity in which it is likely to occur, and the length of time during which a profitable yield may be obtained, are the questions which most interest, not only individuals on the spot, but all other countries to which the produce of its mines is usually sent, or from which adventurers are likely to proceed.

We have already remarked, that, in nearly all the gold regions which have been celebrated in past times, their mineral riches have been for the most part extracted from the drifted sands and gravels which overspread the surface. We have also drawn attention to the small amount of skill and intelligence which this extraction requires, and to the brief time in which such washings may be exhausted even by ignorant people. Most of our modern gold mines are situated in similar drifts. We may instance, from among the less generally known, those of Africa, from which are drawn the supplies that come to us yearly from the gold coast.

“Of all the mines in the world to be taken, the Senegal river, which is chiefly occupied in alluring the eight or ten miles from the topped hill, is the most valuable.”

whole of which is an alluvial formation of sand and pulverised emery, with grains of iron ore and gold, in lumps, grains, and scales. This hill is worked throughout; and it is said the richest lumps are found deepest. There are 1200 pits or workings, some 40 feet deep—but mere holes unplanked. This basin includes at least 500 square miles. Forty miles north, at the foot of the Tabwara mountains, are the mines of Semayla, in a hill. This is of quartz slate; and the gold is got by pounding the rock in large mortars. In the river Semayla are alluvial deposits, containing emery impregnated with gold. The earth is washed by the women in calabashes. The mine of Nambia is in another part of the Tabwara mountains, in a hillock worked in pits. The whole gold district of Bambouk is supposed to extend over 10,000 square miles.

"Close to the Ashantee country is that of the Bunkatoos, who have rich gold workings, in pits at Bukanti and Kentosoe."—(WYLD, p. 44.)

From this description we see that all the mines in the Senegal country are gold-washings, with the exception of those of Semayla, to which we shall hereafter allude. No skill is required to work them; and should European constitutions ever permit European nations to obtain an ascendancy in this part of Africa, such mines may be effectually exhausted before an opportunity is afforded for the application of European skill. And so in California and Australia, should the gold repositories be all of the same easily explored character, the metal may be suddenly worked out by the hordes of all classes who have been rushing in; and thus the influence of the mines may die away after a few brief years of extraordinary excitement.

When California first became famous, the popular inquiry everywhere was simply, what amount of immediate profit is likely to be realised by an industrious adventurer? What individual temptation, in other words, is there for me or my connections to join the crowd of eager emigrants?

Passing over the inflated and suspicious recitals which found their way into American and European journals,

such statements as the following, from trustworthy sources, could not fail to have a most stimulating effect—

"To give you an instance, however, of the amount of metal in the soil—which I had from a miner on the spot, three Englishmen bought a claim, 30 feet by 100 feet, for fourteen hundred dollars. It had been twice before bought and sold for considerable sums, each party who sold it supposing it to be nearly exhausted. In three weeks the Englishmen paid their fourteen hundred dollars, and cleared thirteen dollars a-day besides for their trouble. This claim, which is not an unusually rich one, though it has perhaps been more successfully worked, has produced in eighteen months over twenty thousand dollars, or five thousand pounds' worth of gold."*

Mr Coke is here describing the riches of a spot on the immediate banks of the river, where circumstances had caused a larger proportion than usual of that gold to be collected, or thrown together—which the river, in cutting out its gravelly channel, had separated or *rocked out*, as we have described in the previous part of this article. This rich spot, therefore, is by no means a fair sample of the country, though, from Mr Coke's matter-of-fact language, many might be led to think so. Few spots so small in size could reasonably be expected to yield so rich a store of gold, though its accumulation in this spot certainly does imply that the quantity of gold diffused through the drift of the country may in reality be very great. It may be so, however, and yet not pay for the labour required to extract it.

That many rich prizes have been obtained by fortunate and steady men in these diggings, there can be no doubt; and yet, if we ask what benefit the emigrant diggers, as a whole, have obtained, the information we possess shows it to be far from encouraging. On this subject we find, in one of the books before us, the following information:—†

"The inaccessibility of the *placers*, the diseases, the hardships, and the *very mo-*

* *A Ride over the Rocky Mountains.* By the Hon. HENRY J. COKE, p. 359.

† *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way.* By THEODORE J. JOHNSON. Second Edition. New York, 1850.

derate remuneration resulting to the great mass of the miners, were quite forgotten or omitted—in the communications and reports of a few only excepted.

"A few have made, and will hereafter make, fortunes there, and very many of those who remain long enough will accumulate something; but the great mass, all of whom expected to acquire large amounts of gold in a short time, must be comparatively disappointed. I visited California to dig gold, but chose to abandon that purpose rather than expose life and health in the mines; and as numbers were already seeking employment in San Francisco without success, and I had neither the means nor the inclination to speculate, I resolved to return to my family, and resume my business at home."—(P. 207.)

Thousands, we believe, have followed Mr Johnson's example; and thousands more would have lived longer and happier, had they been courageous enough, like him, to return home unsuccessful.

"The estimate in a former chapter of three or four dollars per day per man, as the average yield during my late visit to the gold regions, has been most extensively and generally confirmed since that period. Innumerable letters, and persons lately returned from the diggings, (including successful miners,) now fix the average at from three to four dollars per day for each digger during the season."—(P. 243.)

"Thus far the number of successful men may have been one in every hundred. In this estimate those only should be considered successful who have realized and safely invested their fortunes. The thousands who thus far have made their fortunes, but are still immersed in speculations, do not belong as yet to the foregoing number."—(P. 245.)

This is applying the just principle, "*Nemo ante obitum beatus*," which is too generally forgotten when the first sudden shower of riches falls upon ourselves or our neighbours.

"Individual efforts, as a general rule, must prove abortive. So far as my knowledge enables me to judge, they already have. I do not know of a single instance of great success at the mines on the part of a single member of the passengers or ship's company with whom I came round Cape Horn: of the former there were a hundred, and of the latter twenty. Many have returned home, who can tell the truth."—(P. 249.)

This last extract does not contain Mr Johnson's own experience, but that of a physician settled at San Francisco, from whose communication he quotes; and the same writer adds many distressing particulars, which we pass by, of the fearful misery to which those free men, of their own free will, from the thirst of gold, have cheerfully exposed themselves.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?"

The latest news from Australia contains a repetition of the Californian experience. A recent *Australian and New Zealand Gazette* speaks thus of the gold-hunters—

"In all parts of the colony, labour is quitting its legitimate employment for the lottery of gold-hunting; and, as a natural consequence, industrial produce is suffering. Abundant as is the metal, misery among its devotees is quite as abundant. The haggard look of the unsuccessful, returning disheartened in search of ordinary labour, is fully equalled by the squalor of the successful, who, the more they get, appear to labour the harder, amidst filth and deprivation of every kind, till their wasted frames vie with those of their less lucky neighbours. With all its results, gold-finding is both a body and soul debasing occupation; and even amongst so small a body of men, the vices and degradation of California are being enacted, in spite of all wholesome check imposed by the authorities."

It is indeed a melancholy reflection that, wherever such mines of the precious metals have occurred, there misery of the most extreme kind has speedily been witnessed. The cruelties of the Spanish conquerors towards the Indian nations of Mexico and Peru, are familiar to all. They are now brought back fresh upon our memories by the new fortunes and prospects of the western shores of America. Yet of such cruelties the Spaniards were not the inventors. They only imitated in the New, what thousands of years before the same thirst for gold had led other conquerors to do in the Old World. Diodorus, after mentioning that, in the confines of Egypt and the neighbouring countries, there are parts full of gold mines, from which, by the

labour of a vast multitude of people, much gold is dug, adds—

"The kings of Egypt condemn to these mines, not only notorious criminals, captives in war, persons falsely accused, and those with whom the king is offended, but also all their kindred and relations. These are sent to this work, either as a punishment, or that the profit and gain of the king may be increased by their labours. There are thus infinite numbers thrust into these mines, all bound in fetters, kept at work night and day, and so strictly guarded that there is no possibility of their effecting an escape. They are guarded by mercenary soldiers of various barbarous nations, whose language is foreign to them and to each other; so that there are no means either of forming conspiracies, or of corrupting those who are set to watch them. They are kept to incessant work by the overseer, who, besides, lashes them severely. Not the least care is taken of the bodies of these poor creatures; they have not a rag to cover their nakedness; and whosoever sees them must compassionate their melancholy and deplorable condition; for though they may be sick, or maimed, or lame, no rest, nor any intermission of labour, is allowed them. Neither the weakness of old age, nor the infirmity of females, excuses any from that work to which all are driven by blows and cudgels, till at length, borne down by the intolerable weight of their misery, many fall dead in the midst of their insufferable labours. Thus these miserable creatures, being destitute of all hope, expect their future days to be worse than the present, and long for death as more desirable than life."*

How truly might we apply to gold the words of Horace—

"Te semper anteit sæva necessitas,
Clavos trabaleis et cuneos manu,
Gestas ahenæ, nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum."

There was both irony and wisdom in the counsel given by the Mormon

leaders to their followers after their settlement on the Salt Lake. "*The true use of gold* is for paving streets, covering houses, making culinary dishes; and when the saints shall have preached the gospel, raised grain, and built up cities enough, the Lord will open up the way for a supply of gold to the perfect satisfaction of his people." This kept the mass of their followers from moving to the diggings of Western California. They remained around the lake "to be healthy and happy, to raise grain and build cities."†

But the occurrence of individual disappointment, or misery in procuring it, will not prevent the gold itself from afterwards exercising its natural influence upon society when it has been brought into the markets of the world. When the riches of California began to arrive, therefore, graver minds, whose thoughts were turned to the future as much as to the present, inquired, *first*, how much gold are these new diggings sending into the markets?—and, *second*, how long is this yield likely to last?

1st, To the first of these questions—owing to the numerous channels along which the gold of California finds its way into commerce—it seems impossible to obtain more than an approximate answer. Mr Theodore Johnson (p. 246) estimates the produce for

1848, at 8 million dollars.

1849, from 22 to 37 million dollars.

Or in the latter year, from four to seven millions sterling. It would, of course, be more in 1850, as it is assumed to be by Mr Wyld, from whose pamphlet (p. 22) we copy the following table of the estimated total yield of gold and silver by all the known mines of the world, in the five years named in the first column:—

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
1800	—	—	£10,250,000
1840	£25,000,000	£6,750,000	11,750,000
1848	7,000,000	6,750,000	13,750,000
1850	17,500,000	7,500,000	25,000,000
1851	22,500,000	7,500,000	30,000,000

* Quoted by JACOB, vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

† *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints*, (a cotemporary history,) p. 227. London, 1851.

Supposing the Russian mines, from which upwards of four millions' worth of the gold of 1848 was derived, to have remained equally productive in 1850 and 1851, this estimate assigns a yield of £10,000,000 worth of gold to California in 1850, and £15,000,000 to California and Australia together in 1851.

The *New York Herald* (October 31st, 1851) estimates the produce of the Californian mines alone, for the years 1850 and 1851, at

1850, 68,587,000 dollars, or £13,717,000
1851, 75,000,000 " £15,000,000

These large returns may be exaggerations, but they profess to be based on the custom-house books, and may be quite as near the truth as the lower sums of Mr Wyld. But supposing either statement to contain only a tolerable guess at the truth, it may well induce us anxiously to inquire, in the second place, how long is such a supply to continue?

2d, Two different branches of scientific inquiry must be followed up in order to arrive at anything like a satisfactory answer to this second question. We must investigate both the probable durability of the surface diggings, and the probable occurrence of gold in the native rocks.

Now, the duration of profitable gold-washing in a region depends, first, on the extent of country over which the gold is spread, and the universality of its diffusion. *Second*, on the minimum proportion of gold in the sands which will pay for washing; and this, again, on the price of labour.

The valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, in California, is 500 miles long, by an average of 50 miles broad; comprehending an area, therefore, of 25,000 square miles.

We do not know as yet over how much of this the gold is distributed; nor whether, after the richest and most accessible spots have been hunted out, and apparently exhausted, the surface of the country generally will admit of being washed over with a profit. We cannot draw a conclusion in reference to this point from any of the statements yet published

as to the productiveness of particular spots. But, at the same time, we ought to bear in mind that deserted spots may often be returned to several times, and may yield, to more careful treatment, and more skilful methods in after years, returns of gold not less considerable than those which were obtained by the first adventurers. Besides, if we are to believe Mr Theodore Johnson,

"There is no reason to doubt that the whole range of mountains extending from the cascades in Oregon to the Cordilleras in South America, contain greater or less deposits of the precious metals; and it is well known that *Senora*, the northern state of Mexico, is equally rich in gold as the adjoining country of *Alta California*. The Mexicans have hitherto proved too feeble to resist the warlike Apaches in that region, consequently its treasure remains comparatively undisturbed."—(P. 231.)

Passing by Mr Johnson's opinion about the Oregon mountains, what he says of *Senora* has probably a foundation in truth, and justifies us in expecting from that region a supply of gold which may make up for any falling off in the produce of the diggings of California for many years to come.

The question as to the minimum proportion of gold in the sands of California, or in those of Australia—the state of society, the workmen and the tools, in both countries being much the same—which can be extracted with a profit, or the minimum daily yield which will make it worth extracting, has scarcely as yet become a practical one.

As a matter of curiosity, however, connected with this subject, it is interesting to know what is the experience of other gold regions in these particulars.

In Bohemia, on the lower part of the river Iser, there were formerly gold-washings. "The sand does not now yield more than one grain of gold in a hundredweight; and it is supposed that so much is not regularly to be obtained. There are at present no people searching for gold, and there have been none for several centuries."* This, therefore, may be

* JACOB, l. p. 246, note.

considered less than the minimum proportion which will enable washers to live even in that cheap country. In the famed gold country of Minas Geraes, in Brazil, where gangs of slaves are employed in washing, the net annual amount of gold extracted seems to be little more than £4 a-head; and in Columbia, where provisions are dearer, "a mine, which employs sixty slaves, and produces 20 lb. of gold of 18 carats annually, is considered a good estate."*

These also approach so near to the unprofitable point, that gold-washing, where possible, has long been gradually giving way, in that country, to the cultivation of sugar and other agricultural productions.

In regard to Siberia, Rose, in his account of his visit to the mines of the Ural and the Altai, gives the results of numerous determinations of the proportion of gold in the sands which are considered worth washing at the various places he visited. Thus on the Altai, at Katharinenburg, near Beresowsk, and at Nei-winskoi, near Neujansk, and at Wiluyskoi, near Nischnei Tagilsk, the proportions of gold in 100 pood† of sand, were respectively—

Katharinenburg, } 1.1 to 2.5, or an average of 1.3 solotniks.
 Nei-winskoi, † ½ solotnik.
 Wiluyskoi, † 1½ solotnik.

These are respectively 72, 26, and 80 troy grains to the ton of sand;

	I.	II.	III.	IV.
1825,	2.28 sol.	1.56 sol.	5.64 sol.	
1826,	1.43 "	0.83 "	2.46 "	7.28 sol.
1827,	0.64 "	0.77 "	1.43 "	5.0 "
1828,	0.58 "	0.29 "	1.92 "	3.52 "

As all the Ural diggings exhibit this kind of falling off, it has been anticipated, from time to time, that the general and total yield of gold by the Siberian mines would speedily diminish. But so far have these expectations been disappointed, that the produce has constantly increased from 1829 until now. On an average of the last five years, the quantity of

and although the proportion of 26 grains to the ton is little more than is found unworth the extraction from the sands of the Iser, and implies that nearly 19 tons of sand must be washed to obtain one troy ounce of gold, yet it is found that this washing can in Siberia be carried on with a profit.

In the gold-washings of the Eastern slopes of the Ural, near Minsk, the average of fourteen mines in 1829 was about 1½ solotniks to the 100 poods, or 60 grains to the ton of sand. The productive layers varied in thickness, from 2 to 10 feet, and were covered by an equally variable thickness of sand and gravel, which was too poor in gold to pay for washing.‡

We have no data, as yet, from which to judge of the richness of the Californian and Australian sands, compared with those of Siberia. And, if we had, no safe conclusion could be drawn from them as to the prolonged productiveness of the mines, in consequence of another interesting circumstance, which the prosecution of the Uralian mines has brought to light. It is in every country the case that the richest sands are first washed out, and thus a gradual falling off in every locality takes place, till spot by spot the whole country is deserted by the washers. We give an example of this falling off in four of the Ural mines in five successive years. The yield of gold is in solotniks from the 100 poods of sand—

gold yielded by the Russian, and chiefly by the Siberian mines, is now greater than that obtained from the South American gold mines in their richest days.§

While, therefore, it is certain that the new American and Australian diggings will individually, or on each spot, become poorer year by year, yet, as in Siberia, the extension of the

* JACOB, ii. pp. 263, 264, note.

† A pood is 36 lb. Russian, of which 100 are about 90 English avoirdupois; and a solotnik, 1-96th of a Russian pound, or about 65¼ troy grains.

‡ ROSE, *Reise nach dem Ural*, &c., chaps. ii. iv. viii. Berlin, 1842.

§ Compare WYLD, p. 26, with JACOB, ii. pp. 62, 167.

search, and the employment of improved methods, may not only keep up the yield for a long period of years, but may augment the yearly supply even beyond what it has yet been.

But while so much uncertainty attends the consideration of the extent, richness, and durability of mines situated in the gold-bearing sands and gravels, something more precise and definite can be arrived at in regard to the gold-bearing rocks. In nearly all the gold countries of past times, the chief extraction of the precious metal, as we have said, has been from the drifted sands. It is so also now in Siberia, and it was naturally expected that the same would be the case in California. And as other countries had for a time yielded largely, and then become exhausted, so it was predicted of this new region, and it was too hastily asserted that the increasing thousands of diggers who were employed upon its sands must render pre-eminently shortlived its gold-bearing capability. This opinion was based upon the two considerations—*first*, that there is no source of reproduction for these golden sands, inasmuch as it is only in very rare cases that existing rivers have brought down from native rocks the metallic particles which give their value to the sands and gravels through which they flow—and *second*, that no available quantity of gold was likely to be found in any living rocks.

But in respect of the living rocks, two circumstances have been found to coexist in California, which have not been observed in any region of gold-washings hitherto explored, and which are likely to have much effect on the

special question we are now considering. These two circumstances are the occurrence of numerous and, it is said, extensive deposits of the precious metals in the solid quartz veins among the spurs of the Sierra Nevada, and of apparently inexhaustible beds of the ores of quicksilver.

The discovery of gold in the native rock was by no means a novelty. The ancient Egyptians possessed mines in the Sahara and other neighbouring mountains. "This soil," says Diodorus, "is naturally black; but in the body of the earth there are many veins shining with white marble, (quartz?) and glittering with all sorts of bright metals, out of which those appointed to be overseers cause the gold to be dug by the labourers—a vast multitude of people."*

At Altenberg also, in Bohemia, in the middle ages, the mixed metals (gold and silver) were found in beds of gneiss;† and, at present, in the Ural and Altai, a small portion of the gold obtained is extracted from quartz veins, which penetrate the granite and other rocks; but these and other cases, ancient and modern, though not forgotten, were not considered of consequence enough to justify the expectation of finding gold-bearing rocks of any consequence in California. It is to another circumstance that we owe the so early discovery of such rocks in this new country, and, as in so many other instances, to a class of men ignorant of what history relates in regard to other regions.

As early as 1824, the inner country of North Carolina was discovered to be productive of gold. The amount

* Jacon, l. p. 56. In copying the above extract from Diodorus, we inserted the word *quartz* in brackets after his word "marble," under the impression that the old Egyptian mines were, like the similar ones in California, really situated in veins of quartz, and not of marble. We have since communicated with a gentleman who, about twenty years ago, accompanied M. Linant, a French engineer in the service of Mehemet Ali, to examine these mines, and he informs us that the gold was really found in *quartz veins* traversing a black slaty rock. The locality, as may be seen in Sharpe's *Chronology and Geography of Ancient Egypt*, plate 10, is in the Eastern Desert, about the middle of the great bend of the Nile, and about the 21st parallel. The samples of rock brought down by M. Linant were considered rich enough to justify the despatch of a body of miners, who were subsequently attacked by the natives, and forced to abandon the place. A strong government would overcome this difficulty; and modern modes of crushing and extraction might possibly render the mines more productive than ever. A very interesting account of these mines is to be found in a work by Quatremere de Quincy—"Notices des Pays voisins de l'Egypte."

† *Ibid.* p. 247.

extracted in that year was only 6000 dollars, but it had reached in 1829 to 128,000 dollars. The washings were extended both east and west, and finally it was made out that a gold region girdles the northern part of Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia. This region is situated towards the foot of the mountains, and where the igneous rocks begin to disturb and penetrate the primary stratified deposits. As the sands became poorer in this region, the ardent miners had followed up their stream-washings to the parent rock, and in veins of rusty quartz had discovered grains and scales of native gold. To obtain these, like the Africans at Semayla, they blasted, crushed, and washed the rock.

Now, among the first who, fired by fresher hopes, pushed to the new treasure-house in California, came the experienced gold-seekers from the Carolinian borders. Following the gold trail into the gulches and ravines of the Snowy ridge, some of them were able to fix their trained eyes on quartz veins such as they had seen at home, and, scattered through the solid rock, to detect sparkling grains of gold which might long have escaped less practised observers. And through the same men, skilled in the fashion and use of the machinery found best and simplest for crushing and separating the gold, the necessary apparatus was speedily obtained and set to work to prove the richness of the new deposits. This richness may be judged of by the following statements:—

"Some of the chief quartz workings are in Nevada and Mariposa Counties, but the best known are on the rancho or large estate bought by Colonel Fremont from Alvarado, the Mexican governor. They are those of Mariposa, Agua Fria, Nouveau Monde, West Mariposa, and Ave Maria—the first leased by an American company, the third by a French, and the others by English companies. Some of the quartz has been assayed for £7000 in the ton of rock. A Mariposa specimen was in the Great Exhibition.

"The Agua Fria mine was surveyed and examined by Captain W. A. Jackson, the well-known engineer of Virginia, U.S., in October 1850, for which purpose openings were made by a cross-cut of sufficient depth to test the size of the

vein and the richness of the ore. The vein appears to be of a nearly uniform thickness—of from three and a half to four and a half feet—and its direction a few points to the north of east; the inclination of the vein being 45°. Of the ore, some specimens were transmitted to the United States Mint in January 1851; and the report of the assays then made, showed that 277 lb. of ore produced 173 oz. of gold—value 3222 dollars, or upwards of £650 sterling; being at the rate of £5256 a ton.

"The contents of the vein running through the property, which is about 600 feet in length, and crops out on a hill rising about 150 to 200 feet above the level of the Agua Fria Creek, is estimated at about 18,000 tons of ore to the water level only; and how far it may descend below that, is not at present known.

"The West Mariposa mine, under Colonel Fremont's lease, has a vein of quartz which runs the whole length of the allotment, averages six feet in thickness, and has been opened in several places. The assay of Messrs Johnson and Mathew states that a poor specimen of 11 oz. 9 dwt. 18 grains, produced of gold 2 dwt. 17 grains, which would give £1347 per ton; and a rich specimen, weighing 17 oz. 12 dwt. gave 3 oz. 15 dwt. 9 grains, being at the rate of £24,482 per ton."—(WYLD, pp. 36-39.)

The nature and durability of the influence which the discovery and working of these rich veins is likely to have, depends upon their requiring capital, and upon their being in the hands of a limited number of adventurers. In consequence of this they cannot be suddenly exhausted, but may continue to yield a constant supply for an indefinite number of years.

In connection with the durability of this supply from the quartz veins—besides the unsettled question as to the actual number and extent of such veins which further exploration will make out—there is the additional question as to how deep these veins will prove rich in gold. Our readers are probably aware that what are called veins are walls, more or less upright, which rise up from an unknown depth through the beds of rock which we have described as overlying each other like the leaves of a book. This wall generally consists of a different material from that of which

the rocks themselves consist, and, where a cliff occurs, penetrated by such veins, can readily be distinguished by its colour from the rocks through which it passes. Now, when these veins contain metallic minerals, it has been long observed that, in descending from the surface, the mineral value of the vein undergoes important alterations. Some are rich immediately under the surface of the ground; others do not become so till a considerable depth is reached; while in others, again, the kind of mineral changes altogether as we descend. In Hungary the richest minerals are met with at a depth of eighty or a hundred fathoms. In Transylvania, veins of gold, in descending, become degraded into veins of lead. In Cornwall, some of the copper veins increase in richness the greater the depth to which the mine is carried; while others, which have yielded copper near the surface, have gradually become rich in tin as the depth increased.*

Now, in regard to the auriferous quartz veins, it is the result of past experience that they are often rich in the upper part, but become poorer as the explorations are deepened, and soon cease to pay the expense of working. In this respect it is just possible that the Californian veins may not agree with those of the Ural and of other regions, though this is a point which the lapse of years only can settle. Two things, however, are in favour of the greater yield of the Californian veins than those of other countries in past times—that they will be explored by a people who abound in capital, in engineering skill, and in energy, and that it is now ascertained that veins may be profitably rich in gold, though the particles are too small to be discerned by the naked eye. Thus, while all the explorations will be made with skill and economy, many veins will be mined into, which in other countries have been passed over with neglect; and the extraction of gold from all—but especially from the poorer sands and veins—will be aided by the second circumstance to which we have adverted as peculiar to California, the

possession of vast stores of quicksilver.

“The most important, if not the most valuable, of the mineral products of this wonderful country, is its quicksilver. The localities of several mines of this metal are already known, but the richest yet discovered is the one called Forbes’s mines, about sixty miles from San Francisco, near San José. Originally discovered and denounced, according to the Mexican laws then in force, it fell under the commercial management of Forbes of Tepic, who also has some interest in it. The original owner of the property on which it is situated, endeavoured to set aside the validity of the denouncement; but whether on tenable grounds or otherwise, I know not. At this mine, by the employment of a small number of labourers, and two common iron kettles for smelting, they have already sold quicksilver to the amount of 200,000 dollars, and have now some two hundred tons of ore awaiting the smelting process. The cinnabar is said to yield from sixty to eighty per cent of pure metal, and there is no doubt that its average product reaches fifty per cent. The effect of these immensely rich deposits of quicksilver, upon the wealth and commerce of the world, can scarcely be too highly estimated, provided they are kept from the clutches of the great monopolists. Not only will its present usefulness in the arts be indefinitely extended and increased by new discoveries of science, but the extensive mines of gold and silver in Mexico, Chili, and Peru, hitherto unproductive, will now be made available by its application.”—(JOHNSON’S *Sights in the Gold Region*, p. 201.)

By mere washing with water, it is impossible to extract the finer particles and scales of gold either from the natural sand or from the pounded rock. But an admixture and agitation with quicksilver licks up and dissolves every shining speck, and carries it, with the fluid metal, to the bottom of the vessel. The amalgam, as it is called, of gold and quicksilver thus obtained, when distilled in a close vessel, yields up its quicksilver again with little loss, and leaves the pure gold behind. For the perfect extraction of the gold, therefore, from its ores, quicksilver is absolutely necessary, and it can be performed most cheaply where the latter metal is

* FOURNET, *Etudes sur les Dépôts Metallifères*, p. 167.

cheapest and most abundant. Hence the mineral conditions of California seem specially fitted to make it an exception to all gold countries heretofore investigated, or of which we have any detailed accounts. They promise it the ability to supply a large export of gold, probably long after the remunerative freshness of the diggings, properly so called, whether wet or dry, shall have been worn off.

But both the actual yearly produce of gold, and the probable permanence of the supply, have been greatly increased by the still more recent discoveries in Australia. A wider field has been opened up here for speculation and adventure than North-Western America in its best days ever presented. We have already adverted to the circumstances which preceded and attended the discovery of gold in this country, and new research seems daily to add to the number of districts over which the precious metal is spread. It is impossible, however, even to guess over how much of this vast country the gold field may extend, and of richness enough to make washing possible and profitable. The basin of the river Murray, in the feeders of which gold has been found in very many places, has a mean length from north to south of 1400 miles, and a breadth of 400—comprising an area of from 500,000 to 600,000 square miles. This is four times the area of California, and five times that of the British Islands; but whether the gold is generally diffused over this wide area, or whether it is confined to particular and limited localities, there has not as yet been time to ascertain.

It is chiefly in the head waters or feeders of the greater streams which flow through this vast basin that the metal has hitherto been met with; but the peculiar physical character of the creeks, and of the climate in these regions, suggests the probability that the search will be profitably extended downwards along the entire course of the larger rivers. Every reader of Australian tours and travels is aware of the deep and sudden floods to which the great rivers of the country are subject, and of the disastrous inundations to

which the banks of the river Murray are liable. The lesser creeks or feeders of this river, in which the washings are now prosecuted, are liable to similar visitations. The Summerhill creek, for example, at its junction with the Lewis river, is described as fifty or sixty yards wide, and the "water as sometimes rising suddenly twenty feet." Now, supposing the gold drift to have been originally confined to the districts through which the upper waters of these rivers flow, the effect of such floods, repeated year by year, must have been to wash out from their banks and bottoms, and to diffuse along the lower parts of their channels, or of the valleys they flooded, the lighter portions, at least, of metallie riches in which the upper country abounded. The larger particles or lumps may have remained higher up: but all that the force of a deep stream in its sudden flood could carry down, may be expected among the sands and gravels, and in the wider river beds, and occasionally flooded tracts of the lower country. In other words, there is reason to believe that from its head waters on the western slopes of the Australian Alps, to its mouth at Adelaide, the Murray will be found to some degree productive in gold, and more or less remunerative to future diggers.

But there is in reality no reason to believe that the gold of the great Australian basin was ever confined—at least since the region became covered with drift—to the immediate neighbourhood of the mountains, or to the valleys through which its mountain streams pursue their way. We have already fully explained that it is not to the action of existing rivers on the native gold-bearing rocks of the mountain, that the presence of the precious metal in their sands is generally due, but to that of numerous degrading causes, operating simultaneously and at a more ancient period, when the whole valley was covered deep with water. By these, the debris of the mountains here, as in California, must have been spread more or less uniformly over the entire western plain. This vast area, therefore, comprehending so many thousand square miles, may,

through all its drifted sands and gravels, be impregnated with metallic particles. Dry diggings, consequently, may be hereafter opened at great distances from the banks of existing streams. Time alone, in fact, can tell over how much of this extensive region it will pay the adventurer to dig and wash the wide-spread depths of drift.

Then there is the province of Victoria, south of the Australian Alps, in which gold is described as most plentiful. The streams which descend from the southern slope of these mountains are numerous, in consequence of the peculiarly large quantity of rain which falls on this part of Australia,* and over a breadth of 200 miles they are represented as all rich in gold. And besides, the country east of the meridian chain, between Bathurst and the sea, and all the still unknown portion of the Australian continent, have yet to add their stores to those of Victoria and of the basin of the Murray. And though we do not know to what extent quartz veins prevail in the mountains of New South Wales, we have authentic statements as to their existence not very remote from Bathurst, and as to their being rich in gold. Here also, therefore, as in California, there may be a permanent source of gold supply, which may continue to yield, after the washings have ceased to be greatly remunerative—which may even augment in productiveness as that of the sands declines. On the whole, then, although it is impossible to form any estimate of the actual amount of gold which year by year the great new mining fields are destined to supply to the markets of the world, yet we think two deductions may be assumed as perfectly certain from the facts we have stated—*first*, that the average annual supply for the next ten years is likely to be greater than it ever was since the commencement of authentic history—and *second*, that the supply, though the washings fall off, will be kept up for an indefinite period, by the ex-

ploration of the gold-bearing quartz veins in Australia and America.

In the table we have copied from Mr Wyld, the produce of gold for 1851 is estimated—guessed is a better word—at £22,500,000. Advices from Melbourne to the 22d of December state that the receipts of gold in that place in a single day had amounted to 16,333 ounces—that the total produce of the Ballarat and Mount Alexander diggings, from their discovery on the 29th September to the 17th of December, two months and a half, had been 243,414 ounces, valued at £780,242—that from twenty thousand to thirty thousand persons were employed at the diggings—and that the auriferous grounds, already known, which can be profitably worked, cannot be dug for years to come “by any number of people that can by possibility reach them.” Those from Sydney calculate the export from that place to have been at the rate of three millions sterling a-year; while the report of the Government Commissioners, “On the extent and capability of the mines in New South Wales,” gives it as their unanimous opinion, that they offer a “highly remunerative employment to at least a hundred thousand persons—four times the number now employed.” With these data, there appears no exaggeration in the estimate now made in the colony, that the yearly export of gold will not be less than seven or eight millions sterling. With this more accurate knowledge of the capabilities of Australia than was possessed when Mr Wyld’s estimate was made, and with the hopes and rumours that exist as to other new sources of supply, are we wrong in guessing that the total produce of gold alone, for the present and some succeeding years, cannot be less than £25,000,000 to £30,000,000 sterling? What was the largest yield of the most fruitful mines in ancient times compared with this? The annual product of the ancient Egyptian mines of gold and silver is said by Herodotus

* The reader will be interested by satisfying himself of this fact, so peculiar to Victoria, and so favourable to it as a place of settlement. He will find it pictured before his eye in the newly-published small and cheap, but beautifully executed, *School Physical Atlas* of Mr Keith Johnston.

to have been inscribed on the walls of the palace of the ancient kings at Thebes, and the sum, as he states it in Grecian money, was equal to six millions sterling! This Jacob* considers to be a gross exaggeration; but he believes, nevertheless, that "the produce of the mines of that country, together with that of the other countries whose gold and silver was deposited there, far exceeded the quantity drawn from all the mines of the then known world in subsequent ages, down to the discovery of America."

And what did America yield after the discovery by Columbus, (1492,) and the triumphs of Cortes and Pizarro? Humboldt estimates the annual yield of gold, from the plunder of the people and from the mines united—

From 1492 to 1521 at	£52,000
... 1521 to 1546 at	£630,000

And from the discovery of the silver mine of Potosi in 1545, to the end of the century, the produce of silver and gold together was about £2,100,000 from America; and from America and Europe together, £2,250,000 a-year.

Again, during the eighteenth century, the yearly produce of the precious metals—gold and silver together—obtained from the mines of Europe, Africa, and America, is estimated by Mr Jacob (ii. p. 167) at £8,000,000; and for the twenty years previous to 1830, at about £5,000,000 sterling.† And although the greatly enlarged produce of the Russian mines, in gold especially, has come in to make up for the failure or stoppage of the American mines since 1800, yet what does the largest of all past yields of gold amount to, compared with the quadrupled or quintupled supply there seems now fair and reasonable grounds for expecting?

And what are to be the consequences of the greatly augmented supply of gold which these countries promise? Among the first will be to provoke and stimulate the mining industry of other countries to new activity and new researches; and thus,

by a natural reaction, to add additional intensity to the cause of change. Such was the effect of the discovery of America upon mining in Europe, and especially in Germany. "In fourteen years after 1516, not less than twenty-five noble veins were discovered in Joachimsthal in Bohemia, and in sixty years they yielded 1,250,000 marcs of silver."‡ And,

"The discovery of America, and of the mines it contained," says Mr Jacob, "seems to have kindled a most vehement passion for exploring the bowels of the earth in search of gold in most of the countries of Europe, but in no part of it to so great an extent as in the Bishopric of Salzburg. The inhabitants of that country seemed to think themselves within reach of the Apple of the Hesperides and of the Golden Fleece, and about to find in their streams the Pactolus of antiquity. Between the years 1538 and 1562,§ more than a thousand leases of mines were taken. The greatest activity prevailed, and one or two large fortunes were made."—(JACOB, i. p. 250.)

This impulse has already been felt as the consequence of recent discovery. The New York papers have just announced the discovery of new deposits of gold in Virginia, "equal to the richest in California;" in Queen Charlotte's Island gold is said to have been found in great abundance; in New Caledonia and New Zealand it is spoken of; and the research after the precious metal is at the present moment propagating itself throughout the civilised world. And that the activity thus awakened is likely to be rewarded by many new discoveries, and by larger returns in old localities, will appear certain, when we consider, *first*, that the geological position and history of gold-producing regions is far better understood now than it ever was before; *second*, that the value of quartz veins, previously under-estimated, has been established by the Californian explorations, and must lead in other countries to new researches and new trials; *thirdly*, that the increased supply of quicksilver

* JACOB, i. p. 85.

† *Ibid.* ii. p. 267.

‡ FOURNIER, p. 169.

§ Cortes invaded Mexico in 1519; Pizarro landed in Peru in 1527; and Potosi was discovered in 1545.

which California promises may call into new life hosts of deserted mines in Southern America and elsewhere; and, *lastly*, that improved methods of extraction, which the progress of chemical science is daily supplying, are rendering profitable the poorer mines which in past days it was found necessary to abandon.

About the end of the seventeenth century the reduction in the price of quicksilver, consequent on the supplies drawn from the mines of Idria, greatly aided the mines of Mexico, (Jacob, ii. p. 153;) and of the effects of better methods Rose gives the following illustrations, in his description of the celebrated Schlangenberg mine in Siberia:—

“At first, ores containing only four solotniks of silver were considered unfit for smelting, and were employed in the mines for filling up the waste. These have long already been taken out, and replaced by poorer ores, which in their turn will probably by-and-by be replaced by still poorer.”—“The ancient inhabitants washed out the gold from the ochre of these mines, as is evident from the heaps of refuse which remain on the banks of the river Smejewka. This refuse has been found rich enough in gold to pay for washing and extracting anew.”*

The history of all mining districts, and of all smelting and refining processes,† present us with similar facts; and the aspects of applied science, in our day, are rich in their promise of such improvements for the future. If, therefore, to all the considerations we have presented we add those from which writers like McCulloch‡ had previously anticipated an increased supply of the precious metals—such as the pacification of Southern America, and the application of new energy to the mines of that country, and probably under the direction of a new race—the calmest and coolest of our readers will, we think, coincide with us in anticipating from *old* sources, as well as from *new*, an increased and prolonged production of the precious metals.

Of the social and political consequences of these discoveries, the most striking and attractive are those which are likely to be manifested in the immediate neighbourhood—using the word in a large sense—of the countries in which the new gold mines have been met with. The peopling of California and Australia—the development of the boundless traffic which Western America and the islands of the Australasian, Indian, and Chinese seas are fitted to support—the annexation of the Sandwich Islands (l)—the establishment of new and independent dominions on the great islands to the south and west—the throng of great ships and vessels of war we can in anticipation see dotting and over-awing the broad Pacific—the influence, political and social, of these new nations on the old dominions and civilisation of the fabled East, and of still mysterious China and hidden Japan;—we may almost speak of this *forward* vision, as Playfair has written of the effect upon his mind of Hutton's expositions of the *past*—“The mind seemed to grow giddy by looking so far back into the abyss of time; and while we listened with earnestness and admiration to the philosopher, who was now unfolding to us the order and series of these wonderful events, we became sensible *how much further reason may sometimes go than imagination can venture to follow*.”

But its influence, though less dazzling, will be as deep and perceptible upon the social relations of the older monarchies of Europe. Our own richly commercial and famed agricultural country, and its dependencies, will be especially affected. Prices will nominally rise—commerce and general industry will be stimulated—and a gilding of apparent prosperity will overspread class interests, which would otherwise languish and decline. How far this is likely to be favourable to the country, on the whole—to interfere with, disguise, or modify the effect of party measures

* Rose, *Reise nach dem Ural*, i. 555-7.

† To some of our readers this remark may call to mind the beautiful process of Mr Lee Pattinson, of Newcastle, for refining lead, by which so much more silver is now extracted from all our lead ores, and brought to market.

‡ *Commercial Dictionary*, edit. 1847, p. 1056.

—we have recently discussed in previous articles, and shall for the present pass by.

Perhaps that portion of its influence which, in this country of great money fortunes, and in some of the Continental states, is attracting most attention, is the change likely to be produced by it in the bullion market, especially in the relative values of gold and silver, and even (should this not materially alter, in consequence of an enlarged produce from the silver mines) in the real value of annuities, stock, and bonds of every description. It has occasionally happened in ancient times, that by a sudden large influx of gold the comparative value of that metal has been lowered in an extraordinary degree. Thus Strabo, in his *Geography*, (book iv. chap. vi. sect. 9,) has the following passage:—

“Polybius relates that, in his time, mines of gold were found among the Taurisci Norici, in the neighbourhood of Aquileia, so rich that, in digging to the depth of two feet only, gold was met with, and that the ordinary sinkings did not exceed fifteen feet; that part of it was in the form of native gold, in pieces as large as a bean or a lupin, which lost only one-eighth in the fire; and that the rest, though requiring more purification, gave a considerable product; that some Italians, having associated themselves with the barbarians to work the mines, in the space of two months the price of gold fell one-third throughout the whole of Italy; and that the Taurisci, having seen this, expelled their foreign partners, and sold the metal themselves.”*

Were anything of this nature to happen—though very far less in degree—as a consequence of the recent discoveries, it could not fail to produce a serious monetary revolution, and much pecuniary distress, both individual and general, which the wisest legislation could neither wholly prevent nor remove. Such a sudden and extreme effect many have actually anticipated from them, and measures have, in consequence, been taken, even by Continental governments, such as are detailed in the following passage from Mr Wyld's pamphlet:—

“Among the many extraordinary incidents connected with the Californian dis-

coveries, was the alarm communicated to many classes, which was not confined to individuals, but invaded governments. The first announcement spread alarm; but, as the cargoes of gold rose from a hundred thousand dollars to a million, bankers and financiers began seriously to prepare for an expected crisis. In England and the United States the panic was confined to a few; but, on the Continent of Europe, every government, rich and poor, thought it needful to make provision against the threatened evils. The governments of France, Holland, and Russia, in particular, turned their attention to the monetary question; and, in 1850, the government of Holland availed itself of a law, which had not before been put in operation, to take immediate steps for selling off the gold in the banks of Amsterdam, at what they supposed to be the then highest prices, and to stock themselves with silver. This operation was carried on concurrently with a supply of bullion to Russia for a loan, a demand for silver in Austria, and for shipment to India; and it did really produce an effect on the silver market.

“The particular way in which the Netherlands operations were carried out was especially calculated to produce the greatest disturbance of prices. The ten-florin gold pieces were sent to Paris, coined there into napoleons, and silver five-franc pieces drawn out in their place. At Paris, the premium on gold, in a few months, fell from nearly two per cent to a discount, and at Hamburg a like fall took place. In London, the great silver market, silver rose between the autumn and the New Year, from 5s. per oz. to 5s. 1½d. per oz., and Mexican dollars from 4s. 10½d. to 4s. 11½d. per oz.; nor did prices recover until towards the end of the year 1851, when the fall was as sudden as the rise.”—(WYLD, pp. 20, 21.)

Now, without identifying ourselves with any unreasonable fears, or partaking of the alarms occasionally expressed, either at home or abroad, we cannot shut our eyes to the certainty of a serious amount of influence being exercised upon monetary and financial affairs, by a long continuance of the increased supplies of gold which are now pouring into the European and American markets. We concede all that can fairly be demanded, in the way of increased supply—to meet the wants of the new commerce springing up in the Pacific

* Quoted in JOHNSON'S *Notes on North America*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

and adjacent seas—to allow of the increased coinage which the new States in North America, and the growing population of our own colonies require—to make up for the extending use of gold and silver in articles of luxury which increasing wealth and improving arts must occasion—to restore the losses from hoarding, from shipwreck, from wear and tear of coin, and the thousand other causes of waste—and to admit of the large yearly storing of coin for the purposes of emigration: all that can fairly be demanded to meet these and other exigencies we admit; and yet there will still, at the present rate of yield, be a large annual surplus, which must gradually cheapen gold in the market. There are no data upon which we can base any calculations as to the yearly consumption of gold alone for all these purposes; but estimates have been made by Humboldt, Jacob, and M'Culloch, of the probable consumption of gold and silver together, up to a very recent period. The latter author disposes of the annual supply of the metals—estimated at nine millions before the recent discoveries—in the following manner:—

Consumption in the arts in Europe and America, . . .	£4,840,000
Exportation to Australia and India, . . .	2,600,000
Waste of coin (at 1 per cent.) . . .	1,600,000
Making together, . . .	£9,040,000

which was very nearly the supposed yield of all known mines, when Mr M'Culloch's estimate was made. If

we add a half to all these items—as we conceive a very liberal allowance—we shall have a round sum of thirteen and a half millions sterling of gold and silver together, as sufficient to supply all the wants of increasing use in the arts, waste in coinage, extending commerce, colonial settlement, State extension, and Eastern exportation. But the actual produce for 1851 is estimated at £30,000,000 and if we deduct . . . 13,500,000

there remains a balance of £16,500,000—irrespective of all increase which is likely to be caused by the extension of the Australian gold field, and by the operation of the various other causes we have adverted to in the present article. This surplus also will consist chiefly of gold; so that whatever interest may otherwise attach to the curious fact stated by Mr Wyld, it is clear that his conclusion is premature, that no alteration is to be looked for in the relative market values of the two precious metals. Only a greatly increased activity and produce in the silver mines can prevent it.

But, independent of the question as between the two metals, there remains as certain the influence of the surplus gold supply upon the general bullion and other markets. The immediate demands, or actual outlets for increased coinage, may for a few years absorb even this large surplus, but its final action in lowering the comparative value of gold, and in altering nominal prices and values generally, cannot be reasonably doubted.

LIFE OF NIEBUHR.

THE name of Niebuhr is so inveterately associated with certain profound discussions in historical criticism, that we must beg our readers to read twice over the notice at the foot of our page, in order to assure themselves that it is not the History of Rome, but the Life of its author, that we are about to bring before their attention. We shall hardly, perhaps, be able to abstain from some glance at that method of historical criticism so justly connected with the name of Niebuhr, but it is the life and personal character of the man which will occupy us on the present occasion.

One observation on that historical criticism we will at once permit ourselves to make, because it has a distinct bearing upon the intellectual character of Niebuhr, as well as on the peculiarities of his historical work. The distinguishing character of that school of historical criticism, of which he may be considered the founder, is not its scepticism, for it was no new thing to doubt of the extraordinary events related of the early periods of Roman, or of any other history. There have been always people sceptically disposed. Our David Hume could very calmly give it as his opinion that true history begins with the first page of Thucydides. It was nothing new, therefore, to disturb our faith in the earlier portions of the Roman history, or to pronounce them to be fables. The novelty lay in the higher and more patient and more philosophical manner in which those fables were investigated, and their origin, and their true place and connection with history, determined. The elder sceptic, having satisfied himself that a narrative was fabulous, threw it aside: the modern critic follows the spirit, the life of the nation, into the fable itself. He does not attempt, as the half-doubting, half-believing historian

has done, to shape it at once to the measure of modern credence, by merely modifying a few of the details, reducing an extravagance, or lopping off a miracle; but, taking his stand on whatever facts remain indisputable, or whatever knowledge may be obtained from collateral sources, he investigates thoroughly the fabulous or poetic narrative. He endeavours to transport himself into the times when men thought after a poetic fashion—or, at all events, when pleasure and excitement, not accuracy and instruction, were the objects they aimed at; he labours to form an estimate of the circumstances that kindled their imagination, to show *how the fable grew*, and thus to extract from it, in every sense of the word, its full historical significance.

How difficult such a task, and how precarious, after all, the result of such labours, we must leave at present to the reflection of our readers. What we have here to observe is, that such a method of historical criticism is not to be pursued by a mind stored only with dry erudition, or gifted only with the faculty of withholding its belief. Such store of erudition is indispensable, but it must be combined with that strong power of imagination which can recall into one vivid picture the scattered knowledge gained from many books, and which enables its possessor to live in the scenes and in the minds of the bygone ages of humanity. Accordingly, it is this combination of ardent imagination with most multifarious erudition that we meet with in Niebuhr; and it is not the life of a dry pedant, or of one of cold sceptical understanding, or of a mere philologist, that we have here presented to us.

These two volumes are extremely entertaining. They are chiefly composed of the letters of Niebuhr; nor do we remember to have ever encountered a series of letters of more un-

flagging interest. This interest they owe in great measure to the strongly-marked personal character of the writer. They are not only good letters, containing always something that suggests reflection, but they sustain their biographical or dramatic character throughout. It ought to be added, too, that they are most agreeably translated. The work has been altogether judiciously planned, and ably executed. A candid and explicit preface at once informs us of the sources from which it is derived; we are forewarned that many materials requisite to a complete life of Niebuhr still remain inaccessible; meanwhile, what is here presented to us bears an authentic stamp, and appears, as matters stand, to be the best biography that could be given to the English public. Of the merits of Niebuhr himself the author has preferred that others should speak. He has chosen almost entirely to restrict himself within the modest province of the translator or the editor. Into the motives of this reticence we have no business to pry: whatever is done, is done well; whatever is promised is ably performed. A book professing to be the Life of Niebuhr will excite some expectations which this publication will not satisfy; but when an author limits himself to a distinct and serviceable task, and performs that task well, he is entitled to our unreserved thanks, and to our simple commendation, unmixed with any murmur of complaint.

Interesting as we have found this book, still the perusal of two compact octavo volumes may deter some readers who might desire, at a rather less cost of time, to obtain an insight into the life and character of Niebuhr. To such readers the following abbreviated sketch may not be unacceptable. We must premise that the present work is founded on a memoir of Niebuhr published by his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler. This consists of a series of his letters divided into sections, each section being preceded by such biographical notice as was necessary to their explanation. The English author has retained this arrangement, adding, however, considerably to the narrative of Madame Hensler from other authentic sources,

and omitting such of the letters as he judged might be devoid of interest. Nearly one-half of these, we are told, have been omitted—chiefly on the ground that they were on learned subjects, and might detract from the interest of the biography. We have no doubt that a sound discretion has been exercised on this point; nevertheless we trust that these two volumes will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce the author to publish that third volume at which he hints, and which is to contain “the letters referred to, together with the most valuable portions of his smaller writings.” We sincerely hope that one who has performed this task so well will continue to render the same good services to the English public. The arrangement we have alluded to—that of letters divided into sections, with a biographical notice at the head of each, sufficient to carry us over the ensuing section—seems to us very preferable to the ordinary plan of our memoir writers, who attach the explanatory notice to each separate letter. Under this last plan, one never settles down fairly to *letter-reading*. We cannot, of course, in the following sketch, retain the advantages of this arrangement, but must put together our facts and our quotations in the best order we can.

Idle and cursory readers, who have only heard or thought of Niebuhr as the provoking destroyer of some agreeable fictions—as the ruthless enemy of poetic and traditionary lore—will be surprised to find what a deep earnestness of conviction there was in this man, and how his enthusiasm for truth and for all virtue rises into romance. Once for all, let no man parade his love of poetry, with the least hope of being respected for it, who has not a still greater love of truth. Nay, if we reflect patiently and calmly upon this matter, we shall find that there is but one way to keep this flower of poesy in perennial bloom—it is to see that the waters of truth are flowing free and clear around it. We may be quite sure that to whatever level this stream, by its own vital force, shall rise or sink, the same fair lily will be seen floating just on the surface of it. Just where these waters lie open to

the light of heaven, do we find this beautiful creation looking up from them into the sky.

The scene and circumstances amongst which the childhood of Niebuhr was passed, appear to us to be singularly in accordance with the future development and character of the man. They were favourable to concentration of thought, and to an independent, self-relying spirit; they were favourable to the exercise of an imagination which was fed continually by objects remote from the senses, and by knowledge obtained from books, or else from conversation with his father, who was both a learned man and a great traveller. If nature, in one of her freaks—or, let us say, if some German fairies, of an erudite species, had resolved to breed a great scholar, who should be an independent thinker—who should be devoted to books, yet retain a spirit of self-reliance—who should have all the learning of colleges without their pedantry, and read through whole libraries, and yet retain his free, unfettered right of judgment—how would they have proceeded to execute their project? Would they have thrown their little pupil at the feet of some learned professor at Bonn or Göttingen? Not at all. They would have carried their changeling into some wild tract of country, shut him up there with his books, and given him for his father a linguist and a traveller. They would have provided for him just those circumstances into which young Niebuhr was thrown. His childish imagination was no sooner kindled than he found himself wandering in all quarters of the globe, and listening to the stories of the most remote ages.

This father of our historian—Carsten Niebuhr—was himself a remarkable man; full of energy, of great perseverance, and of strong feelings. He had been one of five travellers despatched by the Danish Government on an expedition of discovery into the East. In crossing the deserts of Arabia, his four companions sank under the hardships and calamities they encountered. This was in the first year of their journey; nevertheless, he pursued his way alone, and spent six years in exploring the East.

had returned to Copenhagen, and

“was on the point,” says our biography, “of undertaking a journey into the interior of Africa, when he fell in love with a young orphan lady, the daughter of the late physician to the King of Denmark.” He gives up Africa, and all the world of travel and discovery, for this “young orphan lady;” and a few years after his marriage, we find him settled down at Meldorf, as *land-schreiber* to the province of South Dithmarsh—a civil post, whose duties seem chiefly to have concerned the revenues of the province.

This Meldorf is a little, decayed, antiquated town, not without its traditions of municipal privileges; and Dithmarsh is what its name suggests to an English ear—an open marshy district, without hills or trees, with nothing but the general sky, which we all happily share in, to give it any beauty. One figures to one's self the traveller, who had been exploring the sunny regions of the East, or who had been living at Copenhagen, in the society of scholars and of statesmen, retiring, with his young orphan lady, to this dreary Dithmarsh, peopled only by peasantry. Even the high-road runs miles off from his habitation, so that no chance can favour him, and no passing or belated traveller rests at his door. He occupies his spare hours in building himself a house; in which operation there is one little fellow standing by who takes infinite delight. This is our Barthold George Niebuhr, who had been born in Copenhagen on the 27th of August 1776. He and an elder sister will be principal inhabitants of the new house when it is built, and their education be the chief care and occupation of the traveller.

Barthold is in his sixth or seventh year when his father writes thus of him:—

“He studied the Greek alphabet only for a single day, and had no further trouble with it: he did it with very little help from me. The boy gets on wonderfully. Boje says he does not know his equal; but he requires to be managed in a peculiar way. May God preserve our lives, and give us grace to manage him aright! Oh if he could but learn to control the warmth of his temper—I believe I might say his pride! He is no longer

so passionate with his sister : but if he stumbles in the least in repeating his lessons, or if his scribblings are alluded to, he fires up instantly. He cannot bear to be praised for them ; because he believes he does not deserve it. In short, I repeat it, he is proud ; he wants to know everything, and is angry if he does not know it. . . . My wife complains that I find fault with Barthold unnecessarily. I did not mean to do so. He is an extraordinarily good little fellow ; but he must be managed in an extraordinary way ; and I pray God to give me wisdom and patience to educate him properly."

Here we have "his picture in little;" the wonderful quickness and application, the extreme conscientiousness, and the warmth of temper which distinguished the man Niebuhr through his career. But who is this Boje, who says "he does not know his equal?" And how happens it that there is any one in Meldorf—a place, we are told, quite destitute of literary society—who is entitled to give an opinion on the subject? This Boje was ex-editor of the *Deutsches Museum*, and translator, we believe, of Walter Scott's novels ; and has been lately appointed prefect of the province. His coming is a great event to the Niebuhrs, a valuable acquisition to their society, and of especial importance to young Barthold ; for Boje has "an extensive library, particularly rich in English and French, as well as German books," to which library our youthful and indefatigable student is allowed free access. French and English he has, from a very early age, been learning from his father and mother. Are we not right in saying, that no Tentonic fairies could have done better for their pupil? By way of nursery tale, his father amuses him with strange accounts of Eastern countries, of the Turks, of sultans, of Mahomet and the caliphs. He is already a politician. "He had an imaginary empire called Low-England, of which he drew maps, and he promulgated laws, waged wars, and made treaties of peace there." Then comes Boje to give him his first lesson upon *myths*. The literary prefect of Dithmarsh, writing to a friend, says :—

"This reminds me of little Niebuhr. His docility, his industry, his devoted love for me, procure me many a pleasant hour. A short time back, I was reading

Macbeth aloud to his parents, without taking any notice of him, till I saw what an impression it made on him. Then I tried to render it intelligible to him, and even explained to him how the witches were only poetical beings. When I was gone, he sat down, (he is not yet seven years old,) and wrote it all out on seven sheets of paper, without omitting one important point, and certainly without any expectation of receiving praise for it ; for, when his father asked to see what he had written, and showed it to me, he cried for fear he had not done it well. Since then, he writes down everything of importance that he hears from his father or me. We seldom praise him, but just quietly tell him when he has made any mistake, and he avoids the fault for the future."

Very surprising accounts are given of the boy's precocious sagacity in picturing to himself a historic scene, with all its details, or following out the probable course of events. These accounts are rather *too* surprising. When the war broke out in Turkey, it so excited his imagination that he not only dreamt of it, but anticipated in his dreams, and we suppose also in his waking hours, the current of events. His notions were so just, and his knowledge of the country, and the situations of the towns, so accurate, that, we are told, "the realisation of his nightly anticipations generally appeared in the journals a short time afterwards." One would say that the fairies had indeed been with him. Madame Hensler's narrative partakes here, in some measure, of that marvellous character which accompanies family traditions of all kinds, whether of the Roman *gens* or the Danish household. But on other occasions, and from Niebuhr's own words, we learn that, owing to his minute knowledge, his most tenacious memory, and his vivid imagination, he, at a very early time, manifested that spirit of quite philosophical divination which led him to his discoveries in Roman history. We say quite philosophical divination ; for we do not suppose that Niebuhr claimed for himself, or his friends for him, any mysterious intuition into the course of events ; but there is occasionally, both in the memoir and in the letters, a vagueness of expression on this subject which might lead to misap-

prehension, and which one wishes had been avoided.

We must now follow this precocious pupil to the University at Kiel. A lad of seventeen, we find him already a companion for professors. Writing home to his parents, he says of Dr Hensler :—" My ideas about the origin of the Greek tribes, the history of the colonisation of the Greek cities, and my notions in general about the earliest migration from west to east, are new to him ; and he thinks it probable that they may be correct. He exhorts me to work them out, and bring them into as clear a form as I can." Meanwhile, he is to be occupied, heart and soul, in studying metaphysics under Reinhold, one of the most celebrated disciples of Kant. To enumerate the studies in which he is alternately engaged, would be to pass in review the whole series of subjects which are taught in a university ; just as, at a somewhat later period, to enumerate all the languages which he had learnt, would be simply to name in order every language which a European scholar, by the aid of grammar and dictionary, could learn. His father, with a very excusable pride, makes out, in one of his letters, a list of his son's attainments of this kind : he was, more or less, master of some twenty languages.

In this philologist, however, there was no want of poetic feeling or vivid imagination. When reading the ancients, he completely lived in their world and with them. He once told a friend who had called on him and found him in great emotion, that he often could not bear to read more than a few pages at a time in the old tragic poets ; he realised so vividly all that was said, and done, and suffered. " He could see Antigone leading her blind father—the aged Œdipus entering the grove—he could catch the music of their speech." Neither in this youth, so stored, so fed with books, was there any deadness of heart towards the living friend. We have some letters full of a painful sensitiveness at the apprehension that his correspondent had forgotten or grown cold towards him. The gravest fault in his character was too quick a temper ; but if this led him to take offence unjustly, he was

always sufficiently just and generous to seek for reconciliation. Least of all had his erudition or his erudite labours quenched the moral enthusiasm of his nature. From childhood up to manhood, from manhood to his latest day, the same high sense of moral rectitude pervaded all his judgments, and influenced all his actions. The same boy who would not receive praise if he did not think he deserved it, in after years would not draw a salary if he did not think it was rigidly earned, nor accept a present even from a municipality—from the city of Geneva—for rendering a service which he had spontaneously performed. At the university of Kiel we find him breaking with an intimate friend, and much to his own regret, because he finds that friend holding philosophical tenets destructive, as he thinks, of the sentiment of moral obligation. " He is a fatalist and indifferentist. I subscribe to Kant's principles with all my heart. I have broken with M., not from any dispute we have had, but on account of the detestable conclusions which necessarily follow from his opinions, conclusions that absolutely annihilate morality. I really loved him notwithstanding, but, with such principles, I could not be his friend." Considering the singular and precarious tenure by which a Kantian holds his faith in the freedom of the will, this was rather severe dealing, not a quite perfect example of philosophical toleration ; but it shows, at least, that the heart was in the right place.

Up to this moment have not the fairies done well ? But now comes a new element into the calculations, a new phase of the drama, with which no fairies condescend to deal. Young Niebuhr like the rest of us *must live*, must earn the wherewithal, must choose his career, his profession. Here the fairies forsake him. Here, in more true and prosaic style, he is unfaithful to himself. We cannot but regard it as the great and continuous error of his life, that he did not devote himself to learning as his profession. He could have done so. At the very same time there came an offer of a professorship, and a proposal to be the private secretary of Count Schimmelman, the Danish

minister of finance. He chose the latter. That the professorship offered to him was connected with but slender emolument, can have had little to do with the determination, because other and more eminent and more lucrative professorships would have speedily been open to him, and because the mere love of money was never a strong inducement in the mind of Niebuhr. Political ambition seems to have been the motive that turned the scale. Looking now at his life as an accomplished completed career, it is impossible not to regret this choice. We see ten of the most precious years of his early manhood wasted in financial and other public business, which a hundred others could have transacted as well; it is, in fact, a mere fragment of his life that is exclusively or uninterruptedly devoted to letters. He is more frequently at the head of some national bank, or revenue department, than in the professor's chair; and the author of the Roman history has to say of himself, that "calculations are my occupation; merchants, Jews, and brokers, my society."

Niebuhr had, whilst at the university, formed an acquaintance which led afterwards to a matrimonial engagement. Amelia Behrens, younger sister of Madame Hensler, who was the daughter-in-law of the Professor Hensler previously mentioned, seems from the first to have thoroughly appreciated the high character and great attainments of the young student. She herself must have been a woman of very superior mind; she had great sweetness of temper, and was in every way calculated for the wife of the ardent, generous, hasty, but affectionate Niebuhr. The first mention that is made of Miss Behrens is not very auspicious. In a letter to his father, he has been lamenting his painful timidity and bashfulness before ladies, and thus continues,— "However much I may improve in other society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes; and so, out of downright shyness, I scarcely dare speak to a lady; and as I know, once for all, that I must be insupportable to them, their presence becomes disagreeable to me. Yesterday, however, I screwed up

my courage, and began to talk to Miss Behrens and young Mrs Hensler. Now, in gratitude and candour, I must confess that they were sociable enough towards me to have set me at my ease, if my shyness were not so deeply rooted. But it is of no use. I avoid them, and would rather be guilty of impoliteness, by avoiding them, than by speaking to them, which I should now feel to be the greatest impoliteness of all." Circumstances, however, after he had left the university of Kiel, brought him into social and unreserved communication with the family of the Behrens; and this lady whom he avoided, dreading her precisely because she *did* interest his youthful imagination, became his betrothed.

Here the biography takes a very eccentric course. Niebuhr not only comes to England on foreign travel, which is precisely what we should expect of such a person, but he settles himself down at Edinburgh as a student. *The life seems to go back.* After having entered on official duties, engaged himself to be married, and thus pledged himself to the real business of life, we see this erudite youth, with his tale of twenty languages nearly complete, entering the classes at Edinburgh, and writing about them as if he were recommending his university career. "If this work of Madame Hensler were one of old date, and we felt authorised to exercise upon it that conjectural criticism so fashionable in our times, we should boldly say that the authoress, deceived by the similarity of name, had intercalated into her series some letters of *another Niebuhr*; we should dispute the identity of the Niebuhr who writes from the university of Edinburgh, with him who passed through the university of Kiel, and was afterwards, for a short time, secretary to Count Schimmelman. Such conjectural emendations being, however, altogether inadmissible, we must accept the facts and the letters as they are here given us.

Niebuhr's motives for this residence in Scotland were, according to Madame Hensler's account, of a very miscellaneous description. Besides the advantages to be derived from visiting a foreign land, "he was to

brace up and strengthen both his mental and physical energies in preparation for active life." Why this should be better accomplished as a student in Edinburgh than as a citizen in Copenhagen, we do not apprehend; nor what there was in the air of Denmark that had enfeebled the spirit of self-reliance or of enterprise. But we are told that "he had become too dependent on the little details of life. He felt that he stood, so to speak, outside the world of realities." Therefore he sets himself down for a year as a student at Edinburgh.

London, of course, is first visited. He speaks highly of the English. Throughout his life he entertained a predilection for our countrymen, and extols the integrity and honesty of the national character. We feel a certain bashfulness, a modest confusion, when we hear such praises; but, as national characters nowhere stand very high, we suppose we may accept the compliment. Occasionally we sell our patriotic votes, as at St Alban's and elsewhere; occasionally we fill our canisters of preserved meats with poisonous offal; and there is not a grocer's shop in all England where some adulterated article of food is not cheerfully disposed of. Nevertheless, it seems we are a shade more honest than some of our neighbours. The compliment does not greatly rejoice us.

However, it is not all praise that we receive. He finds "that true warm-heartedness is extremely rare" amongst us. We shall be happy to learn that it is commonly to be met with in any part of the world. He laments, too, the superficiality and insipidity of general conversation. "That narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain. I am, besides, fully persuaded that I shall find things very different in Scotland; of this I am assured by several Scotchmen whom I already know."

In this full persuasion he sets forth to Scotland. We have an account of his journey, which, read in these railroad times, is amusing enough. The

translator of the letters has evidently been determined that we should not miss the humour of the contrast. Niebuhr gives his absent Amelia as minute a description of the mode of travelling as if he were writing from China. After describing the post-chaises, "very pretty half-coaches, holding two," and the royal mail, rapid, "but inconvenient from the smallness of its build, and particularly liable to be upset," he proceeds to the old-fashioned stage-coach—

"In travelling by this, you have no further trouble than to take your place in the office for as far as you wish to go; for the proprietor of the coach has, at each stage, which are from ten to fifteen English miles at most from each other, relays of horses, which, unless an unusual amount of travelling causes an exception, stand ready harnessed to be put to the coach. Four horses, drawing a coach with six persons inside, four on the roof, a sort of conductor beside the coachman, and overladen with luggage, have to get over seven English miles in the hour; and, as the coach goes on without ever stopping, except at the principal stages, it is not surprising that you can traverse the whole extent of the country in so few days. But, for any length of time, this rapid motion is quite too unnatural. You can only get a very piece-meal view of the country from the windows, and, with the tremendous speed with which you go, can keep no object long in sight; you are unable also to stop at any place."

After three days' travelling "at this tremendous speed," he reached Newcastle, from which the above letter was dated. The rest of the journey was also performed with the same unnatural rapidity. By some chance he made acquaintance with a young medical student, and the two together commenced housekeeping in Edinburgh on a very frugal and sensible plan.

The letters which Niebuhr wrote to his parents from Edinburgh, and which contained his observations on the graver matters of politics and of learning, were unfortunately burnt; those which were addressed to his betrothed have been alone preserved, and these chiefly concern matters of a domestic and personal nature. We hear, therefore, very little of the more learned society into which, doubtless, Niebuhr occasionally entered.

With Professor Playfair he formed an intimacy which was afterwards renewed at Rome. Other names are mentioned, but no particulars are given. The subjects which he principally studied in Edinburgh were mathematics and physical sciences. Philological and historical studies he prosecuted by himself, and by way of recreation. "In these departments he regarded the learned men there as incomparably inferior to the Germans." A Mr Scott, an old friend of his father's, and to whom he brought letters of introduction, was the most intimate acquaintance he possessed. The quite patriarchal reception that he received from Mr Scott and his family will be read with interest. As to his impressions of the Scotch, as a people, these are extremely various: he is at one time charmed with their unexampled piety; at another, he finds it a dreary formalism; and then, again, from the height of his Kantian philosophy, he detects a shallow French infidelity pervading the land. Such inconsistencies are natural and excusable in a young man writing down his first impressions in a most unreserved correspondence. But there would be very little gained by quoting them here at length. We pass on from this episode in the life, and now proceed with the main current of events.

On his return to Copenhagen, Niebuhr was appointed assessor at the board of trade for the East India department, with some other secretaryship or clerkship of a similar description. Thereupon he married, (May 1800;) and in some letters written soon after this event, he describes himself as in a quite celestial state of happiness. "Amelia's heavenly disposition, and more than earthly love, raise me above this world, and as it were separate me from this life."

Then come official promotion and increased occupation. Nevertheless his favourite studies are never altogether laid aside. The day might be spent at his office or in the exchange, in drawing up reports, in correspondence or in interviews with most uninteresting people, and when the night came he was often exhausted both in body and in mind;

yet, "if he got engaged at once in an interesting book or conversation, he was soon refreshed, and would then study till late at night."

Towards the end of 1805 a distinguished Prussian statesman, whose name is not here given, and who was then at Copenhagen on a mission from his government, sounded Niebuhr on his willingness to enter the Prussian service in the department of finance. After much hesitation and some correspondence, Niebuhr finally accepted a proposal made to him of "the joint-directorship of the first bank in Berlin, and of the *Seehandlung*," a privileged commercial company (as a note of the editor informs us) for the promotion of foreign commerce. Such were the labours to which Niebuhr was willing to devote the extraordinary powers of his mind—such were the services which his contemporaries were willing to accept from him. But we have only to glance at the date of these transactions to call to mind that we are traversing no peaceful or settled times. We are, in fact, in the thick of the war. Whilst Niebuhr was working at his assessorship in Copenhagen, that city was bombarded by the English; and now that he goes to take possession of his directorship in Berlin, he has to fly with royalty itself before the armies of Napoleon. The battle of Jena, and many other battles, have been fought and lost, and the French are advancing on the capital. Flight to Memel, ministerial changes, alternate rise and fall of Von Stein and Count Hardenberg—in all these events poor Niebuhr was now implicated. When peace is made with Napoleon, we find him despatched to Holland to negotiate a Dutch loan, the Prussian government being in great distress for money to pay the contributions imposed upon them by the French. Then follows some misunderstanding with Count Hardenberg, who has succeeded to power, which happily interrupts for a time the official career of our great scholar. He is appointed Professor of History in the university of Berlin. In Michaelmas 1810 the university reopened, and Niebuhr delivered his first course of lectures on the history of Rome.

For about three years we now see him in what every one will recognise as his right and legitimate place in the world, and labouring at his true vocation. His lectures excited the keenest interest—he was encouraged to undertake his great work, *The History of Rome*: it is in this interval that both the first and second volumes were published. An extract from his letters will show the pleasant change in his career, and give us some insight into the position he held in the university.

"Milly (his wife Amelia) has told you that the number of my hearers was much greater than I had anticipated. But their character, no less than their number, is such as encourages and animates me to pursue my labours with zeal and perseverance. You will feel this when I tell you that Savigny, Schleiermacher, Spalding, Ancillon, Nicolovius, Schmedding, and Süvern were present. Besides the number and selectness of my audience, the general interest evinced in the lecture exceeds my utmost hopes. My introductory lecture produced as strong an impression as an oration could have done; and all the dry erudition that followed it, in the history of the old Italian tribes, which serves as an introduction to that of Rome, has not driven away even my unlearned hearers. The attention with which Savigny honours me, and his declaration that I am opening a new era for Roman history, naturally stimulates my ardent desire to carry out to the full extent the researches which one is apt to leave half finished as soon as one clearly perceives the result to which they tend, in order to turn to something fresh. . . .

"With a little more quiet, my position would be one more completely in accordance with my wishes than I have long ventured even to hope for. There is such a real mutual attachment between my acquaintances and myself, and our respective studies give such an inexhaustible interest to conversation, that I now really possess in this respect what I used to feel the want of; for intercourse of this kind is quickening and instructive. The lectures themselves, too, are inspiring, because they require persevering researches, which, I venture to say, cannot remain unfruitful to me; and they are more exciting than mere literary labours, because I deliver them with the warmth inspired by fresh thoughts and discoveries, and afterwards converse with those who have heard them, and to whom they are as new as to myself. This makes the lectures a positive delight to me, and I feel quite averse to bring them

to a close. What I should like, would be to have whole days of perfect solitude, and then an interval of intercourse with the persons I really like, but not to remain so many hours together with them as is customary here. It would be scarcely possible to have less frivolity and dullness in a mixed society. Schleiermacher is the most intellectual man amongst them. The complete absence of jealousy among these scholars is particularly gratifying."

It is not long we are allowed to pause upon this agreeable and fruitful era of intellectual activity. Two volumes, however, are published of that history of which it is not here our purpose to speak, of which we would not wish to speak lightly or inconsiderately, which we admire and would cordially applaud, but which, we feel, has not yet received its exact place or value in the historical literature of Europe. We have not the time, nor will we lay claim to the profound erudition requisite, to do full justice to Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. We do not regret, therefore, that the present occasion calls for no decided verdict; and that it does not devolve on us to draw the line, and show where just, and bold, and discriminating criticism terminates, and where ingenious and happy conjecture begins to assume the air and confidence of history. On one point there can be no dispute—that his work exercised a great, and, upon the whole, a most salutary influence on historical criticism. It is not too much to say, that no history has been written since its appearance in which this influence cannot be traced.

Both volumes were received in a most cordial and encouraging manner by his friends and by the public, and materials for a third volume were being collected, when suddenly we hear that our professor—is drilling for the army! Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia has given hope to every patriotic German to throw off the degrading yoke of France. Niebuhr, though by his father's side of Danish extraction, was, in heart, wholly a German. When the Landwehr was called out he refused to avail himself of the privilege of his position to evade serving in it—he sent in his name as a volunteer, and prepared himself by the requisite

exercises. Meanwhile, till he could do battle with the musket, he fought with the pen, and edited a news-paper. "Niebuhr's friends in Holstein," writes Madame Hensler, "could hardly trust their eyes when he wrote them word that he was drilling for the army, and that his wife entered with equal enthusiasm into his feelings. The greatness of the object had so inspired Madame Niebuhr, who was usually anxious, even to a morbid extent, at the slightest imaginable peril for the husband in whom she might truly be said to live, that she was willing and ready to bring even her most precious treasure as a sacrifice to her country."

French troops were now constantly passing through Berlin, on their way from the fatal plains of Russia. The dreadful sufferings which they had manifestly endured did not fail to excite a general compassion; but their appearance excited still more the patriotic hopes of the citizens to liberate themselves from the degrading domination of France. Berlin was evacuated by the French. Then came the Cossacks, following in the route of the common enemy. "They bivouac," says a letter of Niebuhr, "with their horses in the city; about four in the morning they knock at the doors, and ask for breakfast. This is a famous time for the children, for they set them on their horses, and play with them." Here is an extract that will bring the times vividly before us. Niebuhr is writing to Madame Hensler:—

"I come from an employment in which you will hardly be able to fancy me engaged—namely, exercising. Even before the departure of the French, I began to go through the exercise in private, but a man can scarcely acquire it without a companion. Since the French left, a party of about twenty of us have been exercising in a garden, and we have already got over the most difficult part of the training. When my lectures are concluded, which they will be at the beginning of next week, I shall try to exercise with regular recruits during the morning, and, as often as possible, practise shooting at a mark. . . . By the end of a month, I hope to be as well drilled as any recruit who is considered to have finished his training. The heavy musket gave me so much trouble at first, that I almost despaired of being able to handle

it ; but we are able to recover the powers again that we have only lost for want of practice. I am happy to say that my hands are growing horny ; for as long as they had a delicate bookworm's skin, the musket put into them terribly. . . .

"I mentioned to you a short time since, my hopes of getting a secretaryship on the general staff. With my small measure of physical power, I should have been a thousand times more useful in that office than as a private soldier. The friend I have referred to would like me to enter the ministry. Perhaps something unexpected may yet turn up. Idle, or busy about anything but our liberation, I cannot be now."

It is impossible to read the account of these stirring times *just now*, without asking ourselves whether it is probable that our own learned professors of Oxford and Cambridge may ever have their patriotism put to a similar trial. Perhaps, even under similar circumstances, they would act the wiser part by limiting themselves to patriotic exhortations to the youth under their control or influence. Of one thing we feel persuaded, that there would be no lack of ardour, or of martial enthusiasm, amongst the students of our venerable universities. After a few months drilling and practising, there would be raised such a corps of riflemen from Oxford and Cambridge as fields of battle have not often seen. How intelligence *tells*, when you put a musket in its hands, is as yet but faintly understood. We, for our own part, hope that the *voluntary principle* will here arouse itself in time, and do its bidding nobly. For as to that ordinary militia, which is neither voluntary service nor thorough discipline, where there is neither intelligence, nor ardour, nor professional spirit, nor any one good quality of a soldier, we have no confidence in it whatever: we would not willingly trust our *honor* to a defence: there is

against an equal number of any troops in the world. Why should not there be permanent rifle-clubs established in every university, and in every town? These, and our standing army, increased to its necessary complement, would constitute a safe defence. Volunteers, it is said, cannot be kept together except in moments of excitement. And this was true while the volunteers had only to drill and to march; but practice with the rifle is itself as great an amusement as archery, or boating, or cricket, or any other that engages the active spirit of our youth. There is a skill to be acquired which would prompt emulation. There is an art to learn. These clubs would meet together, both for competition, and for the purpose of practising military evolutions on a larger scale, and thus the spirit of the institution would be maintained, and its utility increased. Nor would it be difficult to suggest some honorary privilege which might be attached to the volunteer rifleman. Such, we are persuaded, is the kind of militia which England ought to have for her defence; such, we are persuaded, is the only force, beside the standing army, on which any reliance can safely be placed.

All honour to the historian who unravels for us the obscurities of the past! Nevertheless, one simple truth will stare us in the face. We take infinite pains to understand the Roman *comitia*; we read, not without considerable labour, some pages of Thucydides; yet the daily English newspaper has been bringing to our door accounts of a political experiment now enacting before us, more curious and more instructive than Roman and Grecian history can supply. The experiment, which has been fairly performed on a neighbouring shore, gives a more profound lesson, and a far more important one, than twenty Peloponnesian wars. That experiment has demonstrated to us that, *by going low enough*, you may obtain a public opinion that shall sanction a tyranny over the whole intelligence of the country. A man who, whatever his abilities, had acquired no celebrity in civil or military life, inherits a name; with that name he appeals to the universal suffrage of France; and universal

France gives him permission to do what he will with her laws and institutions—to destroy her parliament—to silence her press—to banish philosophy from her colleges. It is a lesson of the utmost importance; and moreover, a fact which, at the present moment, justifies some alarm. It is not intelligent France we have for our neighbour, but a power which represents its military and its populace, and which surely, if we are to calculate on its duration, is of a very terrific character. But we must pursue our biographical sketch of the life of Niebuhr.

Although our professor never actually shoulders that musket of which we have seen him practising the use, and gets no nearer to the smoke of powder than to survey the battle of Bautzen from the heights, he is involved in all the civil turmoils of the time. He is summoned to Dresden, where the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia are in conference together. He follows the Sovereigns to Prague; he is again despatched to Holland, to negotiate there for subsidies with the English commissioners. Saddest event of all, his domestic happiness receives a fatal blow in the death of his wife. She must have been a woman of tender spirit and elevated character. She entered ardently into all the pursuits, and shared all the fame, of her husband. A few days before her death, Niebuhr, as he was holding her in his arms, asked her if there was no pleasure that he could give her—nothing that he could do for her sake. She replied, with a look of unutterable love, "You shall finish your history, whether I live or die."

The history, however, proceeded very slowly. When public tranquillity was restored, Niebuhr did not return to his professor's chair; he went, as is very generally known, to Rome on a diplomatic mission. Here he spent a considerable portion of his life; and although his residence in that city might seem peculiarly favourable to his great undertaking, yet it proved otherwise;—either his time was occupied in the business or the ceremonial attached to his appointment, or his mind was unhinged. Besides, we have seen, from his own confession, that he needed such stimulants as

those he found at Berlin, of friends, and conversation, and a literary duty, to keep him to one train of inquiry or of labour. It was very much the habit of his mind to propose to himself numerous works or literary investigations. We have amongst his loose memoranda of an earlier date one headed thus, "Works which I have to complete." The list comprises no less than seven works, every one of which would have been a laborious undertaking. No scheme or outline of these several projected books was to be found, but the writer of the Memoir before us remarks that we are not to infer from this that such memoranda contain mere projects, towards whose execution no step was ever taken.

"That Niebuhr proposed," says Madame Hensler, "any such work to himself, was a certain sign that he had read and thought deeply on the subject; but he was able to trust so implicitly to his extraordinary memory, that he never committed any portion of his essays to paper till the whole was complete in his own mind. His memory was so wonderfully retentive that he scarcely ever forgot anything which he had once heard or read, and the facts he knew remained present to him at all times, even in their minutest details.

"His wife and sister once playfully took up Gibbon, and asked him questions from the table of contents about the most trivial things, by way of testing his memory. They carried on the examination till they were tired, and gave up all hope of even detecting him in a momentary uncertainty, though he was at the same time engaged in writing on some other subject."

Niebuhr married a second time. Madame Hensler, accompanied by her niece, had visited him in his affliction; their presence gradually cheered him; and Margaret Hensler, the niece, "soothed him with her gentle attentions, and gave him peculiar pleasure with her sweet singing. After some time he engaged himself to her, and married her before he left Berlin."

We have now to follow him to Rome. The correspondence is here, as indeed throughout these volumes, very entertaining; and it would be utterly impossible to convey to our readers, in our brief survey, a fair impression of the sort of interest this work possesses. The memoir may be

regarded as merely explanatory of the letters, and the letters themselves are not distinguished so much by remarkable passages as by a constantly sustained interest. They are not learned, for the erudite portion of the correspondence has been omitted, but they are never trivial; they perpetually suggest some topic of reflection, and are thoroughly imbued with the character and personality of the writer. We have lately had several biographies of eminent men written on the same plan, the letters being set forth as the most faithful portraiture of the man; but in none of these, so far as we can recall them to mind, are the letters at once so valuable in themselves, and so curious for the insight they give us into the character and feelings of the writer.

In reading Niebuhr's letters from Italy, we must always bear in mind that they are written by one of warm and somewhat irascible temper, and who has a standard of moral excellence which would be thought of a most inconvenient altitude by the people of any country in Europe. He is honest as the day, but open to receive very sudden and much too strong impressions. We must also look at the date of his letters, and ask ourselves what changes may have taken place since Niebuhr wrote. With these precautions, they will be found to convey many very instructive hints. From his first entrance into Italy to the last hour of his residence, he expresses the same opinion of the low standard of intellectual culture amongst its educated classes. Whilst he is yet at Florence, he writes thus:—

"My preconceived opinion of the scholars and higher classes in Italy has proved perfectly correct, as I was convinced would be the case, because I possessed sufficient data to form an accurate idea of them. I have always allowed the existence of individual exceptions, as regards erudition; but even in these cases, there is not that cultivation of the whole man which we demand and deem indispensable. I have become acquainted with two or three literary men of real ability; but, in the first place, they are old men, who have only a few years longer to live; and when they are gone, Italy will be, as they say themselves, in a state of barbarism; and, in the second, they are like statues wrought to be placed in a frieze

on the wall—the side turned towards you is of finished beauty, the other unhewn stone. They are much what our scholars may have been sixty or eighty years ago. No one feels himself a citizen. . . .

"The three genuine and intellectual scholars of my acquaintance, Morelli, Garatoni, and Fontana, are all ecclesiastics. They are, however, only ecclesiastics by profession, for I have not found in them the slightest trace either of a belief in the dogmas of Catholicism, or of the pietism which you meet with in Germany. *When an Italian has once ceased to be a slave of the Church, he never seems to trouble his head about such matters at all. Metaphysical speculations are utterly foreign to his nature, as they were to the old Romans.* Hence the vacuity of mind which has become general since the suppression of freedom, except in the case of those who find a sphere of action in writing literary and historical memoirs. Their public men are immeasurably behind the Germans in knowledge and cultivation."

What matter for reflection there is here, the reader will not need our assistance to point out. Let those who censure Protestantism for the spirit of speculation it is connected with, either as cause or effect, consider how important a part that speculative tendency plays in sustaining the intellectual activity of a people.

When Niebuhr arrives at Rome, the picture that he draws is still darker. Even the antiquities of the city seem to have given him little pleasure; he was more disturbed at what had been taken away than gratified by the little that remained. Then, although he well knew that the life of an ambassador at Rome could not be free from restraint and interruption, yet the courtly formalities he was compelled to observe were far more vexations than he had anticipated. Housekeeping, too, perplexed him. Things were dear, and men not too honest. "Without a written agreement nothing can be done." In a letter to Savigny, he writes thus:—

"Rome has no right to its name; at most, it should be called New Rome. Not one single street here goes in the same direction as the old one; it is an entirely foreign vegetation that has grown up on a part of the old soil, as insignificant and thoroughly modern in its style as possible, without nationality, without history. It is very characteristic

that the really ancient and the modern city lie almost side by side.

"There are nowhere any remains of anything that it was possible to remove. The ruins all date from the time of the emperors; and he who can get up an enthusiasm about them, must at least rank Martial and Sophocles together. . . . St Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, and the Loggia, are certainly splendid; but even St Peter's is disfigured internally by the wretched statues and decorations. . . . Science is utterly extinct here.

Of philologists, there is none worthy of the name except the aged De Rossi, who is near his end. The people are apathetic.

"This, then, is the country and place in which my life is to be passed! It is but a poor amends that I can get from libraries, and yet my only hope is from the Vatican. That we may be crossed in every way, this is closed till the 5th of November, and to have it opened sooner is out of the question; in other respects, all possible facilities have been promised me by the Pope himself, Cardinal Gonsalvi, Monsignor Testi, and the Prefect of the library, Monsignor Baldi. This last is now engaged in printing, at his own cost, a work on which he has expended six hundred scudi, without hope of receiving any compensation for it. It is on seventeen passages in the Old Testament, in which he has found the cross mentioned by name. . . . At Terni, I found the old art of land-surveying still extant: I rode along what was probably an ancient 'limes,' found the 'rigor,' and the 'V. Pedes.' I shall go there again, if I live till next autumn. It is a charming place. There are at least fifty houses in the town, among them one very large, which date from the Roman times, and which have never yet been observed or described by any traveller. Several of the churches are Roman private houses. If one could but discover in Rome anything like this! I long inexpressibly to have it for my burial-place. Everything is ancient in Terni and its neighbourhood—even the mode of preparing the wine. Oh to have been in Italy five hundred years ago!"

One of the most agreeable topics mentioned in the period of his biography, is the interest Niebuhr took in the new school of German art then springing up at Rome. Every one, from prints and engravings, if from no other source, is now acquainted with the works of Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, Schadow, and others. They were then struggling with all the usual difficulties of unemployed and

unrecognised genius. Niebuhr neither possessed, nor affected to possess, any special knowledge of art, but he was delighted with the genuine enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen; he kindled in their society; he was persuaded of their great talent, and exerted whatever influence he possessed in obtaining for them some high employment. He wished that the interior of some church or other public building should be placed at their disposal, to decorate it with suitable paintings. The scattered notices that we find here of these artists we pass over very unwillingly, but we must necessarily confine ourselves to the course of our narrative.

By his first wife, Niebuhr had no family. His second, *Gretchen* as she is affectionately called—and who, we may observe in passing, is described as equally amiable, though not quite so intellectual or cultivated as the first—brought him several children, one son and three daughters. The birth of his son, April 1817, was an event which gave him the keenest delight, and kindled in all their fervour his naturally ardent affections. It was the first thing, we are told, that really dispelled the melancholy that fell on him after the loss of his *Milly*. It is curious and touching to note how he mingled up his reminiscences of his first wife with this gift brought him by the second. Writing to Madame Hensler, he says:—

"The trial is over, but it has been a terrible trial. How *Gretchen* rejoices in the possession of her darling child after all her suffering, you can well imagine. Her patience was indescribable. In my terrible anxiety I prayed most earnestly, and entreated my *Milly*, too, for help. I comforted *Gretchen* with telling her that *Milly* would send help."

Then come plans for the education of the boy. How much does the following brief extract suggest!—

"I am thinking a great deal about his education. I told you a little while ago how I intended to teach him the ancient languages very early, by practice. I wish the child to believe all that is told him; and I now think you write in an assertion which I have formerly disputed, that it is better to tell children no tales, but to keep to the poets. But while I shall repeat and read the old poets to

him in such a way that he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him, at the same time, that the ancients had only an imperfect knowledge of the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him from his infancy a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about."

On the opposite page we read the following letter to the same correspondent, Madame Hensler:—

"I have spent yesterday and last night in thinking of my *Milly*, and this day, too, is sacred to these recollections. I saw her a few days ago in a dream. She seemed as if returning to me after a long separation. I felt uncertain, as one so often does in dreams, whether she was still living on this earth, or only appeared on it for a transient visit. She greeted me as if after a long absence, asked *hastily after the child*, and took it in her arms."

"Happy are those who can cherish such a hallowing remembrance as that of the departure of my *Milly* with pious faith, trusting for a brighter and eternal spring. Such a faith cannot be acquired by one's own efforts. Oh that it may one day be my portion!"

"My son shall have a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about!" May the paternal hope, and the paternal confidence in its own "plans of education," be fully justified.

One thing appears evident, that a residence at Rome (at least at the period when Niebuhr wrote) is not be very propitious to the cultivation of faith in education. What is brought before us vividly in these letters, is a proposed design, is a cold, worldly fondness, with

The proposed design, is a cold, worldly fondness, with which Niebuhr mingled, yet act with a sense of duty. What union can be more than this—the cold heavy hand! A

not, as might perhaps be apprehended, the wish to print the Bible; he has accepted assistance from our Bible Society in carrying out his scheme. In sharp contrast with bigoted conduct of this description, we have Niebuhr's general impression of the utter coldness of heart amongst the ecclesiastics at Rome. They run as follows—(the R. in this extract stands for Ringseis, a physician who had accompanied the Crown Prince of Bavaria to Rome, and who was a zealous and pious Catholic):—

"About the Italians you will have heard R's testimony, and we Protestants can leave it to him to paint the clergy, and the state of religion in this country. In fact, we are all cold and dead compared to his indignation. His society has been a great pleasure to us all, even to our reserved friend Bekker, who in general turns pale at the very thought of Popery, and finds me far too indulgent. With an enthusiast so full of heart as R. you can get on; between such a luxuriance of fancy and the unshackled reason, there is much such an analogy as subsists between science and art; whilst, on the contrary, the slavish subjection to the Church is ghastly death. The most superficial prophet of so-called enlightenment cannot have a more sincere aversion to enthusiasm than the Roman priesthood; and, in fact, their superstition bears no trace of it. Little as the admirers of Italy care for my words, I know that I am perfectly correct in saying, that even among the laity you cannot discover a vestige of piety."

Meanwhile the years pass on, and the education of the little boy really begins. Niebuhr says he succeeds in the task better than he could venture to hope. Our readers cannot but be curious to know what was the course of instruction the great historian pursued.

"Marcus already knows no inconsiderable number of Latin words, and he understands grammar so well that I can now set him to learn parts of the conjunctions without their teasing him like dead matter: he derives many of the forms from his own feeling. I am reading with him selected chapters from Ilygin's *Mythologicum*—a book which perhaps it is not easy to use for this purpose, and which yet is more suited to it than any other, from the absence of formal periods, and the interest of the narrative. For German, I write fragments of the Greek mythology for him. I began with the

history of the Argonauts; I have now got to the history of Hercules. I give everything in a very free and picturesque style, so that it is as exciting as poetry to him: and, in fact, he reads it with such delight that we are often interrupted by his cries of joy. The child is quite devoted to me; but this educating costs me a great deal of time. However, I have had my share of life, and I shall consider it as a reward for my labours if this young life be as fully and richly developed as lies within my power.

"Unexpected thoughts often escape him. Two days ago he was sitting beside me and began, 'Father, the ancients believed in the old gods; but they must have believed also in the true God. The old gods were just like men.'"

All this time we have said nothing of the political embassy of Niebuhr. He was appointed ambassador to Rome to negotiate a concordat with the Pope. But it appears that several years elapsed before he received his instructions from his own court. We hardly know, therefore, whether to say that the negotiations were prolonged, or that their commencement had been delayed. Niebuhr always speaks in high terms of the Pope, (Pius VII.,) as a man every way estimable. Between them a very friendly feeling seems to have subsisted. There does not appear, therefore, to have been any peculiar or vexatious delay on the part of the Holy See. After Niebuhr had been in Rome more than four years, Count Hardenberg, the Prussian minister, who had been attending the conference at Laybach, made his appearance on the scene. To him, as we gather from the very brief account before us, was attributed with some unfairness the merit of concluding the negotiations. However this might be, the terms of this concordat were at length agreed upon, and Niebuhr had no longer any peculiar mission to detain him at Rome. Shortly afterwards he petitioned for leave of absence, and returned to Germany. He never went back again to Rome, but happily resumed the professor's chair—this time, however, in the University of Bonn; or rather he delivered lectures at Bonn, for it does not appear that he was an appointed professor.

But before we leave Rome for Bonn, or diplomacy for the profes-

social duties, we must glance at a little essay given us in the appendix, written by Chevalier Bunsen, and entitled *Niebuhr as a Diplomatist in Rome*. Bunsen was, during part of this period, secretary to the embassy, and of course in perpetual communication with Niebuhr. The few anecdotes he relates present us with a very distinct picture of this German Cato amongst the modern Romans. Judging by what are popularly understood to be the qualifications of a diplomatist, we should certainly say that our historian was by no means peculiarly fitted for this department of the public service. He was an unbending man, had much of the stoic in his principles, though very little of the stoic in his affections, and was more disposed to check or crush the hollow frivolity about him than to yield to it, or to play with it. He could throw a whole dinner-table into consternation, by solemnly denouncing the tone of levity which the conversation had assumed. At the house of some prince in Rome the events then transpiring in Greece had led Niebuhr to speak with earnestness on the future destiny of the Christian Hellenes. On the first pause that occurred, a fashionable diner-out contrived to turn the conversation, and in a few moments the whole table was alive with a discussion—on this important point, whether a certain compound sold at the Roman coffee-houses, under the slang name of “aurora,” was mostly coffee or mostly chocolate! Niebuhr sat silent for some time; but he, too, took advantage of the next pause to express his indignation and surprise, that “in such times, and with such events occurring around us, we should be entertained with such miserable trifles!” For a short time all were mute. Not a very diplomatic style, we should say, of conversation.

It was very characteristic of such a man, that, on the occasion of giving a grand entertainment in his character of ambassador, he should have the music of the Sistine Chapel performed in his house. He detested the modern Italian operatic music. He thought it becoming his ambassadorial position that something national should be selected. He therefore chose that celebrated music which

all foreigners make it a point of duty to go and listen to at the Sistine Chapel during Passion Week. When the gay assemblage, after an animated conversation, repaired for the concert to the brilliantly lighted saloon, a choir of sixteen singers from the chapel filled the air with their solemn strains. We do not wonder, as Chevalier Bunsen says, that “the assembly was evidently seized with a peculiar feeling,” or that many of them stole away to something they thought more amusing.

Even his connection with the learned men of Rome was not of long continuance. But this was owing to no want of sympathy in their studies or pursuits on the part of Niebuhr, as the following anecdote will testify—(those who know Leopardi as a poet will read it with peculiar interest):—

“I still remember the day when he (Niebuhr) entered with unwonted vivacity the office in which I was writing, and exclaimed, ‘I must drive out directly to seek out the greatest philological genius of Italy that I have as yet heard of, and make his acquaintance. Just look at the man’s critical remarks upon the Chronicle of Eusebius. What acuteness! What real erudition! I have never seen anything like it before in this country—I must see the man.’

“In two hours he came back. ‘I found him at last with a great deal of trouble, in a garret of the Palazzo Mattei. Instead of a man of mature age, I found a youth of two or three and twenty, deformed, weakly, and who has never had a good teacher, but has fed his intellect upon the books of his grandfather, in his father’s house at Rocanati; has read the classics and the Fathers; is, at the same time, as I hear, one of the first poets and writers of his nation, and is withal poor, neglected, and evidently depressed. One sees in him what genius this richly endowed nation possesses.’ Capel has a pleasing and true description of astonishment experienced by men at their first meeting with a man whose affection with which he had been acquainted, and all that we did

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it necessary to revise the two volumes already published. In this revision he engaged so zealously that he almost re-wrote them. The third volume, as is well known, was not published in his lifetime: the manuscript was revised for the press by his friend and disciple, Professor Classen.

This and other manuscripts ran the risk of being consumed by the flames; for his new house, in the planning and arrangement of which he had taken much pleasure, was burnt down on the night of the 6th February 1830. It was indeed a misfortune, he said, but he did not feel as he felt "that night when he was near headquarters at the battle of Bautzen, and believed the cause of his country to be, if not lost, in the most imminent peril." But though much else was destroyed, the books and papers were preserved; and there was great rejoicing when here and there a precious treasure was found again, which had been looked on as lost; and the reappearance of the longed-for manuscript of the second volume of the history (then going through the press) was greeted with hearty cheers.

The prospect of public affairs, now embroiled by the French Revolution of 1830, seems to have disturbed him more than the loss of his house. From the selfishness of the governing party, and the rashness of their opponents, he was disposed to predict the saddest results—loss of freedom, civil and religious. "In fifty years," he says in one place, "and probably much less, there will be no trace left of free institutions, or the freedom of the press, throughout all Europe—at least on the Continent." In this enforced darkness, Protestantism would, of course, have no chance against her great antagonist. Wherever the spirit of mental freedom decays, the Roman Catholic must triumph. He says, "Already, all the old evils have awakened to full activity; all the priestcraft, all, even the most gigantic plans for conquest and subjugation; and there is no doubt that they are secretly aiming at, and working towards, a religious war, and all that tends to bring it on."

The interest which Niebuhr took in the public events of Europe was indirectly the cause of his last illness. One evening he spent a considerable

time waiting and reading in the hot news-room, without taking off his thick fur cloak, and then returned home through the cold frosty night air, heated in mind and body. He looked in, as he passed, on his friend Classen, to unburden some portion of his fervid cares for the universal commonwealth. "But," said he, "I have taken a severe chill, I must go to bed." And from the couch he then sought he never rose again.

"On the afternoon of the 1st of January 1830," thus concludes the account of his last days which we have from the pen of Professor Classen, "he sank into a dreamy slumber: once, on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep; now and then he spoke French in his dreams; probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually faded away; he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognised in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, 'What essential substance is this! Am I so far gone!' These were his last words; he sank back on his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat."

Any attempt at the final estimate of Niebuhr as a historian, we have already said we shall not make. The permanence of the structure that he has reared must be tested by time and the labours of many scholars. Indeed, where a reputation like this is concerned, old father Time will be slow in his operations—he is a long while trimming the balance and shuffling the weights—perhaps new weights are to be made. Niebuhr's great and salutary influence in historical literature, we repeat, is undeniable; and this signal merit will always be accorded to him. For his character as a man, this is better portrayed even by the few extracts we have been able to make from his letters, than by any summary or description we could give. But these extracts have necessarily been brief, and are unavoidably taken, here and there, from letters which it would have been much more desirable to quote *in extenso*, and therefore we recommend every reader who can bestow the leisure, to read these volumes for himself. He will find them, in the best sense of the word, very amusing.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE recent death of the Poet Moore has rendered it incumbent on us, as taking an interest in the literary honour of the empire, to give a brief sketch of his career. In this outline we scarcely need say that we shall be guided by the most perfect impartiality. We have the due feeling for the memory of genius, and the due respect for the sacredness of the grave. Though differing from Moore in political opinions, we shall be willing to give him the praise of sincerity; and, though declining panegyric, we shall with equal willingness give our tribute to the talents which adorned his country.

It is to be hoped that a Memoir will be supplied by some of those friends to whose known ability such a work can be intrusted; and with as much of his personal correspondence, and personal history, as may be consistent with the feelings of his family and the regard for his fame.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 30th of May 1780. His parentage was humble; but it is the glory of Britain to disregard pedigree, where nature has given the ability which leads to distinction.

The period at which Moore first came before the public eye was one singularly exciting to Ireland. The Civil War under James II. had left bitterness in the Roman Catholic mind, and the Penal Laws gave ample topics for the declaimers. But, from the commencement of the reign of George III., those laws had undergone a course of extinction, and all the harsher parts of their pressure were gradually abolished.

We are not the panegyrists of those laws; they erred, in making the *religious belief* of the Romanist an object of penalty. Faith, let it be of whatever blindness, cannot be enlightened by force of law. But we are to remember, that the Irish Roman Catholics had been in *arms* against their sovereign; that they had shed English blood in the quarrel of a religion notoriously persecuting; that they had brought foreign troops into the country in aid of their rebellion; and

that they had formed an alliance with France, then at war with England. It was further to be remembered, that in their Parliament under a returned rebel, who had abdicated the throne of both islands—and whose success would have made Ireland a vassal, as he himself was a pensioner, of France—they had confiscated (against the most solemn promises) the property of two hundred leading Protestants, and would have eventually confiscated the whole property of Protestantism.

Ireland had made itself a field of battle, and the only relief for its emergencies was to make it a *garri-son*.

The wisdom of that measure was shown in its fruits—the true test of all statesmanship: Ireland remained undisturbed for *seventy* years. During the party and popular irritations of the two first Brunswick reigns, during the two Scottish invasions of 1715 and 1745, and during the American war, Ireland was perfectly tranquil—certainly not through loyalty, and as certainly through law. At that time there was no favoured party of agitation—no faction suffered to clamour itself into place, and the country into tumult. There was no relaxation of the laws of the land for scandalous intrigue or insolent importunity. The rule was strict, and strictly administered; no manufacture of grievance was permitted to give a livelihood to a disturber, and no celebrity was in the power of a demagogue, but the ascent to the pillory. Common sense, public justice, and vigilant law, were the *triad* which governed Ireland, and their fruits were seen in the most rapid, vigorous, and extensive improvement of the country. No kingdom of Europe had ever so quickly obliterated the traces of civil war. Improvement was visible, in every form of national progress. Ireland had previously been a country of pasture, and, of course, of depopulation: it became a country of tillage. It had formerly been totally destitute of commerce: it now pushed its trade to the thriving States of America, and grew

in wealth by the hour. It was formerly compelled, by the want of native manufactures, to purchase the clothing of its population from England: it now established the northern province as an emporium of the linen trade, which it still holds, and which is more than a gold mine to a crowded population.

The increase of human life in Ireland was perhaps the most memorable in the annals of statistics. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the population was calculated at little more than 700,000. It now started forth by *millions*. And the national increase of wealth, intelligence, and public spirit, was shown in a manner equally significant and singular. Ireland had the honour of *inventing* (if we may use the word) the Volunteers. The threat of a French invasion had alarmed the people, and Parliament asked the important question of the Viceroy, What forces were provided for the defence of the kingdom? His answer was, that he had but 7000 men at his disposal. The nation instantly determined to take the defence on themselves, and they raised an army such as the world had never before seen—wholly spontaneous in its rise, self-equipped, serving without pay, self-disciplined—80,000 men ready for the field!

The armies of Greece and Rome, even when republican, were *conscriptio*ns; the *levée en masse* in France was compulsory, and the guillotine was the recruiting officer; the gigantic columns of the Imperial armies were chiefly raised under the absolute scourge. The *land-sturm* of the Germans was created under the rigidity of a system which drove the whole population into the field—rightly and righteously drove them; for what but the low selfishness of brawling and bustling Radicalism, or the petty penury of superannuated avarice, would declare it a hardship to defend one's own country, or hesitate to pay the manly and necessary expenditure which fitted them for that defence? But Ireland, without hesitation, and without stipulation—without the pitiful pusillanimity of a weaver's soul and body, or the shrinking selfishness of a pawnbroker in the shape

of a legislator—rushed to arms, and scared away invasion!

The expense of this illustrious effort was enormous, the occupation of time incalculable—but the act was heroic. And let what will come, whether Ireland is to have a career worthy of her natural powers, or to perish under the ascendancy of her deadly superstition, that *act* will form the brightest jewel in her historic diadem, as it will the noblest inscription on her tomb. But the whole effort implied the prosperity, as well as the patriotism, of the kingdom. Paupers cannot equip themselves for the field. The country must have had substantial resources to meet the expenditure. The arming of the volunteers would have exhausted the treasury of half the sovereigns of Europe, and yet the country bore it freely, fearlessly, and without feeling the slightest embarrassment in those efforts which were at the moment extending her interests through the world.

We have alluded to this fragment of Irish history, because it illustrates the system of fraud and falsehood under which pretended patriotism in Ireland has libelled, and continues to libel, England—a system which talks of peace, while it is perpetually provoking hostility; which boasts of its zeal for the country, while it is cutting up every root of national hope; and which is equally boastful in the streets, and cowardly in the field.

But another crisis came, and the manliness of the national character was to be tried in a still severer emergency. The Penal Laws were virtually extinguished, on the presumption that Popery was reconcilable by benefits, and that Irish patriotism was not always the language of conspiracy. The mistake was soon discernible in a Popish League for the subversion of the English Government. The "United Irishmen"—a name in itself a falsehood, for the object was to crush one-half of the nation, by establishing the tyranny of the other—were formed into a League. But the League was broken up, not in the field, but in the dungeon, and the insurrection was extinguished by the executioner. Wolfe Tone, the Secretary of the United Irishmen, came over in a French ship of war, to

effect the *peaceful* liberation of his "aggrieved country," was imprisoned, and cut his own throat. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the hero of novels, and the martyr of poetry, lurked in the capital, in the *soldierly* disguise of a milkwoman, was taken in his bed, wounded in the arrest, and died of the wound. Not one of the leading conspirators died in the field; all who were not hanged begged their lives, delivered up their secrets for their own contemptible safety, and were transported to America, there to recover their courage, and wipe off their shame, by libelling England.

But among the most cruel acts of those villains was the attempt to involve the students of the University in their crime. Their converts were few, and those among the most obscure; but those were effectually ruined. A visitation was held under the Lord Chancellor Clare, and the delinquents were chiefly expelled. On this occasion Moore was questioned. His intimacy with the family of the Emmetts, who seem all to have been implicated in the charge, and his peculiar intercourse with the unfortunate and guilty Robert Emmett, who, a few years after, was hanged for open insurrection, rendered him liable to suspicion. He was accordingly examined at that formidable tribunal. But his stature was so undersized, his appearance so boyish, and his answers were given with such evident simplicity, that, to suppose *him* intrusted with the secrets of conspiracy, still less the sharer of a sanguinary revolt, seemed next to impossible, and he was dismissed without animadversion. Thus the future author of so many strains on the slavery of Ireland, and the tyranny of England, the publisher of such stores—

"Of fluent verse, and furious prose,
Sweet songster of fictitious woes"—

was "quite pour la peur," and sent to receive the plaudits of his friends for his firmness, and the cautions of his own common sense with respect to his intimacies for the future.

Moore's want of stature was an actual misfortune to him through life, which, though not shown with the bitterness of Byron on his lameness,

must have been a source of perpetual vexation in society. He was one of the smallest men, perhaps, in existence, above a dwarf. Yet he was well-proportioned; and his lively countenance, which looked the very mirror of good-nature, aided by his manners, which had by instinct the grace of good society, made his figure, after the first introduction, almost forgotten. When he had established his fame, of course, none adverted to defects of any kind, and the "little Tom Moore" of Ireland became the Mr Moore of England, by the consent of all circles. He possessed, also, those gifts which create popularity. The people of Ireland have a remarkable fondness for music, and Moore was a musician by nature. Of music he knew nothing as a science, but he felt its soul. The heavy harmonies of Germany—in which the chief object is to show the toil of the performer and the patience of his auditory, to press discords into the service, and to crush the very sense of pleasure—would not have been endured by the Irish, who, like all lovers of the genuine art, prefer songs to musical problems, and to be bewitched rather than be bewildered. Moore, accordingly, cultivated the finer part—its feeling. He has been heard to say, "that if he had an original turn for anything, it was for music;" and he certainly produced, in his earliest career, some of the most original, tender, and tasteful melodies in existence for the Piano, which he touched with alight, but sufficient skill; and, sung to his own soft and sweet lines, he realised more of the *magic* of music than any performer whom we ever heard.

This subject, however apparently trivial, is not trifling in a Memoir of Moore; for, independently of its being his chief introduction into society, it was a *characteristic* of the man. He was the originator of a style, in which he had many imitators, but no equal; and after he abandoned it for other means of shining, almost no follower. It was neither Italian, nor, as we have observed, German; it had neither the frivolity of the French school nor the wildness of the Irish; it was exclusively his own—a mixture of the playful and the pathetic;

sweet, and yet singular; light, and yet often drawing tears. This effect, the finest in music—for what taste would compare a Sinfonia to a song?—he accomplished by the admirable management of a sweet voice, though but of small compass, accompanied by a few chords of the instrument, rather filling up the intervals of the voice than leading them: the whole rather an exquisite recitation than a song; the singer more the *minstrel* than the *musician*.

This description of his early powers, however extravagant it may seem to strangers, will be recognised as literally true by those who heard him in Ireland, and in the budding of his talent. He was an *inventor*; his art required the united taste of the composer and the poet, and this accounts for its having perished with him.

But a larger field was soon to open before Moore. The Rebellion of 1798 was a death-blow to the hopes of all those sanguine speculators who longed to become Presidents of the new republic. It drained the national resources—it disgusted the national understanding—it made Ireland disunited, and England at once contemptuous of Irish feeling, and suspicious of Irish loyalty. The safety of the empire obviously rendered it impossible to leave in its rear a nation which might throw itself, at a moment's notice, into the arms of France, Spain, or America—which had actually solicited a French army, and which still carried on transactions amounting to treason at home, and alliance abroad. Thus, the *regenerators* of Ireland, instead of raising her to a republic, sank her into a province. Even the dream of national independence was at an end; her Parliament was extinguished, and the only reality was the UNION.

Still, though the national pride was deeply hurt by the measure, the graver judgment of the nation acquiesced in the extinction of the Legislature. This was the fruit of those concessions which had been made by the ignorance of Government, and demanded by the intrigues of the Opposition. From the period of lowering the franchise to the Roman Catholic forty-shilling freeholder, the votes of the Romish peasantry became to the Government a terror, to the Oppo-

sition a snare, and to both, the sources of a new policy. In a few sessions more, the Parliament must have become almost totally *Papist*. Thus, after much declamation in the clubs, and much murmuring in the streets—after threats of declaring the mover of the measure “an enemy to his country”—and after a duel between the celebrated Grattan, the head of the Opposition, and Corry, the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, the diadem was taken off the head of Ireland, and quietly lodged in Whitehall. England thenceforth became the field of Irish ambition, and the mart of Irish ability.

Moore came to London apparently for the purpose of commencing his studies as a barrister. Whether his volatile and fanciful spirit would have relished the details of a profession demanding so much labour in its rudiments, and so much perseverance in its pursuit, is now not worth a question, for he probably never opened a book of law; but he had brought with him a book of a more congenial kind; a translation of *Anacreon*, to be published by subscription, and dedicated “by permission” to the Prince of Wales, (George IV.,) — an honour obtained, like all his early popularity, through his musical accomplishments.

Moore was not a scholar, in the sense of a Markland or a Bentley; but he had the best part of scholarship, the spirit of his author. The elegance of this versification of the old Greek lover of “smiles and wine” was universally acknowledged. All former translations of *Anacreon* were poor and pedantic, to the richness and grace of the volume then offered to the public eye.

Whether the original was the work of Ionia or Athens; whether one-half of the Odes were not *imitations* in later Greek, with Gregory Nazianzen and a dozen others for their authors; whether Polycrates or Hipparchus was their patron—in short, the questions which still perplex Oxford, and break the rest of Cambridge—which drive both into the logomachies of Teutonic criticism, and waste English pens and patience on the imported drudgeries of the Leipsic press—were matters which gave the translator but slight trouble. Nature had created him for

the translation—the praises of wine and beauty, of flowers and sunshine, were a language of his own; they formed his style through the greater part of his life; and Cupid and Bacchus never had a laureate more devoted, and more successful.

After lingering for some years in London, fêted by the great and followed by the little, Moore was appointed to an office in the West Indies. Thus was harshly hazarded the life of a man of genius; and the talent which was destined to distinguish his country was sent to take its chance of the yellow fever. The guest of princes and the favourite of fashion must have felt many a pang at finding himself consigned to Bermuda. The poetic romance of the “still vexed Bermoothes” was probably insufficient to console him for the pavilion at Brighton, and the soirees of Portman Square. But necessity must not deliberate—the *res angusta domi* was imperative—and the bard submitted to banishment with the grace and gaiety that never forsook him. The appointment was unfortunate. Connected with the public revenue, it had been transacted by deputy; and Moore, on his arrival, found himself answerable for the chasms in the official chest. No one charged him with those chasms. But, as the lawyers hold, “the Crown makes no bad debts,” the unlucky poet was responsible in a sum which would have mortgaged all Parnassus, and made the Nine insolvent. The appointment was finally resigned, and Moore, *solutus negotiis*, shook off the dust of his feet against the gates of the West Indies.

Taking advantage of his proximity to America, he now resolved to visit the great Republic, Canada, and the wonder of the Transatlantic world, Niagara!

America was made by Moore the subject of some spirited poetry; but it had another effect, less expected, yet equally natural—it cured him of Republicanism. The lofty superstitions which haunt the sepulchres of Greece and Rome, the angry ambition which stimulated the Irish patriot into revolt, or that fantasy of righting the wrongs of all mankind, which put live coals into the hands of the Frenchman to heap on the altar of imaginary

freedom, were all extinguished by the hard reality before his eyes. He found the Americans, as all have found them, vigorous, active, and persevering in their own objects; men of canals, corduroy roads, and gigantic warehouses; sturdy reclaimers of the swamp and the forest; bold backwoodsmen, and shrewd citizens, as they ought to be; but neither poets nor painters, nor touched with the tendernesses of romance, nor penetrating the profound of philosophy. Even their patriotism startled the mourner over the sufferings of the *Isle of Saints*; and the *Ledger*, more honoured than the *Legend*, offended all his reveries of a

“Paradise beyond the main,
Unknown to lucre, lash, and chain.”

Even the habits of Republicanism were found too primitive to be pleasing. He had the honour of an interview with Jefferson, then president; and this “four years’ monarch” received him in his nightgown and slippers, and stretched at his length on a sofa. Moore recolled at this display of *nonchalance*, and would have been perfectly justified in turning on his heel, and leaving this vulgarity to the indulgence of “showing a Britisher” the manners of a “free and intelligent citizen.” This rough specimen of freedom disgusted him, as well it might; and though Republicanism in rhyme might still amuse his fancy, he evidently shrank from the reality ever after.

Canada increased his poetical sketches. He wrote some spirited Odes on its stern landscape, and some bitter lines on the United States, in revenge for its extinction of his dreams. But, with America, he left all revolution behind him, and never more cast a “longing, lingering look” on the subversion of thrones.

On his return to Europe, he found it necessary to consider into what new path he was to turn. He had long left the hope of shining on the bench; office was now closed upon him; authorship was his only resource; and to authorship he turned with all the quickness of his nature, sharpened by the Roman’s

“MAGISTER ARTIS, VENTER.”

The exertion became more important to him, from his having made a disinterested match; and, in the spirit of a poet, been contented to take beauty as the marriage portion. He now retired into the country, and prepared for a life of vigorous authorship. In this choice, he evidently consulted his immediate circumstances more than the natural direction of his mind. Such a man was made for cities; all his habits were social, and he must have languished for society. The cooing of doves and the songs of nightingales were not the music to accompany such verses as these—

"Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon."

We can imagine the look of melancholy with which, after having finished his stanzas, Moore gave a moonlight glance to the woods and wilds, as he stood at his cottage door, and thought of the lively scenes at that moment glittering in London. Solitude may be the place of the philosopher, and universities the stronghold of science; but, for the knowledge of life, the play of character, the vigour of manly competitorship, and even the variety of views, events, and character, which make the true materials of the poetic faculty, association with our kind is indispensable. The poet in retirement either becomes the worship of a circle of women, who pamper him with panegyric, until he degenerates into silliness; or, living alone, becomes the worse thing—a worshipper of himself. Like a garrison cut off from its supplies, he lives on short allowance of ideas; like a hermit, thinks his rags sanctity, and his nonsense Oracles; or, like Robinson Crusoe, imagines his geese conversible, and his island an empire.

It is true, that Moore suffered less from this famine of poetic food than most of his race. His buoyancy of spirit never lost sight wholly of London, and his annual visit to the concerts and conversations of Berkeley Square, and other scenes of high life, refreshed his recollections. But when he tells us that *Lalla Rookh* was written "amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters," and, in a

phraseology which seems like apologising to himself for this exile, talks of his "being enabled by that *concentration* of thought, which *retirement alone* can give, to call up around him some of the sunniest of his Eastern scenes," the very toil and turgidity of the language show us that he felt himself in the *wrong* place. In fact, now that naked necks, turned-down shirt-collars, and dishevelled hair, no longer make poets à la Byron—when even the white waistcoats of Young England are no longer proof of chivalry—we wish to save the innocent hearts and fantastic heads of the rising generation from the experiment which Don Quixote performed so little to the satisfaction of Sancho Panza in the desert. We never heard of a great poet living a hundred miles from a metropolis. Contiguity to the world of men and women was essential. All the leaders of the tribe lived as near London as they could. Cowley lived within a walk, Pope within a drive, Milton within sight, of the walls—Shakspeare saw London Bridge every day of his life—Dryden lived in the Grecian Coffee-house—Byron, with his own goodwill, never would have stirred out of Bond Street; and when the newspapers and Doctors' Commons at length drove him abroad, he nestled down in Venice, instead of singing among the slopes of the Apennines, or acting distraction among the pinnacles of the Alps. It is even not improbable that the last few and melancholy years of Moore's life owed some of their depression to the weariness of this unnatural solitude.

On his return from America in 1803, we lose sight of him for a while. He was then probably harassed by government transactions connected with his luckless appointment; but in 1805 he gave unhappy evidence of his revival by the publication of *Poems by Mr Thomas Little*.

We have no desire to speak of this work. Perhaps "his poverty, but not his will," was in fault. He made some kind of apology at the time, by attributing the performance "to an imagination which had become the slave of the passions;" and subsequently he made the better apology of excluding it from his collected

volumes. Yet, in this work, he did less harm to society than injustice to himself. The graver classes, of course, repelled it at once; the fashionable world took but little notice of a book which could not be laid in their drawing-rooms; and the profligate could be but little excited by its babyisms, for Moore's amatory poems were always babyish. They wanted, in a remarkable degree, the fervency of passion. They prattled rather than felt: they babbled of lips and eyes like an impudent child; their Cupid was always an Urchin, and the urchin was always in the nursery. His verses of this school were flowing, but they never rose above prettiness; they never exhibited love in its living reality—in its seriousness and power—its madness of the brain, and absorption of the soul—its overwhelming raptures, and its terrible despair. There is a deeper sense of the truth and nature of *passion* in a single ballad of Burns than in all the amatory poems that Moore ever wrote.

The injustice to himself consisted in his thus leaving it in the hands of every stranger, to connect the life of the man with the licentiousness of the author. Yet we have never heard that his life was other than decorous; his conversation certainly never offended general society—his manners were polished—and we believe that his mind was at all times innocent of evil intention. Still, these poems threw a long shade on the gentle lustre of his fame.

He now fell under the lash of the *Edinburgh Review*, never more sternly, and seldom so justly, exercised. Moore indignantly sent a message to the editor. Jeffrey, refusing to give up the name of the Zöllus in disguise, accepted the message, and the parties met. Fortunately some friend, with more sense than either, sent also *his* message, but it was to the Bow Street magistrates, and the bell-gerents were captured on the field. In conveying the instruments of war to Bow Street, the bullets had fallen out; and this circumstance was, of course, too comic to be forgotten by the wits. The press shot forth its epigrams, the point of which was the harmlessness of the hostilities. It was observed—

"That the pistols were leadless
Is no sort of news,
For blank-cartridge should always
Be fired at *Reviews*."

We transcribe but another squib.

"A Scotchman and Irishman went out to fight,
Both equal in fierceness, both equal in fright;
Not a pin, 'twixt the heroes, in valour to choose,
The son of the *Scissors*, and son of the Muse."

The whole affair was an illustration of the barbaric absurdity of duelling. Lord Brougham was subsequently supposed to be the layer on of the critical lash. If Jeffrey had given him up, Moore would have shot him if he could; and if Brougham had survived, he would have shot Jeffrey. Thus, two of the cleverest men of their day might have been victims to the bastard chivalry of the nineteenth century. How Moore himself would have fared in the fray, no one can tell; but being as honourably savage as any of his countrymen, and as untameable as a tiger-cat, he would certainly have shot somebody, or got pistolled himself.

His next work was an opera. This attempt did not encourage him in trial of the stage. It had but a brief existence. Moore, though lively, was not a wit; and though inventive, was not dramatic. The inimitable "*Duenna*" of the inimitable Sheridan has expelled all Opera from the English stage, by extinguishing all rivalry.

But a broader opportunity now spread before him. A musical collector in Ireland had compiled a volume of the Native melodies, which, though generally rude in science, and always accompanied by the most aboriginal versification, attracted some publicity. Moore, in his happiest hour, glanced over these songs, and closed with the proposal of a publisher in Ireland to write the poetry, and bring the melodies themselves into a *civilised* form. The latter object he effected by the assistance of Stevenson, an accomplished musician, and even a popular composer: the former might be safely intrusted to himself.

It is to be remembered (though Ireland may be wroth to the bottom of its sensibilities) that its most

remote musical pedigree falls within the last century; that all beyond is shared with Scotland; and that the harmonies which Ossian shook from his harp, and which rang in the palaces of Fingal, and the nursing of Romulus and Remus, have equal claims to authenticity. Beyond the last century, the claims of Ireland to music were disputed by Scotland; and there was a species of partnership in their popular airs. But the true musician of Ireland was Carolan, a blind man who wandered about the houses of the country gentlemen, like Scott's minstrel, except that his patriotism was less prominent than his love of eating and drinking. He thought more of pay than of Party, and limited his Muse to her proper subjects—Love and Wine. But he was a musician by nature, and therefore worth ten thousand by art; and the finest melodies in Moore's portfolio were the product of a mind which had no master, and no impulse but its genius.

Time had not weaned Moore from the absurdity of imagining that every rebel must be a hero, or that men who universally begged their lives, or died by the rope, were the true regenerators of the country. His early connection with the Emmett family had been distressingly renewed by the execution of Robert Emmett, justly punished for a combination of folly and wickedness, perhaps without example in the narratives of impotent convulsion. Emmett was a barrister, struggling through the first difficulties of his difficult profession, when somebody left him a luckless legacy of five hundred pounds. He laid it all out in powder and placards, and resolved to "make a Rebellion." Without any one man of note to join him, without even any one patron or member of faction to give the slightest assistance, without any one hope but in *miracle*, he undertook to overthrow the Government, to crush the army, to extinguish the Constitution, to remodel the Aristocracy, to scourge the Church, to abolish the throne, and, having achieved these easy matters, to place Mr Robert Emmett on the summit of Irish empire.

Accordingly, he purchased a green coat with a pair of gold epaulettes;

rushed from a hovel in a back street, at the head of about fifty vagabonds with pikes; was met and beaten by a party of yeomanry going to parade; ran away with his *army*; hid himself in the vicinity of Dublin for a few days; was hunted out, and was tried and hanged. Those are the actual features of the transaction, where poetry has done its utmost to blazon the revolt, and partisanship has lavished its whole budget of lies on the heroism of the revolter; those are the facts, and the only facts, of Mr Robert Emmett's revolution.

Moore made his full advantage of the disturbances of the time; and it must be allowed that they wonderfully improved his poetry. Their strong reality gave it a strength which it never possessed before, and the imaginary poutings of boys and girls were vividly exchanged for the imaginary grievances of men. What can be more animated than these lines:—

"Oh, for the swords of former time!
Oh, for the men who bore them!
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouched before them.
When, pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by man,
Were those which virtue gave him.
Oh, for the swords, &c."

Or this—

LAMENT.

"Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave!
All gone, and the bright hope we cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their
grave.
Oh, could we from Death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
This combat for freedom once more."

The phrase used in the speeches of the late "Agitator," till it grew ridiculous by the repetition, will be found in the following fine lines:—

"Remember thee! yes, while there's life in
this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art,
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy
showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest
hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious,
and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the
sea,

I might hail thee with prouder, with happier
brow,
But, oh, could I love thee more deeply than
now?

No! thy chains, as they rankle, thy blood, as
it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy
sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-
bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from
thy breast."

It would be *cruel* to ask for the evidence of all this tyranny—a link of the chains that rankle on the limbs of Ireland, or a drop of the blood that so perpetually oozes from her wounds. But poetry is privileged to be as "unhappy" as it pleases—to weep over sorrows unfelt by the world—and to fabricate wrongs, only to have the triumph of sweeping them away. We would tolerate half the harangues of the Irish disturbers for one poet like Moore.

Some of the most finished of those verses were devoted to the memory of Emmett, and they could not have been devoted to a subject more unworthy of his poetry. In Ireland, for the last five hundred years, every fault, folly, and failure of the nation is laid to the charge of England. The man who *invents* a "grievance" is sure to be popular; but if he is to achieve the supreme triumph of popularity, he must fasten his grievance on the back of England; and if he pushes his charge into practice, and is ultimately banished or hanged, he is canonised in the popular calendar of patriotism. This absurdity, equally unaccountable and incurable, actually places Emmett in the rank of the Wallaces and Kosciuskos;—thus degrading men of conduct and courage, encountering great hazards for great principles, with a selfish simpleton, a trifler with conspiracy, and a runaway from the first sight of the danger which he himself had created. Moore's hero was a feeble romancer; his national regenerator a street rioter; and his patriotic statesman merely a giddy gambler, who staked his pittance on a silly and solitary throw for supremacy, and saw his stake swept away by the policeman! Totally foolish as Ireland has ever been in her politics, she ought to be most ashamed of this display before the

world—of inaugurating this stripling-revolutionist, this fugitive champion, this milk-and-water Jacobin, among her claims to the homage of posterity. Yet this was the personage on whose death Moore wrote these touching lines:—

"O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the
shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are
laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we
shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er
his head.
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence
it weeps,
Still brightens with verdure the grave where
he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret
it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls."

On the death of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, some of his Notes and Manuscripts were put into Moore's hands, and the alliance constituted by the Whiggism of both was presumed to insure a satisfactory tribute to the remembrance of perhaps the most gifted man of the age. But their Whiggism was different; Sheridan's was party, and Moore's was prejudice. Sheridan had put on and off his Whiggism, with the grave affectation, or the sarcastic ease, of one who knew its worthlessness; Moore adopted it with the simplicity of ignorance, and the blind passion of the native character. The result was, a biography that pleased no one. Those whom Sheridan had lashed in the House of Commons, thought that it was too laudatory; while his admirers charged it with injustice. However, to those who cared nothing for the partisanship of either, the volume was amusing, occasionally eloquent, though less anecdotal than was to be expected from a career almost *one anecdote* from the beginning. On the whole, it sustained Moore's reputation.

His *Life of Byron*, at a la
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decorums which society demands. The power of his verse had thrown a shield over the living poet, but a severe tribunal apparently awaited the dead. Moore accomplished his task with dexterity; judicious selection, and still more judicious suppression, were exercised; and he was enabled to produce a performance at once faithful to the fame of the dead, and free from insult to the living.

A more reluctant glance must be given to Moore's political writings. In this unhappy digression from the natural pursuits of a poet, Moore showed all the *monomania* of the Irish Papist. England is now familiar with the singular contradiction of fact to phrase, which exists in all the partisanship of Ireland. The first principle of the modern orator in Ireland is a reckless defiance of the common sense of mankind; facts fly before him, and truths are trampled under his heel. In the most insolent challenges to the law, he complains that he is tongue-tied; in the most extravagant license of libel, he complains of oppression; and in the most daring outrage against authority, he complains that he is a *slave*! Summoning public meetings for the purpose of extinguishing the Government, and summoning them with *impunity*, he pronounces the Government to be a tyrant, and the land a dungeon. The reader who would conceive the condition of Ireland from its Papist speakers must think that he is listening to the annals of Norfolk Island, or the mysteries of a French *oubliette*. Moore's politics shared the *monomania* of his Popish countrymen.

But he suddenly turned to more congenial objects, and produced his popular poem of *Lalla Rookh*. The scenery of India gave full opportunity to the luxuriance of his style; the wildness of Indian adventure, and

the novelty of Indian romance, excited public curiosity, and the volume found its way into every drawing-room, and finally rested in every library. But there its course ended; the glitter which at first dazzled, at length exhausted, the public eye. We might as well look with unwearied delight on a piece of tissue, and be satisfied with vividness of colour, in place of vividness of form. Moore's future fame will depend on his *National Melodies*.

He received large sums for some of his volumes; but what are occasional successes, when their products must be expanded over a life! He always expressed himself as in narrow circumstances, and his retired mode of living seemed to justify the expression. Towards the close of his days, his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne obtained for him a pension of £300 a-year. But he had not long enjoyed this important accession to his income before his faculties began to fail. His memory was the first to give way; he lingered, in increasing decay, for about two years, till on the 26th of February he died, at the age of nearly 72.

His funeral took place in a neighbouring churchyard, where one of his daughters was buried. It was so strictly and so unnecessarily private that but two or three persons attended, of the many who, we believe, would have willingly paid the last respect to his remains.

Thus has passed away a great poet from the world—a man whose manners added grace to every circle in which he moved—animation to the gay, and sentiment to the refined. If England holds his remains, Ireland is the heir of his fame; and if she has a sense of gratitude, she will give some public testimonial of her homage to the genius which has given another ray to the lustre of her name.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XL.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

It is not an uncommon crotchet amongst benevolent men to maintain that wickedness is necessarily a sort of insanity, and that nobody would make a violent start out of the straight path unless stung to such disorder by a bee in his bonnet. Certainly, when some very clever, well-educated person, like our friend, Randal Leslie, acts upon the fallacious principle that "roguery is the best policy," it is curious to see how many points he has in common with the insane: what over-cunning—what irritable restlessness—what suspicious belief that the rest of the world are in a conspiracy against him, which it requires all his wit to baffle and turn to his own proper aggrandisement and profit. Perhaps some of my readers may have thought that I have represented Randal as unnaturally far-fetched in his schemes, too wire-drawn and subtle in his speculations; yet that is commonly the case with very refining intellects, when they choose to play the knave;—it helps to disguise from themselves the ugliness of their ambition, just as a philosopher delights in the ingenuity of some metaphysical process, which ends in what plain men call "atheism," who would be infinitely shocked and offended if he were entitled an atheist. As I have somewhere said or implied before, it is difficult for us dull folks to conceive the glee which a wily brain takes in the exercise of its own ingenuity.

Having premised thus much on behalf of the "Natural" in Randal Leslie's character, I must here fly off to say a word or two on the agency in human life exercised by a passion rarely seen without a mask in our debonnaire and civilised age—I mean Hate.

In the good old days of our forefathers, when plain speaking and hard blows were in fashion—when a man had his heart at the tip of his tongue, and four feet of sharp iron dangling at his side, Hate played an honest,

open part in the theatre of the world. In fact, when we read history, it seems to have "starred it" on the stage. But now, where is Hate?—who ever sees its face? Is it that smiling, good-tempered creature, that presses you by the hand so cordially? or that dignified figure of state that calls you its "right honourable friend?" Is it that bowing, grateful dependant?—is it that soft-eyed Amaryllis? Ask not, guess not; you will only know it to be Hate when the poison is in your cup, or the poniard in your breast. In the Gothic age, grim Humour painted "the Dance of Death;" in our polished century, some sardonic wit should give us "the Masquerade of Hate."

Certainly, the counter-passion betrays itself with ease to our gaze. Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate—how detect, and how guard against it? It lurks where you least suspect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and Civilisation multiplies its varieties, whilst it favours its disguise: for Civilisation increases the number of contending interests, and Refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of Self-Love. But Hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded; and, dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offence! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life; you may be hated as often by one you have loaded with benefits;—you may so walk as not to tread on a worm; but you must sit fast on your easy-chair till you are carried out to your bier, if you would be sure not to tread on some snake of a foe. But, then, what harm does the Hate do us? Very often the harm is as unseen by the world as the hate is unrecognised by us. It may come on us, unawares, in some solitary byway of our life; strike us in our unsuspecting privacy; thwart us in some blessed hope we have

never told to another: for the moment the world sees that it is Hate that strikes us, its worst power of mischief is gone.

We have a great many names for the same passion—Envy, Jealousy, Spite, Prejudice, Rivalry; but they are so many synonyms for the one old heathen demon. When the death-giving shaft of Apollo sent the plague to some unhappy Achæan, it did not much matter to the victim whether the god were called Helios or Smintheus.

No man you ever met in the world seemed more raised above the malice of Hate than Audley Egerton: even

in the hot war of politics he had scarcely a personal foe; and in private life he kept himself so aloof and apart from others that he was little known, save by the benefits the waste of his wealth conferred. That the hate of any one could reach the austere statesman on his high pinnacle of esteem,—you would have smiled at the idea! But Hate is now, as it ever has been, an actual Power amidst “the Varieties of Life;” and, in spite of bars to the door, and policemen in the street, no one can be said to sleep in safety while there wakes the eye of a single foe.

CHAPTER II.

The glory of Bond Street is no more. The title of Bond Street Lounger has faded from our lips. In vain the crowd of equipages and the blaze of shops: the renown of Bond Street was in its pavement—its pedestrians. Art thou old enough, O reader! to remember the Bond Street Lounger and his incomparable generation? For my part, I can just recall the decline of the grand era. It was on its wane when, in the ambition of boyhood, I first began to muse upon high neckcloths and Wellington boots. But the ancient *habitués*—the *magni nominis umbræ*—contemporaries of Brummell in his zenith—boon companions of George IV. in his regency—still haunted the spot. From four to six in the hot month of June, they sauntered stately to and fro, looking somewhat mournful even then—foreboding the extinction of their race. The Bond Street Lounger was rarely seen alone: he was a social animal, and walked arm in arm with his fellow-man. He did not seem born for the cares of these ruder times; not made was he for an age in which Finsbury returns members to Parliament. He loved his small talk; and never since then has talk been so pleasingly small. Your true Bond Street Lounger had a very dissipated look. His youth had been spent with heroes who loved their bottle. He himself had perhaps supped with *Sheridan*. He was by nature a spend-thrift: you saw it in the roll of his

walk. Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger. But saunter and swagger both united to stamp PRODIGAL on the Bond Street Lounger. And so familiar as he was with his own set, and so amusingly supercilious with the vulgar residue of mortals whose faces were strange to Bond Street. But He is gone. The world, though sadder for his loss, still strives to do its best without him; and our young men, now-a-days, attend to model cottages, and incline to Tractarianism—I mean those young men who are quiet and harmless, as a Bond Street Lounger was of old—*redeant Saturnia regna*. Still the place, to an unreflecting eye, has its brilliancy and bustle. But it is a thoroughfare, not a lounge. And adown the thoroughfare, somewhat before the hour when the throng is thickest, passed two gentlemen of an appearance exceedingly out of keeping with the place. Yet both had the air of men pretending to aristocracy—an old-world air of respectability and stake in the country, and Church-and-Stateism. The burlier of the two was even rather a beau in his way. He had first learned to dress, indeed, when Bond Street was at its acmé, and Brummell in his pride. He still retained in his garb the fashion of his youth; only what then had spoken of the town, now betrayed the life of the country. His neckcloth ample and high, and of snowy whiteness, set off to comely

advantage a face smooth-shaven, and of clear, florid hues; his coat of royal blue, with buttons in which you might have seen yourself *reflexi in speculum*, was, rather jauntily, buttoned across a waist that spoke of lusty middle age, free from the ambition, the avarice, and the anxieties that fret Londoners into threadpapers; his smallclothes of greyish drab, loose at the thigh and tight at the knee, were made by Brummell's own breeches-maker, and the gaiters to match (thrust half-way down the calf) had a manly dandyism that would have done honour to the beau-ideal of a county member. The profession of this gentleman's companion was unmistakable—the shovel-hat, the clerical cut of the coat, the neck-cloth without collar, that seemed made for its accessory—the band, and something very decorous, yet very mild, in the whole mien of this personage, all spoke of one who was every inch the gentleman and the parson.

"No," said the portlier of these two persons—"no, I can't say I like Frank's looks at all. There's certainly something on his mind. However, I suppose it will be all out this evening."

"He dines with you at your hotel, Squire? Well, you must be kind to him. We can't put old heads upon young shoulders."

"I don't object to his head being young," returned the Squire; "but I wish he had a little of Randal Leslie's good sense in it. I see how it will end: I must take him back into the country; and if he wants occupation, why, he shall keep the hounds, and I'll put him into Brooksby farm."

"As for the hounds," replied the Parson, "hounds necessitate horses; and I think more mischief comes to a young man of spirit, from the stables, than from any other place in the world. They ought to be exposed from the pulpit, those stables!" added Mr Dale thoughtfully; "see what they entailed upon Nimrod! But agriculture is a healthful and noble pursuit, honoured by sacred nations, and cherished by the greatest men in classical times. For instance, the Athenians were—"

"Bother the Athenians!" cried the

Squire irreverently; "you need not go so far back for an example. It is enough for a Hazeldean that his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather all farmed before him; and a devilish deal better, I take it, than any of those musty old Athenians—no offence to them. But I'll tell you one thing, Parson—a man, to farm well, and live in the country, should have a wife; it is half the battle."

"As to a battle, a man who is married is pretty sure of half, though not always the better half, of it," answered the Parson, who seemed peculiarly facetious that day. "Ah, Squire, I wish I could think Mrs Hazeldean right in her conjecture!—you would have the prettiest daughter-in-law in the three kingdoms. And I think, if I could have a good talk with the young lady apart from her father, we could remove the only objection I know to the marriage. Those Popish errors—"

"Ah, very true!" cried the Squire; "that Pope sticks hard in my gizzard. I could excuse her being a foreigner, and not having, I suppose, a shilling in her pocket—bless her handsome face!—but to be worshipping images in her room instead of going to the parish church, that will never do. But you think you could talk her out of the Pope, and into the family pew?"

"Why, I could have talked her father out of the Pope, only, when he had not a word to say for himself, he bolted out of the window. Youth is more ingenuous in confessing its errors."

"I own," said the Squire, "that both Harry and I had a favourite notion of ours, till this Italian girl got into our heads. Do you know we both took a great fancy to Randal's little sister—pretty, blushing, English-faced girl as ever you saw. And it went to Harry's good heart to see her so neglected by that silly, fidgetty mother of hers, her hair hanging about her ears; and I thought it would be a fine way to bring Randal and Frank more together, and enable me to do something for Randal himself—a good boy, with Hazeldean blood in his veins. But *Violante* is so handsome, that I don't wonder at the boy's choice; and then it is our fault—

let them see so much of each other, as children. However, I should be very angry if Rickeybockey had been playing sly, and running away from the Casino in order to give Frank an opportunity to carry on a clandestine intercourse with his daughter."

"I don't think that would be like Riccabocca; more like him to run away in order to deprive Frank of the best of all occasions to court Violante, if he so desired; for where could he see more of her than at the Casino?"

SQUIRE.—"That's well put. Considering he was only a foreign doctor, and, for aught we know, went about in a caravan, he is a gentlemanlike fellow, that Rickeybockey. I speak of people as I find them. But what is your notion about Frank? I see you don't think he is in love with Violante, after all. Out with it, man; speak plain."

PARSON.—"Since you so urge me, I own I do not think him in love with her; neither does my Carry, who is uncommonly shrewd in such matters."

SQUIRE.—"Your Carry, indeed!—as if she were half as shrewd as my Harry. Carry—nonsense!"

PARSON, (reddening).—"I don't want to make invidious remarks; but, Mr Hazeldean, when you sneer at my Carry, I should not be a man if I did not say that—"

SQUIRE, (interrupting).—"She was a good little woman enough; but to compare her to my Harry!"

PARSON.—"I don't compare her to your Harry; I don't compare her to any woman in England, sir. But you are losing your temper, Mr Hazeldean!"

SQUIRE.—"I!"

PARSON.—"And people are staring at you, Mr Hazeldean. For decency's sake, compose yourself, and change the subject. We are just at the Albany. I hope that we shall not find poor Captain Higginbotham as ill as he represents himself in his letter. Ah! is it possible? No, it cannot be. Look—look!"

SQUIRE.—"Where—what—where? Don't pinch so hard. Bless me, do you see a ghost?"

PARSON.—"There—the gentleman in black!"

SQUIRE.—"Gentleman in black! What!—in broad daylight! Nonsense!"

Here the Parson made a spring forward, and, catching the arm of the person in question, who himself had stopped, and was gazing intently on the pair, exclaimed—

"Sir, pardon me; but is not your name Fairfield? Ah, it is Leonard—it is—my dear, dear boy! What joy! So altered, so improved, but still the same honest face. Squire, come here—your old friend, Leonard Fairfield."

"And he wanted to persuade me," said the Squire, shaking Leonard heartily by the hand, "that you were the gentleman in black; but, indeed, he has been in strange humours and tantrums all the morning. Well, Master Lenny; why, you are grown quite a gentleman! The world thrives with you—eh! I suppose you are head-gardener to some grandee."

"Not that, sir," said Leonard smiling. "But the world has thriven with me at last, though not without some rough usage at starting. Ah, Mr Dale, you can little guess how often I have thought of you and your discourse on Knowledge; and, what is more, how I have lived to feel the truth of your words, and to bless the lesson."

PARSON, (much touched and flattered).—"I expected nothing less of you, Leonard; you were always a lad of great sense, and sound judgment. So you have thought of my little discourse on Knowledge, have you?"

SQUIRE.—"Hang knowledge! I have reason to hate the word. It burned down three ricks of mine; the finest ricks you ever set eyes on, Mr Fairfield."

PARSON.—"That was not knowledge, Squire; that was ignorance."

SQUIRE.—"Ignorance! The deuce it was. I'll just appeal to you, Mr Fairfield. We have been having sad riots in the shire, and the ring-leader was just such another lad as you were!"

LEONARD.—"I am very much obliged to you, Mr Hazeldean. In what respect?"

SQUIRE.—"Why, he was a village genius, and always reading some cursed little tract or other; and got

mighty discontented with King, Lords, and Commons, I suppose, and went about talking of the wrongs of the poor, and the crimes of the rich, till, by Jove, sir, the whole mob rose one day with pitchforks and sickles, and smash went Farmer Smart's thrashing-machines; and on the same night my ricks were on fire. We caught the rogues, and they were all tried; but the poor deluded labourers were let off with a short imprisonment. The village genius, thank heaven, is sent packing to Botany Bay."

LEONARD.—"But, did his books teach him to burn ricks, and smash machines?"

PARSON.—"No; he said quite the contrary, and declared that he had no hand in those misdoings."

SQUIRE.—"But he was proved to have excited, with his wild talk, the boobies who had! 'Gad, sir, there was a hypocritical Quaker once, who said to his enemy, 'I can't shed thy blood, friend, but I will hold thy head under water till thou art drowned.' And so there is a set of demagogical fellows, who keep calling out, 'Farmer This is an oppressor, and Squire That is a vampire! But no violence! Don't smash their machines, don't burn their ricks! Moral force, and a curse on all tyrants!' Well, and if poor Hodge thinks moral force is all my eye, and that the recommendation is to be read backwards, in the devil's way of reading the Lord's Prayer, I should like to know which of the two ought to go to Botany Bay—Hodge who comes out like a man, if he thinks he is wronged, or 'tother sneaking chap, who makes use of his knowledge to keep himself out of the scrape?"

PARSON.—"It may be very true; but when I saw that poor fellow at the bar, with his intelligent face, and heard his bold clear defence, and thought of all his hard struggles for knowledge, and how they had ended, because he forgot that knowledge is like fire, and must not be thrown amongst flax—why, I could have given my right hand to save him. And, oh Squire, do you remember his poor mother's shriek of despair when he was sentenced to transportation for life—I hear it now! And what, Leonard—what do you think

had misled him? At the bottom of all the mischief was a Tinker's bag. You cannot forget Sprott?"

LEONARD.—"Tinker's bag!—Sprott!"

SQUIRE.—"That rascal, sir, was the hardest fellow to nab you could possibly conceive; as full of quips and quirks as an Old Bailey lawyer. But we managed to bring it home to him. Lord! his bag was choke-full of tracts against every man who had a good coat on his back; and as if that was not enough, cheek by jowl with the tracts were lucifers, contrived on a new principle, for teaching my ricks the theory of spontaneous combustion. The labourers bought the lucifers—"

PARSON.—"And the poor village genius bought the tracts."

SQUIRE.—"All headed with a motto—'To teach the working-classes that knowledge is power.' So that I was right in saying that knowledge had burnt my ricks; knowledge inflamed the village genius, the village genius inflamed fellows more ignorant than himself, and they inflamed my stackyard. However, lucifers, tracts, village genius, and Sprott, are all off to Botany Bay; and the shire has gone on much the better for it. So no more of your knowledge for me, begging your pardon, Mr Fairfield. Such uncommonly fine ricks as mine were, too! I declare, Parson, you are looking as if you felt pity for Sprott; and I saw you, indeed, whispering to him as he was taken out of court."

PARSON, (looking sheepish.)—"Indeed, Squire, I was only asking him what had become of his donkey, an unoffending creature."

SQUIRE.—"Unoffending! Upset me amidst a thistle-bed in my own village green. I remember it. Well, what did he say *And* become of the donkey?"

PARSON.—"He said but one word; but that showed all the vindictiveness of his disposition. He said it with a horrid wink, that made my blood run cold. 'What's become of your poor donkey?' said I, and he answered—"

SQUIRE.—"Go on. He answered—"

PARSON.—"'Sausages.'"

SQUIRE.—“Sausages! Like enough; and sold to the poor; and that's what the poor will come to if they listen to such revolutionising villains. Sausages! Donkey sausages!—(spitting)—'Tis as bad as eating one another; perfect cannibalism.”

Leonard, who had been thrown into grave thought by the history of Sprott and the village genius, now pressing the Parson's hand, asked permission to wait on him before Mr Dale quitted London; and was about to withdraw, when the Parson, gently detaining him, said—“No; don't leave me yet, Leonard—I have so much to ask you, and to talk about. I shall be at leisure shortly. We are just now going to call on a relation of the Squire's, whom you must recollect, I am sure—Captain Higginbotham—Barnabas Higginbotham. He is very poorly.”

“And I am sure he would take it kind in you to call too,” said the Squire with great good-nature.”

LEONARD.—“Nay, sir, would not that be a great liberty?”

SQUIRE.—“Liberty! To ask a poor sick gentleman how he is? Nonsense. And I say, sir, perhaps, as no doubt you have been living in town, and know more of new-fangled notions than I do—perhaps you can tell us whether or not it is all humbug, that new way of doctoring people?”

“What new way, sir? There are so many.”

“Are there? Folks in London *do* look uncommonly sickly. But my poor cousin (he was never a Solomon) has got hold, he says, of a homey—homely—What's the word, Parson?”

PARSON.—“Homœopathist.”

SQUIRE.—“That's it! You see the Captain went to live with one Sharpe Currie, a relation who had a great deal of money, and very little liver;—made the one, and left much of the other in Ingee, you understand. The Captain had *expectations* of the money. Very natural, I dare say; but Lord, sir! what do you think has happened? Sharpe Currie has done him! Would

not die, sir; got back his liver, and the Captain has lost his own. Strangest thing you ever heard. And then the ungrateful old Nabob has dismissed the Captain, saying, 'He can't bear to have invalids about him;' and is going to marry, and I have no doubt will have children by the dozen!”

PARSON.—“It was in Germany, at one of the Spas, that Mr Currie recovered; and as he had the selfish inhumanity to make the Captain go through a course of waters simultaneously with himself, it has so chanced that the same waters that cured Mr Currie's liver have destroyed Captain Higginbotham's. An English homœopathic physician, then staying at the Spa, has attended the Captain hither, and declares that he will restore him by infinitesimal doses of the same chemical properties that were found in the waters which diseased him. Can there be anything in such a theory?”

LEONARD.—“I once knew a very able, though eccentric homœopathist, and I am inclined to believe there may be something in the system. My friend went to Germany: it may possibly be the same person who attends the Captain. May I ask his name?”

SQUIRE.—“Cousin Barnabas does not mention it. You may ask it of himself, for here we are at his chambers. I say, Parson, (whispering slyly,) if a small dose of what hurt the Captain is to cure him, don't you think the proper thing would be a—legacy? Ha! ha!”

PARSON, (trying not to laugh.)—“Hush, Squire. Poor human nature! We must be merciful to its infirmities. Come in, Leonard.”

Leonard, interested in his doubt whether he might thus chance again upon Dr Morgan, obeyed the invitation, and with his two companions followed the woman—who “did for the Captain and his rooms”—across the small lobby, into the presence of the sufferer.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever the disposition towards merriment at his cousin's expense

entertained by the Squire, it vanished instantly at the sight of the Cap-

tain's doleful visage and emaciated figure.

"Very good in you to come to town to see me—very good in you, cousin; and in you too, Mr Dale. How very well you are both looking. I'm a sad wreck. You might count every bone in my body."

"Hazeldean air and roast beef will soon set you up, my boy," said the Squire kindly. "You were a great goose to leave them, and these comfortable rooms of yours in the Albany."

"They *are* comfortable, though not showy," said the Captain, with tears in his eyes. "I had done my best to make them so. New carpets—this very chair—(morocco!)—that Japan cat (holds toast and muffins)—just when—just when—(the tears here broke forth, and the Captain fairly whimpered)—just when that ungrateful bad-hearted man wrote me word 'he was—was dying and lone in the world;' and—and—to think what I've gone through for him!—and to treat me so. Cousin William, he has grown as hale as yourself, and—and—"

"Cheer up, cheer up!" cried the compassionate Squire. "It is a very hard case, I allow. But you see, as the old proverb says, 'tis ill waiting for a dead man's shoes;' and in future—I don't mean offences—but I think if you would calculate less on the livers of your relations, it would be all the better for your own. Excuse me."

"Cousin William," replied the poor Captain, "I am sure I never calculated; but still, if you had seen that deceitful man's good-for-nothing face—as yellow as a guinea—and have

gone through all I've gone through, you would have felt cut to the heart as I do. I can't bear ingratitude. I never could. But let it pass. Will that gentleman take a chair?"

PARSON. — "Mr Fairfield has kindly called with us, because he knows something of this system of homœopathy which you have adopted, and may, perhaps, know the practitioner. What is the name of your doctor?"

CAPTAIN, (looking at his watch).—"That reminds me, (swallowing a globule.) A great relief these little pills—after the physic I've taken to please that malignant man. He always tried his doctor's stuff upon me. But there's another world, and a juster!"

With that pious conclusion, the Captain again began to weep.

"Touched," muttered the Squire, with his forefinger on his forehead. "You seem to have a good tidy sort of nurse here, Cousin Barnabas. I hope she's pleasant, and lively, and don't let you take on so."

"Hist!—don't talk of her. All mercenary; every bit of her fawning! Would you believe it? I give her ten shillings a-week, besides all that goes down of my pats of butter and rolls, and I overheard the jade saying to the laundress that 'I could not last long; and she'd—EXPECTATIONS!' Ah, Mr Dale, when one thinks of the sinfulness there is in this life! But I'll not think of it. No—I'll not. Let us change the subject. You were asking my doctor's name? It is—"

Here the woman 'with expectations' threw open the door, and suddenly announced—"Dr MORGAN."

CHAPTER IV.

The Parson started, and so did Leonard.

The Homœopathist did not at first notice either. With an unobservant bow to the visitors, he went straight to the patient, and asked, "How go the symptoms?"

Therewith the Captain commenced, in a tone of voice like a schoolboy reciting the catalogue of the ships in Homer. He had been evidently con-

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more still! Death would be a very happy release!" Meanwhile the Doctor endured the recital with exemplary patience, noting down in the leaves of his pocket-book what appeared to him the salient points in this fortress of disease to which he had laid siege, and then, drawing forth a minute paper, said—

"Capital—nothing can be better. This must be dissolved in eight table-spoonfuls of water; one spoonful every two hours."

"Table-spoonful?"

"Table-spoonful."

"'Nothing can be better,' did you say, sir?" repeated the Squire, who, in his astonishment at that assertion applied to the Captain's description of his sufferings, had hitherto hung fire—"nothing can be better?"

"For the diagnosis, sir!" replied Dr Morgan.

"For the dogs' noses, very possibly," quoth the Squire; "but for the inside of Cousin Higginbotham, I should think nothing could be worse."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Dr Morgan. "It is not the Captain who speaks here—it is his liver. Liver, sir, though a noble, is an imaginative organ, and indulges in the most extraordinary fictions. Seat of poetry, and love, and jealousy—the liver. Never believe what it says. You have no idea what a liar it is! But—ahem—ahem. Cott—I think I've seen you before, sir. Surely your name's Hazeldean?"

"William Hazeldean, at your service, Doctor. But where have you seen me?"

"On the hustings at Lansmere. You were speaking on behalf of your distinguished brother, Mr Egerton."

"Hang it!" cried the Squire: "I think it must have been my liver that spoke there! for I promised the electors that that half-brother of mine would stick by the land; and I never told a bigger lie in my life!"

Here the patient, reminded of his other visitors, and afraid he was going to be bored with the enumeration of the Squire's wrongs, and probably the whole history of his duel with Captain Dashmore, turned, with a languid wave of his hand, and said, "Doctor, another friend of mine, the

Rev. Mr Dale,—and a gentleman who is acquainted with homœopathy."

"Dale? What, more old friends!" cried the Doctor, rising; and the Parson came somewhat reluctantly from the window nook, to which he had retired. The Parson and the Homœopathist shook hands.

"We have met before on a very mournful occasion," said the Doctor, with feeling.

The Parson held his finger to his lips, and glanced towards Leonard. The Doctor stared at the lad, but he did not recognise in the person before him the gaunt care-worn boy whom he had placed with Mr Prickett, until Leonard smiled and spoke. And the smile and the voice sufficed.

"Cott—and it is the poy!" cried Dr Morgan; and he actually caught hold of Leonard, and gave him an affectionate Welch hug. Indeed, his agitation at these several surprises became so great that he stopped short, drew forth a globule—"Aconite—good against nervous shocks!"—and swallowed it incontinently.

"Gad," said the Squire, rather astonished, "'tis the first doctor I ever saw swallow his own medicine! There must be something in it."

The Captain now, highly disgusted that so much attention was withdrawn from his own case, asked in a querulous voice, "And as to diet? What shall I have for dinner?"

"A friend!" said the Doctor, winking his eyes.

"Zounds!" cried the Squire, retreating, "do you mean to say, sir, that the British laws (to be sure, they are very much changed of late) allow you to diet your patients upon their fellow-men? Why, Parson, this is worse than the donkey sausages."

"Sir," said Dr Morgan, gravely, "I mean to say, that it matters little what we eat, in comparison with care as to whom we eat with. It is better to exceed a little with a friend, than to observe the strictest regimen, and eat alone. Talk and laughter help the digestion, and are indispensable in affections of the liver. I have no doubt, sir, that it was my patient's agreeable society that tended to restore to health his dyspeptic relative, Mr Sharpe Currie."

The Captain groaned aloud.

"And, therefore, if one of you gentlemen will stay and dine with Mr Higginbotham, it will greatly assist the effects of his medicine."

The Captain turned an imploring eye, first towards his cousin, then towards the Parson.

"I'm engaged to dine with my son—very sorry," said the Squire. "But Dale, here"

"If he will be so kind," put in the Captain, "we might cheer the evening with a game at whist—double dummy."

Now, poor Mr Dale had set his heart on dining with an old college friend, and having, no stupid, prosy double dummy, in which one cannot have the pleasure of scolding one's partner, but a regular orthodox rubber, with the pleasing prospect of scolding all the three other performers. But as his quiet life forbade him to be a hero in great things, the Parson had made up his mind to be a hero in small ones. Therefore, though with rather a rueful face, he accepted the Captain's invitation, and promised to return at six o'clock to dine. Meanwhile, he must hurry off to the other end of the town, and excuse himself from the pre-engagement he had already formed. He now gave his card, with the address of a quiet family hotel thereon, to Leonard, and not looking quite so charmed with Dr Morgan as he was before that unwelcome prescription, he took his leave. The Squire, too, having to see a new churn, and execute various commissions for his Harry, went his way, (not, however, till Dr Morgan had assured him that, in a few weeks, the Captain might safely remove to Hazeldean;) and Leonard was about to follow, when Morgan hooked his arm in his old *protégé's*, and said, "But I must have some talk with you; and you have to tell me all about the little orphan girl."

Leonard could not resist the pleasure of talking about Helen; and he got into the carriage, which was waiting at the door for the homœopathist.

"I am going into the country a few miles to see a patient," said the Doctor; "so we shall have time for undisturbed consultation. I have so often wondered what had become of you. Not hearing from Prickett, I

wrote to him, and received an answer as dry as a bone from his heir. Poor fellow! I found that he had neglected his globules, and quitted the globe. Alas, *pulvis et umbra sumus*! I could learn no tidings of you. Prickett's successor declared he knew nothing about you. I hoped the best; for I always fancied you were one who would fall on your legs—bilious-nervous temperament; such are the men who succeed in their undertakings, especially if they take a spoonful of *chamomilla* whenever they are over-excited. So now for your history and the little girl's—pretty little thing—never saw a more susceptible constitution, nor one more suited—to pulsatilla."

Leonard briefly related his own struggles and success, and informed the good Doctor how they had at last discovered the nobleman in whom poor Captain Digby had confided, and whose care of the orphan had justified the confidence.

Dr Morgan opened his eyes at hearing the name of Lord L'Estrange. "I remember him very well," said he, "when I practised murder as an allopathist at Lansmere. But to think that wild boy, so full of whim, and life, and spirit, should become staid enough for a guardian to that dear little child, with her timid eyes and pulsatilla sensibilities. Well, wonders never cease. And he has befriended you too, you say. Ah, he knew your family."

"So he says. Do you think, sir, that he ever knew—ever saw—my mother?"

"Eh! your mother?—Nora?" exclaimed the Doctor quickly; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, his brows met, and he remained silent and musing a few moments; then, observing Leonard's eyes fixed on him earnestly, he replied to the question:—

"No doubt he saw her; she was brought up at Lady Lansmere's. Did he not tell you so?"

"No." A vague suspicion here darted through Leonard's mind, but as suddenly vanished. His father! Impossible. His father must have deliberately wronged the dead mother. And was Harley L'Estrange a man capable of such wrong? And

had he been Harley's son, would not Harley have guessed it at once, and so guessing, have owned and claimed him? Besides, Lord L'Estrange looked so young;—old enough to be Leonard's father!—he could not entertain the idea. He roused himself, and said falteringly—

"You told me you did not know by what name I should call my father."

"And I told you the truth, to the best of my belief."

"By your honour, sir?"

"By my honour, I do not know it."

There was now a long silence. The carriage had long left London, and was on a high-road somewhat lonelier, and more free from houses than most of those which form the entrances to the huge city. Leonard gazed wistfully from the window, and the objects that met his eyes gradually seemed to appeal to his memory. Yes! it was the road by which he had first approached the metropolis, hand in hand with Helen—and hope so busy at his poet's heart. He sighed deeply. He thought he would willingly have resigned all he had won—independence, fame, all—to feel again the clasp of that tender hand—again to be the sole protector of that gentle life.

The Doctor's voice broke on his reverie. "I am going to see a very interesting patient—coats to his stomach quite worn out, sir—man of great learning, with a very inflamed cerebellum. I can't do him much good, and he does me a great deal of harm."

"How harm?" asked Leonard, with an effort at some rejoinder.

"Hits me on the heart, and makes my eyes water—very pathetic case—grand creature, who has thrown himself away. Found him given over by the allopathists, and in a high state of *delirium tremens*—restored him for a time—took a great liking to him—could not help it—swallowed a great many globules to harden myself against him—would not do—brought him over to England with the other patients, who all pay me well (except Captain Higginbotham.) But this poor fellow pays me nothing—costs me a great deal in time and turnpikes, and board and lodging.

Thank Heaven I'm a single man, and can afford it! My poy, I would let all the other patients go to the allopathists if I could but save this poor big penniless princely fellow. But what can one do with a stomach that has not a rag of its coat left? Stop—(the Doctor pulled the check-string.) This is the stile. I get out here and go across the fields."

That stile—those fields—with what distinctness Leonard remembered them. Ah, where was Helen? Could she ever, ever again be his child-angel?

"I will go with you, if you permit," said he to the good Doctor. "And while you pay your visit, I will saunter by a little brook that I think must run by your way."

"The Brent—you know that brook? Ah, you should hear my poor patient talk of it, and of the hours he has spent angling in it—you would not know whether to laugh or cry. The first day he was brought down to the place, he wanted to go out and try once more, he said, for his old deluding demon—a one-eyed perch."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonard, "are you speaking of John Burley?"

"To be sure, that is his name—John Burley."

"Oh, has it come to this? Cure him, save him, if it be in human power. For the last two years I have sought his trace everywhere, and in vain, the moment I had money of my own—a home of my own. Poor, erring, glorious Burley. Take me to him. Did you say there was no hope?"

"I did not say that," replied the Doctor. "But art can only assist nature; and, though nature is ever at work to repair the injuries we do to her, yet, when the coats of a stomach are all gone, she gets puzzled, and so do I. You must tell me another time how you came to know Burley, for here we are at the house, and I see him at the window looking out for me."

The Doctor opened the garden gate to the quiet cottage to which poor Burley had fled from the pure presence of Leonard's child-angel. And with heavy step, and heavy heart, Leonard mournfully followed, to behold the wrecks of him whose wit had glorified orgy, and "set the table in a roar."—Alas, poor Yorick!

CHAPTER V.

Audley Egerton stands on his hearth alone. During the short interval that has elapsed since we last saw him, events had occurred memorable in English history, wherewith we have nought to do in a narrative studiously avoiding all party politics even when treating of politicians. The new Ministers had stated the general programme of their policy, and introduced one measure in especial that had lifted them at once to the dizzy height of popular power. But it became clear that this measure could not be carried without a fresh appeal to the people. A dissolution of Parliament, as Audley's sagacious experience had foreseen, was inevitable. And Audley Egerton had no chance of return for his own seat—for the great commercial city identified with his name. Oh sad, but not rare, instance of the mutabilities of that same popular favour now enjoyed by his successors! The great commoner, the weighty speaker, the expert man of business, the statesman who had seemed a type of the practical steady sense for which our middle class is renowned—he who, not three years since, might have had his honoured choice of the largest popular constituencies in the kingdom—he, Audley Egerton, knew not one single town (free from the influences of private property or interest) in which the obscurest candidate, who bawled out for the new popular measure, would not have beaten him hollow. Where one popular hustings, on which that grave sonorous voice that had stilled so often the roar of faction, would not be drowned amidst the hoots of the scornful mob?

True, what were called the close boroughs still existed—true, many a chief of his party would have been too proud of the honour of claiming Audley Egerton for his nominee. But the ex-Minister's haughty soul shrunk from this contrast to his past position. And to fight against the popular measure, as member of one of the seats most denounced by the people,—he felt it was a post in the grand army of parties below

his dignity to occupy, and foreign to his peculiar mind, which required the sense of consequence and station. And if, in a few months, these seats were swept away—were annihilated from the rolls of Parliament—where was he? Moreover, Egerton, emancipated from the trammels that had bound his will while his party was in office, desired, in the turn of events, to be nominee of no other man—desired to stand at least freely and singly on the ground of his own services, be guided by his own penetration; no law for action, but his strong sense and his stout English heart. Therefore he had declined all offers from those who could still bestow seats in Parliament. Those he could purchase with hard gold were yet open to him. And the £5000 he had borrowed from Levy were yet untouched.

To this lone public man, public life, as we have seen, was the all in all. But now more than ever it was vital to his very wants. Around him yawned ruin. He knew that it was in Levy's power at any moment to foreclose on his mortgaged lands—to pour in the bonds and the bills which lay within those rosewood receptacles that lined the fatal lair of the sleek usurer—to seize on the very house in which now moved all the pomp of a retinue that vied with the *valetaille* of dukes—to advertise for public auction, under execution, “the costly effects of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton.” But, consummate in his knowledge of the world, Egerton felt assured that Levy would not adopt these measures against him while he could still tower in the van of political war—while he could still see before him the full chance of restoration to power, perhaps to power still higher than before—perhaps to power the highest of all beneath the throne. That Levy, whose hate he divined, though he did not conjecture all its causes, had hitherto delayed even a visit, even a menace, seemed to him to show that Levy still thought him one “to be helped,” or, at least, one too powerful to crush. To secure his

position in Parliament unshackled, unfallen, if but for another year,—new combinations of party might arise, new reactions take place, in public opinion! And, with his hand pressed to his heart, the stern firm man muttered,—“If not, I ask but to die in my harness, and that men may not know that I am a pauper, until all that I need from my country is a grave.”

Scarce had these words died upon his lips ere two quick knocks in succession resounded at the street door. In another moment Harley entered, and, at the same time, the servant in attendance approached Audley, and announced Baron Levy.

“Beg the Baron to wait, unless he would prefer to name his own hour to call again,” answered Egerton, with the slightest possible change of colour. “You can say I am now with Lord L’Estrange.”

“I had hoped you had done for ever with that deluder of youth,” said Harley, as soon as the groom of the chambers had withdrawn. “I remember that you saw too much of him in the gay time, ere wild oats are sown; but now surely you can never need a loan; and if so, is not Harley L’Estrange by your side?”

EGERTON.—“My dear Harley!—doubtless he but comes to talk to me of some borough. He has much to do with those delicate negotiations.”

HARLEY.—“And I have come on the same business. I claim the priority. I not only hear in the world, but I see by the papers, that Josiah Jenkins, Esq., known to fame as an orator who leaves out his h’s, and young Lord Willoughby Whiggolin, who is just now made a Lord of the Admiralty, because his health is too delicate for the army, are certain to come in for the city which you and your present colleague will as certainly vacate. That is true, is it not?”

EGERTON.—“My old committee now vote for Jenkins and Whiggolin. And I suppose there will not be even a contest. Go on.”

“So my father and I are agreed that you must condescend, for the sake of old friendship, to be once more member for Lansmere!”

“Harley,” exclaimed Egerton, ching countenance far more than

he had done at the announcement of Levy’s portentous visit—“Harley—No, no!”

“No! But why? Wherefore such emotion?” asked L’Estrange, in surprise.

Audley was silent.

HARLEY.—“I suggested the idea to two or three of the late Ministers; they all concur in advising you to accede. In the first place, if declining to stand for the place which tempted you from Lansmere, what more natural than that you should fall back on that earlier representation? In the second place, Lansmere is neither a rotten borough, to be bought, nor a close borough, under one man’s nomination. It is a tolerably large constituency. My father, it is true, has considerable interest in it, but only what is called the legitimate influence of property. At all events, it is more secure than a contest for a larger town, more dignified than a seat for a smaller. Hesitating still? Even my mother entreats me to say how she desires you to renew that connection.”

“Harley,” again exclaimed Egerton; and, fixing upon his friend’s earnest face, eyes which, when softened by emotion, were strangely beautiful in their expression—“Harley, if you could but read my heart at this moment, you would—you would—” His voice faltered, and he fairly bent his proud head upon Harley’s shoulder; grasping the hand he had caught, nervously, clingly—“Oh Harley, if I ever lose your love, your friendship!—nothing else is left to me in the world.”

“Audley, my dear dear Audley, is it you who speak to me thus? You, my school friend, my life’s confidant—you?”

“I am grown very weak and foolish,” said Egerton, trying to smile.

“I do not know myself. I, too, whom you have so often called ‘Stoic,’ and likened to the Iron Man in the poem which you used to read by the riverside at Eton.”

“But even then, my Audley, I knew that a warm human heart (do what you would to keep it down) beat strong under the iron ribs. And I often marvel now, to think you have gone through life so free from the wilder passions. Happier so!”

Egerton, who had turned his face from his friend's gaze, remained silent for a few moments, and he then sought to divert the conversation, and roused himself to ask Harley how he had succeeded in his views upon Beatrice, and his watch on the Count.

"With regard to Peschiera," answered Harley, "I think we must have overrated the danger we apprehended, and that his wagers were but an idle boast. He has remained quiet enough, and seems devoted to play. His sister has shut her doors both on myself and my young associate during the last few days. I almost fear that, in spite of very sage warnings of mine, she must have turned his poet's head, and that either he has met with some scornful rebuff to incautious admiration, or that he himself has grown aware of peril, and declines to face it; for he is very much embarrassed when I speak to him respecting her. But if the Count is not formidable, why, his sister is not needed; and I hope yet to get justice for my Italian friend through the ordinary channels. I have secured an ally in a young Austrian prince, who is now in London, and who has promised to back, with all his influence, a memorial I shall transmit to Vienna. *Apropos*, my dear Audley, now that you have a little breathing-time, you must fix an hour for me to present to you my young poet, the son of *her* sister. At moments the expression of his face is so like hers."

"Ay, ay," answered Egerton quickly, "I will see him as you wish, but later. I have not yet that breathing-time you speak of; but you say he has prospered; and, with your friendship, he is secure from fortune. I rejoice to think so."

"And your own *protégé*, this Randal Leslie, whom you forbid me to dislike—hard task!—what has he decided?"

"To adhere to my fate. Harley, if

it please Heaven that I do not live to return to power, and provide adequately for that young man, do not forget that he clung to me in my fall."

"If he still cling to you faithfully, I will never forget it. I will forget only all that now makes me doubt him. But you talk of not living, Audley! Pooh!—your frame is that of a predestined octogenarian."

"Nay," answered Audley, "I was but uttering one of those vague generalities which are common upon all mortal lips. And now farewell—I must see this Baron."

"Not yet, until you have promised to consent to my proposal, and be once more member for Lansmere. Tut! don't shake your head. I cannot be denied. I claim your promise in right of our friendship, and shall be seriously hurt if you even pause to reflect on it."

"Well, well, I know not how to refuse you, Harley; but you have not been to Lansmere yourself since—since that sad event. You must not revive the old wound—you must not go; and—and I own it, Harley; the remembrance of it pains even me. I would rather not go to Lansmere."

"Ah! my friend, this is an excess of sympathy, and I cannot listen to it. I begin even to blame my own weakness, and to feel that we have no right to make ourselves the soft slaves of the past."

"You do appear to me of late to have changed," cried Egerton suddenly, and with a brightening aspect. "Do tell me that you are happy in the contemplation of your new ties—that I shall live to see you once more restored to your former self."

"All I can answer, Audley," said L'Estrange, with a thoughtful brow, "is, that you are right in one thing—I am changed; and I am struggling to gain strength for duty and for honour. Adieu! I shall tell my father that you accede to our wishes."

CHAPTER VI.

When Harley was gone, Egerton sunk back on his chair, as if in extreme physical or mental exhaustion, all the lines of his countenance relaxed and jaded.

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"To go back to that place—there—there—where— Courage, courage—what is another pang?"

He rose with an effort, and folding his arms tightly across his breast,

paced slowly to and fro the large, mournful, solitary room. Gradually his countenance assumed its usual cold and austere composure—the secret eye, the guarded lip, the haughty collected front. The man of the world was himself once more.

"Now to gain time, and to baffle the usurer," murmured Egerton, with that low tone of easy scorn, which bespoke consciousness of superior power and the familiar mastery over hostile natures. He rang the bell: the servant entered.

"Is Baron Levy still waiting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Admit him."

Levy entered.

"I beg your pardon, Levy," said the ex-minister, "for having so long detained you. I am now at your commands."

"My dear fellow," returned the Baron, "no apologies between friends so old as we are; and I fear that my business is not so agreeable as to make you impatient to discuss it."

EGERTON, (with perfect composure.)—"I am to conclude, then, that you wish to bring our accounts to a close. Whenever you will, Levy."

THE BARON, (disconcerted and surprised.)—"Peste! *mon cher*, you take things coolly. But if our accounts are closed, I fear you will have but little to live upon."

EGERTON.—"I can continue to live on the salary of a Cabinet Minister."

BARON.—"Possibly; but you are no longer a Cabinet Minister."

EGERTON.—"You have never found me deceived in a political prediction. Within twelve months, (should life be spared to me) I shall be in office again. If the same to you, I would rather wait till then, formally and amicably to resign to you my lands and this house. If you grant that reprieve, our connection can thus close, without the *éclat* and noise, which may be invidious to you, as it would be disagreeable to me. But if that delay be inconvenient, I will appoint a lawyer to examine your accounts, and adjust my liabilities."

THE BARON, (soliloquising.)—"I don't like this. A lawyer! That may be awkward."

EGERTON, (observing the Baron, with a curl of his lip.)—"Well, Levy, how shall it be?"

THE BARON.—"You know, my dear fellow, it is not my character to be hard on any one, least of all upon an old friend. And if you really think there is a chance of your return to office, which you apprehend that an *esclandre* as to your affairs at present might damage, why, let us see if we can conciliate matters. But, first, *mon cher*, in order to become a Minister, you must at least have a seat in Parliament; and, pardon me the question, how the deuce are you to find one?"

EGERTON.—"It is found."

THE BARON.—"Ah, I forgot the £5000 you last borrowed."

EGERTON.—"No; I reserve that sum for another purpose."

THE BARON, (with a forced laugh.)—"Perhaps to defend yourself against the actions you apprehend from me?"

EGERTON.—"You are mistaken. But to soothe your suspicions, I will tell you plainly, that finding any sum I might have insured on my life would be liable to debts preincurred, and (as you will be my sole creditor) might thus at my death pass back to you; and doubting whether, indeed, any office would accept my insurance, I appropriate that sum to the relief of my conscience. I intend to bestow it, while yet in life, upon my late wife's kinsman, Randal Leslie. And it is solely the wish to do what I consider an act of justice, that has prevailed with me to accept a favour from the hands of Harley L'Estrange, and to become again the member for Lansmere."

THE BARON.—"Ha!—Lansmere! You will stand for Lansmere?"

EGERTON, (wincing.)—"I propose to do so."

THE BARON.—"I believe you will be opposed, subjected to even a sharp contest. Perhaps you may lose your election."

EGERTON.—"If so, I resign myself, and you can foreclose on my estates."

THE BARON, (his brow colouring.)—"Look you, Egerton, I shall be too happy to do you a favour."

EGERTON, (with stateliness.)—"Favour! No, Baron Levy, I ask

from you no favour. Dismiss all thought of rendering me one. It is but a consideration of business on both sides. If you think it better that we shall at once settle our accounts, my lawyer shall investigate them. If you agree to the delay I request, my lawyer shall give you no trouble; and all that I have, except hope and character, pass to your hands without a struggle."

THE BARON.—"Inflexible and ungracious, favour or not—put it as you will—I accede, provided, first, that you allow me to draw up a fresh deed, which will accomplish your part of the compact; and secondly, that we saddle the proposed delay with the condition that you do not lose your election."

EGERTON.—"Agreed. Have you anything further to say?"

THE BARON.—"Nothing, except that, if you require more money, I am still at your service."

EGERTON.—"I thank you. No; I owe no man aught except yourself. I shall take the occasion of my retirement from office to reduce my establishment. I have calculated already, and provided for the expenditure I need, up to the date I have specified, and I shall have no occasion to touch the £5000 that I still retain."

"Your young friend, Mr Leslie,

ought to be very grateful to you," said the Baron, rising. "I have met him in the world—a lad of much promise and talent. You should try and get him also into Parliament."

EGERTON, (thoughtfully).—"You are a good judge of the practical abilities and merits of men, as regards worldly success. Do you really think Randal Leslie calculated for public life—for a Parliamentary career?"

THE BARON.—"Indeed I do."

EGERTON, (speaking more to himself than Levy).—"Parliament without fortune—'tis a sharp trial; still he is prudent, abstemious, energetic, persevering; and at the onset, under my auspices and advice, he might establish a position beyond his years."

THE BARON.—"It strikes me that we might possibly get him into the next Parliament; or, as that is not likely to last long, at all events into the Parliament to follow—not for one of the boroughs which will be swept away, but for a permanent seat, and without expense."

EGERTON.—"Ay—and how?"

THE BARON.—"Give me a few days to consider. An idea has occurred to me. I will call again if I find it practicable. Good day to you, Egerton, and success to your election for Lansmere."

CHAPTER VII.

Peschiera had not been so inactive as he had appeared to Harley and the reader. On the contrary, he had prepared the way for his ultimate design, with all the craft and the unscrupulous resolution which belonged to his nature. His object was to compel Riccabocca into assenting to the Count's marriage with Violante, or, failing that, to ruin all chance of his kinsman's restoration. Quietly and secretly he had sought out, amongst the most needy and unprincipled of his own countrymen, those whom he could suborn to depose to Riccabocca's participation in plots and conspiracies against the Austrian dominions. These his former connection with the Carbonari enabled him to track in their refuge in London; and his knowledge of the charac-

ters he had to deal with fitted him well for the villainous task he undertook.

He had, therefore, already collected witnesses sufficient for his purposes, making up in number for their defects in quality. Meanwhile, he had (as Harley had suspected he would) set spies upon Randal's movements; and the day before that young traitor confided to him Violante's retreat, he had, at least, got scent of her father's.

The discovery that Violante was under a roof so honoured, and seemingly so safe as Lord Lansmere's, did not discourage this bold and desperate adventurer. We have seen him set forth to reconnoitre the house at Knightsbridge. He had examined it well, and discovered the quarter which he judged favourable to a coup-d'état, should that become necessary.

Lord Lansmere's house and grounds were surrounded by a wall, the entrance being to the high-road, and by a porter's lodge. At the rear there lay fields crossed by a lane or by-road. To these fields a small door in the wall, which was used by the gardeners in passing to and from their work, gave communication. This door was usually kept locked; but the lock was of the rude and simple description common to such entrances, and easily opened by a skeleton key. So far there was no obstacle which Peschiera's experience in conspiracy and gallantry did not disdain as trivial. But the Count was not disposed to abrupt and violent means in the first instance. He had a confidence in his personal gifts, in his address, in his previous triumphs over the sex, which made him naturally desire to hazard the effect of a personal interview; and on this he resolved with his wonted audacity. Randal's description of Violante's personal appearance, and such suggestions as to her character and the motives most likely to influence her actions, as that young lynx-eyed observer could bestow, were all that the Count required of present aid from his accomplice.

Meanwhile we return to Violante herself. We see her now seated in the gardens at Knightsbridge, side by side with Helen. The place was retired, and out of sight from the windows of the house.

VIOLANTE.—“But why will you not tell me more of that early time? You are less communicative even than Leonard.”

HELEN, (looking down, and hesitatingly).—“Indeed there is nothing to tell you that you do not know; and it is so long since, and things are so changed now.”

The tone of the last words was mournful, and the words ended with a sigh.

VIOLANTE, (with enthusiasm).—“How I envy you that past which you treat so lightly! To have been something, even in childhood, to the formation of a noble nature; to have borne on those slight shoulders half the load of a man's grand labour. And now to see Genius moving calm clear career; and to say inly, ‘that genius I am a part!’”

“HELEN, (sadly and humbly).—“A part! Oh, no! A part? I don't understand you.”

VIOLANTE.—“Take the child Beatrice from Dante's life, and should we have a Dante? What is a poet's genius but the voice of its emotions? All things in life and in Nature influence genius; but what influences it the most, are its sorrows and affections.”

Helen looks softly into Violante's eloquent face, and draws nearer to her in tender silence.

VIOLANTE, (suddenly).—“Yes, Helen, yes—I know by my own heart how to read yours. Such memories are ineffaceable. Few guess what strange self-weavers of our own destinies we women are in our veriest childhood!” She sunk her voice into a whisper: “How could Leonard fail to be dear to you—dear as you to him—dearer than all others?”

HELEN, (shrinking back, and greatly disturbed).—“Hush, hush! you must not speak to me thus; it is wicked—I cannot bear it. I would not have it be so—it must not be—it cannot!”

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, and then lifted her face, and the face was very sad, but very calm.

VIOLANTE, (twining her arm round Helen's waist).—“How have I wounded you?—how offended? Forgive me—but why is this wicked? Why must it not be? Is it because he is below you in birth?”

HELEN.—“No, no—I never thought of that. And what am I? Don't ask me—I cannot answer. You are wrong, quite wrong, as to me. I can only look on Leonard as—as a brother. But—but, you can speak to him more freely than I can. I would not have him waste his heart on me, nor yet think me unkind and distant, as I seem. I know not what I say. But—but—break to him—indirectly—gently—that duty in both forbids us both to—to be more than friends—than—”

“Helen, Helen!” cried Violante, in her warm, generous passion, “your heart betrays you in every word you say. You weep; lean on me, whisper to me; why—why is this? Do you fear that your guar-

dian would not consent? He not consent! He who—"

HELEN.—"Cease—cease—cease."

VIOLANTE.—"What! You can fear Harley—Lord L'Estrange? Fie; you do not know him."

HELEN, (rising suddenly).—"Violante, hold; I am engaged to another."

Violante rose also, and stood still, as if turned to stone; pale as death, till the blood came, at first slowly, then with suddenness from her heart, and one deep glow suffused her whole countenance. She caught Helen's hand firmly, and said, in a hollow voice—

"Another! Engaged to another! One word, Helen—not to him—not to—Harley—to—"

"I cannot say—I must not. I have promised," cried poor Helen, and as Violante let fall her hand, she hurried away.

Violante sat down, mechanically. She felt as if stunned by a mortal blow. She closed her eyes, and breathed hard. A deadly faintness seized her; and when it passed away, it seemed to her as if she were no longer the same being, nor the world around her the same world—as if she were but one sense of intense, hopeless misery, and as if the universe were but one inanimate void. So strangely immaterial are we really—we human beings, with flesh and blood—that if you suddenly abstract from us but a single, impalpable, airy thought, which our souls have cherished, you seem to curdle the air, to extinguish the sun, to snap every link that connects us to matter,

and to benumb everything into death, except woe.

And this warm, young, southern nature, but a moment before was so full of joy and life, and vigorous, lofty hope. It never till now had known its own intensity and depth. The virgin had never lifted the veil from her own soul of woman. What, till then, had Harley L'Estrange been to Violante? An ideal—a dream of some imagined excellence—a type of poetry in the midst of the common world. It had not been Harley the Man—it had been Harley the Phantom. She had never said to herself, "He is identified with my love, my hopes, my home, my future." How could she? Of such, he himself had never spoken; an internal voice, indeed, had vaguely, yet irresistibly, whispered to her that, despite his light words, his feelings towards her were grave and deep. O false voice! how it had deceived her. Her quick convictions seized the all that Helen had left unsaid. And now suddenly she felt what it is to love, and what it is to despair. So she sat, crushed and solitary, neither murmuring nor weeping, only now and then passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away some cloud that would not be dispersed; or heaving a deep sigh, as if to throw off some load that no time henceforth could remove. There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over; no matter what else changes, that which I have made my all is gone evermore—evermore." And our own thought rings back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As Violante thus sat, a stranger, passing stealthily through the trees, stood between herself and the evening sun. She saw him not. He paused a moment, and then spoke low, in her native tongue, addressing her by the name which she had borne in Italy. He spoke as a relation, and excused his intrusion: "For," said he, "I come to suggest to the daughter the means by which she can restore to her father his country and his honours."

At the word "father" Violante roused herself, and all her love for

that father rushed back upon her with double force. It does so ever—we love most our parents at the moment when some tie less holy is abruptly broken; and when the conscience says, "There, at least, is a love that never has deceived thee!"

She saw before her a man of mild aspect and princely form. Peschiera (for it was he) had banished from his dress, as from his countenance, all that betrayed the worldly levity of his character. He was acting a part, and he dressed and looked it.

"My father!" she said quickly, and in Italian. "What of him? And who are you, signior? I know you not."

Peschiera smiled benignly, and replied in a tone in which great respect was softened by a kind of parental tenderness.

"Suffer me to explain, and listen to me while I speak." Then, quietly seating himself on the bench beside her, he looked into her eyes, and resumed.

"Doubtless, you have heard of the Count di Peschiera?"

VIOLANTE.—"I heard that name, as a child, when in Italy. And when she with whom I then dwelt, (my father's aunt,) fell ill and died, I was told that my home in Italy was gone, that it had passed to the Count di Peschiera—my father's foe."

PESCHIERA.—"And your father, since then, has taught you to hate this fancied foe?"

VIOLANTE.—"Nay; my father did but forbid me ever to breathe his name."

PESCHIERA.—"Alas! what years of suffering and exile might have been saved your father, had he but been more just to his early friend and kinsman; nay, had he but less cruelly concealed the secret of his retreat. Fair child, I am that Giulio Franzini, that Count di Peschiera. I am the man you have been told to regard as your father's foe. I am the man on whom the Austrian emperor bestowed his lands. And now judge if I am in truth the foe. I have come hither to seek your father, in order to dispossess myself of my sovereign's gift. I have come but with one desire, to restore Alphonso to his native land, and to surrender the heritage that was forced upon me."

VIOLANTE.—"My father, my dear father! His grand heart will have room once more. Oh! this is noble enmity, true revenge. I understand it, signior, and so will my father, for such would have been his revenge on you. You have seen him?"

PESCHIERA.—"No, not yet. I would not see him till I had seen yourself; for you, in truth, are the arbiter of his destinies, as of mine."

VIOLANTE.—"I—Count? I—arbiter of my father's destinies? Is it possible!"

PESCHIERA, (with a look of compassionate admiration, and in a tone yet more emphatically parental.)—

"How lovely is that innocent joy; but do not indulge it yet. Perhaps it is a sacrifice which is asked from you—a sacrifice too hard to bear. Do not interrupt me. Listen still, and you will see why I could not speak to your father until I had obtained an interview with yourself. See why a word from you may continue still to banish me from his presence. You know, doubtless, that your father was one of the chiefs of a party that sought to free Northern Italy from the Austrians. I myself was at the onset a warm participator in that scheme. In a sudden moment I discovered that some of its more active projectors had coupled with a patriotic enterprise schemes of a dark nature—and that the conspiracy itself was about to be betrayed to the government. I wished to consult with your father; but he was at a distance. I learned that his life was condemned. Not an hour was to be lost. I took a bold resolve, that has exposed me to his suspicions, and to my country's wrath. But my main idea was to save him, my early friend, from death, and my country from fruitless massacre. I withdrew from the intended revolt. I sought at once the head of the Austrian government in Italy, and made terms for the lives of Alphonso and of the other more illustrious chiefs, which otherwise would have been forfeited. I obtained permission to undertake myself the charge of securing my kinsman in order to place him in safety, and to conduct him to a foreign land, in an exile that would cease when the danger was dispelled. But unhappily he deemed that I only sought to destroy him. He fled from my friendly pursuit. The soldiers with me were attacked by an intermeddling Englishman; your father escaped from Italy—concealing his retreat; and the character of his flight counteracted my efforts to obtain his pardon. The government conferred on me half his revenues, holding the other at its pleasure. I accepted the offer to save his whole heritage from confiscation. That I did not convey to him, what I pined to do—viz., the information that I held but in trust what was bestowed by

the government, and the full explanation of what seemed blamable in my conduct—was necessarily owing to the secrecy he maintained. I could not discover his refuge; but I never ceased to plead for his recall. This year only I have partially succeeded. He can be restored to his heritage and rank, on one proviso—a guarantee for his loyalty. That guarantee the government has named: it is the alliance of his only child with one whom the government can trust. It was the interest of all Italian nobility, that the representation of a house so great falling to a female, should not pass away wholly from the direct line;—in a word, that you should ally yourself with a kinsman. But one kinsman, and he the next in blood, presented himself. Brief—Alphonso regains all that he lost on the day in which his daughter gives her hand to Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera. Ah," continued the Count, mournfully, "you shrink—you recoil. He thus submitted to your choice is indeed unworthy of you. You are scarce in the spring of life. He is in its waning autumn. Youth loves youth. He does not aspire to your love. All that he can say is, love is not the only joy of the heart—it is joy to raise from ruin a beloved father—joy to restore, to a land poor in all but memories, a chief in whom it reverences a line of heroes. These are the joys I offer to you—you, a daughter, and an Italian maid. Still silent! Oh speak to me!"

Certainly this Count Peschiera knew well how woman is to be wooed and won; and never was woman more sensitive to those high appeals which most move all true earnest womanhood, than was the young Violante. Fortune favoured him in the moment chosen. Harley was wrenched away from her hopes, and love a word erased from her language. In the void of the world, her father's image alone stood clear and visible. And she who from infancy had so pined to serve that father, who had first learned to dream of Harley as that father's friend! She could restore to him all for which the exile sighed; and by a sacrifice of self! Self-sacrifice, ever in itself such a temptation to the noble! Still, in the midst of the

confusion and disturbance of her mind, the idea of marriage with another seemed so terrible and revolting, that she could not at once conceive it; and still that instinct of openness and honour, which pervaded all her character, warned even her inexperience that there was something wrong in this clandestine appeal to herself.

Again the Count besought her to speak; and with an effort she said, irresolutely—

"If it be as you say, it is not for me to answer you; it is for my father."

"Nay," replied Peschiera. "Pardon, if I contradict you. Do you know so little of your father as to suppose that he will suffer his interest to dictate to his pride. He would refuse, perhaps, even to receive my visit—to hear my explanations; but certainly he would refuse to buy back his inheritance by the sacrifice of his daughter to one whom he has deemed his foe, and whom the mere disparity of years would incline the world to say he had made the barter of his personal ambition. But if I could go to him sanctioned by you—if I could say your daughter overlooks what the father might deem an obstacle—she has consented to accept my hand of her own free choice—she unites her happiness, and blends her prayers, with mine,—then, indeed, I could not fail of success: and Italy would pardon my errors, and bless your name. Ah! Signorina, do not think of me save as an instrument towards the fulfilment of duties so high and sacred—think but of your ancestors, your father, your native land, and reject not the proud occasion to prove how you revere them all!"

Violante's heart was touched at the right chord. Her head rose—her colour came back to her pale cheek—she turned the glorious beauty of her countenance towards the wily tempter. She was about to answer, and to seal her fate, when at that instant Harley's voice was heard at a little distance, and Nero came bounding towards her, and thrust himself with rough familiarity between herself and Peschiera. C. back, and Violante, who was still fixed on his face, saw a gleam of rage sufficed in

to light up the sinister secrets of his nature—it was the face of the baffled gladiator. He had time but for few words.

"I must not be seen here," he muttered; "but to-morrow—in these gardens—about this hour. I implore

you, for the sake of your father—his hopes, fortunes, his very life, to guard the secret of this interview—to meet me again. Adieu!"

He vanished amidst the trees, and was gone—noiselessly, mysteriously, as he had come.

CHAPTER IX.

The last words of Peschiera were still ringing in Violante's ears when Harley appeared in sight, and the sound of his voice dispelled the vague and dreamy stupor which had crept over her senses. At that voice there returned the consciousness of a mighty loss, the sting of an intolerable anguish. To meet Harley there, and thus, seemed impossible. She turned abruptly away, and hurried towards the house. Harley called to her by name, but she would not answer, and only quickened her steps. He paused a moment in surprise, and then hastened after her.

"Under what strange taboo am I placed?" said he gaily, as he laid his hand on her shrinking arm. "I inquire for Helen—she is ill, and cannot see me. I come to sun myself in your presence, and you fly me as if gods and men had set their mark on my brow. Child!—child!—what is this? You are weeping?"

"Do not stay me now—do not speak to me," answered Violante through her stifling sobs, as she broke from his hand and made towards the house.

"Have you a grief, and under the shelter of my father's roof? A grief that you will not tell to me? Cruel!" cried Harley, with inexpressible tenderness of reproach in his soft tones.

Violante could not trust herself to reply. Ashamed of her self-betrayal—softened yet more by his pleading voice—she could have prayed to the earth to swallow her. At length, checking back her tears by a heroic effort, she said, almost calmly, "Noble friend, forgive me. I have no grief, believe me, which—which I can tell to you. I was but thinking of my poor father when you came up; alarming myself about him, it may be, with vain superstitious fears; and so—even

a slight surprise—your abrupt appearance, has sufficed to make me thus weak and foolish; but I wish to see my father!—to go home—home!"

"Your father is well, believe me, and pleased that you are here. No danger threatens him; and you, *here*, are safe."

"I safe—and from what?"

Harley mused irresolute. He inclined to confide to her the danger which her father had concealed; but had he the right to do so against her father's will?

"Give me," he said, "time to reflect, and to obtain permission to intrust you with a secret which, in my judgment, you should know. Meanwhile, this much I may say, that rather than you should incur the danger that I believe he exaggerates, your father would have given you a protector—even in Randal Leslie."

Violante started.

"But," resumed Harley, with a calm, in which a certain deep mournfulness was apparent, unconsciously to himself—"but I trust you are reserved for a fairer fate, and a nobler spouse. I have vowed to live henceforth in the common workday world. But for you, bright child, for you, I am a dreamer still!"

Violante turned her eyes for one instant towards the melancholy speaker. The look thrilled to his heart. He bowed his face involuntarily. When he looked up, she had left his side. He did not this time attempt to follow her, but moved away and plunged amidst the leafless trees.

An hour afterwards he re-entered the house, and again sought to see Helen. She had now recovered sufficiently to give him the interview he requested.

He approached her with a grave and serious gentleness.

"My dear Helen," said he, "you

have consented to be my wife, my life's mild companion; let it be soon—soon—for I need you. I need all the strength of that holy tie. Helen, let me press you to fix the time."

"I owe you too much," answered Helen, looking down, "to have a will but yours. But your mother," she added, perhaps clinging to the idea of some reprieve—"your mother has not yet—"

"My mother—true. I will speak first to her. You shall receive from my family all honour due to your gentle virtues. Helen, by the way,

have you mentioned to Violante the bond between us?"

"No—that is, I fear I may have unguardedly betrayed it, against Lady Lansmere's commands too—but—but—"

"So, Lady Lansmere forbade you to name it to Violante. This should not be. I will answer for her permission to revoke that interdict. It is due to Violante and to you. Tell your young friend all. Ah, Helen, if I am at times cold or wayward, bear with me—bear with me; for you love me, do you not?"

CHAPTER X.

That same evening Randal heard from Levy (at whose house he staid late) of that self-introduction to Violante which (thanks to his skeleton-key) Pechiera had contrived to effect; and the Count seemed more than sanguine—he seemed assured as to the full and speedy success of his matrimonial enterprise. "Therefore," said Levy, "I trust I may very soon congratulate you on the acquisition of your family estates."

"Strange!" answered Randal, "strange that my fortunes seem so bound up with the fate of a foreigner like Beatrice di Negra and her connection with Frank Hazelden." He looked up at the clock as he spoke, and added—

"Frank, by this time, has told his father of his engagement."

"And you feel sure that the Squire cannot be coaxed into consent?"

"No; but I feel sure that the Squire will be so choleric at the first intelligence, that Frank will not have the self-control necessary for coaxing; and, perhaps, before the Squire can relent upon this point, he may, by some accident, learn his grievances on another, which would exasperate him still more."

"Ay, I understand—the *post obit*!" Randal nodded.

"And what then?" asked Levy.

"The next of kin to the lands of Hazelden may have his day."

The Baron smiled.

"You have good prospects in that direction, Leslie: look now to another. I spoke to you of the borough of

Lansmere. Your patron, Audley Egerton, intends to stand for it."

Randal's heart had of late been so set upon other and more avaricious schemes, that a seat in Parliament had sunk into a secondary object; nevertheless, his ambitious and all-grasping nature felt a bitter pang, when he heard that Egerton thus interposed between himself and any chance of advancement."

"So!" he muttered sullenly—"so. This man, who pretends to be my benefactor, squanders away the wealth of my forefathers—throws me penniless on the world; and, while still encouraging me to exertion and public life, robs me himself of—"

"No!" interrupted Levy—"not robs you; we may prevent that. The Lansmere interest is not so strong in the borough as Dick Avenel's."

"But I cannot stand against Egerton."

"Assuredly not—you may stand with him."

"How?"

"Dick Avenel will never suffer Egerton to come in; and though he cannot, perhaps, carry two of his own politics, he can split his votes upon you."

Randal's eyes flashed. He saw at a glance, that if Avenel did not overrate the relative strength of parties, his seat could be secured.

"But," he said, "Egerton has not spoken to me on such a subject; nor can you expect that he would propose to me to stand with him, if he foresaw the chance of being ousted by

the very candidate he himself introduced."

"Neither he nor his party will anticipate that possibility. If he ask you, agree to stand—leave the rest to me."

"You must hate Egerton bitterly," said Randal; "for I am not vain enough to think that you thus scheme but from pure love to me."

"The motives of men are intricate and complicated," answered Levy, with unusual seriousness. "It suffices to the wise to profit by the actions, and leave the motives in shade."

There was silence for some minutes. Then the two drew closer towards each other, and began to discuss details in their joint designs.

Randal walked home slowly. It was a cold moonlit night. Young idlers of his own years and rank passed him by, on their way from the haunts of social pleasure. They were yet in the first fair holiday of life. Life's holiday had gone from him for ever. Graver men, in the various callings of masculine labour—professions, trade, the state—passed him also. Their steps might be sober, and their faces careworn; but no step had the furtive stealth of his—no face the same contracted, sinister, suspicious gloom. Only once, in a

lonely thoroughfare, and on the opposite side of the way, fell a foot-fall, and glanced an eye, that seemed to betray a soul in sympathy with Randal Leslie's.

And Randal, who had heeded none of the other passengers by the way, as if instinctively, took note of this one. His nerves crisped at the noiseless slide of that form, as it stalked on from lamp to lamp, keeping pace with his own. He felt a sort of awe, as if he had beheld the wraith of himself; and ever, as he glanced suspiciously at the stranger, the stranger glanced at him. He was inexpressibly relieved when the figure turned down another street and vanished.

That man was a felon, as yet undetected. Between him and his kind there stood but a thought—a veil air-spun, but impassable, as the veil of the Image at Saïs.

And thus moved and thus looked Randal Leslie, a thing of dark and secret mischief—within the pale of the law, but equally removed from man by the vague consciousness that at his heart lay that which the eyes of man would abhor and loathe. Solitary amidst the vast city, and on through the machinery of Civilisation, went the still spirit of Intellectual Evil.

CHAPTER XI.

Early the next morning Randal received two notes—one from Frank, written in great agitation, begging Randal to see and propitiate his father, whom he feared he had grievously offended; and then running off, rather incoherently, into protestations that his honour as well as his affections were engaged irrevocably to Beatrice, and that her, at least, he could never abandon.

And the second note was from the Squire himself—short, and far less cordial than usual—requesting Mr Leslie to call on him.

Randal dressed in haste, and went at once to Limmer's hotel.

He found the Parson with Mr Hazeldean, and endeavouring in vain to soothe him. The Squire had not slept all night, and his appearance was almost haggard.

"Oho! Mr young Leslie," said he, throwing himself back in his chair as Randal entered—"I thought you were a friend—I thought you were Frank's adviser. Explain, sir; explain."

"Gently, my dear Mr Hazeldean," said the Parson. "You do but surprise and alarm Mr Leslie. Tell him more distinctly what he has to explain."

SQUIRE—"Did you or did you not tell me or Mrs Hazeldean, that Frank was in love with Violante Rickeybockey?"

RANDAL, (as in amaze).—"I! Never, sir! I feared, on the contrary, that he was somewhat enamoured of a very different person. I hinted at that possibility. I could not do more, for I did not know how far Frank's affections were seriously engaged. And indeed, sir, Mrs Hazel-

dean, though not encouraging the idea that your son could marry a foreigner and a Roman Catholic, did not appear to consider such objections insuperable, if Frank's happiness were really at stake."

Here the poor Squire gave way to a burst of passion, that involved, in one tempest, Frank, Randal, Harry himself, and the whole race of foreigners, Roman Catholics, and women. While the Squire himself was still incapable of hearing reason, the Parson, taking aside Randal, convinced himself that the whole affair, so far as Randal was concerned, had its origin in a very natural mistake; and that while that young gentleman had been hinting at Beatrice, Mrs Hazeldean had been thinking of Violante. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in conveying this explanation to the Squire, and somewhat appeasing his wrath against Randal. And the Dissemblator, seizing his occasion, then expressed so much grief and astonishment at learning that matters had gone as far as the Parson informed him—that Frank had actually proposed to Beatrice, been accepted, and engaged himself, before even communicating with his father; he declared so earnestly, that he could never conjecture such evil—that he had had Frank's positive promise to take no step without the sanction of his parents; he professed such sympathy with the Squire's wounded feelings, and such regret at Frank's involvement, that Mr Hazeldean at last yielded up his honest heart to his consoler—and gripping Randal's hand, said, "Well, well, I wronged you—beg your pardon. What now is to be done?"

"Why, you cannot consent to this marriage—impossible," replied Randal; "and we must hope therefore to influence Frank by his sense of duty."

"That's it," said the Squire; "for I'll not give way. Pretty pass things have come to, indeed! A widow too, I hear. Artful jade—thought, no doubt, to catch a Hazeldean of Hazeldean. My estates go to an outlandish Papistical set of mongrel brats! No, no, never!"

"But," said the Parson, mildly, "perhaps we may be unjustly pre-

judiced against this lady. We should have consented to Violante—why not to her? She is of good family?"

"Certainly," said Randal.

"And good character?"

Randal shook his head, and sighed. The Squire caught him roughly by the arm—"Answer the Parson!" cried he, vehemently.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot speak ill of the character of a woman, who may, too, be Frank's wife; and the world is ill-natured, and not to be believed. But you can judge for yourself, my dear Mr Hazeldean. Ask your brother whether Madame di Negra is one whom he would advise his nephew to marry."

"My brother!" exclaimed the Squire furiously. "Consult my distant brother on the affairs of my own son!"

"He is a man of the world," put in Randal.

"And of feeling and honour," said the Parson; "and, perhaps, through him, we may be enabled to enlighten Frank, and save him from what appears to be the snare of an artful woman."

"Meanwhile," said Randal, "I will seek Frank, and do my best with him. Let me go now—I will return in an hour or so."

"I will accompany you," said the Parson.

"Nay, pardon me, but I think we two young men can talk more openly without a third person, even so wise and kind as you."

"Let Randal go," growled the Squire. And Randal went.

He spent some time with Frank, and the reader will easily divine how that time was employed. As he left Frank's lodgings, he found himself suddenly seized by the Squire himself.

"I was too impatient to stay at home and listen to the Parson's prosing," said Mr Hazeldean, nervously. "I have shaken Dale off. Tell me what has passed. Oh! don't fear—I'm a man, and can bear the worst."

With the Squire's arm led him into the

may be, s

you,

dence, I see not how to advise you on the proper course to take. But if I betray Frank, it is for his good, and to his own father;—only do not tell him. He would never forgive me—it would for ever destroy my influence over him.”

“Go on, go on,” gasped the Squire; “speak out. I’ll never tell the ungrateful boy that I learned his secrets from another.”

“Then,” said Randal, “the secret of his entanglement with Madame di Negra is simply this—he found her in debt—nay, on the point of being arrested—”

“Debt!—arrested! Jezabel!”

“And in paying the debt himself, and saving her from arrest, he conferred on her the obligation which no woman of honour could accept save from her affianced husband. Poor Frank!—if sadly taken in, still we must pity and forgive him!”

Suddenly, to Randal’s great surprise, the Squire’s whole face brightened up.

“I see, I see!” he exclaimed, slapping his thigh. “I have it—I have it. ’Tis an affair of money! I can buy her off. If she took money from him, the mercenary, painted baggage! why, then, she’ll take it from me. I don’t care what it costs—half my fortune—all! I’d be content never to see Hazeldean Hall again, if I could save my son, my own son, from disgrace and misery; for miserable he will be, when he knows he has broken my heart and his mother’s. And for a creature like that! My boy, a thousand hearty thanks to you. Where does the wretch live? I’ll go to her at once.” And as he spoke, the Squire actually pulled out his pocket-book and began turning over and counting the bank-notes in it.

Randal at first tried to combat this

bold resolution on the part of the Squire; but Mr Hazeldean had seized on it with all the obstinacy of his straightforward English mind. He cut Randal’s persuasive eloquence off in the midst.

“Don’t waste your breath. I’ve settled it; and if you don’t tell me where she lives, ’tis easily found out, I suppose.”

Randal mused a moment. “After all,” thought he, “why not? He will be sure so to speak as to enlist her pride against himself, and to irritate Frank to the utmost. Let him go.”

Accordingly, he gave the information required; and, insisting with great earnestness on the Squire’s promise not to mention to Madame di Negra his knowledge of Frank’s pecuniary aid, (for that would betray Randal as the informant;) and satisfying himself as he best might with the Squire’s prompt assurance, “that he knew how to settle matters, without saying why or wherefore, as long as he opened his purse wide enough,” he accompanied Mr Hazeldean back into the streets, and there left him—fixing an hour in the evening for an interview at Limmer’s, and hinting that it would be best to have that interview without the presence of the Parson. “Excellent good man,” said Randal, “but not with sufficient knowledge of the world for affairs of this kind, which *you* understand so well.”

“I should think so,” quoth the Squire, who had quite recovered his good-humour. “And the Parson is as soft as buttermilk. We must be firm here—firm, sir.” And the Squire struck the end of his stick on the pavement, nodded to Randal, and went on to Mayfair as sturdily and as confidently as if to purchase a prize cow at a cattle show.

CHAPTER XII.

“Bring the light nearer,” said John Burley—“nearer still.”

Leonard obeyed, and placed the candle on a little table by the sick man’s bedside.

Burley’s mind was partially wandering; but there was method in his madness. Horace Walpole said that

“his stomach would survive all the rest of him.” That which in Burley survived the last was his quaint wild genius. He looked wistfully at the still flame of the candle: “It lives ever in the air!” said he.

“What lives ever?”

Burley’s voice swelled—“Light!”

He turned from Leonard, and again contemplated the little flame. "In the fixed star, in the Will-o'-the-wisp, in the great sun that illumines half a world, or the farthing rushlight by which the ragged student strains his eyes—still the same flower of the elements. Light in the universe, thought in the soul—ay—ay—Go on with the simile. My head swims. Extinguish the light! You cannot; fool, it vanishes from your eye, but it is still in the space. Worlds must perish, suns shrivel up, matter and spirit both fall into nothingness, before the combinations whose union makes that little flame, which the breath of a babe can restore to darkness, shall lose the power to unite into light once more. Lose the power!—no, the necessity:—it is the one *Must* in creation. Ay, ay, very dark riddles grow clear now—now when I could not cast up an addition sum in the baker's bill! What wise man denied that two and two made four? Do they not make four? I can't answer him. But I could answer a question that some wise men have contrived to make much knottier." He smiled softly, and turned his face for some minutes to the wall.

This was the second night on which Leonard had watched by his bedside, and Burley's state had grown rapidly worse. He could not last many days, perhaps many hours. But he had evinced an emotion beyond mere delight at seeing Leonard again. He had since then been calmer, more himself. "I feared I might have ruined you by my bad example," he said, with a touch of humour that became pathos as he added, "That idea preyed on me."

"No, no; you did me great good."

"Say that—say it often," said Burley, earnestly; "it makes my heart feel so light."

He had listened to Leonard's story with deep interest, and was fond of talking to him of little Helen. He detected the secret at the young man's heart, and cheered the hopes that lay there, amidst fears and sorrows. Burley never talked seriously of his repentance; it was not in his nature to talk seriously of the things which he felt solemnly. But his high animal spirits were quenched with

the animal power that fed them. Now, we go out of our sensual existence only when we are no longer enthralled by the Present, in which the senses have their realm. The sensual being vanishes when we are in the Past or the Future. The Present was gone from Burley; he could no more be its slave and its king.

It was most touching to see how the inner character of this man unfolded itself, as the leaves of the outer character fell off and withered—a character no one would have guessed in him—an inherent refinement that was almost womanly; and he had all a woman's abnegation of self. He took the cares lavished on him so meekly. As the features of the old man return in the stillness of death to the aspect of youth—the lines effaced, the wrinkles gone—so, in seeing Burley now, you saw what he had been in his spring of promise. But he himself saw only what he had failed to be—powers squandered—life wasted. "I once beheld," he said, "a ship in a storm. It was a cloudy, fitful day, and I could see the ship with all its masts fighting hard for life and for death. Then came night, dark as pitch, and I could only guess that the ship fought on. Towards the dawn the stars grew visible, and once more I saw the ship—it was a wreck—it went down just as the stars shone forth."

When he had made that allusion to himself, he sat very still for some time, then he spread out his wasted hands, and gazed on them, and on his shrunken limbs. "Good," said he, laughing low; "these hands were too large and rude for handling the delicate webs of my own mechanism, and these strong limbs ran away with me. If I had been a sickly puny fellow, perhaps my mind would have had fair play. There was too much of brute body here! Look at this hand now! you can see the light through it! Good, good!"

Now, that evening, until he had retired to bed, Burley had been unusually cheerful, and had talked with much of his old eloquence, if with little of his old humour. Amongst other matters, he had spoken with considerable interest of some poems and other papers in manuscript which had been left in the house by a former

lodger, and which, the reader may remember, that Mrs Goodyer had urged him in vain to read, in his last visit to her cottage. But *then* he had her husband Jacob to chat with, and the spirit bottle to finish, and the wild craving for excitement plucked his thoughts back to his London revels. Now poor Jacob was dead, and it was not brandy that the sick man drank from the widow's cruise. And London lay afar amidst its fogs, like a world resolved back into nebulae. So to please his hostess and distract his own solitary thoughts, he had condescended (just before Leonard found him out) to peruse the memorials of a life obscure to the world, and new to his own experience of coarse joys and woes. "I have been making a romance, to amuse myself, from their contents," said he. "They may be of use to you, brother author. I have told Mrs Goodyer to place them in your room. Amongst those papers is a journal—a woman's journal; it moved me greatly. A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast. There was this journal—in its dates reminding me of stormy events of my own existence, and grand doings in the world's. And those dates there, chronicling but the mysterious unrevealed record of some obscure loving heart! And in that chronicle, O Sir Poet, there was as much genius, vigour of thought, vitality of being, poured and wasted, as ever kind friend will say was lavished on the rude outer world by big John Burley! Genius, genius; are we all alike, then, save when we leash ourselves to some matter-of-fact material, and float over the roaring seas on a wooden plank or a herring tub?" And after he had uttered that cry of a secret anguish, John Burley had begun to show symptoms of growing fever and disturbed brain; and when they had got him into bed, he lay there muttering to himself, until towards midnight he *had asked Leonard to bring the light nearer to him.*

So now he again was quiet—with his face turned towards the wall; and Leonard stood by the bedside sorrowfully, and Mrs Goodyer, who did not heed Burley's talk, and thought only of his physical state, was dipping cloths into iced water to apply to his forehead. But as she approached with these, and addressed him soothingly, Burley raised himself on his arm, and waived aside the bandages. "I do not need them," said he, in a collected voice. "I am better now. I and that pleasant light understand one another, and I believe all it tells me. Pooh, pooh, I do not rave." He looked so smilingly and so kindly into her face, that the poor woman, who loved him as her own son, fairly burst into tears. He drew her towards him and kissed her forehead.

"Peace, old fool," said he fondly. "You shall tell anglers hereafter how John Burley came to fish for the one-eyed perch which he never caught; and how, when he gave it up at the last, his baits all gone, and the line broken amongst the weeds, you comforted the baffled man. There are many good fellows yet in the world who will like to know that poor Burley did not die on a dunghill. Kiss me! Come, boy, you too. Now, God bless you, I should like to sleep." His cheeks were wet with the tears of both his listeners, and there was a moisture in his own eyes, which nevertheless beamed bright through the moisture.

He laid himself down again, and the old woman would have withdrawn the light. He moved uneasily. "Not that," he murmured—"light to the last!" And putting forth his wan hand, he drew aside the curtain so that the light might fall full on his face. In a few minutes he was asleep, breathing calmly and regularly as an infant.

The old woman wiped her eyes, and drew Leonard softly into the adjoining room, in which a bed had been made up for him. He had not left the house since he had entered it with Dr Morgan. "You are young, sir," said she with kindness, "and the young want sleep. Lie down a bit: I will call you when he wakes."

"No, I could not sleep," said Leonard. "I will watch for you."

The old woman shook her head. "I must see the last of him, sir; but I know he will be angry when his eyes open on me, for he has grown very thoughtful of others."

"Ah, if he had but been as thoughtful of himself!" murmured Leonard; and he seated himself by the table, on which, as he leaned his elbow, he dislodged some papers placed there. They fell to the ground with a dumb, moaning, sighing sound.

"What is that?" said he starting.

The old woman picked up the manuscripts and smoothed them carefully.

"Ah, sir, he bade me place these papers here. He thought they might keep you from fretting about him, in case you would sit up and wake. And he had a thought of me, too; for I have so pined to find out the poor young lady, who left them years ago. She was almost as dear to me as he is; dearer perhaps until now—when—when—I am about to lose him."

Leonard turned from the papers, without a glance at their contents: they had no interest for him at such a moment.

The hostess went on—

"Perhaps she is gone to heaven before him; she did not look like one long for this world. She left us so suddenly. Many things of hers besides these papers are still here; but I keep them aired and dusted, and strew lavender over them, in case she ever come for them again. You never heard tell of her, did you, sir?" she added, with great simplicity, and dropping a half curtsy.

"Of her?—of whom?"

"Did not Mr John tell you her name—dear—dear;—Mrs Bertram."

Leonard started;—the very name so impressed upon his memory by Harley L'Estrange.

"Bertram!" he repeated. "Are you sure?"

"Oh yes, sir! And many years after she had left us, and we had heard no more of her, there came a packet addressed to her here, from over sea, sir. We took it in, and kept it, and John would break the seal, to know if it would tell us anything about her; but it was all in a foreign language like—we could not read a word."

"Have you the packet? Pray show it to me. It may be of the greatest value. To-morrow will do—I cannot think of that just now. Poor Burley!"

Leonard's manner indicated that he wished to talk no more, and to be alone. So Mrs Goodyer left him, and stole back to Burley's room on tiptoe.

The young man remained in deep reverie for some moments. "Light," he murmured. "How often 'Light' is the last word of those round whom the shades are gathering!"* He moved, and straight on his view through the cottage lattice there streamed light, indeed—not the miserable ray lit by a human hand—but the still and holy effulgence of a moonlit heaven. It lay broad upon the humble floors—pierced across the threshold of the death chamber, and halted clear amidst its shadows.

Leonard stood motionless, his eye following the silvery silent splendour.

"And," he said inly—"and does this large erring nature, marred by its genial faults—this soul which should have filled a land, as you orb the room, with a light that linked earth to heaven—does it pass away into the dark, and leave not a ray behind? Nay, if the elements of light are ever in the space, and when the flame goes out, return to the vital air—so thought, once kindled, lives for ever around

* Every one remembers that Goethe's last words are said to have been, "More Light;" and perhaps what has occurred in the text may be supposed a plagiarism from those words. But, in fact, nothing is more common than the craving and demand for light a little before death. Let any consult his own sad experience in the last moments of those whose gradual close he has watched and tended. What more frequent than a prayer to open the shutters and let in the sun! What complaints more repeated, and more touching, than "that it is growing dark!" I once knew a sufferer—who did not then seem in immediate danger—suddenly order the sick room to be lit up as if for a gala. When this was told to the physician, he said gravely, "No worse sign."

and about us, a part of our breathing atmosphere. Many a thinker, many a poet, may yet illumine the world, from the thoughts which yon genius, that will have no name, gave forth—to wander through air, and recombine again in some new form of light."

Thus he went on in vague speculations, seeking, as youth enamoured of fame seeks too fondly, to prove that mind never works, however erratically, in vain—and to retain yet, as an influence upon earth, the soul about to soar far beyond the atmosphere where the elements that make fame abide. Not thus had the dying man interpreted the endurance of light and thought.

Suddenly, in the midst of his reverie, a low cry broke on his ear. He shuddered as he heard, and hastened forebodingly into the adjoining room. The old woman was kneeling by the bedside, and chafing Burley's hand—eagerly looking into his face. A glance sufficed to Leonard. All was over. Burley had died in sleep—calmly, and without a groan.

The eyes were half open, with that look of inexpressible softness which death sometimes leaves; and still they were turned towards the light; and the light burned clear. Leonard closed tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covered the face, the lips smiled a serene farewell.

OUR LONDON COMMISSIONER.

NO. II.

In the northern outskirt of London, there is a dingy-looking, ill-shaped building, on the bank of a narrow canal, where at one time, not very long ago, real water fell in sparkling cascades, Trafalgars were fought in veritable vessels, and, triumphant over all, radiant in humour and motley, with wit at his fingers' ends, and ineffable character in his feet, laughed, hobbled, jeered, flouted, and pirouetted the clown, Joseph Grimaldi. The audiences, in those days, were partial to beer. Tobacco was a pleasant accompaniment to the wonders of the scene. Great effect was produced by farces of a very unsentimental kind; and the principal effort of the author was to introduce as much bustle and as many kicks into his piece as he could. A bloody nose secured three rounds of applause; a smack on the cheek was a successful repartee; a coarse oath was only emphatic—nobody blushed, everybody swore. There were fights in the pit, and the police-office was near at hand. It was the one place of entertainment for a poor and squalid district. Poverty and dirt went there to forget themselves, and came away unimproved. It was better, perhaps, than the beer-shop, certainly better than the prize-fight, but not so good as the tea-garden and hop. This

building is now the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, presided over by one of the best actors on the English stage, and ringing, night after night, to the language of Shakspeare and Massinger. How does the audience behave? Better than young gentlemen of the Guards at a concert of sacred music; better than young ladies of fashion at a scientific lecture. They don't yawn, they don't giggle, they don't whisper to each other at the finest passages; but there is intense interest—eyes, heart, mind, all fixed on the wondrous evolvment of the story. They stay, hour by hour, silent, absorbed, attentive, answering the touch of the magician's wand, warming into enthusiasm, or melting into tears, with as fine an appreciation of the working of the play as if they had studied the Greek drama, and been critics all their days. Are they the same people, or the same class of people, who roared and rioted in the pit in the days of the real water? Exactly the same. The boxes are three shillings, the pit a shilling, the gallery a sixpence. There are many fustian jackets in the pit, and in the gallery a sprinkling of shirt sleeves. Masters of trades, and respectable shopkeepers, and professional men, and their families are in the boxes; and Mr Phelps is as great

a benefactor to that neighbourhood as if he had established a public park, or opened a lyceum for education. There is a perceptible difference, we are told, in the manners of the district. Yop can't raise a man in any one department without lifting him up in all. Improve his mind, you refine his character; teach him even mathematics, he will learn politeness; give him good society, he will cease to be coarse; introduce him to Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, and Webster, he will be a gentleman. A man with friends like these will not go to the tap of the Black Dog. Better spend his sixpence at Sadler's Wells, and learn what was going on in Rome in the time of Coriolanus, or learn the thanklessness of sycophantic friends in the Athenian Timon. With the bluff and brutal Henry VIII. they are quite familiar, and form a very tolerable idea of a certain pinchbeck cardinal's pride, from the insolence of the overweening Wolsey. That energy and honour overcome all impediments, they have long discovered from the story of the Lady of Lyons, and the grandeur of self-devotion in the noble aspirations of Ion. A world like this opening to their eyes, reflects a pleasant light on the common earth they inhabit. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The same sentiment brings a big sob into their rough throats, and swells the gentle bosom of the delicate young lady in the front row of the dress circle. If the Queen were there, there would be a quivering of the royal lip. Jack Wiggins, the tinman, cries as if he were flogged. Let us off to see Sadler's Wells, where a new play is to be acted, with our old friend James VI. for its hero. A pretty hero for a play!—The pedantic, selfish, ambitious, and cowardly son of Mary Stuart, who kissed the hand reeking with his mother's blood, and held out the Scottish crown to be an awmous-dish, into which Elizabeth disdainfully threw her niggard charity, like an old maid depositing a farthing in the plate at the Magdalen Hospital door. This play is improperly called a tragedy, because a few people happen to be killed in the course of it. The foundation is de-

cidedly comic—horribly, grotesquely comic. There the laughter tries in vain to banish the shudder, and between them a compound is created which we believe to be new to the stage. The conventional tyrant of tragedy is entirely done away with. There are no knittings of brows and crossings of elbows, starts and struttings, such as we generally see made the accompaniments of revenge and hatred. There is a low, selfish, cruel nature, disguised in ludicrous repartees and jocular conversation—a buffoon animated by the soul of Richard III., a harlequin's lath tipt with deadly poison—our ordinary ideas turned topsy-turvy, and Polonius running his sword through Hamlet behind the arras. Whether this historical view of James be correct or not, does not matter to the play. It is the view chosen by the author on a preponderating weight of evidence; and the point of his career chosen for the development of these blacker portions of his disposition is the Gowrie plot, where even the king's adulators were unable to hide the murmurs of the people, who certainly believed his conduct to have been cruel and unjust.

Such a piece of acting as Mr Phelps's presentment of James is rarely seen on the stage. His command of the Scotch dialect is wonderful in an Englishman; his walk, his look, his attitude, are as palpable indications of character as the language he employs. There is not a turn of his mouth, or a leer of his eye, that is not in harmony with the general design. His pride, terror, abasement, doubt, triumph, and final despair, are all given with a marvellous versatility, which yet never trenches on the identity of the actor's creation. But touches are here and there added, some to soften, some to darken, till the whole is like a Dutch picture—laboriously minute in all its details, and perfect as a finished whole.

The English envoy, Sir John Ayliffe, has been sent by Elizabeth with an answer to a demand made by James, that she should proclaim him her successor on the English throne. He has diverged from his road to Holyrood to the castle of the Laird of Rastalrig—the secret, but principal

agent in a plot for seizing the king; and is greatly alarmed on hearing that Spanish and Roman agents are at the Scottish court, promising the king great pecuniary assistance if he will march across the Border, and, with the help of the discontented Catholic nobility, assert his claim by force. He therefore agrees to aid Restalrig in his attempt to secure the king, and proceeds on his way to Edinburgh. Lord Gowrie, with his brother, is on a visit to the Laird, Gowrie being, of course, in love with his daughter, and is easily worked on to aid the plot by hearing of certain indignities which had been offered to his mother in his absence by the minions of the king. He also goes to Edinburgh, and here we are introduced to his mother, the widowed countess, who urges him to revenge her wrongs, and vindicate his honour by confronting the oppressor. Restalrig has also come to the capital, encounters his friend Gomez, the Spanish agent, and is by him requested to take care of certain sums of gold which have been sent over for the purpose of purchasing the assistance of the nobles to the views of Spain. We now come into the court of Holyrood. James gabbles, and storms, and fleeches, and goes through the most strange, yet natural evolutions—hears a negative reply from England delivered by Sir John Ayliffe—is startled by the apparition of Gowrie dressed in his father's arms—and dismisses the court with a threat of vengeance against all his opponents, especially the heirs of his old enemy, Lord Ruthven.

The interest of the plot hangs on the intellectual combat between the wily and sagacious laird, and the truculent and relentless king. With some of the gold obtained from the Spaniard, Restalrig induces James to move the court to Falkland, in order to be more easily seized when in the vicinity of Gowrie's house; but James carries his design farther, and goes into the mansion of the Gowries, having arranged with his train to follow him, and make themselves masters of his hosts. When Restalrig's triumph in the success of his plan and the imprisonment of the king is at its height, a chivalrous *sense of honour* in the young earl has *disconcerted* the whole design, by

restoring James to liberty, and admitting his followers. Slaughter then takes place; but while James is rejoicing in his gratified revenge, and the destruction of his enemies, it is announced to him that Restalrig, at the head of the men of Perth, is at the gate; they are clamorous for vengeance—the alarm-bells are ringing—strange yells of an outraged populace are heard—James, in an agony of cowardly remorse, blames the instruments of his cruelty—and the curtain falls, leaving him in immediate expectation of being torn to pieces in punishment of his useless crime. The performers have little to do in this play, except to bring out the peculiarities of the king. Restalrig is played with a rough humour, and appreciation of the part, by Mr Bennet; but the effect of the young earl, upon whom a great deal depends in the scene of the release, is entirely destroyed by the unfortunate voice and feebleness of the actor. As an exhibition, however, of how one great performer can vivify a whole play in spite of all drawbacks, we pronounce the acting of Mr Phelps in some respects without a parallel on the modern stage.

In the good old comedy of the "Man of the World," he is no less remarkable in his delineation of Sir Pertinax Macgryphant. His power over the Scotch dialect is the same; and it is only a less powerful performance, from the character itself being less diversified, and the tragic element being entirely omitted. Disagreeable characters both, from their hardness and selfishness; and we should like to see the same art applied to some softer and more captivating specimens of the Scottish species.

We have been forced already to confess that single-character pieces are the only style of drama to which full justice can be done in any theatre in London. Many people, deluded by this circumstance, and preferring the perfection of one to the mediocrity of many, will gravely tell you that the drama itself ought to be formed, in this respect, on the model of the stage; that the interest ought to be concentrated in the hero, and the others kept entirely subordinate, or at least only endowed with vitality enough to

enable them to survive the kicks and buffets with which the chief personage of the plot asserts his superiority. That one central interest must exist in a properly-constructed drama, there is no doubt; but it is a terrible narrowing of the author's walk if you debar him from affixing this interest to a group, and limit it entirely to one. You force him to descend to mere peculiarities, and the evolvment of character in its most contracted sense—thereby, and to this extent, trenching upon the province of farce, which consists in a development of the humours of some selected individual. The drama, on the other hand, paints humanity in the abstract, modified in its particular action by the position and character of the personages of the story; and in so far as, for the sake of one chief actor, the movement of the play is made to depend on him, the poet sinks from being the Titian or Michael Angelo of his art, into the Watson Gordon, Phillips, or Pickersgill;—high names certainly; but portrait-painting, even at its best, is not history. Let any man read *Julius Cæsar*, and think of the Kembles, Young, Macready, and Ellistoun all in the same play, and talk no more of a one-charactered drama as the fittest for representation, and the highest of its class. A one-charactered drama is only the best when there is but one good actor in a theatre; if there were three good actors, a three-charactered play would speedily arise; where all were good, Shakspeare would reappear—that is to say, crowds would go to see Shakspeare, instead of going, as now, to see this or that performer in *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*.

The nearest approach to this diffusion of excellence is to be found on the French stage. A unity of purpose is visible in the whole company. The flunky who announces the countess's carriage enters into the spirit of the scene, and is as completely the flunky, and nothing more, as Regnier is the marquis, and nothing less. But one man we possess on the English boards, who is very superior to Regnier and all his clan. Charles Matthews has more graceful ease, more untiring vivacity, more genial comprehension, than the very finest

of the Parisians. For ninety-five nights he has held a hushed theatre in the most complete subjection to his magic art, and was as fresh and forcible on the last night of the course as at its beginning. Yet never once does he raise his voice above drawing-room pitch; no reliance has he on silver shoe-buckles or slashed doublets; he wears the same coat and other habiliments in which he breakfasts at home or dines with a friend. Never once does he point an epigram with a grimace, or even emphasise a sentiment with a shrug of his shoulders. The marvel is how the effect is created; for there is no outward sign of effort or intention. That the effect is there, is manifest from pit to gallery; and yet, there stands a quiet, placid, calm-eyed, pleasant-mannered, meek-voiced, bald-headed, gentlemanly stockbroker, with respectable brass-buttoned blue coat and grey trousers, such as is to be seen on any day of the week pursuing his way from St John's Wood or Brompton; and, at first sight, as unfit for theatrical representation as the contents of his ledger for the material of an epic poem. But he is placed in queer and unaccountable situations?—made intensely interesting by some strange instance of mistaken identity?—or endangered in life and fame by some curiously ingenious piece of circumstantial evidence? Nothing of the kind. The man is before you all the time. You know his whole circumstances as well as he himself does. He has a wife and daughter; he lives in a well-furnished capacious house: we should say in the upper part of Baker Street; and probably a brass plate reveals to the inquiring passenger that it is the residence of Mr Asfable Hawk. That is his name: a merchant or stockbroker, at one time very honest and very rich; but his partner, a Mr Sparrow, has eloped with the co-partnery funds, leaving Mr Hawk's affairs in inextricable confusion, and throwing him into the disagreeable necessity of living on his wits. He has a great and available capital, and lays it out to the best advantage. Never did wits so stand in the stead of money before. With them he pays off debts, with them he embarks in speculations, and on their

security raises loans, throwing seed in the stoniest places, and receiving a hundredfold. Nor is his triumph over a set of trustful spinsters, or persons unaccustomed to business. He does not live upon pigeons, but, like the lovers in Boccaccio, makes an excellent dinner on a sharp-beaked falcon. Mr Hardcore will stand no more nonsense. He rushes into the house—hat on head, stick in hand. He will have his money, or issue a writ at once. With a gentlemanly motion towards his head, Mr Affable convicts him silently of ill-breeding and impertinence, and the hat is instantly removed. With the utmost suavity, he requests the irate creditor to write to his clerk to stop farther proceedings, and to add, in a post-script, a cheque for £200. The man is staggered by the immensity of the impertinence. But the calm superiority of his debtor makes itself felt in spite of his utmost efforts. Certain shares in a brilliant speculation have been secured by Mr Hawk for his friend at a very low premium. The letter to the clerk is written. But the cheque for £200? Sir Harry Lester, a rich baronet, is about to marry Mr Hawk's daughter; all debts are to be paid by the enraptured son-in-law; a fitting breakfast must be given; a few trinkets, a few dresses. You wouldn't have such a glorious prospect spoiled by the want of such a trifle? Hardcore writes the cheque, and rushes off to secure the depreciated shares. Another comes in who throws himself on the charity of his debtor, pleads poverty, distress, even starvation. How can the polished and humane Mr Hawk resist so touching an appeal? He can't. He doesn't. He goes for three pounds, as an instalment of which it appears he has already paid nine, making a remarkably good return on the loan of our penurious friend, Mr Earthworm. That gentleman rejoices in the success of his "dodge," and appears triumphant in his conquest over the feelings of Mr Hawk. But the benevolent debtor now returns, pays the three sovereigns, and hurries his visitor off to make way for Mr Grossmark, who is about to purchase shares in a speculation of Mr Hawk's, which is to yield three hundred per cent.

"How much is required?" says the miserable Earthworm—"three hundred pounds?" He thinks he can raise the sum—a friend who is very rich will help him: he will advance the money. "But the four hundred pounds are required at once." Is it four hundred? A bow from Mr Hawk. "Well, my friend will not stick at that." "And the five hundred pounds will set the matter afloat," said Mr Hawk; "but go—there's a good fellow—for I hear Grossmark's step, and the shares are promised to him." Earthworm's disguise is seen through, and falls off like the traveller's cloak before the heat of the sun. "Here! here's the money," he cries—puts a pile of notes into Mr Hawk's reluctant hand, and the bargain is closed. Prosperity once more seems an inhabitant of Baker Street. He has received seven hundred pounds, and can now provide a trousseau, and furnish forth a wedding breakfast. Twenty thousand pounds he has settled on his daughter; but they are any twenty thousand he may be able to extract from the uncountable riches of his son-in-law. This noble specimen of Hibernian honour rejoices in a double name; one being Sir Harry Lester, with which to tickle the ears of the millionaires of Baker Street, and the other his work-day appellation under which he enacts the distinguished part of a stag in railways, and a defaulter in other speculations. His interview with Mr Hawk would be diamond cut diamond if the strength and brilliancy weren't all on one side. Preliminaries are settled—the amount of marriage portion agreed upon—a description of the Lester estates, including a salt marsh taken on trust, and all things verging towards a satisfactory fulfilment. The salt marsh instantly suggests to the ingenious Hawk a perfect California of speculation; divided into shares, market rigged, property realised, and no other inquiries are made. But the course of true love never did run smooth. In the most dramatic scene of the play, the mutual discovery is made that Mr Hawk is an insolvent, and Sir Harry a swindler—the Lester estates are in an Irish bog, the salt marsh is the sea. Pleasant is it to

see the mild self-composure, and sublime self-reliance of Mr Hawk. For some years he has softened his creditors' hearts, and amused their hopes with reports of the return of his runaway partner Mr Sparrow, with all the funds of the firm, and a vast increase of capital by successful trade in the East. That expedient has been tried so often that it begins to lose its effect. The creditors laugh when he mentions Sparrow's name. What can be better than to make Sir Harry bronze his countenance, shave off his beard, put on a wig, buy a carriage in Long Acre, and post up to Baker Street at the very moment, decisive of his fate, when his creditors, now aware of the failure of his chance of marrying his daughter to a fortune, are to assemble with their united claims and remorselessly convey him to the Fleet? Sir Harry agrees. Hawk retires to mature his plans; but Mrs Hawk, radiant with some unexpected good news, hurries in—stops Sir Harry from the execution of his infamous plot, and waits in happy expectation the *dénouement* of the piece. The creditors come in—they bawl, they grin, they scold, they bully. Sparrow is appealed to in vain. They have heard too much of that Levanter's return to believe in it any more. Hark! a carriage rattles up to the door. They look out of the window: carriage covered with mud;—old fellow hobbles out—pigtail wig exactly as ordered. Capital, Sir Harry, cries Hawk! Now, then, gentlemen, will you be persuaded? Won't you wait for ten days till I have arranged our partnership accounts, and then we will pay you in full? The creditors pause. At last one of them goes out to see. He comes back with a cheque for the amount of his debt! Hawk stands aghast. Another goes out, and comes in holding up a bank post bill for ten thousand pounds! More and more confounded. Hawk has uncomfortable thoughts of forgery, and thinks Sir Harry carries the joke too far. At last the wife of his bosom rushes in, and at the other door Sir Harry makes his appearance. This is magic, witchcraft, sorcery; for still the creditors go out, and still come back with all their claims discharged. The real

Sparrow has indeed returned; and, having thus made the *amende*, is in a position to solicit an interview with his injured partner; and that sagacious and now thoroughly honourable gentleman concludes the series of his "dodges" with a solemn declaration in favour of probity and fair-dealing, which would have been more edifying if he could have appealed to his own conduct in illustration of what he said. There was no occasion for any piece of hypocrisy like this at the end. His life was a sermon. We have heard an objection made to the moral of this play, that it invests swindling with dignity, and so unites dishonesty with wit, ease, grace, and fascinating manner, as to make dishonesty itself far from a repulsive object. Have you ever reflected, oh critic, that the creditors here are the helots of the scene, to be a disgust and warning to others; and, in the midst of their apparent respectabilities, are shown to be the dishonest workers of their own losses?—that Mr Hawk is far less the tempter of those City gentlemen, than the creation of the style of speculation in which they are all engaged. Without Earthworms and Hardcores there would be no possible existence for our easy, pleasant, buoyant friend Hawk. The whole play may be called "*Roche-foucauld's Maxims Dramatised*;" for a better satire on the selfishness, meanness, and gullibility of the animal man is not to be found in the whole range of literature or philosophy. What little is to be done by Mr xby, as Sir Harry, is done "ex t well." Th is a very praise-w of to the rationality of and calm con-

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that smooth-tongued, supple-backed, blackhearted vagabond. Now, what is the conclusion derived from all this?—That a dramatic feast of this quality has not been seen in our time. Not that the language is comparable to Sheridan's—in fact, the composition is rather poor; not even that there is any novelty in the plot;—but the strength of this play is first of all in the prevailing truthfulness of Charles Matthews' acting; and, secondly, that it never on any one occasion oversteps the modesty of nature. With the sole exception of the opportune return of the defaulting partner, we believe that the entire story of this drama was enacted every day in the neighbourhood of Capel Court all the time of the railway mania, and is now performing every day not far from the Stock Exchange. And the proof that this lecture, as it may be called, on the art of commercial gambling, is carried on in accordance with inevitable natural laws, is that in spite of the English names, the Irish baronet, the Baker Street furniture, and the thoroughly London atmosphere that surrounds all the personages introduced, the play is originally French. The scene is Paris—the creditors are Parisian—the swindling, speculating, caballing, kite-flying, and mystification, are all originally the offspring of the Bourse; and all the merit of the English play-wright is, that he has very ingeniously hidden the birthplace of his characters, without altering, or in the slightest degree damaging, their features; and, in fact, has given them letters of naturalisation under which they could rise to be Lord Mayors of London, and eat turtle and drink port as if to the manner born. The author is poor Balzac, lately dead, who left *Mercadet* a legacy to the stage of more value by far than all his contributions to it during his lifetime. His minute dissection of character had given a charm to his novels, but gave no promise of a success upon the boards; for his ends were worked out by a thousand little traits, as in our own Miss Austin, without ever having recourse to the broad effects that seem adapted to the theatre;—and we believe his dramatic triumph came as a surprise upon the Parisian public,

which, at the same time, highly appreciated his *Eugenie Grandet*, and his other revelations of provincial life.

While dwelling on the performances of the Lyceum, it would be unpardonable to omit, from the notice of *Maga* and her readers, the genius of Mr Beverley, the scene-painter. It almost requires an apology for applying that old appellation to a man who lavishes upon the landscapes required in a play a richness of imagination and power of touch which would bring envy to the hearts of the Poussins or Claude. It is not by gorgeous colours, or startling light and shade, that Beverley produces his effects. With a severe adherence to his original design, he works out a scene, so perfect in its parts, and so combined as a whole, that it is difficult to realise to the mind the gigantic scale, or the coarse touches, with which it is painted: you gaze on it as on a finished picture by some great artist, who has devoted months to its elaboration in the solitude of his studio; and wonder not less at the taste, and fancy, and sentiment of those extraordinary works, than at the rapidity with which they are produced, and the inexhaustible resources of the mind that gives them birth. It rests with Mr Beverley himself, whether to follow his illustrious predecessors, Roberts and Stanfield, to the highest honours of the Academy, or to continue an exhibition of his own, where the applause of shouting theatres testifies nightly to his artistic powers; and ample room and verge enough is given for his highest conceptions, which would, perhaps, object to find themselves cramped within the limits of an ordinary frame, and subjected to the tender mercies of a hostile hanging committee. Whichever way he decides, the arts will infallibly be the gainers. If he descends to ordinary canvass, and places "infinite riches in a little room," he will take rank in after ages with the masters who have ennobled the English school; if he continues where he is, not less useful will his efforts be in diffusing a love of beauty and a knowledge of effect. The Lyceum, like its Athenian prototype, will become a lecture-hall; and from his lessons and examples, new Wilsons and Turners, new Calcotts and

Constables, may arise to maintain the supremacy of British landscape against all competitors.

Our readers must remember a very spirited account of an ascent of Mont Blanc by Mr Albert Smith. Very spirited, and very interesting it was; but you should go and hear the author give his *vivâ voce* version of it, illustrated by Beverley's views. When we say the descriptions are funny, we are not correct; though certainly there is a great deal of whim and fun in the course of his address. When we say the narrative is grave, startling, entrancing, we are not correct; though, undoubtedly, there are passages that take away the auditor's breath, and hair-breadth 'scapes that make him shudder;—but the true description of the whole two hours' entertainment is, that it is a remarkable combination of talent, humour, lucid narrative, and personal adventure, which everybody ought to go and hear, and a succession of scenes and paintings which everybody ought to go and see. The deaf man will be delighted; the blind man will be amazingly pleased; but people in the full enjoyment of eyes and ears will be inexcusable, if they refuse them so great a treat as the united efforts of two such artists will afford.

Saturday—and the week's inspection has come to a close. A cold east wind is howling along Oxford Street, evidently in search of snow, and rather disappointed at not finding the Serpentine covered with ice. The Almanac tells us it is April; but our extremities have private information that it is December. As we go shivering home, we will diverge for a moment into the most curious repository of nick-nacks the world contains—being the gatherings of thirty years, at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. We call in Argyll Street, and are civilly received by Mr Hertz, the proprietor of the collection. He is a little, round, oily-faced German, evidently of the Jewish persuasion, and remarkably fond of tobacco. His room is like a pawnbroker's shop; only all his customers must have been possessors of picture galleries, and have brought themselves into difficulties by cultivating a "taste." There are wardrobes richly inlaid, with a genealogy

as carefully kept as the pedigree of a race-horse. He will tell you how it came into the hands of Louis XIV., and how it ornamented a chamber in the Tuileries during the Empire; or a ring will be shown you, with the hair of Julius Cæsar under the glass. Beautiful miniatures are pointed out, of great value as works of art, but far more valuable from their being undoubted likenesses of their fair and famous originals. Beauties of the reign of Francis; eyes that looked kindly on Henry IV.; cheeks that flushed in vain to win a transient smile from the Grand Monarque, are all there. Then there are little ivory cabinets, and screens magnificently embroidered, all with their respective stories—there being no article that depends entirely on its intrinsic merits, but borrows a great part of its interest from the adventures it has gone through. Finally, he gives you a key, and sends you off, under the guardianship of his maid, to a house in Great Marlborough Street, which you find filled, from cellar to garret, with works of a still more valuable description. We have only time to mention some very fine cartoons by Correggio, and a splendid statue in black marble of a Roman prize-fighter. This is a very fine specimen of ancient skill. Mr Hertz's object is to sell the entire collection, and we believe he declines to dispose of it piecemeal. Were this not the case, it would be indispensable for the country to secure some of the treasures here contained, though it would perhaps be asking too much of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to endow the British Museum with the miscellaneous articles by which the statue and cartoons are accompanied. Colder, colder still, and fast and furious we hurry towards our chambers. What do blockheads and post-asters of all ages mean by the balmy breath of April?—the sunny showers of April?—the "smiles and tears together" characteristic of that hopeful and delicious month? We believe it is a cuckoo note, continued by imitative mediocrity from the days of Theocritus. All very well for him in the beautiful climate of Sicily to cover the head of Spring with fresh flowers, and lie upon the grass play-

ing his Pandean pipes. But where are flowers to be seen, at this most uncheering season, here? Or who can lie down on the grass before the end of July without the certainty of cold and rheumatism? Here has the cold wind been blowing for two months—sneezes and snuffings loading every breeze; and yet you turn to a pastoral poem, an eclogue or rhapsody, about the beauties of nature, and you read whole passages in praise of April! With our hat clenched over our brow, and a handkerchief held to our mouth, we career madly through Leicester Square. On the steps of Miss Linwood's old exhibition, a man is standing enveloped in ancient armour. He might as well be cased in ice. But utterly unconscious seems he of the absurdity of his appearance, or of the cold that must be shot through him from steel cuirass and iron greaves. In a gentle voice he addresses the passer by. "It is useless to observe," he says, "that all intelligent individuals will be gratified by a sight of the strongest man in the world." This is so different from the usual style of those touters, that we involuntarily slacken our pace. "It is scarcely necessary," he proceeds, "to remark that Professor Crosso is decidedly at the head of his profession, and that the entrance money is only one shilling." We are won by the smooth volubility of the knightly orator. Who is Professor Crosso?—and what is his profession? We ascended the steps, traversed a gallery, deposited a shilling, and entered a large apartment with a number of wooden benches, a small gallery at the back, and a green curtain door, hiding for a time the wonders of the stage. Three fiddlers strung their instruments with most unholy discord; the company gradually dropped in, principally foreigners; the gas gave a leap of increased light; a tune began, and the curtain rose. Oh, earth and sky! what is this we behold? A *tableau-vivant* of the death of Hector. Old Priam, venerable from the length of his beard, is the central figure; around him sit the maids and matrons of Troy. Hector lies dead in front; and to slow music, the stage on which they stand is whirled round so as to give a

variety of views of the same group, and great applause rewards the display. There is certainly a great scarcity of drapery about the principal figures, but nothing to be found fault with on the score of decorum or propriety; but we read in a small hand-bill that the *artistes* are all German, and we gaze with great curiosity on the development of the Teutonic form. The round hilarious faces, the flat noses, and prominent chins, would prove, to the entire satisfaction of Professor Owen, that our Bavarian friends were lineal descendants of the Caffres at the Cape. There was not a single one of the Trojan ladies who did not look well practised in asking the inhabitants to buy a broom. The sons of Priam seemed waiters from the foreign *restaurants* in Lisle Street; and the dead Hector had a strong resemblance to the owner of a small cigar-shop, where there is a card in the window with the words, "Hier spricht Mann Deutsch." There were other subjects illustrated, but all by the same *artistes*. The figures were very tastefully disposed; but a little more beauty, and a closer approximation to the outlines of the Canova Venus, would be a great improvement. However, the patriotic audience were highly gratified, and the Dutch ideal evidently fulfilled. Performances then began, where there was a display of strength which would be incredible if there was no trick in some of the displays. The professor tossed weights about which were more fit for waggons than human arms. An immense iron bar was laid upon the floor, which he first lifted by the middle with unanimous approbation; he then raised it, keeping it horizontal by a hold about one-third from the end. He then laid it down, and grasping one end of it, certainly succeeded in raising the other end from the ground, while the minutest observation could detect no hair suspended from the ceiling, nor other means by which he could be assisted in the feat. But the crowning performance, which was preceded by a long pause, to enable "the yellow-haired and blue-eyed Saxons" to recover from their surprise, was called the Harmless Guillotine, and consisted in cutting off a girl's

head, without doing her any harm. The professor walked in leading his victim by the hand. She was probably one of the Trojan maidens, and by no means so favourable a specimen of female charms as the Argive Helen. With a vast amount of guttural and other splutter, the professor addressed the audience in German; and was interpreted by one of the fiddlers for the benefit of any untravelled Englishman who might be present. The object of the speech was to beg the ladies not to be alarmed at what they are about to see; for though the head appeared to be cut off, he assured them, on his own word as a gentleman and a Christian, that it was mere deception, and that he was by no means the murderer he appeared. He then led away his victim, and placed her on a kind of sofa-bed at the back of the stage, and drew the curtains round her. He next advanced, and asked whether the company would have the execution done behind the curtain or in front? There was a unanimous answer to this, that we wished to see the operation; whereupon he drew the curtain, waved a sword two or three times, and appeared to saw away at the girl's neck, till finally the head came off, and in a triumphant manner he held it up for popular applause. It was a failure. The stage was so dark, the figure so indistinct, the preparation so clumsy, that we could not by any means entertain the feelings of horror and astonishment he intended to produce. The fiddler, in a feeble voice, invited any of the ladies or gentlemen present to go on the stage and examine more nearly the separated head and its marks of reality. But nobody responded to the invitation; and again we fixed our hat desperately over our brows, and faced once more the pitiless blowings of the April breeze.

Thus have we attempted to give a clear and dispassionate view of some of the amusements offered to the millions of London. The list we have chosen is very limited; for, in this communication we have omitted all mention of the great majority of the theatres, the operas, the *salles de danse*, the panoramas, the dioramas, and other pictorial exhibitions. What

we wish to impress on the intelligent reader is the absolute necessity of improving, and turning to as beneficial purpose as possible, the means of entertainment which already exist. The theatre, we maintain, has in itself the material most fitted for this purpose; not the theatre of show and spectacle, of burlesque and buffoonery, but the theatre of life and poetry. The machinery is already there, the actors capable of improvement, the drama ready to spring into fresh existence, and all that is wanted is the fostering presence of good and benevolent men—wise enough to see the immense engine, for good or for evil, which it is in their power to direct, and brave enough, in the confidence of a good cause, to despise the sneers of the ignorant. The amusements of the people, properly considered, are as important as their ability to spell, or even as the comfort of their houses; and the philanthropic economist who spreads the light of education into desolate lanes, and brightens, with cleanliness and convenience, the poor man's room, only half executes his task if he does not afford intellectual recreation to the mechanic who has a shilling or two to spare, but leaves him to the false excitement of the melodrama, or the leer and vulgarity of the tea-garden.

But this is Sunday morning, and we are at Woolwich in time for changing guard. Here are four or five thousand artillery, and a regiment or two of dragoons; and what with cadets and engineers, the fighting population must be close on seven thousand men. The heath spreads its smooth hard surface in front of the parade-ground, and scattered all over the place are cannons and carriages, and mortars and implements of warfare enough to exterminate the human race in half-an-hour. There are no such fine intelligent-looking men as the artillery in the British service. Great care is taken in the selection of recruits; for the duties even of a private need both bodily and mental activity. Their pay is higher than that of the line, and their conduct so good, that out of that immense body only four have made their appearance before a magistrate for the last two years.

The quiet of the town is wonderful. There is not a uniform anywhere to be seen, except where the sentry, with drawn sword, guards the heath gates. On this great expanse there is no motion. A flag here and there sways to and fro in the breeze, and occasionally the burst of a bugle-call rises into the air from some distant barrack-yard. But now a few officers and their wives and families move silently about—fine handsome lads come down by twos and threes from the college of cadets—white-haired generals, and majors and captains scarcely less white-haired, pace solemnly along the gravel—and, finally, we all arrive at the door of the barrack chapel, which is guarded by sentinels, and devoted entirely to the garrison. On entering on the ground line we are surprised to find ourselves in the gallery. On the different pew doors the ranks and designations of the occupants are written—general officers, field-officers, officers, &c. &c.; and on going forward to the front of the seat, and looking down into the body of the building, we see already assembled the men of the 4th Dragoons on the cross-benches in front of the pulpit, and artillerymen on the seats under the gallery. A beautiful sight—above a thousand gallant fellows in their blue trousers with red or yellow stripes, their belts crossed, their side-arms on, and all exhibiting any medals or decorations they may possess. A corporal in full uniform acted as clerk, and the band played the anthems, while some military choristers sang the hymns and responses. Better behaviour it is impossible to see in a church. It was a calm, observant, and very attentive congregation. After the prayers, the clergyman, who rejoices in a very fine voice, commenced his sermon amid

the hushed attention of his audience. He was very plain, very straightforward, and spoke to them as men who had duties which were by no means inconsistent with the Christian character. Their temptations he touched upon, and gave them warnings and advice. In about a quarter of an hour, having seen that his admonition had had its effect—for he preached without book, and kept his eye on his congregation the whole time—he dismissed them with their faculties unfatigued, and what he had told them fresh upon their minds. On standing up or kneeling down, the clash of their swords upon the pavement was very fine; the jingle of spurs also was heard whenever they moved; and not the less gallantly will they press their horses' flanks, and sway their sabres in some deathful charge, that they heard and treasured the lessons of their friend the chaplain. We intend, on some future occasion, to devote a whole paper to a day at Woolwich, but we have already seen enough to take off the edge of our fear of a French invasion. With Hardinge at the head of our Ordnance, and the great name of Wellington still sounding in the hearts of his countrymen—with rifle corps innumerable, and the whole empire ready to rise at the first beacon that flares on Beachy Head—we shall only observe to the whole world in arms, that if by some miracle it finds its way to English ground, it will receive the most tremendous thrashing that ever a world in arms, or out of them, received since history began. We therefore solemnly advise all foreign nations, kings, princes, adventurers, bullies, and personages whatsoever, to keep a civil tongue in their heads, and stay quietly at home.

THE GOLD-FINDER.

I.

To travellers by the seas, or on long plains,
 The distant objects, on the horizon's verge,
 Show but their highest summits; so with Time.
 Time orbs so silently beneath our feet,
 We look around, and know not that we move,
 Or that the point whereon we stand, to-day,
 This moment, is our culminating point;
 The Past and Future dip as they recede,
 And only give to view the tops of things.
 Therefore, be happy now; the mental eye
 May take his pleasure, pleasure if it be,
 In gazing on the Cottage, or the Church;
 The Heart may fondly dwell upon the one,
 And think of days of piety, to be;
 And on the other, till the breath of Home
 Waft to the soul more pleasant memories
 Than the West stealing o'er a field of hay;—
 Blest in our ignorance, we cannot see
 That, underneath the rose-grown eaves of Home
 Lurk fire and sickness, bickering and want;
 Or, where the steeple-cross shines in the sun,
 That damp, cold graves are nestling dark beneath.

All Nature cries, "Be happy now." The Bee,
 Whose angry labours wound the ear of Noon,
 Finds in the winter, from his garnered store,
 Quick spoliation, and a bitter death;
 The light-winged Butterfly, with truer scope,
 Ranges, all summer, through the garden-beds,
 And, ignorant of darker days to come,
 Enjoys a life-long holiday; the Man
 Who spake as never man did, bade us view
 The untended lilies of the desert-plain:
 "They toil not," said he, "neither do they spin;
 And yet I say to you that Solomon,
 In all his glory, was not clad like these."

Michael De Mas knew not this holy truth;
 Alas! his thought was ever of the morrow:
 And yet he was no foolish homesick swain,
 Such as, amid the perils of the strife,
 The conflict of existence, pine and sigh
 To flee to some ideal resting-place,
 To feed on contemplation, or to woo
 Some simple Thestylis in beechen groves.
 To him the cry of subjugate despair
 Rang, like a trumpet of encouragement;
 And brave resistance did but seem to him
 Another step that led him to the heights.

Ten years had poured their various gifts on earth
 Of death and life, of sunshine and of shade,
 Since Michael left his little school disgraced
 By acts of lawless violence; and went
 Back to a ruined parent's ruined home,
 To feed his heart on innutritious dreams
 And idle scorn of those he would not know.

Once when the lights of English Autumn time,
 Clear, vigorous, spirit-cheering, morning lights,
 Were dancing on a thousand thousand trees,
 Were streaming on a thousand fertile fields,
 And smoking on a hundred cottage tops,
 He felt that these, once his, were his no more :
 A stranger ploughed his very garden plots ;
 The Halls, where his forefathers fed the shire,
 Were fallen, and the stones and timbers sold ;
 One-tenth of all the house, one-hundredth part
 Of the broad lands, and how much less part still
 Of the respect and power that graced the name,
 Would cleave to him the heir. So slow had been
 The gradual alienation, that till now
 He had not felt it fully ; but that morn
 ("Twas Sabbath) they had been to worship God,
 And even in the very Church, where once
 The service staid for them, and bells rang on
 Till good Sir Marmaduke, in coach of state,
 Drawn by six solemn Flanders steeds, and girt
 By a full score of stalwart serving men,
 Approaching, gave the signal to begin,
 Even there a London Scrivener, with his brood
 Of pale and purse-proud children of the fog,
 Sate in their ancient place, beneath the crest
 Which Black Sir Walter wore at Agincourt ;
 Ay, over the cold stones, where lies at peace
 The knight who fell at Naseby, by his King,
 There sate his steward's grandson.

" Ah," thought Michael,
 " The desolate abomination stands
 Most proudly where it ought not ; 'tis not these
 I blame, but gold, the cursed cause of all,
 Gold that o'erthrew my fathers, and raised these,
 These—and why not me also ? " till he swore
 That gold, and gold alone, should be his god,
 As who alone rewards its worshippers.
 " Therefore," he said, " dear Idol, I to thee
 From henceforth pay my vows ; thou who dost raise
 The Beggar, till the Princes of the Earth
 Bow low to kiss his stirrup ; who dost give
 Power and distinction, virtue and renown.
 My name shall be among the fortunate,
 For I am of those whose will is Destiny.
 And then, perhaps, when Victory shall be mine,
 My Margaret will not turn away from me,
 As now, methinks, even she must wish to do."

The thought was inspiration : all on fire,
 He wrote to one, their noble house's chief,
 Whose voice was heard at Eastern council boards ;
 And with the ardour of a youthful heart,
 He urged his claim : " His Lordship knew him well,
 The soldier's spirit He felt ; for He was strong ;—
 The influence of wind, or sun, or rain,
 Could never sap His sinews : were it his
 To draw a sword in yonder golden land,
 He promised them no niggard of himself,
 No slothful wearer of a scarlet coat,
 Most terrible to women."

Marvel not

That Michael took the final step alone ;
His Mother never knew a wish but his ;
His Father, ah, the sorrows of decay,
And sorrow-taught indulgence, made him cold,
Cold as the inmate of an idiot's cell.

II.

Michael had gained his end, and India's Sun
Now ruled his eager blood ; some of his hopes
Were crowned with triumph ; he got store of gold,
But lost his sense of honour.

In days like those,
Deceit and violence gave the rule of life
To men once wise and generous ; they were poor,
And they had power : Opinion, far away
Raved, like the idle murmurs of the Sea,
Heard, in still summer evenings, from a hill.
Blame them not over harshly ; skill and valour
Give power, which, even when marred and mixed with wrong,
May bless those who abide its visitings.
When Autumn nights are moonless, and thick clouds
Have hid the friendly faces of the stars,
The storm may bring keen lightnings : here and there
Some wretch, whose hour was come, may gain by them
Immunity from other lingering deaths,
And that may seem an Evil ; yet the air,
Purged by those very bolts, grows sweet and clear,
And feeds the corn, the oil, the parched vine,
And gives to men, for many and many a day,
Prosperity and pleasure : so with these,
God's chosen messengers to work his will ;
They purify the poisoned moral gale,
Cause peace and plenty wheresoe'er they go,
And lead in happiness on a path of thorns.

Among the foes of the English settlers, one
Was ever foremost ; he—by what arts won
Boots not to trace—had made a friend of Michael,
Who grew in power and riches day by day.

But purer times were coming ; there were heard
Deserved, though little looked for then from those,
Themselves not pure who raised them, murmurings ;
Surmise grew into knowledge ; Michael's friends
Were few ; men stained as he pronounced his doom.

Still there was hope ; he never knew despair :
The Rajah he had served should shelter him,
And he would lead his Armies ; he foresaw
More wealth, more power, more means of growing great.

III.

He passed from low Bengal's unbroken green,
That, like a harlot, smiles but to betray,
And with a troop of chosen cavaliers,
Came to the Holy Land of Hindostan,
Wearily wandering, whether the strong sun
Parched the wide champaign, and the furnace blasts
Came howling, hot and dry, whirling the sand
In dense and overwhelming canopy,

So that, for hours, the dark was palpable ;
 Or whether, under the moist star of Eve,
 The village slumbered peaceful, great old trees
 Intensely still, and immemorial pools
 Silently shining, save where, now and then,
 The Alligator glided from the bank,
 Warned by the chill of evening, or the girls
 With tinkling bangles, and the ringing laugh
 Of youth, and happiness, and unrestraint,
 In coming down for water, scared away
 The timid monster of two elements.

Once, as they halted in an ancient grove,
 Set by some hospitable hand, of old,
 And consecrate to travellers, now too near
 The fortress of a wild Mahratta Prince,
 The weary band were throwing by their arms,
 And, gathered in their separate brotherhoods,
 Prepared for evening's rest ; some made in earth
 Their simple ovens, some set up the tents,
 Some slew the bleating kid, some kneeling, turned
 Their faces to the West, their Prophet's shrine,
 And with much prostrate bending, prayed to Him
 Who made the morning and the even-tide.

Suddenly came upon them, unawares,
 The soldiers of the castle, bound their arms,
 And drove them, harshly, o'er the plain, on foot,
 Weary and terror-stricken, through the gate,
 Into the presence hall, where sate their chief.
 Sternly he questioned Michael of his wealth,
 And with what hope he, from a foreign land,
 Was wandering, thus attended ; who, in scorn,
 Answered him nothing ; till " Away with him !
 Bind him there on the house-top, that the moon
 Shed curses on his face, pale as her own,
 And our strong Sun burn up his alien blood ;
 And straitly search, and bring me all his gold."

They laid him on a low, unfurnished couch,
 And left him, bound, alone ; he could but look
 Up to the sky, his head so fast was set,
 And so he lay, and strove to rest himself,
 But vainly ; the sharp cords entered his flesh,
 The dew sank on his shuddering skin ; the Moon
 Rose, like a fire, among the mango boughs,
 And, slowly wending on her westward way,
 Smote him with deadly influence : so night passed,
 A night as long as three ; the chilly dawn
 Came, grey, and weakly struggling with the Moon,
 Then threw a red flush over all the East,
 Whereat the Moon turned white, and hid herself,
 While the great Orb that is her lord arose,
 And swiftly mounted high : his pain increased,
 His body streamed, his brain was agonised,
 His sense was reeling ; suddenly there came
 A tingling stillness on his ears ; his eyes
 Closed ; and he scarcely knew of one who said,
 " Let be ; unbind him ; 'tis a warrior good."

Long days the fever lasted, but his strength,
 Nursed by the breezes of a hardier clime,
 Would not desert him ; so that he arose,
 A bold, refreshed young giant : then the Chief

Spoke soothing words ; and Michael hid his wrath,
 And answered calmly ; till they made them terms,
 That Michael gave the service of his skill
 To tame those wild Mahrattas, ruling them
 To discipline, that they might grow more fierce,
 Like dogs, that wreak on foes their masters' will.

IV.

Time held his course ; the strong-willed man of blood
 Prospered in all he undertook, and throve,
 And gathered stores, and seemed to casual eyes
 A happy child of Fortune ; yet there burned
 Two unextinguished furnaces of woe
 Within him—lust of gold and of revenge :
 For his was not a spirit that e'er could yield,
 Or ever cease to think upon its wrongs.

And therefore watched he, many days and years,
 How he might compass his employer's ruin,
 And yet not risk his fortunes ; the last spark
 Of holier fire, his love for that fair girl,
 That cottage-flower of purity and truth,
 Margaret, the sister of his boyhood's friend—
 That spark still smouldered in some inmost nook
 Of his sin-darkened bosom, for the fumes
 Of thought debased, rose ever, like a smoke,
 Dimming the smiles of Nature ; the carouse,
 The fierce extremes of dalliance and of blood,
 Had almost made him something less than Man.

At length came round the time he waited for ;
 The fraud and rapine of the prince he served
 Rose to such height, as seemed, to the English chiefs
 A source of fear, if not at once abridged ;
 And thereupon, they issued words of War.

Full long the Rajah treated, hoping still,
 By terms, to pacify the alien power
 Which, even then, was growing terrible ;
 But each concession, made a day too late,
 Drew forth fresh claims of power, and land, and gold ;
 For, in those days, the illusion of the East
 Had not yet vanished ; like the peasant boy
 Who deems that London streets are paved with gold,
 Men, old in all the arts of peace and war,
 Dreamed that a land whose poverty they saw,
 Might harbour still the treasures of romance.
 At last, grown desperate, he stood at bay,
 And, hoping that the neighbouring potentates,
 (Whose crooked policy still left in doubt
 Which side they meant to favour) when they saw
 Their countryman but once victorious,
 Would join to drive the usurper to the Sea,
 Resolved to stand the hazard of a fight.

V.

The season was the later Indian rains ;
 The sorrowing sky, bereaved of her Lord,
 Was dark and full of weeping, and the heart
 Of Michael, though a bold one, had been trained
 In its cold native Island, to a love

Of the bright beams of Summer; and the Sun
 Even when it dealt destruction, gave him joy :
 And now he drooped, and felt an inward dread,
 Such as the priests of old Jerusalem
 Felt, when they heard the sighing gust that swept,
 From the dark shrine to the gate Beautiful,
 Upon the fatal night before the storm,
 When the Shechinah left them audibly.

Long mused he, while the chill damp night came on,
 And starting, after dark, trooped with sad thoughts,
 Felt fear and wonder that he was alone.
 Around his tent he heard the mighty waters
 Plash in the wet, and hiss upon the dry ;
 Within, the congregated insect life
 Monotonously hummed ; he made two turns,
 Then, calling for his torch, took an old book,
 Brass-bound and weather wasted, the last gift
 Of a dear mother, given to him with sobs,
 And murmured blessings, when he left his home.

He opened it, and face to face arose
 The dead old years he thought to have escaped,
 All chronicled in letters ; there he saw
 Answers to some of his, containing doubts
 Long since become negations, some again
 Encouraging resolves of his, long broke,
 And, as he thought, forgotten ; not a leaf
 But marked some downward step : Oh, in our life
 There are no hours so full of speechless woe,
 As those in which we read, through misty eyes,
 Letters from those who loved us once ; of whom
 Some have long ceased to love at all ; the hand
 That traced the fond warm records still and cold ;
 The spirit that turned to ours, long lost to all
 That moves and mourns and sins upon the earth ;
 And some, oh ! sadder ! that, by us estranged,
 Still live, still love, but live for us no more.

He sat and gazed, till through the tent was heard
 That sound the coldest cannot hear unmoved,
 The strong spasmodic weeping of a man.
 And all that night in Michael's tent there burned,
 Though foul with smoke, and swayed by gusty winds,
 A strong bright torch, fit emblem of his soul,
 That keen lamp of God's lighting bright and strong.
 While, looking on a tress of golden hair
 That lay before him, all night long he sat ;
 This was the man who left in days gone by,
 A friend, and a friend's sister, dear as he—
 A most kind mother, sinking with her cares—
 An apathetic father, worn with woe—
 A home in ruins—and a noble name,
 To be renewed, or ended, by himself.

VI.

All things had now combined ; they were to march
 Against the English army ; thoughts long nursed
 Had taken form, to ripen into deeds.

The rains were ended ; and the army met
 In an old city where he marshalled them ;
 And, as he walked at evening, on the terrace

Of the high castle where his dwelling was,
He looked through fretted arches to the plain,
And saw their tents dropped white and countless there,
Like sheep without a shepherd—like poor sheep
Marked for the slaughter—and he pitied them.

Ere long, the dying despot of the day
Sank softly down, drowned in a sea of blood—
Like the old Roman Wolf in Capræ.
Michael prepared for action: dark night fell,
The tents were lost to sight, the shouting sank,
The drums were silent, all the plain was dark;
Only against the far horizon loomed
The uneven outline of the distant hills.

He called his trusty troopers, and stole forth,
Hoping to pass the camp all unobserved;
But with that Host was one who loved him not,
His own Lieutenant, nephew to the King,
And higher in the soldiers' hearts than he—
This man had dogged his path for many a day—
And when they came to the town's outer gate,
They found it strictly guarded; Michael rode,
In anger, at the densest, shouting loud,
"Smite, smite them, spare not, each man for his life."
His Arab Horse, that stood with gathered limbs,
And head reined to his chest, sprang at the cry,
And leaping, like a flame, plunged in the crowd;
The rest was one confusion, without sight,
Or sound—a breathless dream of ecstasy—
Till he, and half a hundred mounted men,
Were pouring o'er the plain, as pour the floods,
When the dams burst, and winter drowns the fields.

On came the fierce Lieutenant, and behind
Thundered a motley rabble, whose lean steeds
Could ill sustain that violent career,
And soon there were not left who followed him
Five hundred horsemen; still the chase was hot;—
Hot was the chase, and long—o'er scorched sands,
And open cornfields, till the spent pursuers
Began to drop behind;—some, rolled on earth,
Saw their girths broken, or their horses slain.
Then Michael's men drew bridle and stood still,
Waiting the onset of the exhausted crew,
Whose numbers now were scarce the double of theirs.
First came the bold Foujdar. "Forward!" he cried;
"Down with the false Feringhi" his last word;—
A pistol flash, a groan, a drop of blood
On the white drapery he wore—his horse
Was riderless for ever. Michael turned
Fierce on the cowed pursuers, "Get you back,
And tell your master he is now to pay
My long-held forfeit for foul injuries,
Who dared to fling on me, when I was weak,
The childish insults of a childish mind."

That night he was within the British lines;
But his dear gold was gone; for at the gate
His waggon-bullocks and their driver slain,
And half his guard cut off, he had but saved
His life alone, and some few jewels, stored
Upon his person: once more, all his toil,
His guilt, was foiled; he was a beggar still.

VII.

His ill-gained wealth was gone, but not his heart ;
 And gain it seemed to that impatient spirit
 That now he should not go, a man disgraced,
 To build his fallen ancestral home, long bare
 To the invading scorn of low-born men.

He would sail eastward, with what yet remained,
 Touch at some island of the Tropic seas,
 And take a freight of spices ; thence set sail
 For the rich ports of China, there to trade,
 And see the wonders of that unknown land ;
 Thence o'er the broad Pacific, and so down
 By Panama, and Valparaiso, home
 By the cold Land of Fire : thus would he voyage,
 And gain more wealth, and win himself a name
 For riches and adventure, courage bold,
 And knowledge of strange countries. Then no more
 Would cleave to him the brand of his disgrace ;—
 All bow the knee to him whom Fortune serves,
 And he would be her master : he would rise
 Higher and brighter o'er the heads of men,
 Blaze in their sight—no meteor, short-lived, vain,
 But rule them like the Day-God ; then to him
 The Senate and the Court should open their gates,
 The mammon-loving City name his name,
 His old ancestral mansion rear its head,
 And he would dwell at ease, for all abroad
 He should behold the lands his fathers held,
 And breathe again his genial native air.
 Nature and he should both their youth renew,
 And all things have a beauty not their own.
 There, on the upland, shall a milder sun
 Smite the white cottage and the glistening vane ;
 And nestle in the balmy stack, and float,
 A fruitful flood upon the southern wall ;—
 There the great oak shall stir his solemn head,
 The lime-tree shed her blossoms sweetly faint,
 The poplar tremble, like the heart of man,
 Whose darkest thoughts have under-lights of hope ;—
 The beech shall spread his venerable shade,
 The stately elms' procession guard his walks,
 The birch-bark gleam through foliage, and the ash
 Wave ruddy clusters ;—willows there shall weep,
 And the wet alder shall delight to wade
 Knee-deep in sluggish waters, where the kine
 Take the whole meadow with contented eye,
 Philosophers of nature.

One dark thought
 Alone can mar these visions ;—he must die,
 And leave the dear possessions : in this land
 Where men are struck down in their hour of strength,
 That thought will oft intrude ;—by day it flies
 Before the excitement that his life affords—
 The chase, the goblet, and the battle-field.
 In sleep it haunts him ; once he dreamed a dream :
 Fifty unspeakable ones had borne his soul,
 (For he was dead) with sounds of writhing laughter,
 Into a sideless, roofless, bottomless place,

And left him there alone ;—there was no pain ;
 But a sense that all was lost for evermore,
 That this was now, and worse might be to come,
 Made the stagnation misery ; till, behold,
 The sad and silent years wore on ;—at length
 His musing Spirit said within herself :—
 " Oh ! for one breath of life ; a day, an hour,
 Before the irrevocable change ;—how great
 My power was, had I used it ; now 'tis gone.
 Where is my wealth ? a heap of rotten leaves
 Blown to the shores of folly, where it grew ;
 My cherished body gone, perchance, for ever,
 Perhaps reserved to torment." With the thought
 He strove to utter such a cry, as, heard
 Echoing beyond the hollow halls of Hell,
 Upon the confines of the orb'd Earth,
 Might warn the guilty, ere it was too late ;—
 And with that cry he woke : the dawning day
 Saw him confused with horror ; when it set,
 He was carousing to the lips in sin.

Now was no hope ! save that domestic joys
 Might give him pause, and win him from his sins—
 Sins not now pleasant, but so strong of growth,
 That, like old Ivy, they had hid the tree,
 And threatened its destruction.

There was one,
 (Although he dared not name her) who had been
 A cottage light, still seen, though far away,
 In the dark, stormy wilderness of life ;
 Her love should win him yet ;—for he had heard
 That she was still unwedded ; and he knew
 Her woman's heart, in blessed ignorance,
 Might still be true to that which he had been.

VIII.

He sailed, in search of wealth, from Ganges' mouth,
 But the ship's prow was never seen again,
 Stemming the homeward waters—whether, whelmed
 In stormy ocean, half way down she swayed
 And swung among the dolphins and the sharks ;
 Or whether, on some calm Pacific night,
 Where on the farthest limits of the dark
 There rose and fell the momentary flash
 Of lone inland volcanoes, some soft breeze
 Had run her slowly on the coral reefs,
 And the blue waves had rippled o'er her grave,

There was a nine days' wonder ;—men inquired,
 Where was the man, whose wealth, without an heir,
 (So lost, so wonderfully won again,
 After he left the country, by the faith
 Of an old servant, thought to have been slain,)
 Was fabulously splendid ? And some said
 There was a Will ; all he might have was left
 To strangers—" to a Lady he had loved."

It was the year that filled the century
 From Michael's birth, when he was seen again.

A venturesome band had wandered in the West,
 Till far from towns, or any haunt of men,
 They came upon a region by the sea.

Rock-bound and bare it lay ; and all the storms
That hurled the ancient, white-topped, weary waves
On California, since the world began,
Had, day by day, and year by untold year,
Heaped all their violence on its patient side,
And wasted it unhindered ;—such salt herbs,
Such dwarf and barren trees as the keen air
Gave sufferance to, but rendered still more grim
The stony desolation of the place.

Yet was that soil not barren, or the men
Had never sought its distant boundaries ;
For they were of the eager Saxon race,
And e'en their rude and weather-wasted garb
Bore mark of civilised life : " No foot of man,"
Said one, " has trode these wastes from everlasting :
Brothers, the land is virgin ; part we here,
And in the evening let us meet again,
There, by the mouth of yonder natural cave,
And share the general labours of the day—
See, Edward, even now you tripped on gold."

They parted : in the evening, when they met,
Their leader wore a sad and solemn look,
And with few words he led them up the rocks,
Into a stern wild scene. Far as they looked,
Cliff heaped on cliff, and stone on fragment stone,
The land's brown ribs extended : here and there
Steep chasms it had, declining to the sea :—
Some were the beds of streams, that evermore
Washed down the golden grain, and in a year
Paid to the treasury of the insatiate flood
More than the subjects of the richest Kings
Yield to their despots in a century ;—
But some of them were dry, and choked with stones
And logs of rotting timber, and deep sand ;—
Here, with the lumps of ore heaped high around
They found a human skeleton ; hard by,
A rusty cutlass, such as mariners use,
Whereon was rudely graven, and half-effaced,
The words " Michael De Mas ;" and underneath,
" I die of want upon a bed of gold."

THE VINEYARDS OF BORDEAUX.

It is no easy matter now-a-days, for a tourist, whether he travels for pleasure, health, or information, to throw his notes and memoranda into such a shape as shall excite the interest of the reading public. Nothing new is to be picked up by traversing the beaten highways of Europe. We know all about Madrid, and Stockholm, and St Petersburg, and Vienna, and Rome, and Naples. Not only the banks of the Danube and the Rhine, but the coasts of Brittany and the fiords of Norway have been deflowered of all their legends. There exists not as much virgin romance in this quarter of the globe as would furnish a decent excuse for the perpetration of three octavo volumes. Then, as to observations upon men and manners—a line which earnest-minded travellers, who have an eye to the regeneration of the human race, most commonly adopt—we shall fairly confess that we take little interest, and repose less faith, in their fancied discoveries. Your regenerator is almost invariably an ass;—ignorant, garrulous, and as easy to be gulled as the last convert to the Papacy. At every *table d'hôte* he makes a violent effort to increase his stores of knowledge by inveigling his nearest neighbour into a discussion upon some point of grand social importance; and, in nine cases out of ten, the result is, that he has to pay for the whole of the liquor consumed, without being any wiser than before. And yet, perhaps, even the travelling regenerator is less liable to be humbugged than the travelling collector of statistics. The most truthful people in the world neither think it necessary nor expedient to speak the truth regarding themselves. Individuals are not apt to answer the queries of a stranger touching the state of their own particular finances—neither do men choose to disclose to foreigners the real nature of their national relations. We are all in the habit of fibbing most egregiously,

when the honour, the pride, or the interest of our country is in any degree concerned. Why should we scruple to confess that, on various occasions, we made statements to confiding foreigners, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, which, when afterwards printed—the inevitable fate of all such confidential statements—have greatly tended to the renown of this portion of the United Kingdom? Our rule has always been to act upon the principle professed by Caleb Balderstone, and never to stick at trifles when the “credit of the family” was involved. We wholly deny that fictions of this kind can be classed in the category of falsehoods. They arise from a just and honourable estimate of the value of national diplomacy; and no one but an arrant idiot would hesitate to contribute his humble quota towards the exaltation of his race.

What right has a Frenchman or any other foreigner to inquire what is going on in the heart of Great Britain? What business is it of his how we cultivate our fields, work our machinery, or clear out the recesses of our mines? Ten to one the fellow is no better than a spy; and if so, it is our bounden duty to mislead him. But patriotism does not belong to one nation only. When the Frenchman or other foreigner beholds an unmistakable Briton, clad, perhaps, in the drab uniform of Manchester, making curious investigations into the value of his crops, and the other sources of his wealth, he most naturally concludes that the child of perfidious Albion is actuated by some sinister motive. The result may be conceived. Figures, more mendacious than any that were ever promulgated by the League, are supplied with amazing liberality to the believing statist. He calculates the product of a province, after the inspection of a single farmyard; commits his observations to the press, and is henceforward quoted as an oracle!

It is not from tourists that we can hope to gather accurate information of the state of other countries. A very great amount of mischief and misconception has arisen from an absurd reliance in the accuracy of men who were absolute strangers to the country in which they sojourned, and necessarily exposed to every sort of imposition; and really, with all deference to our brethren of the daily press, we must be allowed to express our conviction that the system of "Commissionership" has, of late years, been carried a great deal too far. Of the talents of the gentlemen so employed we would wish to speak with the utmost respect. They are, almost all of them, clever fellows, sharp, shrewd, and observing; but it is too much to expect that, at a moment's notice, they can forget the whole previous antecedents of their lives, and discourse dogmatically and with perfect precision upon subjects of which they knew nothing until they were gazetted for the special service.

Mr Reach, we trust, will do us the kindness to believe that these preliminary remarks have not been elicited by anything contained in his present volume, and also that we intend no insinuation derogatory of his contributions in the capacity of a commissioner. The fact is, that we have not read his papers on the social and agricultural condition of the peasantry of France, being somewhat more deeply interested in the condition of our peasantry at home; but we know quite enough of his talent and ability to make us certain that he has treated the subject both honestly and well. Fortunately we are not called upon now to investigate his statistical budget. He comes before us in the more agreeable character of a traveller in the sunny south of France. Led by a fine natural instinct, he has tarried in the vinous district until he has imbibed the true spirit of the region. His native Caledonian sympathies in favour of claret—a disposition in which we cordially participate, detesting port almost as intensely as Whiggery—were fully developed by a sojourn in the neighbourhood of the Chateau Lafitte. Of Ceres, at so much a

quarter, he tells us nothing—of Bacchus, at so much a bottle, he speaks well and eloquently. Endowed by nature with a gay and happy temper, fond of fun, relishing adventure, and with a fine eye for the picturesque, he ranges from the Garonne to the Rhone, from the shores of the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean marshes, from the sterile wastes of the Landes, by the splendour of the Pyrenees, to the old Roman city of Nismes—making us wish all the while that we could have made the journey in such agreeable company. As a fellow-traveller, we should be inclined to say that he errs on the score of haste. Assuredly we should have lingered with reverence at some places which he passed with undue precipitancy. He had no right to hurry through Haut-brion as he did—he should have dwelt longer at Leoville. Our matured taste and experience of vintages would have mitigated the rapidity of his career.

Mr Reach has not done justice to himself in the selection of a title for his volume. *Claret and Olives* are rather apt to be misunderstood in the present day, owing to the practices of previous authors, who have been in the habit of vending the properties of the deceased Joseph Miller under some such after-dinner disguise. *Wine and Walnuts* was an old title, whereof we have an indistinct recollection; our impression at this moment being, that the wine was corked and the walnuts woefully shrivelled. Then followed *Nuts and Nutcrackers*—maggoty enough, and filled with devil's-dust that might have choked a member of the League. *Grog and Biscuits* we presume to have been a feeble sort of production, emanating from a disappointed mind, working on a heritage of wrong. *Sherry and Cheroots* did not amalgamate. *Alcohol and Anchovies* gave token of a diseased intellect and a ruined constitution. *Tumblers and Talk*—a Glasgow publication, if we recollect aright—had little circulation except among bibulous members of town-councils, or similar corporations. *Ale and Aesthetics* was but an unfortunate specimen of alliteration. How many editions of *Beer and Baccy* have been printed, we know not; but we

are not aware as yet that the author has made his fortune. With all these beacons before him, we could wish that Mr Reach had announced his book under some other name. He is not to be confounded, as an author, with the issuers of such catch-pennies. Putting aside even his present work as one of limited interest—though we should be puzzled to name any tourist who writes more pleasantly than our author—his novel of *Leonard Lindsay* displays a carefulness of composition, and a life-like painting, in the style of Defoe, which contrasts remarkably with the slipshod trash now forming the staple commodity of the circulating libraries. There is the right stuff in him, visible throughout whatever he attempts; and if at times his taste is liable to exception, we believe that aberration to be solely owing to the exigencies of the times, which leave far too little leisure to most men to revise and consider their productions.

The title, however, is unquestionably appropriate enough, though it may be calculated to mislead the reader. In his wanderings he has visited the home domain both of the vine and the olive—at least he has passed from the sanctuary of the one to the outskirts of the other; but we could really wish that he had not profaned the goodly vintage by reminding us of those lumps of vegetable fatness which sometimes, even now, are served up at an octogenarian symposium, in honour of the goddess Dyspepsia. We honour oil like the Sultan Saladin, and could wish to see it brought into more general use in this country; but there is something revolting to us in the sight and colour of the olive, which has neither the freshness of youth nor the fine hue of maturity. The last man whom we remember to have seen eating olives was an eminent manufacturer of Staleybridge, who helped himself to the fruit of Minerva with his short stubby fingers, descending all the while on the propriety of the enactment of a bill for augmenting the hours of infant labour. He died, if we recollect aright, about a fortnight afterwards—perhaps in consequence of the olives: if so, we are not disposed to deny that at times they may be served up with advantage.

Mr Reach, however, loathes the olive as much as we do, and therefore there is no difference of opinion between us. We like the fine enthusiasm with which he does justice to the taste of our mother country—a taste which we are certain will not decay so long as Leith flourishes, and the house of Bell and Rannle continues to maintain its pristine ascendancy in claret. With us in the north, we are glad to say there is no recognised medium between Glenlivet and Bordeaux. Either have in the hot water, or produce your '34; nobody will thank you for that port which you bought last week at an auction, and which you are desirous to represent as having been bottled for your use about the era of the Reform Bill. It may be both "curious" and "crusted," as you say it is; but you had better have it set aside to ke sauce for wild-ducks. Indeed, "a" port is, for many "a" to be avoided. We at the house of a man in the country, however, a little more advantage to n and to quittance. (were presented certain fluid, under three names; but all of us afterwards that it was the same liquor. simply in degree of First, it came in and was then condly, it d out decanter, port: third, or sugar armed had the was vint: ally, France, do with that dirty little slice of part of Spain—Portugal, and potatoes. In the old a cask of claret stood on the tap. In country tavern holding some

Master Slender—'reamed' (*Anglice*, mantled) with claret just drawn from the cask; and you quaffed it, snapping your fingers at custom-houses. At length, in an evil hour, Scotland fell."

We have more than half a mind to ascend the Rhine to Bacharach, and swear upon the altar of Lyæus—which must now be visible, if the weather on the Continent has been as dry as here—never to relax our efforts until either the Union, or the infamous duty on the wines of Bordeaux, is repealed! But we must calm ourselves and proceed moderately. Now, then, for the vineyards—here, as elsewhere, no very picturesque objects to the eye, but conveying a moral lesson that real goodness does not depend upon external appearances. We never saw a vineyard yet, whereof the wine was worth drinking, which a man would care to look at twice. Your raspberry-bush is, upon the whole, a statelier plant than the vine when fulfilling its noblest functions; nevertheless, we presume there are few who would give the preference to raspberry vinegar over veritable Lafitte. We have seen the vineyards in spring, when, as poor Ovid says—

"Quoque loco est vitis, de palmito gemma movetur;"

but they do not bud at all so luxuriantly as a poet would fancy. The only time for seeing them to advantage is at the gathering of the grapes, when the gay dresses of the vintagers give animation to the scene, and song and laughter proclaim the season of general jubilee. There is nothing in our northern climates to compare with it, especially of late years, since the harvest-home brings no certainty of added wealth. Just fancy Mr Cobden at a *hîrn*! Why, at the very sight of him the twasome reel would stop of its own accord—the blind old fiddler, scenting some unholy thing, would mitigate the ardour of his bow—and the patriarch of the parish, brewing punch, would inevitably drown the miller. Lucky for the intruder if he made his escape without being immersed in a tub of sowens!

We shall let Mr Reach speak for himself, as to the complexion of his favourite vineyards.

"Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers or lathes are cuttings of the walnut-trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running slopes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being trained, and how things are arranged, so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling, and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake." But the low, two-foot dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers. If ever you want to see a homily, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weakened, scrubby, dwarfish expanse of bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers, like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of grey shingle through the straggling branches,—these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless, and the most inimitably flavoured wines. Such are the vines that grow Chateau Margaux at half-a-sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent Garden, you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fauns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks. Meantime, let us continue our survey of the country. No fences or ditches you see—the ground is too precious to be lost

in such vanities—only, you observe from time to time a rudely curved stake stuck in the ground, and indicating the limits of properties. Along either side of the road the vines extend, utterly unprotected. No raspers, no ha-ha's, no fierce denunciations of trespassers, no polite notices of spring-guns and steel-traps constantly in a state of high-go-offism—only, where the grapes are ripening, the people lay prickly branches along the wayside to keep the dogs, foraging for partridges among the espaliers, from taking a refreshing mouthful from the clusters as they pass; for it seems to be a fact, that everybody, every beast, and every bird, whatever may be his, her, or its nature in other parts of the world, when brought amongst grapes, eats grapes. As for the peasants, their appetite for grapes is perfectly preposterous. Unlike the surfeit-sickened grocer's boys, who, after the first week, loathe figs, and turn poorly whenever sugar candy is hinted at, the love of grapes appears literally to grow by what it feeds on. Every garden is full of table vines. The people eat grapes with breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper. The labourer plods along the road munching a cluster. The child in its mother's arms is lugging away with its toothless gums at a bleeding bunch; while, as for the vintagers, male and female, in the less important plantations, heaven only knows where the masses of grapes go to, which they devour, labouring incessantly at the *metier*, as they do, from dawn till sunset."

In all this, however, we cannot say that we detect any matter for surprise. The grape season lasts only for a short period; and we have observed symptoms of a similarly universal appetite in this country when gooseberries are at their perfection. Nay, we shall venture to say that Mr Reach himself would cut no indifferent figure in a garden where the honey-blobs, hairy-yellows, and bloody-captains were abundant. As for the consumption by the vintagers and pressmen, that can be accounted for on the same principle which forbids the muzzling of the ox while treading out the corn; but we never enter willingly into such details, being satisfied that, with regard to many things edible, potable, and culinary, it is imprudent to be too curious in investigation. We eat and drink in confidence, as our fathers did before us, trusting that what harmed not them can do us no manner of injury; and

we do not feel at all grateful to those gentlemen who think it necessary to go out of their way for the purpose of presenting us with detailed accounts of the minutiae of the vinous manufacture.

It is, we think, a peculiar feature of the wines of the Bordelais, that you will rarely, if ever, find a connoisseur who will confess an undivided and exclusive attachment to any one particular growth. We fear that the claret-drinker has much of the libertine in his disposition. He flits from vineyard to vineyard, without being able to fix his affections once and for ever. Such pleasant fickleness is not akin to the downright English spirit, and therefore perhaps it is that Englishmen generally prefer the heavy Portuguese drench, to the lively Gallican nectar. In London it is not uncommon to hear a man swearing by Barclay and Perkins, in almost feudal opposition to Meux. Many would rather be tee-totalers than defile their throats with other beer than that of Hanbury; and the partisans of Bass stand in deadly opposition to those who espouse the cause of Allsopp. So on the Rhine, men are bigoted to their vineyards. One individual approaches you, as Uhland beautifully remarks in the best of his romantic ballads,—

"With a flask of Asmannshäuser
In each pocket of his trowser,"

and vows, by the memory of Herrmann, and by that of Brennus, who first brought the vine from Italy, that the red fluid is incomparably superior to the pale. With a scornful laugh the adherent of Steinberger listens to the boast, and pours into his glass a beverage which scents the room like a dozen nosegays. A fiery devotee of Neiersteiner stands up—orrather tries to do so, if he is deep in his third bottle—for the credit of his pet vintage; and a priest, addicted to *Liebfrauen-milch*, in vain attempts to end the controversy by decanting upon the sanctity of his liquor. In Nuremberg we have witnessed several serious rows on the subject of the superiority of beer. A hot contest had been going on for some time as to the merits of the respective browsts of "right Bavarian" at the *Himmelsleiter* and the *Jammer-thal*, the two

most considerable beer-taverns in Germany; until at last—this was in '48—we of the Himmels-leiter being no longer able to stand the *outrécuidance* of our opponents, who were notoriously of the democratic party, marched upon them, and, under cover of political principle, smashed the glasses, and set several casks of the obnoxious fluid abroad. This is bare matter of fact; but if any gentleman is sceptical as to the possibility of such a movement, we may as well remind him that the only serious rising which took place in Bavaria originated from a proposed impost of an infinitesimal duty upon beer. Were England as Bavaria is, the continuance of the malt-tax would have led to a crisis of the most alarming description—and, after all, we cannot help thinking that the name of Hampden would now have been held in higher estimation, had he stood forward in the cause of his country's beer, instead of being the opponent of a miserable tax, which weighed only upon men of his own condition.

But we must not become political. So, gentlemen, "the memory of Hampden" in any kind of beer you choose, from the smallest to the stiffest;—and now to our present subject. We are very sorry indeed to observe that the taste in champagne—a wine which we hold in much reverence—is becoming hideously depraved in this country. We do not speak merely of England—England can look after herself, and Cyrus Redding is a safe monitor on such subjects, who, we trust, will make strong head against national depreciation. Sparkling Hock and petillating Moselle may be tolerated, though we do not like them; and we have no objection to St Peray as an agreeable companion to a cutlet. But, latterly, some superlative trash has made its appearance among us under such names as the Ruby and the Garnet; and we would earnestly recommend all good Christians who have a regard for their stomachs to avoid these. The fact is, that there is no tolerable medium in the quality of the wines of Champagne. Either they are first-rate, in order to secure which you had best stick to the established names, or they are not one whit preferable

to Perry. A conservative taste in wines is likely to be the most correct. Adhere to the ancient vineyards, and have nothing to do with newfangled fluids, however puffed or recommended. If you want to know how these are made, listen to Mr Reach, whose fine palate enabled him at once to detect the slightest touch of adulteration. Young men are apt to be led astray by the splendour of novel names, and to believe in the possibility of the discovery of new vineyards. They cannot resist an imposition, if it is paraded before them with proper pomp and dignity. Some years ago a nondescript species of liquor, bad enough to perpetuate the cholera in a province, was received with considerable approbation, because it bore the high-sounding name of "Céil de Montmorenci." We always distrust in wines those poetical and chivalresque titles. From this condemnation, however, we would specially exclude "Beaujolais de Fleury," a delicious liquor, which might have beseeemed the cup of old King René of Provence. But your Céil de Montmorenci, your Chateau Chastelheraults, and your Sang de St Simeons, with other similar ptisans, are neither more nor less than the concoction of those ingenious troubadours, the wine-fabricators of Cette.

"I said that it was good—good for our stomachs—to see no English bunting at Cette. The reason is, that Cette is a great manufacturing place, and that what they manufacture there is neither cotton nor wool, Perigord pies nor Rheims biscuits, but wine. '*Ici*,' will a Cette industrial write with the greatest coolness over his Porte Cochère—'*Ici on fabrique des vins*.' All the wines in the world, indeed, are made in Cette. You have only to give an order for Johannisberg or Tokay—nay, for all I know, for the Falernian of the Romans, or the nectar of the gods—and the Cette manufacturers will promptly supply you. They are great chemists, these gentlemen, and have brought the noble art of adulteration to a perfection which would make our own mere logwood and sloe-juice practitioners pale and wan with envy. But the great trade of the place is not so much adulterating as concocting wine. Cette is well situated for this notable manufacture. The wines of southern Spain are brought by coasters from Bar-

celona and Valencia. The inferior Bordeaux growths come pouring from the Garonne by the Canal du Midi; and the hot and fiery Rhone wines are floated along the chain of etangs and canals from Beaucaire. With all these raw materials, and, of course, a chemical laboratory to boot, it would be hard if the clever folks of Cette could not turn out a very good imitation of any wine in demand. They will doctor you up bad Bordeaux with violet powders and rough cider—colour it with cochineal and turmole, and out-swear creation that it is precious Chateau Margaux, vintage of '25. Champagne, of course, they make by hoggheads. Do you wish sweet liqueur wines from Italy and the Levant? The Cette people will mingle old Rhone wines with boiled sweet wines from the neighbourhood of Lunel, and charge you any price per bottle. Port, sherry, and Madeira, of course, are fabricated in abundance with any sort of bad, cheap wine and brandy, for a stock, and with half the concoctions in a druggist's shop for seasoning. Cette, in fact, is the very capital and emporium of the tricks and rascalities of the wine-trade; and it supplies almost all the Brazils, and a great proportion of the northern European nations, with their after-dinner drinks. To the grateful Yankees it sends out thousands of tons of Ay and Moët; besides no end of Johannisberg, Hermitage, and Chateau Margaux—the fine qualities and dainty aroma of which are highly prized by the Transatlantic amateurs. The Dutch flag fluttered plentifully in the harbour, so that I presume Mynheer is a customer to the Cette industrials—or, at all events, he helps in the distribution of their wares. The old French West Indian colonies also patronise their ingenious countrymen of Cette; and Russian magnates get drunk on Chamberlain and Romanee Conte, made of low Rhone and low Burgundy brewages, eked out by the contents of the graduated vial. I fear, however, that we do come in—in the matter of 'fine golden sherries, at 22s. 9½d. a dozen,' or 'peculiar old-crusted port, at 1s. 9d.'—for a share of the Cette manufactures; and it is very probable that after the wine is fabricated upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it is still further improved upon the banks of the Thames."

We wish that these remarks could be made practically useful to that class of men who give dinners, and gabble about their wines. Nothing is, to our mind, more disgusting than the conduct of an Amphytrion who accompanies the introduction of each bottle

by an apocryphal averment as to its age, coupled with a minute account of the manner in which it came into his possession—he having, in nine cases out of ten, purchased it at a sale. Sometimes the man goes further, and volunteers a statement of its price. Now this is, to say the very least of it, a mark of the worst possible breeding. No guest, with a palate to his mouth, will relish the wine any better, because the ninny-hammer who gives it declares that it cost him seven guineas a-dozen. We don't want to know from an entertainer, unless he be a tavern-keeper, the absolute cost of his victuals. Just fancy Lucullus, in the saloon of Apollo, recounting the items of his repast—"Flaccus, my friend, those oysters which you are devouring with so much gusto cost ten sestertii a-piece. Fabius, my fine fellow, that dish of thrushes which you have just swallowed was not got for nothing—it cost me a whole sestertium. Peg away, Plancus, at the lampreys! May Pluto seize me if a dozen of them are not worth a tribune's salary. You like the Falernian, Furius? Ay—that's right *Anno Urbis* 521—I bought it at Sylla's sale. It just cost me its weight in silver. Davus, you dog! bring another amphora with the red seal—the same that we got from the cellars of Mithridates. Here's that, O conscript fathers, which will make the cockles of your hearts rejoice!" Now, who will tell us that such conversation, which would be revolting even from a Lucullus, ought to be tolerated from the lips of some pert whippersnapper, who, ten years ago, would have been thankful for a bumper of Buccellas after a repast upon fried liver? We are serious in saying that it is full time to put a stop to such a nuisance, which is more common than many people would believe; and perhaps the easiest way of doing so is by doggedly maintaining that each bottle is corked. After half-a-dozen of the famous vine-tage have been opened, and pronounced undrinkable, the odds are that you will hear nothing more for the rest of the evening on the subject of liquors. Your suggestion as to a tumbler will be received with grateful humility, and thus you will not only receive the applause of your fellow-guests, but

the approbation of your own stomach and conscience, both then and on the following morning.

There are many points connected with dinner-giving—dinner-taking belonging to a different branch of ethics—which deserve mature consideration. If you are not a man of large fortune, you must perforce study economy. We presume that you have in your cellar a certain limited portion of really good wine, such as will make glad the heart of man, and leave no vestige of a headache; but you cannot afford, and you certainly ought not to bestow, that indiscriminately. Good taste in wine is, like good taste in pictures, and good taste in poetry, by no means a common gift. Every man wishes to be thought to possess it; but, in reality, the number of those who have the gift of the "*geschmack*," as the Germans term the faculty, is but few. Now it would evidently be the height of extravagance were you to throw away first-rate wine upon men who cannot appreciate it. Who, in the possession of his senses, would dream of feeding pigs on pine-apples? And as, in this wicked world, we are all of us occasionally compelled to give dinners to men, who, though excellent creatures in other respects, are utterly deficient in the finer sensations of our being, we cannot, for the life of us, see why they should be treated contrary to the bent of their organisation. Give them toddy, and they are supremely happy. Why place before them Lafitte, which they are sure to swallow in total ignorance of its qualities, very likely commending it as good "*fresh claret*," and expressing their opinion that such wine is better from the wood than the bottle? Keep your real good liquor for such men as are capable of understanding it. There is no higher treat than to form one of a party of six, all people of first-rate intelligence, true, generous, clarety souls, when the best of the vintages of Bordeaux is circulating at the board. No man talks of the wine—he would as soon think of commending the air because it was wholesome, or the sun because it gave him warmth. They drink it with a quiet gusto and silent enjoy-

ment, which prove that it is just the thing; and no impertinent remonstrance is made when the bell is pulled, until taste, which your true claret-drinker never disobeys, simultaneously indicates to the party that they have had a proper allowance. Indeed, you will almost never find a thorough gentleman, who has been properly educated in claret, committing any excess. Port sends people to the drawing-room with flushed faces, husky voices, and staring eyes, bearing evident marks upon them of having partaken of the cup of Circe. Claret merely fosters the kindlier qualities, and brings out in strong relief the attributes of the gentleman and the scholar.

We should have liked, had time permitted, to have transcribed one or two of Mr Reach's sketches of scenery, especially his description of the Landes, where, instead of wine, men gather a harvest of resin, and where the shepherds imitate the crane, by walking perpetually upon stilts. We already possessed some knowledge of that singular region from the writings of George Sand, but Mr Reach's description is more simple, and certainly more easily realised. His account also of Pau, and its society, and the neighbouring scenery, is remarkably good; but so is the book generally, and therefore we need not particularise. Only, as we are bound to discharge the critical function with impartiality, and as we are rather in a severe mood, this not being one of our claret days, we take leave to say that the legends which he has engrafted are by far the least valuable portion of the volume. Everybody who knows anything of modern book-making, must be aware that such tales are entirely attributable to the fertile genius of the author; for we would as soon believe in the discovery of a buried treasure, as in the existence of those grey-haired guides, veteran smugglers, and antique boatmen, who are invariably brought forward as the *Homeridæ* or *recounters* of floating tradition. We have travelled a good deal in different parts of the world, and seen as much of that kind of society as our neighbours; but we can safely aver that we never yet met with a local Sinbad who had any-

thing to tell worth the hearing. If an author wants the materials of romance, the best place that he can frequent is a commercial traveller's room. We have been privileged to hear in such social circles more marvels than would furnish forth a whole library of romance, with this additional advantage, that the narrator of the tale, whether it referred to love or war, was invariably its principal hero.

But we are now rapidly approaching the limits of our paper, and must break off. Those who have a mind to know something of the south of France—of that strange old place, Aigues-Mortes, from which the Crusaders once embarked for Palestine, but which is now almost entirely deserted, and left like a mouldering wreck in the midst of the marshes that surround it—of Nîmes, with its remains of Roman greatness and power—and of Languedoc, the name of which province is more inspiring than its actual appearance—will do

well to consult this lively and agreeable volume. But beyond the district of the vine we are determined not to journey now. Fair, we doubt not, are the vineyards in this beautiful spring—fair, at least, in the eye of the poet who believes in the promise of their buds. With us the lilacs and the laburnums are scarce yet expanding their blossoms; but it is a beautiful and a consoling thought that, within the circle of Bordeaux, thousands and thousands of vines are just now bursting into blossom, to alleviate the toils and cheer the hearts of the claret-drinkers of this and perchance of the next generation. May the year be ever famous in the annals of legitimate thirst! And with this devout aspiration, which we doubt not will be echoed by many good fellows and true, we take our leave of Mr Reach, thanking him for the amusement and information we have derived from the perusal of his pleasant book.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONFEDERACY.

ALTHOUGH the precise period for the dissolution of Parliament is not yet known, we hear, on every side, the hum of political preparation. Members who had confidently reckoned on a longer lease of their seats, are trying to reconcile past votes with the present temper of their constituents, and, where they cannot openly vindicate their conduct, suggesting pleas in palliation. The over-timorous, and those who feel that they have no longer a chance of office, are issuing valedictory addresses, expressive of their preference of private life to the turmoil of a public career. Some are recanting former professions—others becoming bolder and more determined in their views. It is natural that such should be the case. The contest is not now solely between Whig and Tory, or even between Free-Trader and Protectionist. It has, owing to the occurrences of the last few months, assumed a more portentous aspect. Since his resignation, if we may not assume an earlier date, Lord John Russell has entered into the most close and intimate relations with the Manchester party, whose confession of political faith, as they themselves hardly scruple to avow, falls very little short of Republicanism. No sooner was he in opposition than he hastened to take counsel with Mr Cobden. The triumvirate was completed by the adhesion of Sir James Graham, a man who, having exhausted every possible form of moderate opinion, having played more parts in his day than the imagination of Autolycus could conceive, has assumed in his advanced years the character of an uncompromising democrat. Under Lord John Russell, Whiggery had lost its power. He could no longer command the suffrages, because he did not avow the opinions of the fiercer Liberal party, and because, so long as he remained allied with and recognised by the Whig aristocracy, he could not conciliate the chiefs and leaders of the democracy. He did not even understand the traditions of his own party—at all events, he has forgotten them for wellnigh twenty

years. However much the Whigs, in former times, may, for their own purposes, have appeared to tamper with the Constitution, they were at least understood to be in nowise the advocates of what is now called perpetual progress. They were not constantly innovating, for innovation's sake—or altering for the sake of securing a little temporary popularity. But Lord John Russell can no more abstain from experiment than a chemical lecturer. Partly from natural propensity, and partly from political exigencies, which he considered himself compelled to meet adroitly, in order to defeat his chief political antagonist, he walked on, step by step, until he reached the boundary of Radicalism. Once there, the temptation to venture over was great. His own immediate followers were few and feeble; behind him was the Conservative phalanx,—firm, united, and powerful; before him was the *Garde Mobile* of the Destructives, eagerly beckoning him over. He went; and it is little wonder if those of his staff who disapproved of so desperate a course, should now be either retiring from the field, or wandering about in disguise. What line, indeed, can a Ministerial Whig, who purposes to take his seat in the next Parliament, adopt with regard to his constituents? If he should say that he has faith and confidence in Lord John Russell, he must equally declare that he has faith and confidence in Mr Cobden, for these two are now inseparable in virtue of their late alliance. And if he is prepared to support a Cobden Ministry, he must needs avow himself a democrat. If, on the other hand, he should denounce Lord John Russell, and deny his leadership, whom is he prepared to follow? Is he to oppose Lord Derby as a Conservative, when the only possible party that can succeed to office in the event of the defeat of Lord Derby is that of the Destructives? Who leads him? Under what particular banner does he now profess to serve? These are questions and considerations which, during the last two months, have en-

grossed the attention of many a hesitating Whig, and which are now agitating, with great force, the whole of the electoral community. For it is quite clear that the old Whig party has ceased to have a separate existence. We do not say that, in time coming, it may not be reconstructed. There are materials enough to do that, providing a fitting architect can be found; but in the absence of any such artist, it must necessarily remain in abeyance. Men of moderate opinions—such as Sir William Gibson Craig, whose high character, affable demeanour, and unwearied attention to the interests of his constituents rendered his re-election perfectly secure—decline to present themselves as candidates at the approaching general election. Making every allowance for special and private reasons, on which no one has a right to comment, it does appear to us that such instances of withdrawal argue great uncertainty as to the political future, and cannot in any way be construed into tokens of approval of that line of conduct which Lord John Russell has thought fit to adopt. We could very well understand such withdrawals from public life, were the late Premier still in power. We can hardly believe that they would have taken place, had he remained, in adversity, the exponent and representative of the views which have hitherto been held by gentlemen of the old Whig party. Our own conviction is, that his conduct, since he was compelled to surrender power, has alienated the confidence of the best and wisest of his former adherents, who regarded his proposed Reform Bill with marked apprehension, and were sincerely rejoiced to be freed from the responsibility which must have attached to all, who, from party ties, might have thought themselves obliged to vote for so very dangerous a measure. It is now well known that the leading Whigs of England regard the defeat of Lord John Russell rather as a deliverance than a calamity. Henceforward they have done with him. If he is again to take office, he cannot count upon his old supporters. The Whig peers—the Lansdownes, the Fitzwilliams, the Zetlands—are too sensible, honourable, and loyal to

support a Cabinet in which Mr Cobden must have the principal say; and throughout the country we know that public opinion among the educated classes is utterly opposed to, and abhorrent of any such consummation. The few Whigs who are struggling to attain or regain their contested seats, dare not venture upon a distinct enunciation of their own opinions. They usually have recourse to such general terms as—"wise and temperate reform;"—"that degree of progress which the advanced position and increased intelligence of the age render imperative;"—or, "the timely concession to popular demand of those privileges which, if withheld, may hereafter be more clamorously enforced." It is no use commenting upon such language. The unhappy individuals who employ it are quite guiltless of any meaning; and they could not explain themselves if required. Generally speaking, they cut a most miserable figure when under examination by some barly Radical. On no one point are they explicit, save in their rejection of the ballot, which they think themselves entitled to except to, as Lord John Russell has hitherto declined to pronounce in favour of secret voting; and they dare not, for the lives of them, attempt to mark out the limit of the suffrage, or state the proper period for the duration of Parliaments. This is but a cowardly and contemptible line of conduct. If they have any spark of manhood in them, why can they not speak out? Surely by this time they should know the points of the Charter by heart, and be able to tell the constituencies to which of them they are ready to agree. On the contrary, we find nothing but dodging, shuffling, equivocating, and reserving. The fact is, that they have no mind of their own at all, and they are in sore perplexity as to the state of two other minds which they are trying to reconcile—the first being the mind of Lord John Russell, and the second being the mind of the constituency which they are addressing. For, apart from reform altogether, there are several topics about which your pure Whig candidate must be exceedingly cautious. For example, there is the withdrawal of the grant to Maynooth.

Even supposing that Lord John Russell were as alert a Protestant as he professed himself to be in the autumn of 1850, how could he venture to sacrifice the support of the Irish tail? Therein lies the difficulty. You will find plenty of men—very determined Protestants, but also very determined adherents of the late Ministry—who will tell you “that they were always opposed to any grant of the kind;”—that is, that they thought it essentially wrong, not only in a political, but in a religious point of view; but, press one of these gentlemen upon the point, especially if, as in the case of Edinburgh, the selection of a candidate seems to depend greatly on his views with regard to that measure, and you will almost invariably find that his attachment to Protestantism is less strong than his regard for the interests of his party. This may not be right, and we do not think it is so; but we infinitely prefer the conduct and avowal of such men to the disgraceful exhibitions which have lately been made by more than one Whig candidate. Opinions, based on religious principle, never ought to be conceded. Changed they may be; but what idea of the sincerity of such a change can be formed, when we find it taking place immediately on the eve of an election, and, in one instance, after the issue of an address? After all, we are perhaps too severe. Every one knows what was the miserable denouement of Lord John Russell’s determined stand for Protestantism against Papal aggression; and it might be too much to expect that the devoted and even servile follower should exhibit, in his own person, more consistency than was displayed by his redoubted chief.

It is, however, quite apparent that, notwithstanding Lord John Russell’s advances to the Radical party, the latter are by no means inclined to place confidence in the Whigs. In every case in which such a movement seems likely to be attended with any prospect of success, they are putting forward candidates of their own—men whose adhesion to democratic principles is beyond the possibility of a challenge. Persons whose names were never before heard of—utterly briefless barristers, reporters and writers

for the Radical press, broken-down speculators, who consider a career within the walls of St Stephen’s as the best method of effacing the memory of the enormities of Capel Court, attorneys in dubious practice, and the like class of characters—are presenting themselves to constituencies rather on the strength of recommendations from the Radical Reform Junta, than from any particular merits of their own. By these men the Whigs are especially persecuted, and may, perhaps, in various instances, be beaten. Yet, strange to say, the Whigs, as a party, have not the courage to adopt any distinct principle, or announce any determined line of action, which would serve at once to distinguish and separate them from the fellowship of these political adventurers. They are ashamed of their old party names, and persist in calling themselves Liberals. Now, as we all know, Liberalism is, in politics, an exceedingly comprehensive term. Cuffey was a Liberal, so is Mr Feargus O’Connor; so are Mr Joseph Hume, Mr John M’Gregor, Mr Cobden, Mr W. J. Fox, Lord Melgund, and Mr James Moncrieff. And yet it would be difficult to say upon what particular point, negotiations excluded, one and all of these gentlemen are agreed. The fact is—and the Whigs know it—that there is no such a thing as a united Liberal party, and that the soldering up of their differences is impossible. When a Whig appeals to a constituency as a Liberal, he is taking the worst and weakest, because the most untenable, ground. He is acting the part of the Girondists, who persisted in claiming kindred with the Montagnards, until the Mountain fell upon and crushed them. It is this feature which distinguishes the present from every previous contest. The chiefs of the Liberal sections profess to act in concert and amity—they hold meetings, pass resolutions, and lay down plans for future operations—their followers are as much opposed to each other as Abram and Balthazar of the House of Montague were to Sampson and Gregory of the House of Capulet. One thing alone they agree in—they are determined to do everything in their power to obstruct her Majesty’s present Government.

It is very needful that such matters

should be considered at the present time—that sober-minded people, who must take a part in the approaching election, should thoroughly understand the responsibility which devolves upon them, and the consequences which may ensue from their committing an error of judgment. The influence of party watchwords, though materially lessened of late years, has not yet ceased to exist; and it is possible that some men may, through a terror of being charged with political inconsistency, actually commit themselves to principles which they hold in sincere abhorrence. Therefore it is necessary to look, not only to the past and present position of parties, but also to their future prospects and views, according to the support which may be accorded to them by the country at the general election.

Let us suppose that, at the opening of the new Parliament, Lord Derby should be defeated by a vote of want of confidence. His resignation must follow as a matter of course, and then begins the strife. Past events render it perfectly clear that the old Whig Government cannot return to office, or, if it could do so, must act upon other principles than before. Lord John Russell's resignation in February was an event which could not have been long postponed. His Cabinet was broken into divisions; it was unpopular out of doors; and his own conduct had, on various matters, been such as to engender general dissatisfaction. His Reform Bill was a measure which gave vast umbrage to the majority even of the urban electors. Its introduction was, perhaps, the most signal proof of his political weakness, and, we may add, of his ignorance of the state of popular feeling. No matter whether it was intended to be carried or not, it remains, and ever will remain, an example of the length to which personal ambition may carry an unscrupulous Minister. Earl Grey's administration of the Colonies has become a byword for imbecility, blundering, and disaster. The finances were not in much better hands. No movement was made by Sir Charles Wood towards the termination of the Income-Tax, nor had he even the practical ability to reimpose it upon

an equitable basis. We do not allude to these things by way of criticism on the past—indeed it would be unnecessary to do so, as they are matters of common notoriety. We state them merely to show that the reconstruction of the Whig Government, out of old materials, and on old principles, is a thing impossible, and that the next professing Liberal Government must differ greatly in kind and character from any which has hitherto preceded it.

Could it possibly be a moderate Government? Let us first consider that.

Not only the Radical party, (who must be looked upon as the chief supporters of such a Government,) but Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, are pledged to the introduction of certain organic changes, differing only in degree. To suppose that any of them will adopt a less measure than that which they have advocated, is out of the question; and as the tendency of the movement has been, not from the Radicals to Lord John Russell, but from Lord John Russell to the Radicals, we may very naturally conclude that the result would be an approximation to the views of Mr Cobden. That gentleman, as we know, (for he does not scruple to tell us so in as many words,) has "ulterior objects" of his own, the time for developing which in safety has probably not yet arrived. We shall not inquire too curiously into the nature of those, being satisfied, as probably will be most of our readers who have watched the progress of the man, that they are not at all calculated to improve the stability of any of our institutions. We cannot, therefore, see what hopes can be entertained of the formation of a moderate Government, supposing Lord Derby's to be overthrown; unless, instead of uniting with Mr Cobden, Lord John Russell could effect a union with some other political party.

No such party exists. Unless we are much deceived, the majority of the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel, at least the majority of those who may be able to re-enter Parliament, are prepared to give their support and confidence to Lord Derby's Administration. There may, no

doubt, be exceptions. Sir James Graham and Mr Cardwell are clearly out of the Conservative ranks, and may enlist under any banner they choose. But as it is extremely problematical whether either of these gentlemen will obtain seats in the new House of Commons, their views are of little consequence. Other Obstructives, of whom there are a few, have no chance whatever of being returned; so that the construction of what we may term a moderate Liberal Government could not take place, from absolute want of material. Indeed, judging from the language lately employed by the knight of Netherby, we should say that moderation is as far from his thoughts as from those of the rankest Radical in Oldham.

Unless, therefore, the electors are really anxious for a Radical Government and for Radical measures, they ought to abstain from giving a vote to any candidate who is hostile to the continuance of Lord Derby's Administration. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not now arguing as to the propriety of sending Protectionists instead of Free-Traders to Parliament; we are not asking any man to forsake his opinions on points of commercial policy. Doubtless in the next Parliament there will be some opposed to the reimposition of duties upon corn, who, nevertheless, are prepared to accord their general support to Lord Derby, the more readily because he has distinctly stated that he leaves the corn-duties question "to the deliberate judgment of the country, and to the general concurrence of the country, without which I shall not," said he, "bring forward that proposition." But in voting for any candidate, who sets forward as a ground for his acceptance, the fact that he belongs to what is called "the Liberal party," let the electors remember that they are in truth voting for Radical measures, and for organic changes. They may be slow to believe so, but there can actually and absolutely be no other result. These gentlemen of "the Liberal party," however moderate their individual views may be, seek to enter Parliament for the purpose of overthrowing one Government

and establishing another. Of course the overthrow must always precede the reconstruction; and, most commonly, it is not until the overthrow has been made, that the plan of the structure is considered. We have already stated our reasons—and we submit they are strong ones—for thinking that no moderate Liberal Government, in the proper sense of the term, can be again constructed; that Lord John Russell, if once more summoned to form a Cabinet, must do so on a Radical basis, and the inevitable consequence must be the establishment of a thorough democracy, on the ruins of our present Constitution. We appeal in this matter as directly to the old constitutional Whigs, as to that powerful body of the electors, who, entertaining moderate opinions, are attached to no particular party in the state. We entreat them earnestly to consider the difficulties of the present crisis—difficulties which have arisen not so much from any increasing power of the Radical faction, as from the weakness, vacillation, and strong personal ambition of the late Whig leader. No doubt it is an honourable and a high ambition which excites a statesman to aim at the possession of power, but the honour ceases the moment that principle is abandoned. And it does appear to us that, of late years, far too little attention has been paid to the terms of the conditions which are implied by a Minister's acceptance of office. Under our constitutional monarchy he is the servant of the Crown, and he is bound to bring forward such measures only as will tend to the dignity and the safety of that, and the welfare of the people generally. Is it possible for any one conscientiously to maintain that Lord John Russell has pursued such a course? Is it not, on the contrary, apparent to all, that his main object, and the leading thought of his life, has ever been the supremacy of his own political party? Has he not, in order to prolong that supremacy, approached repeatedly to factions with whose principles he had nothing in common, and purchased their temporary support on terms alike degrading to the giver and to the recipient? That is not the art of

governing, at least as it was understood of old. Once let it be known that a Government is plastic—that it may be bullied, coerced, or driven into making terms—and its moral power and influence are for ever gone. Is there any reason—we would ask the electors—why any man should incur such risk as must arise from the instalment of a Radical Ministry in power, solely from personal devotion to the interests of my Lord John Russell? There may be some who think that hitherto he has deserved well of his country. So be it: we have no objection that they should entertain such an opinion. But this much is undeniable, that however good his intentions might be, he neither could, nor can, command a majority of direct followers of his own; and that he has been forced to scramble on from point to point by the assistance of political antagonists, dexterously availing himself, at each turn, of the hand which was immediately nearest. But this kind of course must always have an end. A precipice lay before him; and, as no other arms were open, he leaped into those of Mr Cobden.

If the main body of the Whigs are prepared to follow Lord John Russell wherever he may go, notwithstanding all that has passed, and all that he has indicated for the future, we, of course, can have no manner of objection. But let them distinctly understand what is in store for them if they choose to adopt such a course. Many of them, we know, were thoroughly disgusted with the Reform Bill which he introduced this Session; and did not hesitate to express their conviction that it was an unnecessary, dangerous, and reprehensible measure. If Lord John Russell returns to power, he must bring in a new Reform Bill far more democratic than the last. That is the condition on which he is allowed to retain the nominal leadership of the Opposition, and from it he cannot depart. The Manchester party will not rest until they have attained their end. They are for no half-measures; they are plagued by no scruples. Their doctrine is, that political power should be vested in the uneducated masses,—“the instinct of the million being,” according to their great oracle,

“wiser than the wisdom of the wisest.” In other words, mob rule is to be paramount, and whatever the majority wish to be done, must be straightway put into execution. Is there any reflecting man in the country who does not shudder at the thought of such a consummation?—is there any one conversant with history who does not see to what it must necessarily lead? With no lack of demagogues to mislead and excite them, what part of the British fabric would be secure against the attacks of an ignorant democracy? It may be true that Lord John Russell does not contemplate this—that he would even shrink from and repudiate the thought with horror. But he is not the less doing all in his power to forward the advance of anarchy. By consenting to lower the suffrage, he has given authority and significance to demands far more comprehensive in their scope. He has indicated that the bulwark which he himself erected, twenty years ago, is not to be considered as permanent, but merely temporary in its purpose. He has begun, like the foolish dike-builder of Holland, to tamper with the sea-wall of his own construction, heedless of the inundation which must follow.

Let the Whigs pause for a moment, and consider what are the principles maintained by the men with whom their leader is now in alliance. Of their notions on religious matters it is difficult to speak with accuracy. One large section of them consists of rank Papists, men under the control and domination of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and ready to do their bidding in anything that may advance the supremacy of a false and apostate Church. Another section professes to regard all Churches and creeds as alike, maintaining, as a fundamental doctrine, that Establishments ought to be abolished, and religious teaching maintained only on the strict Voluntary principle. The advocates of this view are of course prepared to strike down the Established Churches of England and of Scotland, to overturn the whole existing ecclesiastical arrangements, and to confiscate ecclesiastical property. Another section is supremely indifferent to religious teaching of any kind, regarding secular education as

quite sufficient for all the requirements of the people. These are the men who regard all opposition to Papal aggression as sheer bigotry and intolerance, who clamour for the admission of Jews into one House of Parliament, whilst in the same breath they profess themselves ready to dismiss the Christian prelates from the other. In politics they are republican, all except the name. But, in truth, it matters little what name is given to their creed, seeing that the principle which they profess is that of pure democracy. It is not pretended, and certainly they do not pretend, that if their scheme were carried, the House of Peers could continue on its present footing to coexist with the House of Commons. They admit that they have "ulterior objects"—all revolutionists have—and these are left to our conjecture. Is then our present Constitution so faulty, that the great body of the electors are prepared to risk, and to recommend a change?

If not, let them beware of returning any man who will so far support Lord John Russell as to act unscrupulously against Lord Derby. By all means let the measures of the present Government be considered with the utmost rigidity and exactitude, and let no favour be shown to them beyond what they conscientiously deserve. The ordeal may be—must be, a severe one; but Ministers will not shrink from it, being conscious of the integrity of their motives. But it is no part of the game of Opposition to allow them a fair trial, or even a fair hearing, if they can in anywise be prevented. They must, say the democrats, be crushed—and that immediately. Mr Cobden went the length of counselling that they should not be permitted to get through the business of the present Session, so apprehensive was he of the effect which an appeal to the constitutional feelings of the country might produce. He and Mr Villiers had concocted a scheme which they thought might precipitate a crisis, but it was too scandalously factious to admit of its being carried into effect.

The late Whig Government has been tried, and found wanting. It never can be reconstituted again, and its old supporters are undoubtedly

released from all their ties of allegiance. It will be for them to determine whether they are to follow Lord John Russell in his retreat to the camp of the Radicals, or continue to maintain those constitutional principles which were once the boast of the Whig party. The question is indeed a serious and a momentous one. Lord Derby has most clearly indicated the nature of the ground on which he stands. He does not appeal to the country on this or that financial measure—he comes forward as the supporter of the Protestant institutions of the realm, and as the determined opponent of a designing and encroaching democracy. What sound Protestant, or true lover of his country, can be indifferent to such an appeal?

We have been thus particular in noticing the state of parties, because we observe that various underlings of the late Government are canvassing constituencies, especially in Scotland, in rather an artful manner. They keep out of sight altogether the fact of the Chesham Place alliance. They are as unwilling to allude to that treaty as to the notorious Lichfield House compact, when the Whigs bartered religious principle for Roman Catholic support. Now, this may be very convenient for those gentlemen; but, we presume, the electors will agree with us in thinking that the sooner they can arrive at a distinct understanding upon such points the better. It is all very well to talk of "judicious and timely reform," but the orator who uses such terms should go a little further, and explain to his audience the exact nature of the reform which he contemplates. Because, if Lord John Russell's abortive Bill is not to be introduced again, but, in the event of his resumption of office, another, revised by Mr Cobden, and approximating to the full requirements of the Manchester politicians, is to be tabled instead—it would be as well to know how far the liberality of honourable candidates will permit them to advance. Also, it would be a curious and not unprofitable subject of inquiry whether they still hold themselves to be bound by the acts of their parliamentary leader? If they attended the meeting at Ches-

ham Place, they must be held as consenting parties to the Cobden compact; if they did not, it might not be useless to ask who is their leader, and what line of policy do they intend to pursue? It is a good thing to hear the abstract opinions of political soldiers and subalterns; but in these times, it is much more instructive to learn the name of the captain of their troop. None of the gentlemen to whom we are alluding are likely to originate measures—they must be contented to take the word of command from others. If, therefore, they remain, and intend to remain, followers of Lord John Russell, they form part of that grand army of which Mr Cobden is a general of division, if not something higher. They have pronounced for the democracy, and as democrats they should accordingly be viewed.

It would be exceedingly instructive if we could exact from each candidate a distinct definition of the meaning which he attaches to the term "Liberal principles." We observe from the Edinburgh newspapers that a gentleman, professing "liberal principles," proposes to contest the representation of the Montrose burghs with Mr Joseph Hume—the inference being, that the principles of the said Joseph are not sufficiently liberal! Then, at Paisley, a candidate recommended by the same Joseph Hume, and that superlative twaddler Sir Joshua Walmsley, comes forward, on "liberal principles," to oppose Mr Hastie, whom we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as rather in advance of the Whigs. The Radicals of Perth did not think Mr Fox Maule "liberal" enough for them, since they brought forward an opponent in the person of a certain Mr Gilpin; and now that Mr Maule has succeeded to the peerage, the gentleman who next solicits the suffrages of the Fair City in his place, must make up his mind to compare his "liberal principles" with those of the Gilpin. Not long ago a well-known Whig citizen and civic functionary of Edinburgh declared himself opposed to any further extension of the suffrage, thereby intimating his dissent from the principle of Lord John Russell's Bill; and yet, at a meeting lately held

for the purpose of selecting a candidate, this same individual moved a resolution to the effect that the candidate ought to be a man professing "liberal opinions!" Really there is something ludicrous and intensely absurd in this general employment of a phrase which can be made to mean almost anything. Is a man in favour of a republic, abolition of the House of Peers, suppression of the Church, and repudiation of the national debt? Then he is undoubtedly a man of "liberal principles." Is he merely for household suffrage, electoral divisions, vote by ballot, and triennial parliaments? He is likewise of "liberal principles." Is he a thick-and-thin supporter of Lord John Russell, having held a place under the late Government? Who so ready as he to lay claim to "liberal principles." Does he wish the separation of Church and State? "Liberal" again. Does he back up the Papacy in their insolent attempts at aggression, and defend the grant of Maynooth? He does so on "liberal principles." Does he wish to see the Jews in Parliament? He vindicates that wish on the score of "liberal principles." Now, surely, unless logic is an art as lying as that of chiromancy, it cannot be that all the men holding such conflicting opinions are entitled to the name of Liberals, or to claim credit to themselves for entertaining "liberal opinions." If so, who is illiberal? But it is not worth while to comment further upon a point so very obvious as this. If Liberalism means contemplated overthrow and anarchy, we make the gentlemen who profess such principles as welcome to their title as was the late Thomas Paine, when he too arrogated to himself, in his isolation, the name of Liberal. If it means adherence to the principles of the Constitution, love of social order, and regard for the welfare of the general body of the people, we fear that we must deny the name to a good many of those who claim it.

One miserable feature in the conduct of some of these *soi-disant* Liberal candidates, especially the new ones, is their extreme avidity to swallow any pledge that may be proposed, provided that, by so doing, they can secure the suffrages of some inconsi-

derable fraction of the electors. Their addresses are not deliberate expositions of their own formed opinions, but are framed upon another and very liberal principle. They endeavour to ascertain the points of doctrine which are supposed to be the most popular with the constituency whom they are ambitious to represent, and they issue their manifestoes accordingly. If anything has been omitted, or if they have not gone far enough, an opportunity is usually afforded them to make up for that deficiency at the first meeting of the electors—so called by courtesy, for in many cases there are not half-a-dozen electors, besides those on the platform, in the room. Such meetings are invariably attended by the busy-bodies of the place—radical cobblers, church-rate martyrs, philosophical barbers, and perhaps one or two specimens of that most loathsome of all animals, the dirty dandy. Here the candidate is expected to go through his facings, and to answer every question which insolence can suggest, or ignorance render unintelligible. No matter:—as our friend is a member of the “Liberal party,” he can safely expand his conscience to any extent which may be required; and the decisive and prompt manner in which he frequently disposes of the most knotty points of social and political economy, is delightful and edifying. Without ever having read a single page on the subject, he is quite ready to reconstruct the Currency, and pledges himself to bring in a bill to that effect, at the request of a snuffy dealer in gingerbread, who never had credit for five pounds in his life, and who has just made application for a *cessio bonorum*. An individual in fustian, evidently in the last stage of *delirium tremens*, after a hiccupped harangue on ecclesiastical rapacity, demands from him his thoughts upon Church Establishments in general; and the liberal candidate at once undertakes to have them all suppressed. If his opinions on the subject of National Education are somewhat vague, the fault lies with the respectable non-elect, who could not frame his question so as to render it intelligible. To one earnest inquirer—a carrier—he promises an entire and compulsory

stoppage of Sunday trains. To another—a publican—he pledges himself to remove the excise duties from British spirits. To a third—a cabman—he indicates his resolution of commencing a violent onslaught on the Customs, so that “the poor man’s tobacco” may be no longer smoked under a sense of injustice. Of course he disposes very summarily of the Army, Navy, and Colonies, these being parasitical weeds which ought immediately to be done away with; in fact, before he has done, there is hardly one institution, tax, custom, establishment, or system in the United Kingdom which he has not denounced as odious, and which he has not pledged himself to alter! So convenient are your “liberal principles” in adjusting themselves to the popular will.

What takes place now, bad as it is, is but a faint type of what would be enacted if democracy had the upper-hand; and we would recommend all those who are sceptical as to this matter, to attend personally some meeting at which a candidate is subjected to this kind of examination, and mark the intelligence which is displayed by the questioners, and the consistency which is exhibited in the replies. It is, indeed, as sorry a spectacle as a man could wish to witness; and could we suppose it to be a reflex either of the mind of the electors, or of the settled opinions of those who are likely to be Liberal members of Parliament, the idea would inevitably cast a heavy gloom over our anticipations for the future. But the truth is, that the electors have little or nothing to do with it; and the great majority of the upstart aspirants after the honours of legislation will, in a month or so, return to their usual avocations, probably not without an imprecation on the folly which induced them, at the bidding of an interested faction, to suspend the humble toils on which their daily bread depended, and expose themselves alike to ridicule and defeat. There are, however, reflections of a very serious nature suggested by the efforts which the Radical party are making for the introduction of organic changes, which ought not to be lightly passed over.

Why is it that certain parties are

now, more than heretofore, engaged in getting up a cry for reform and extension of suffrage? Why is it that some men, ostensibly belonging to the Whig party, who, a year or two ago, held such views in utter detestation, have declared themselves favourable to the movement? Has anything been done to curtail the popular privileges—to take away from the people any portion of the power which they previously possessed—to curtail the liberty of the press—or in any way to trench upon the rights which are common to every subject? Has there been any tyranny on the part of the Crown—any audible complaint against the acts of the House of Peers? Nothing of the kind. Has, then, the House of Commons failed in the fulfilment of its duty? That averment can hardly be made, with consistency at least, by any member of the Liberal party, since they have made it their boast that, at the present moment, they are in possession of a majority in the Lower House, and have taken credit to themselves for magnanimity in allowing Lord Derby's Ministry to exist, as they say, by sufferance, until the ordinary business of the Session is completed. What, then, can be the motive for the change which is now so loudly urged? It is simply this: The Liberal party are aware that they no longer possess the confidence of the country, and they hope, by rousing a new and formidable agitation, to divert the public mind into another channel, and prevent it from dwelling upon the injuries which they have inflicted upon the industrious classes of the nation. How otherwise can we account for this sudden and violent mania for extending the suffrage, which is apparent in the election speeches of most of the Liberal candidates? Mark the inconsistency of these men. They tell us—no matter whether falsely or not—that the country never was in a state of greater prosperity than now, and that such has been the fruit of their earnest and triumphant efforts. Very well. If it be so, what reason can be urged for making any organic change? Are not the prosperity and the welfare of a nation, and that content which, as we are told, reigns among the working-classes, the surest

proofs that the Constitution is working admirably; and would it not, in that case, be utter madness to alter its arrangement? Yet such is the dilemma in which the Liberals, including Lord John Russell, are placed. They dare not aver that the country is not prospering, seeing that, for many years, they have had it all their own way, and that any statement of the kind would be tantamount to a censure passed upon themselves. On the contrary, they avow prosperity in the highest degree, and yet they are clamouring for a change, which cannot improve, but may possibly imperil it!

They cannot say that they demand extension of the suffrage because the acts of another Ministry might possibly endanger the prosperity which they assume to exist. Both the Radicals and Lord John Russell had declared for extension of the suffrage long before Lord Derby was summoned to take office. They were quite as keen for organic change at the time when they tauntingly told us that Protection was confined and buried for ever, as they are now when they behold it in life and motion. Nor can they reasonably suppose that a cry for extended suffrage will be generally acceptable to the great body of the present electors, who are jealous enough of the privileges which they have so long possessed, and are by no means disposed to part with them, or to be swamped by the uneducated rabble. We are loath to suppose that any, beyond the worst and most unprincipled agitators of the Manchester rump, are base enough to hope in their hearts that they may succeed in exciting popular tumult and disturbance. We shall not consult Mr Roebuck's *History of the Whig Ministry* for any similar passages in former days—we content ourselves with the assurance that no disposition of the kind exists anywhere. Therefore, after looking at the subject in all its bearings, we are constrained to come to the conclusion, that all this talk about reform on the part of the Liberals has its origin in a sincere and not unnatural desire to mislead the people of this country, and to withdraw their attention from those matters in which they are immediately and most deeply interested.

The advocates of that system which has been dominant for several years, although its introduction is of an older date, are, of course, loud in its praise, and claim for it the credit of full and triumphant success. We do not deny that their system has, in the mean time, had the effect of cheapening commodities, though not in the ratio which they predicted. The price of the loaf, of sugar, and of various other articles commonly termed "of first necessity," is lowered; and we may fairly acknowledge that to many this not only appears, but is, a valuable boon. For, undoubtedly, if we could procure all the articles which we consume at a far lower rate than before, retaining, at the same time, our incomes undiminished, we should each of us be immense gainers—we might either work less, and continue to live as formerly, or we might work as formerly, and gradually accumulate a capital; but if, in proportion to the cheapness of commodities, our incomes equally diminish, then it is not easy to see wherein the advantage lies.

It is obvious, then, that at least one class of persons—those who are in the receipt of fixed incomes—must profit materially by any system which induces the cheapening of commodities. The mere annuitant can now live more comfortably than before; but as annuitants do not constitute a very large class of the community, and as they necessarily must derive their incomes from the product of internal labour, we apprehend that, in treating of such questions, it is proper to look directly to the working and productive classes. We do not intend to argue over again points which we have repeatedly discussed in previous articles; our object just now is to show that these pretended Liberals have reason on their side in wishing to escape from a calm and deliberate investigation of the consequences of their lauded policy.

We are told by them that the working-classes never were so comfortable as they are just now. If we believed this, and believed also that the comfort *could be permanent*—because both points of belief are necessary before any one can be convinced of the excellence of their system—we

should submit to the deep degradation of acknowledging, in silence and tears, our conversion to the tenets of the men of Manchester. But, unfortunately, we believe nothing of the kind—nay, we know that the contrary is the fact; and, first, let us try to understand, if possible, the meaning of the Free-Traders.

We need not complicate the question as to what the working-classes are, by insisting that every man who depends for his support upon his own exertions belongs to that order. Heaven knows that the pen is oftentimes a more toilsome implement than the shuttle or the spade; and, although we cannot say that we ever had a fancy to try our hand at the loom, we would have no objection, on occasion, to take a turn at trenching. By the working-classes, we understand those who are engaged in mechanical toil—in tilling the earth, cultivating its products, raising and smelting its minerals, producing fabrics from raw materials, and assisting the operations of commerce and manufactures in an endless variety of ways. They are distinguished from the capitalist in this, that they labour with their hands, and that labour is their sole inheritance.

That it is the first duty of every Government to guard and protect that class, has been our invariable doctrine. In them the motive strength of Britain lies. Machinery is of man's invention—the human frame is the work of God alone, animated by His breath, and must not be treated as a machine. They may be called upon—as all of us are called upon—to contribute some portion of their labour for the maintenance of our national institutions, which have undeniably exempted us from those terrible calamities by which almost every other state in Europe has been visited. A bad system of the entailment of state debts, commenced more than a hundred and sixty years ago by a monarch who came over to this country as a Liberator, has increased the national burdens, and occasioned a further tax upon labour. Yet, nevertheless, it is undeniable that the condition of the British labourer, in every department of industry, has been for a long time superior to that of his fellow

in any other European country. The men of the working-classes are, though they may not know it, possessed of enormous power. Wronged they cannot be, except by their own consent, and as victims of delusion; for the sympathy of the intelligence of the country is with them, and so is that of the higher orders. To all who have true nobility of soul, the rights of the working man are sacred; and when that ceases to be the case, the days of the aristocracy are numbered.

But *why* is it that the condition of the British labourer has been superior to that of his foreign equal? That is indeed a consideration of the very greatest importance; and it would be well if statistical compilers and political economists had set themselves seriously to consider "the reason why," instead of simply noting the fact. We have read a good many volumes—more than we care to enumerate—written by gentlemen of that class, but we never have been able to find any intelligible explanation of that phenomenon. Yet surely it is a remarkable one. This country is, in respect of its population, far more heavily burdened than any of the leading states of Europe—it has not the climatic advantages of some of them—and it can scarcely be said to produce the precious metals. Its exports, though undoubtedly large, were, and are, as nothing to the quantity produced, intended for the home consumption. It has been computed, from an investigation of the census taken in 1841, that not much more than half a million of people, the population being then nearly twenty seven millions, were employed in the manufacture of articles for the foreign trade.*

It may be useful here to mention that, according to one foreign statistical authority, Schnabel, the proportion of taxes paid yearly by each individual in Great Britain, France, and Prussia, was in the following ratio:—

Great Britain,	18
France,	11½
Prussia,	5½

And the comparative rate of agricultural wages is stated thus by Rau, in his *Lehrbuch der Politischen Oekonomie*:—

	s.	d.
Great Britain, (average,) . .	1	6
France, (do.)	1	0½
East Prussia,	0	4½

These figures, of course, may be slightly inaccurate, but they are sufficient to show the great variation, both in taxation and wages, which prevails in the three countries which are here specified; and we have no reason to believe that, during the few years which have elapsed since these calculations were made, any material difference in proportion has taken place. A similar discrepancy prevails in wages of every kind. For example, Mr Porter tells us that in Wurtemberg the wages of the artisans in towns are from 1s. 8d. to 4s. 2d. per week; that in Bavaria "labourers are paid at the rate of 8d. per day in the country, and from 8d. to 1s. 4d. in the towns;" and that in Saxony "a man employed in his loom, working very diligently from Monday morning until Saturday night, from five o'clock in the morning until dusk, and even at times with a lamp, his wife assisting him in finishing and taking him the work, could not possibly earn more than 20 groschen (2s. 6d. sterling) per week." We might have added many other instances to these, but we judge it to be unnecessary. We quote them simply for the purpose of showing that labour in Britain, if heavily taxed, was better remunerated than elsewhere.

Now, why was it better remunerated? That is—after all that has been said and written on the subject, and Eolus-bags of oratory, and hundreds of thousands of reams of paper have been expended on it—the question, upon the solution of which the merit

* Mr Spackman, in his *Analysis of the Occupations of the People*, states the whole number of persons employed in manufactures of every kind at 1,440,908; the total annual value of their production in 1841, at £187,184,392

Whereof, for the Home Trade,	£123,600,000
For the Foreign Trade,	53,584,392

187,184,392

of the rival systems depends. It was better remunerated in this way—because in Great Britain there has been a far greater outlay of capital in every department and branch of industry, than has been made in any other country of the world. With us, land has been reclaimed, and brought under tillage, which elsewhere would have been left in a state of nature. At an immense cost the difficulties of climate have been overcome, and the soil rendered productive, and capable of sustaining an increased number of inhabitants. We must go back farther than the memory of the present generation can reach, in order to appreciate the vast nature of the improvements which were so effected. Since the commencement of the present century, very nearly four millions of acres, in England alone, have been brought into cultivation under the Inclosure Acts, besides all that has been effected by private enterprise—and it is probable that amount immensely exceeds the other—on land held by a simple tenure. Eighty years ago, the greater part of the surface of what are now our best cultivated counties, was covered with heath and ling, and of course wholly unproductive. It was from this outlay of capital in the cultivation of the soil that the rapid growth of our towns, and the great increase of our manufactures, took their rise. The latter cannot precede—it must always follow the other. The country supplied the towns with food, and the towns in turn supplied the country with manufactures. Such being the case, it is evident that the prosperity of either interest depended greatly upon the circumstances of the other. If agriculture was depressed, from whatever cause, there was no longer the same demand as formerly for manufactures; if manufactures were depressed, the agriculturist suffered in his turn. But in reality, except from over-trading, and a competition pushed to an extent which has affected the national interest, it is difficult to understand how a depression in manufactures for the home trade could take place, except through and in consequence of agricultural calamity. The home demand was remarkably steady, and could be calculated upon

with almost a certainty of return. It was reserved for the enlightened economists of our age to discover that the interests of agriculture and manufactures were not harmonious. Such, clearly, was not the theory of our forefathers. The Book of Common Prayer contains a form of thanksgiving for a good harvest—it has none for a year of unusual export and import.

We must not, however, pass over without notice, the circumstances which led to the extraordinary development of industry and enterprise in Great Britain, in every department. Without consumers, it is quite evident that agriculture could not have advanced with such rapid strides; and it is important that there should be no misunderstanding on this matter. The possession of a hundred or a thousand acres of land is of little value unless the owner can command a remunerative market for his produce; nor will he cultivate his land to the utmost unless he has the assurance of such a market. It is all very well to say, that, by the expenditure of a certain sum of money, such and such an amount of crops may be reared on each acre;—that is a mere feat of agricultural chemistry, such as Mr Huxtable offered to undertake upon pure sand with the assistance of pigs' dung; but the real and only question is—will the return meet the outlay? Without some unusual and extraordinary cause to increase the number of consumers, it is clear to us that the progress of agriculture must have been comparatively slow; and accordingly, we find that cause in the Continental war, which continued for nearly a quarter of a century, and which has effected such mighty changes—the end of which is not yet apparent—in the social position of Great Britain.

To maintain that war, the resources of this country were taxed to the utmost. So great were the demands, that they could not possibly have been met but for two things—one being the result of internal arrangement, and the other arising from external circumstances. The first of these was the suspension of cash payments, and the extension, or rather creation, of credit, arising from an unlimited paper currency. The second was the mono-

poly of the foreign markets, which we engrossed, in virtue of our naval supremacy. No writer on the social state of Britain, even at the present hour, and no political economist who does not specially refer to these two circumstances, are worth consulting. Better put their volumes into the fire, than discuss effects without regard to their antecedent cause.

It may be that the extent to which that unlimited currency was pushed, has since had disastrous results. If unwisely permitted without control or regulation, it was, as we think, contracted in a manner even more unwise; and the practical consequence has been an enormous addition to the weight of the public debt. But without a currency of very large extent—without the credit which that currency created—Great Britain could not have continued the struggle so long, nor brought it to a triumphant issue. It was this that stimulated both agriculture and manufactures, the latter having, in addition, the inestimable privilege of the command of the markets of the world, without any interference of a rival. Reclaimed fields and new manufactories were the products of that period; and unquestionably there never was an era in our history when prosperity appeared to be more generally diffused. If prices were high, so were wages. Employment was plentiful, because improvement was progressing on every side, and no jealousy existed between the manufacturer and the agriculturist. During fifteen years, from 1801 to 1815, the average annual quantity of wheat and wheat-flour imported to this country was only 506,000 quarters.

Perhaps it may be instructive here to quote the words of an acute observer in 1816, regarding the improvements which had taken place, before any check occurred. The writer of the historical summary in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for that year thus expresses himself:—

“During the continuance of the last war, many things had conspired to stimulate to the highest extent the exertions of every class of the people of England. Cut off by the decrees of Buonaparte from direct intercourse with some of the richest countries of Europe, the policy

which England had adopted in revenge of this exclusion, had greatly increased the action of those many circumstances which naturally tended towards rendering her the great, or rather the sole entrepot, of the commerce of the world. In her the whole of that colonial trade which had formerly been sufficient to enrich, not her alone, but France and Holland also, had now centred. The inventive zeal of her manufacturers had gone on from year to year augmenting and improving branches of industry, in which, even before, she had been without a rival. The increase of manufactures had been attended with a perpetual increase in the demand for agricultural produce, and the events of the two years of scarcity (as they were called) lent an additional spring to the motion of those whose business it was to meet this demand. The increase which took place in the agricultural improvements of the island, was such as had never before been equalled in any similar period of time. Invention followed invention, for economising labour, and increasing production; till throughout no inconsiderable part of the whole empire the face of the country was changed. ‘It may safely be said,’ asserted Mr Brougham, ‘that without at all comprehending the waste lands wholly added to the productive tenantry of the island, not perhaps that two blades of grass now grow where one only grew before, but certainly that five grow where four used to be; and that this kingdom, which foreigners were wont to taunt as a mere manufacturing and trading country, inhabited by a shopkeeping nation, is, in reality, for its size, by far the greatest agricultural state in the world!’”

Contrary, perhaps, to the general expectation, the close of the war was the result of the operations of the trade.

It was, however, not until the year 1816, that the effects of the war were fully felt. The prices of the various commodities, which had been so long kept at a high level, fell at once to their natural value. The result was not only a great loss to the agricultural and manufacturing classes, but a general depression of the trade. The prices of the various commodities, which had been so long kept at a high level, fell at once to their natural value. The result was not only a great loss to the agricultural and manufacturing classes, but a general depression of the trade. The prices of the various commodities, which had been so long kept at a high level, fell at once to their natural value. The result was not only a great loss to the agricultural and manufacturing classes, but a general depression of the trade.

money expended. Yet, had these improvements not taken place, how could Britain have continued the struggle so long—how could her manufacturing population have been fed? These are questions never considered now, especially by those agitators who revile the landlords, or rather the Legislature, for the imposition of the Corn Laws; but the truth is, that, unless the corn duty had been then imposed, England must, within a very few years, either have exhibited the humiliating spectacle of a bankrupt and ruined state, or been plunged in revolution. The distress rapidly spread to the manufacturers—for example, those engaged in the silk trade, and the iron and coal-workers of Staffordshire and Wales. The fall in the price of corn produced its natural effect by limiting the consumption of everything else; and, as if to crown the calamity, the exporting manufacturers, in their eagerness for gain, committed precisely the same blunder, from the effects of which they are now suffering so severely; and by creating a glut in the Continental markets, they both annihilated their own profits, and excited such an alarm in foreign governments as to give rise to a system of prohibitory duties, which continues to the present hour. Then followed the resumption of cash payments, with all its train of ruin—a measure which, whether necessary or not in principle, could not have been carried but for the existence of a corn law, which in some degree mitigated its pressure.

In a country so loaded with debt as ours, it is in vain to talk, as Lord John Russell lately did, of a “natural price.” The term, indeed, has no kind of significance under any circumstances; and we are perfectly certain that the noble lord, when he employed it, was not attempting to clothe a distinct idea in words. He found the phrase somewhere—perhaps borrowed it from the *Economist*—and used it, because he thought it sounded well. If he could reduce the price of all commodities here to the level of that which prevails in a Continental country—a consummation which appears to be contemplated and desired by the Free-Traders—the result would necessarily be a like de-

cadence of our wealth—not accompanied, however, by a relaxation of our present burdens. The high wages which the working-classes receive in this country, contrasted with the low wages which are given elsewhere, depend upon the return which is yielded to the capitalist who calls their labour into being. Now, let us see what effect depression in any one great branch of industry exercises upon the working-classes, who are not immediately dependent upon it for their subsistence.

This involves one of the most curious phenomena in economical science. When an interest is depressed, it does not always happen—especially in the first stage of depression—that the labourers attached to that interest feel immediately the consequences of the decline. Agricultural wages, for example, do not fluctuate according to the price of wheat. The retrenchment which becomes necessary in consequence of lessened returns is usually effected, in the first instance at least, by curtailment of personal expenditure on the part of the cultivator—by abstinence from purchases, not necessary indeed, but convenient—and by that species of circumspect, but nameless thrift, which, at the end of a year, makes a very considerable difference in the amount of tradesmen's bills. This kind of retrenchment is the easiest, the safest, and the most humane; and it is not until the depression becomes so great as to render other and more stringent modes of economising necessary, that the agricultural labourer is actually made to feel his entire dependence upon the land, and the interest which he has in its returns. The small tradesmen and dealers in the country and market towns are usually the first to discern what is called the pressure of the times. They find that the farmers are no longer taking from them the same quantity of goods as before; that their stocks, especially of the more expensive articles, remain on their hands unsold; and that there is no demand for novelties. If the depression goes so far as to necessitate a diminution of rental, then the same economy, but on a wider scale, is practised

by the landlord. Expensive luxuries are given up, establishments contracted, and the town's-people begin to complain of a dull season, for which they find it impossible to account, seeing that money is declared to be cheap. All this reacts upon the artisans very severely; because in towns labour has a far less certain tenure than in the country; and when there is a cessation of demand, workmen, however skilled, are not only liable, but certain to be dismissed. If the shopkeeper cannot get his goods off his hands, the manufacturer need not expect to prevail upon him to give any farther orders. The demand upon the mills becomes slack, and the manufacturer, finding that there is no immediate prospect of revival, considers it his duty to have recourse to short time.

This is precisely what has been going on for the last two years. Landlords and farmers have curtailed their expenditure in consequence of the great fall of prices; and the parties who have actually suffered the most are the tradesmen with whom they commonly deal, and the artisans in their employment. It is impossible to affect materially the gigantic interest of agriculture without striking a heavy blow at the prosperity of home manufactures; and unfortunately these manufactures, or at least many branches of them, are now liable to foreign competition. If it should be allowed that this is a true statement of the case—and we cannot see how it can be controverted—then it will appear that the working-classes, the vast majority of whom are engaged in producing for the home market, have lost largely in employment if they have gained by cheaper food.

And it is most remarkable, that in proportion as food has become cheap in this country, so has emigration increased. That is apparently one of the strangest features of the whole case. What contentment can there be in a nation when the people are deserting their native soil by hundreds of thousands? They did not do so while the other system was in operation. Whatever were the faults of Protection, it did not give rise to

scenes like the following, which we find quoted in the *Economist* of 17th April, as if it were something rather to be proud of than otherwise. The pious editor entitles it "The Exodus." Certainly he and his friends have made Ireland the reverse of a land flowing with milk and honey:—

"The flight of the population from the south is thus described by the *Clonmel Chronicle*:—'The tide of emigration has set in this year more strongly than ever it has within our memories. During the winter months, we used to observe solitary groups wending their way towards the sea-coast, but since the season opened, (and a most beautiful one it is,) these groups have been literally swelled into shoals, and, travel what road you may, you will find upon it strings of cars and drays, laden with women and children and household stuffs, journeying onward, their final destination being America. In all other parts of the country it is the same. At every station along the rail, from Gould's Cross to Sallins, the third-class carriages receive their quota of emigrants. The Grand Canal passage-boats, from Shannon harbour to Sallins, appear every morning at their accustomed hour, laden down with emigrants and their luggage, on their way to Dublin, and thence to Liverpool, whence they take shipping for America.'"

And yet this wholesale expatriation is so far from appearing a disastrous sign, that it does not even excite a word of comment from the cold-blooded man of calculations. Truly there are various points of similarity between the constitution of the Free-Trader and the frog!

Remarkable undoubtedly it is, and to be remarked and remembered in all coming estimates of the character and ability of the men, styling themselves statesmen, whose measures have led to the frightful depopulation of a part of the British Empire. Remarkable it is, but not to be wondered at, seeing that the same thing must occur in every instance where a great branch of industry is not only checked, but rendered unprofitable. Succeeding generations will hardly believe that it was the design of the Whigs and the Free-Traders to feed the Irish people with foreign grain, and so promote their prosperity, at a time when their sole wealth was derived from

agricultural produce. Just fancy a scheme for promoting the prosperity of Newcastle by importing to it coals to be sold at half the price for which that article is at present delivered at the pit-mouth! Conceive to yourselves the ecstacy which would prevail in Manchester if Swiss calicoes were brought there to be vended at rates greatly lower than are now charged by the master manufacturers! Undoubtedly the people of Newcastle and the operatives of Manchester would in that case pay less than formerly both for fuel and clothing—both of them “first articles of necessity;” but we rather imagine that no long time would elapse before there were palpable symptoms of a very considerable emigration. And lest, in their grand reliance in a monopoly of coals and cottons, the Free-Traders should scoff at our parallels as altogether visionary, we challenge them to make a trial in a case which is not visionary. *Let them take off the manufacturing protective duties which still exist, and try the effect of that measure upon Birmingham, Sheffield, and Paisley.* Of course they know better than to accept any such challenge; but we warn the manufacturers—and let them look to it in time—that the day is rapidly drawing near when all these duties must be repealed, unless justice is done to the other suffering interests. If they persist in asking Free Trade, and in refusing all equivalents or reparation for the mischief they have done, *they shall have Free Trade, BUT ENTIRE.* Then we shall see whether they—with all their machinery, all their ingenuity, and all their capital—with all their immunity from burdens which are imposed upon other classes—with all the stimulus given to them by the income-tax, now levied since 1842, in order that taxes weighing on the manufacturing interest might be repealed—can compete on open terms in the home market with the manufacturers of the Continent. Do not let them deceive themselves; that reckoning is nigh at hand. They must be content to accept the measure with which they have meted to others; and we tell them fairly, that they need not hope that this subject will be any longer overlooked. *Not one*

rag of protection can be left to manufactures of any kind, whether made up or not, if Free Trade is to be the commercial principle of the country. If so, the principle must be universally recognised.

What is now taking place in Ireland, must, ere long, we are convinced, take place in Britain. Nay, in so far as Scotland is concerned, the same symptoms are exhibited already, almost in the same degree. In one point of view, we cannot deplore the emigration. If it is fated that, through the blindness and cupidity of men whose religious creed consists of Trade Returns, and whose sole deity is Mammon, the system which has contributed so much to the greatness and wealth of the nation, and which has created a garden out of a wilderness, is to be abandoned for ever, it is better that our people should go elsewhere, and find shelter under a government which, if not monarchical, may be more paternal than their own. It is a bitter thing, that expatriation; but it has been the destiny of man since the Fall. They will find fertile land to till in the prairies of the West—they will have blue skies above them, and a brighter sun than here; and, if that be any consolation to them in their exile, they may still contribute to the supply of food to the British market, without paying, as they must have done had they continued here, their quota to the taxes of the country. But we must fairly confess that we feel less sympathy for those who go than for those who are compelled to linger. Until the home demand is revived—which can only be in consequence of the enhanced value of home produce—we can see nothing but additional misery in store for all those artisans and operatives who are unconnected with the foreign trade. With regard to that trade, we have yet to learn how it has prospered. Those who are engaged in it admit that, in spite of increased exports—which, be it remembered, do not by any means imply increased demand—their reasonable hopes have been disappointed; and that in regard to the countries from which we now derive the largest supply of corn, their exports have materially decreased.

That is a symptom of no common significance; for it shows that, simultaneously with the increase of their agriculture, those countries are fostering and extending their own manufactures. As for the other—the home trade—it is, by the unanimous acknowledgment of our opponents, daily dwindling; and the income of the country—as the last returns of the property-tax, which do not by any means disclose the whole amount of the deficit, have shown us—has fallen off six millions within the last two years. Were we to add the diminution on incomes under £150 per annum, we have no doubt whatever that the loss would be found to amount to more than three times that sum. All that is so much lost to the retailer and home manufacturer. For a time, even yet, cheapness may serve to palliate and disguise the evil; but it cannot do so long. Many important branches of industry, such as the iron trade, are in a state of extreme depression. The evil is not confined to the mother country; it is impoverishing the fairest parts of our colonial empire. Some of the sugar-growing colonies are on the verge of abandonment. Unless a very different policy from that adopted by the Liberals is pursued and sanctioned by the people of this country, the catastrophe cannot long be delayed; and then, perhaps, the British public, though too late, may be instructed as to the relative value of colonial possessions of our own, and those belonging to states which do not recognise reciprocity.

Years ago, when the Free-Traders were in the first blush of their success, and the minds of men were still inflamed with the hot fever of speculation, the advocates of the new system were requested to state in what way they proposed to employ that mass of labour which must necessarily be displaced by the substitution of so much foreign produce instead of our own. They answered, with the joyousness of enthusiasm, that there would be room enough and to spare in the factories for every man who might so be thrown out of employment. It was not until an after period that the stern and dreary remedy of emigration was prescribed

and enforced—not until it had become apparent from experience that all their hopes of increased profit from foreign trade and expected reciprocity were based upon a delusion. Then indeed the misery which had been created by reckless legislation was exalted into a cause for triumph, and the Exodus of the poor from the land of their birth, wherein they no longer could find the means of labour, was represented as a hopeful sign of the future destinies of the country.

We are very far, indeed, from blaming those who, at the present time, declare themselves averse to any violent changes, and who think that some remedy and redress may be given, without having recourse to an entire alteration of the principle upon which our present commercial policy is based. It may be that time is yet required before the effects of Free Trade can be fully felt and appreciated by some of the classes of this country; and, certainly, the first step which ought to be taken in the new Parliament, should be a re-adjustment of taxation, corresponding to the altered circumstances of the community. Of course, as this demand is founded strictly upon justice, it will be opposed strenuously by many of those who glory in their Liberal opinions; but we believe that the great bulk of the British people, whatever may be their thoughts on other points, have that regard to justice, that they will not countenance oppression. It may be that the agricultural classes cannot yet expect to receive that measure of relief which they have waited and hoped for so long. The partial failure of the last harvest on the Continent, though it has not brought up prices to a remunerative level, has had more than the effect of checking their further decline; and that circumstance, we are bound to admit, may have some influence on the minds of many who are slow to believe that foreign importations can really affect the permanence of British agriculture. The experience of another season may be necessary to open their eyes. So far as we can gather from the opinions of men who are engaged in the trade, and who are best qualified to form a judgment upon such subjects, we may

look almost immediately for a great increase of importations, and a rapid decline of prices. The failure on the Continent did not extend to the wheat crop—it was limited to the rye and potatoes, the customary food of the peasantry; and it is now ascertained that there is a large surplus of wheat ready to be thrown into our ports. But it would be out of place to discuss such points just now. The verdict lies with the country, to which Lord Derby has appealed. If that verdict should not be of a nature to enable him at once to apply a remedy to agricultural distress, by the reimposition of a duty on corn, then we must look in the first instance to such a readjustment of burdens as shall at least give fair play to the cultivator of the soil. But there is much more than this. The strength of the Protective case lies in its universal application to all classes of the community; and it is not we, but our opponents, who affect to regard it as a question in which no one is interested beyond the landlord and the tenant. We look upon it as of vital importance to the retailer, the tradesman, the artisan, and the home manufacturer, and to all who labour for them; and it appears to us that the time has now arrived when a full and searching Parliamentary inquiry should be made on the subject of the cheap loaf in connection with the rate of wages, and the prosperity of the home trade. Surely the Free-Traders can have no reason to object to this. They ground their case on philanthropy and regard to the interest of the poor and labouring man, and in that respect we are both agreed. Well then;—if, as we think and say, agricultural distress, occasioned by the low prices which have prevailed in consequence of the large importations of foreign corn, has had the effect of lessening employment generally throughout the country—a position which, in our mind, is much strengthened by the enormous and unprecedented increase of emigration—surely that proposition is capable of tangible proof or equally distinct refutation. Let us

know, from authentic sources, not from partial or interested assertion, whether, along with the cheap loaf, the people have had full and remunerative employment—whether the condition of the working-classes and of the home interests has been improved by the change or not. The inquiry undoubtedly would be an extended, but at the same time a most valuable one. It would necessarily, in order to arrive at a fair and thorough understanding of the subject, embrace the present state of every trade as contrasted with that of former years—it would show us in what way the home market has been affected by what we must still be allowed to term a diminution of the means of the purchaser. Surely such a subject as this is well worth the pains of inquiry. Parliament cannot be better occupied than in receiving evidence upon the condition of the people. And we cannot rate too highly, either for the present or the future, the importance of such an investigation in checking and correcting, or, it may be, in confirming the doctrines of political economy, as they are usually quoted and received.

Some, no doubt, may be interested in opposing such an inquiry. We have little expectation that the Manchester men will accede to any such reasonable proposal; for, as we have already said, we regard this outcry of theirs for wild and sweeping reform simply as a ruse to withdraw the attention of the public from the disastrous effects of their lauded commercial system. Lord John Russell and his immediate Liberal followers would probably oppose such an inquiry as impious, because casting a doubt on the infallibility of Whig tradition. But we are convinced that sensible and moderate men, of every shade of opinion, would rejoice to see this vexed question brought to something like a practical test; so that, whatever policy England may pursue for the future, it shall at least have for its object that of promoting the welfare and the happiness of the people.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCXL.

JUNE, 1852.

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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET;
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.



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POLICY OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.

ORIGINAL thinkers, those to whom Providence has given the power of unlocking the fountains of thought, and dispelling, by the force of intellect, the illusions of error, can never be sufficiently firm and vigorous in the assertion of their opinions. Addressing themselves, not to the passions, but to the reason—founding, not on the visions of imagination, but the lessons of experience, it belongs to them to strike out boldly, and utter fearlessly, whatever Providence has put into their minds on subjects of general thought and interest. It is the very object of their efforts—it is the thing which at once divests these efforts of danger for the present, and renders them omnipotent for the future, that they are addressed, not to the existing, but to subsequent generations of men. They are not legislators, but the rulers of legislators; and they have no wish that their opinions should be carried into effect till time has tested their value. In proportion as such intrepid assertion of opinion is dangerous in those who appeal to the passions, or flatter the vices of men, is it valuable in those who take reason for their guide, and are regulated in their views by the steady light of past events. "Experience," says Chateaubriand, "is a light placed on the stern of the vessel: it casts its light only on the waves that are past." But the beauty of this image must not blind us to the partial

and deceptive view which it conveys. The lamp of history is indeed placed on the stern of the vessel, and its broadest light is cast on the receding waves; but it sheds a steady radiance on those which are ahead, and to the vigilant pilot reveals all the dangers of the deep.

Imperial despots have often conferred what in the end were found to have been the greatest blessings on mankind, by forcing on them, against their present will, great and salutary changes. A Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Czar Peter, a Sultan Mahmoud, may sometimes, in this manner, anticipate the variations of opinion, and successfully earn the lasting gratitude of future ages, by running counter to the prejudices, or disregarding the wishes, or thwarting the interests of the present. Yet even in their rude hands, and with the resistless force of a powerful military to enforce their decrees, such sudden and violent changes, even for the better, are always dangerous, and seldom in the end beneficial. Men, even in the most despotic countries, object to being dragged into happiness. They are apt to prove restive when driven at the point of the bayonet into felicity. There is one thing which they prize more than any imaginable addition to individual or social felicity, which is their own way. Paradoxical as it may appear, there is nothing more certain than that they would, in

general, rather be miserable according to their own wishes, than prosperous according to any other person's; and when it is recollected that the British people pay above fifty millions a-year of self-imposed taxation for gratifications, in spirits, beer, and tobacco, which do little more than destroy their lasting happiness, even in this world, it is evident that the Anglo-Saxon race, with all their boasted intelligence and capacity for freedom, are no exception to the general rule.

But if this is true of despotic states, how much more so is it of constitutional monarchies—of those countries in which the general voice is omnipotent, and either directly through the legislature, or indirectly through the press, finally determines all questions of general interest! In such communities, it is not only impossible, but, if it were possible, it would be highly dangerous, to force on, by the authority or influence of Government, changes, whether of an advancing or reactionary character, which do not carry the great body of the people along with them. It is impossible, in such a state of things, that the changes induced can be durable: sooner or later the public voice will make itself be heard, and the course of policy be forced back into the channel which the national will has selected. Whether that is the right or a wrong channel, is immaterial. Suffice it to say, it is the one which the nation has chosen; and if it is attended with disaster, it is a *self-imposed disaster*, which, like the price it pays for strong drinks or tobacco, it willingly furnishes for the pleasure of having its own way.

But this is not all. Changes of policy, suddenly induced by Government authority or parliamentary influence, without the concurrence of the majority of the nation, are not only certain, in a popular community, in the end to miscarry, but while they last, they do little more than mischief. The defeated party, seeing themselves overpowered by authority, not convinced by reason, or won by persuasion, become only the more hardened in their opinions by the want of success with which their *assertion* has been attended. If these *opinions* are erroneous, they are only

thereby the more confirmed in their errors. The heats and animosities consequent on so violent a change soon become such, that all considerations founded on the public weal are forgotten; and purposes of retaliation or vengeance are pursued, without the slightest regard to their probable, and even certain effect, upon the interests of the very party by whom they are adopted. Of this we have had a memorable example in Catholic Emancipation, which, as all the world knows, was forced upon the country by a violent exertion of Ministerial influence, against the wishes alike of the Sovereign and the People; and the consequence was such a dislocation of parties, and such a breeding of unappeasable animosities, as led to the overthrow of the Wellington Administration, the passing of the Reform Bill, the Free Trade policy, the Papal Aggression of 1850, and all the decisive changes in our system of government which have since taken place.

The Liberal party, whether in or out of office, succeeded in bringing about these stupendous changes, and entirely altering the whole monetary, commercial, and colonial system, without public convulsion, by one method, and one method only. This was by working in the first instance on the public mind, by means of arguments and misrepresentations, and not bringing forward the proposed changes till the majority of the influential part of the nation was prepared to adopt them. We say nothing as to whether the changes were wise and beneficial or the reverse; whether it was the force of truth, or the delusions of error, which obtained this general concurrence. Probably our readers will have little difficulty in guessing to which opinion we incline on this subject. But the material thing is that, right or wrong, the thing was done in conformity with the opinions of the majority of those in whom Parliamentary influence was vested; and in the only instance in which a different influence carried the day, the result has only confirmed the opinion, that in a free community, great changes, to be permanently beneficial, must be founded on a general concurrence of opinion.

The results of Sir Robert Peel's desertion of principle in 1846, and abandonment of the wishes of the majority which, a few years before, had placed him in power, both upon himself, his party, and his country, have not been such as to encourage any succeeding statesman to follow his example.

The suddenness and magnitude of the change then effected in the commercial policy of Great Britain, and the vast consequences, as yet only beginning, with which it has been attended, have misled subsequent observers, in a most important particular, as to the remote cause to which it has been owing. We must go further back than to Sir R. Peel, influential and powerful as he was, if we would discover the real authors of the change. It was the Reform Bill which worked the prodigy; and sooner or later, whoever had been at the helm, it must have produced the same effect. Schedules A and B disfranchised the whole colonial settlements of Great Britain, because they annihilated the boroughs by which alone their representatives had hitherto obtained an entrance to Parliament, and even in the British Islands threw the producing classes into a minority, by giving three-fifths of the seats in the House of Commons to the representatives of boroughs. No one could get into these boroughs but by conciliating the suffrages of the majority of electors; and that majority being formed of the occupants of shops, or those whom they influenced, the interests of buying and selling were rendered superior to those of production. Thence the maxim, which passed with a large class of politicians into an axiom, that to enable people to buy cheap and sell dear, was the great end of civil government; and thence the adoption of the Free Trade system by the Government. Be that system right or wrong, nothing is more certain than that its merit or demerit does not belong to Sir R. Peel. It belongs to those who framed the Reform Bill, and virtually disfranchised the colonial, agricultural, and shipping interests, by vesting a majority of votes in the representation of buying and selling electors in boroughs. And whoever was to blame for the introduction of that system of class government,

and the abolition of the original Catholic scheme of English representation, nothing is more certain than that the English county electors must bear their full share of the responsibility; for *ninety-nine* out of the hundred and one county members were, on the decisive dissolution in April 1831, returned in the Reform interest.

Mr Disraeli said, on occasion of the late debate on Mr Locke King's motion for a farther reform of Parliament, that the great evil of the Reform Bill, which had now become painfully conspicuous, was, that the working-classes were unrepresented. Superficial observers, who do not look to principles, immediately raised a shout that he had become a Radical. There never was a greater mistake: that is a part, and a most important part, of the scheme of the old English Constitution. Without doubt, to vest a majority of votes in the working-classes—which universal, or even household, suffrage would at once do—is a fatal error; for it renders the most dangerous class all-powerful. But it is also a most ruinous mistake to disfranchise them entirely, which the Reform Bill has done; and it was the prevalence of the opposite system which led to the long duration and unequalled marvels of the old English Constitution. It was an essential part of its system that *all* classes should be represented: the labourer who toiled with his hands, as well as the colonist who created marvels with his capital, and the philosopher who instructed mankind with his thoughts. It was always pointed out by the Conservatives that the great danger of the new Constitution was, that it virtually disfranchised the producing classes, by vesting a preponderance of votes in the representation of the trading, and closing the avenues by which the creators of colonial wealth had hitherto obtained seats in the Legislature.

"This consideration points to the fundamental and irremediable defect of the proposed Constitution, that it vests an overwhelming majority in the *population of these islands*, to the exclusion of the other great and weighty interests of the British Empire. By vesting the right of return-

ing members to Parliament in forty-shilling freeholders in the counties, and ten-pound tenants in towns, the command of the Legislature will be placed in hands inaccessible, save by actual bribery, to the approach of the colonial or shipping interests. If such a change does not produce a revolution, it must in the end lead to the dismemberment of the Empire. The East and West Indian and Canadian dependencies will not long submit to the rule of the populace in the *dominant island*, indifferent to their interests, ignorant of their circumstances, careless of their welfare. This evil is inherent in any system of *uniform representation*, and must, to the end of time, render it unfit for the legislature of a great and varied empire. Being based mainly upon one class of society, which under the proposed system will be that of shopkeepers, it contains no provision for the interests of the other classes, and still less for the welfare of the remote but important parts of the empire. These remote possessions being unrepresented, can have no influence on the electors but by the corrupt channel of actual bribery. The most valuable feature of the British Constitution—that of affording an inlet through the close boroughs to all the great and varied interests of the Empire—will be destroyed. The Reform Bill in this view should be entitled ‘a bill for *disfranchising the colonial and shipping interests*, and vesting the exclusive right of returning members to Parliament in the populace of Great Britain and Ireland.’”*

History will say whether or not this prediction as to the ultimate effects of the revolution of 1832 has been accomplished to the letter.

The consideration of the many causes which have co-operated to produce the great change in our national policy, which is so soon again to be brought under the consideration of the electors of the Empire, is fitted both to inspire confidence in the ultimate success of the principles of Protection, and moderation in the expectations of those whose interests have suffered from their abandon-

ment. “*Deus patiens quia æternus*,” is the noble expression of St Augustine on the slow but resistless march of the Divine administration; and among his weak and erring creatures those will probably approach nearest to his unattainable perfections who imitate most closely the Divine Attribute. Truth never requires to be prematurely forced on; it is error alone which is ever in haste to realise its projects. The reason is obvious. The first is founded on the deductions of experience; and every day, therefore, is adding to the weight of its lessons: the second rests on the seduction of the passions, and despairs of success if its projects are not adopted during the continuance of their fervour. Time is constantly adding to the cogency of the lessons of the first, as much as it is weakening the influence of the desires of the last. The former is the pillar of cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night, which guides the pilgrims with unerring certainty through all the dangers of the wilderness; the last is a devouring flame, continually hanging on the rear, and which threatens to consume all those who, by not keeping ahead of its advance, may be involved in the flames.

It is very natural, and cannot be wondered at, that a great class in society, which has suffered, and is still suffering immensely, from the recent changes in our commercial system, should be impatient to have it terminated; and that when they see their friends, who have uniformly condemned those changes, installed in power, they should be impatient for the relief which they so ardently desire. So also the inhabitants of a country which has suffered, and is suffering, under the ravages of a hostile army, when they see a powerful army assembled on the frontier, are in general impatient for a battle, and loudly condemn the cautious policy which still dooms them for a time to the continuance of their distresses. But a general intrusted with the safety of a great country must look not merely to immediate relief, but to lasting success: it is his duty to fight, not when

* “On Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution, No. V.”—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1831.

his enemy pleases, but when he himself does so. To deliver a pitched battle prematurely, is playing the enemy's game, not your own; and as such, it is often attended by irremediable disaster. Fabius was vehemently urged to attack Hannibal when he lay in Apulia after the battle of Cannæ, and great was the clamour raised at Rome because he kept his forces like a thundercloud on the heights of the Apennines, and allowed the Carthaginian horse to ravage with impunity the plains below; but had he done otherwise, Scipio would never have gained the battle of Zama, and the glories of the Capitol were lost for ever. Wellington was strongly urged to attack Massena when besieging Ciudad Rodrigo in autumn 1810; and it cost him a bitter pang to see the great frontier fortress of Spain fall before his eyes without attempting a stroke for its relief; but he resisted the heroic impulse, retreated into the vicinity of Lisbon, and saved the Peninsula by his wisdom. He would never have conquered at Waterloo if he had not retired to Torres Vedras. Alexander was still more strongly urged to unsheath the sword and deliver a pitched battle at the Drissa, at Smolensko, and at Valentina; but he listened to the counsels of Barclay de Tolly, abandoned even his ancient capital to the ravages of the invader, and while the ruins of Moscow were yet smoking, stretched out his mighty arms to envelop the invader in the metropolis he had won. His armies would never have seen Montmartre if they had not abandoned Moscow; and equally the cause of Grecian freedom was lost if the counsels of Themistocles had not persuaded his countrymen to sacrifice Athens to Xerxes.

The evident and feverish anxiety which the whole Liberal party have evinced throughout the whole country to entice the Protection leaders into a declaration of their intention *immediately* to carry their principles into practice, and reverse the Free Trade policy of Sir R. Peel, and to force on an early dissolution to try that question, may be considered as a *decisive proof* that they have a great interest at stake in that policy, and that they would consider it a victory gained if

they could drive their opponents into it. For that very reason, it is the part of the Protectionists to avoid falling into the snare. To do the Whigs justice, they are very expert in election tactics; and their long lease of power, founded on the co-operation and passions of the multitude, has taught them the most likely mode of rousing a blind public ferment in their favour. They have great reliance on the parading of the big and little loaf; more especially when the time has not yet arrived when the big loaf is to be followed by its *inevitable* consequence—the fall of the day's wages to sixpence. In the interval they hope to extinguish Protection by putting it to the test *before all classes* have experienced the effects of Free Trade; but it has only desolated the classes upon whom its *first* effects fell. Well do they know that when the ruin has become—as become it will, and that ere long—as *general as it has been intense and widespread in the classes first affected*, it will be hopeless for them to go to the nation on the subject.

The reason why the Liberals are so anxious to bring the question between them and the Protectionists to an immediate decision, and why it is so evidently the policy of the latter to avoid an early and decisive conflict, is this: They are well aware that their strength lies in the boroughs, and that, by the present constitution of Parliament, the members for these boroughs have a decisive majority in the House of Commons. It was precisely to give them that majority that the Reform Bill was passed. They are well aware also that, unless when swayed by attachment to old families or local influences, the counties in Great Britain, and in a considerable part of Ireland, are decisively against them. But as long as, by the cry of the big and little loaf, they can inflame the minds of the populace of the towns in their favour, and, by the prospect of reducing wages, secure the support of the master manufacturers, they are indifferent to the discontent, and can defy the efforts of the counties. Their majority, however, on Free Trade is but a narrow one. On the last division on the subject, on Mr Disraeli's motion, it was only twenty-one.

Twelve boroughs won to the other side would cast the balance the other way. The ravages which the Free Trade policy has already made, and is *daily more and more making*, in the sea-port burghs, from the destruction of the West Indies and the rapid decline of our shipping, inspires them with a well-founded dread that their only safety is to be found in an immediate dissolution and trial of strength, before the effects of their policy upon the citadels of their power in the boroughs have more clearly developed themselves. For that very reason it is the part of the Protectionists to support the wise conduct of their leaders who are desirous of *giving Free Trade fair play*, and letting its full effects upon *all* classes develop themselves before the nation is appealed to for its verdict on the subject.

A year and a half has elapsed since we put on record in this Magazine the words which subsequent experience has so fully confirmed: "PROTECTION MUST BE RESTORED, OR THE BRITISH EMPIRE WILL BE DESTROYED."* If subsequent experience has at all affected this opinion, it is only to render it stronger and more decided. But regarding, as we do, Protection as the only cement which can hold together the vast fabric of the British Empire, and prognosticating the *certain ruin* of the Empire from a prolonged adherence to Free Trade principles, we are not on that account the less penetrated with the paramount necessity of gaining time for the decisive conflict, and letting *all classes* experience their effects before they are called on to decide on their continuance. It is playing the game of the enemy to go to issue when the agriculturists and the ship-owners have been those chiefly enveloped in the devouring flame, and the urban constituencies have in great part been comparatively unharmed. By all means let the full effects upon all be experienced, before all are called on to determine. There are several reasons which render it peculiarly desirable that time should be given for a full development of

the effects of Free Trade, with a view to the ultimate verdict of the nation on its principles.

In the first place, although nothing can be more certain than that the wages of all classes and all descriptions are in the long-run determined in a great degree by the price of grain, yet it is not immediately that this result takes place; and till it does so, men are very generally misled as to its effects. In agricultural labour, indeed, if the employers are for a year or two ruinously impoverished by the fall of prices, a reduction of wages may be expected very soon to take place, from a diminution of the means of those who employ them. But in the case of manufacturers and urban artificers, not only does this effect not immediately take place, but, for a period—brief, indeed, but still perceptible—the very reverse may ensue. The diminished cost of subsistence leaves more room for the purchase of luxuries and conveniences; and hence a reduction in the prices of agricultural productions, which is perfectly ruinous to the cultivator, may, before that ruin has come seriously to affect the home market, be productive of a considerable addition to the demand for manufactured articles, and, in consequence, of an increase rather than a diminution of the wages of manufacturing labour. It need hardly be said that this addition can be temporary only. If the purchasers of manufactures among the rural cultivators are ruined, or become seriously depressed in circumstances, it requires no one to rise from the dead to tell us what must be the consequence to the urban operatives. Look at the West Indies: the average export of British manufactures to those islands has sunk, since Free Trade in sugar began, to £2,000,000 annually, from £3,500,000, which it was before the Emancipation Act was put in force. The same effect, and a proportional decline in British manufactures for the home market, may with certainty be predicted from the Free Trade measures now in operation, if allowed for several years to continue so; with this difference, that the decline will

* "Our Internal Dangers"—Blackwood's Magazine, February 1851.

be on £120,000,000 worth of British manufactures, the average consumpt of the home market; not on £3,500,000, taken off in former days by the West Indies.

But a certain interval must elapse between the ruin of the farmers from Free Trade and the consequent and inevitable ruin of the manufacturers; because it is not at once that the habits of the population depending on agriculture can be changed, or the wealth accumulated during centuries be sucked out of them by the combined operation of reduced prices and unreduced taxes and burdens. Men, and still more women, will turn many ways before they forego their old enjoyments, or abandon their accustomed habits. Those who have bought two coats a-year will turn many ways before they come down to one; women who have enjoyed three new caps or gowns, before they come down to two. The aristocracy will continue, as the West India planters did, their old habits of expense, to the edge of ruin; and it is not till their estates are burdened to the teeth with mortgages, and their credit with their agents is exhausted, that any perceptible diminution in their expenditure will appear. But, meantime, the process of exhaustion is going on, and every year will add to the force with which it will tell on the home market for our manufactures.

Already this effect has become conspicuous. Schedule A* has brought it to light in decisive colours. For several years past the returns under that schedule have been *steadily going down*; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, in his late admirable speech on the Budget, that he had been warned from the highest authority that this year a *farther defalcation of £150,000 must be looked for in that schedule*. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds, at £2, 17s. per cent, corresponds to £5,400,000: the defalcation in land-rents of a single year, and that only in rents which are paid from

year to year; for nothing but a deduction by a binding covenant is admitted in leases; and landlords are too hopeful of a change to fix a reduction for years about their necks by putting their hands to stamped paper. The real reduction therefore of a single year may be safely estimated at £7,000,000! Seven such years would exterminate the whole rent of England, which, so far as derived from rural subjects, apart from houses, is about £47,000,000. Where will the manufacturers for the home market be—that is, two-thirds of our entire operatives—if anything approaching to this result takes place?

But the thing of vital importance to the present position of parties is this:—Although this process of exhaustion is going on, and certain ultimate ruin is preparing for our towns, in the wasting of the country around them, the sensible and far-seeing in towns alone see this. The great body of the unthinking and the heedless (ever a vast majority of mankind) do not perceive, and will not believe, what is going on, because it has not as yet appeared in a form which strikes their senses. They see that the quarter-loaf has fallen from 7d. to 5d., and sugar from 6d. a-pound to 4½d.; and they understand that; and many of them have not as yet experienced any decline in their wages.† Thence the general concurrence of the boroughs in Free Trade measures. It is like the approval of the shopkeepers, whom a spendthrift deals with, of his habits of extravagance, which continues undiminished down to the moment when his bills are dishonoured, and his agent will advance no more money. Then, and not till then, their eyes are opened; and in proportion to their former blindness and credulity is the intensity of their indignation at the enormity of the folly by which their prolific customer has involved himself and them in ruin. Exactly the same process is

* The schedule in which the landed property returns are made.

† This, however, is not the case universally. Colliers' wages have fallen from 5s. a day to 2s. 6d., and weavers' 25 per cent; and in Yorkshire, agricultural labour from 15s. a-week to 10s. or 12s. This is a sample of what will soon be universal. *Ex pede Herculem.*

now going on in the country: the long-sighted among the Free-Traders are as well aware of it as we are. The entire ruin of the West Indies—the visible reaction in the sea-port towns from the repeal of the Navigation Laws, has foreshadowed it to them in unmistakeable colours. Thence their impatience to force on a dissolution, and drive the Protectionists in all the burghs into an immediate conflict with the Free-Traders. They are afraid of the *contagion of truth spreading inland* from the sea-port town. They dread the damning effect of declining country orders. Their only chance for existence is in a general election, *before* the horrid pestilence has reached the manufacturing burghs in the interior, where their principal seat of strength is to be found.

There is no necessary or immediate connection between the price of corn and the wages of labour. What determines them almost entirely, as it does the price of every other article of commerce, is the relation between the demand and the supply. If the demand is considerable or rising, wages will advance, whatever the price of corn may be; if it is declining, wages will fall, irrespective altogether of either a rise or fall in the price of provisions. If the demand for labour is at an average level, the working-classes obtain the full benefit of a fall in the cost of subsistence; and thence it is that, by the common consent of mankind in all ages and countries, a fine harvest has been considered as a great blessing. But, notwithstanding all this, nothing is more certain than that in the long run, from ten years to ten years, the price of provisions will make itself felt in the amount of the money wages of labour. The reason is, that long before so considerable a period has elapsed, it has come to affect the *demand for labour*, which at once regulates its price. If the customers of labourers are prosperous and getting richer, their consumption of articles of comfort or convenience will increase, and thence an increased demand both for urban and rural labour, and an enhancement of its price. If they are getting poorer, their consumption of such articles,

both of necessity and luxury, will be diminished, and wages must generally fall. Hence it is, that invariably where the cost of subsistence is lowest, as in India or China, the condition, not only of the agricultural, but of the urban labourer, is most miserable. Men can never be benefited by the lasting ruin of their customers; and as the greatest trade which any country can carry on is, as Adam Smith long ago observed, that between the town and the country, it is in the well-being of the former that the cultivators must look for the sources of their prosperity—on the opulence of the latter that the urban producers must depend for the principal sale of their produce. It is the greatest evil of Free Trade that it tends to introduce a third party between those whom “God has joined and no man should put asunder;” but, like a similar interference in private life, it cannot take place without producing the ruin of the family.

One *immense* advantage has already taken place from the accession of Lord Derby's Administration to power, that it has put a stop to the *ex parte* and garbled statistics which have so long been put forth periodically by the Board of Trade to support their own views, and enabled the real truth to begin to ooze out from what has been so long the fountain of delusion. We do not say the fountain of error; for we respect the gentlemen intrusted with the preparation of our statistics too much, to suspect them in any instance of wilful misrepresentation. But no one likes, and perhaps the Free-Traders least of all, to parade facts before the public which are hostile to his own side of an argument; and as they have plenty such to deal with, they have acquired a marvellous dexterity in keeping the disagreeable facts in the background or out of view. But now our readers may judge of the value of the change in producing true enlightenment on the subject, from the following statistics published by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in illustration of his speech on the Budget, and which unquestionably never would have seen the light if the Free-Traders had remained in power:—

An Account of the Quantities of **COFFEE** entered for Home Consumption in the United Kingdom in the years ending 5th April 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, and 1852, respectively, distinguishing Foreign from Colonial, with the Amount of Duty received thereon.—Similar Account of Foreign and Colonial **TIMBER** :—

	QUANTITIES ENTERED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.					
	Years ended 5th April.					
	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.	1851.	1852.
Coffee—	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.
Foreign, . . .	12,950,326	9,245,672	6,303,633	3,684,475	2,076,375	5,534,236
Colonial, . . .	25,410,765	27,679,001	30,233,196	28,036,568	28,216,480	29,156,591
Total, . . .	38,370,091	36,924,673	36,496,030	32,511,043	30,292,855	34,690,829
Timber—	Loads.	Loads.	Loads.	Loads.	Loads.	Loads.
Hewn—Foreign	419,767	438,353	309,313	246,350	275,895	440,561
Colonial	789,549	550,240	584,227	582,186	619,721	671,132
Total, . . .	1,209,316	978,593	893,430	828,536	895,616	1,111,773
Sawn—Foreign	259,796	332,351	407,106	335,390	352,599	514,327
Colonial	496,813	492,863	450,370	477,345	454,485	526,753
Total, . . .	756,609	825,214	857,476	812,735	807,084	1,041,080

An Account of the Quantities of **SUGAR** and **MOLASSES** entered for Home Consumption in the United Kingdom in the years ended 5th April 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, and 1852.

Year ended April 5.	SUGAR UNREFINED.			Year ended April 5.	SUGAR REFINED, AND SUGAR CANDY.		
	Of British Possessions.	Foreign.	Total.		Of British Possessions.	Foreign.	Total.
	cwt.	cwt.	cwt.		cwt.	cwt.	cwt.
1846, . . .	4,975,324	77,181	5,052,505	1846, . . .	..	..	246
1847, . . .	4,557,938	946,129	5,504,067	1847, . . .	..	..	33,982
1848, . . .	5,024,075	806,613	5,830,688	1848, . . .	13,410	2,014	15,424
1849, . . .	5,004,602	1,132,836	6,137,438	1849, . . .	26,044	32,302	58,346
1850, . . .	5,270,108	595,600	5,865,708	1850, . . .	54,494	10,767	65,261
1851, . . .	5,093,324	1,050,272	6,143,596	1851, . . .	15,568	169,914	176,482
1852, . . .	5,207,562	1,272,763	6,480,325	1852, . . .	30,740	296,072	326,812

Year ended April 5.	MOLASSES.	Aggregate of Sugar and Molasses.	Year ended April 5.	MOLASSES.	Aggregate of Sugar and Molasses.
	cwt.	cwt.		cwt.	cwt.
1846, . . .	661,712	5,714,463	1850, . . .	839,695	6,779,125
1847, . . .	578,119	6,148,168	1851, . . .	880,681	7,509,159
1848, . . .	683,315	6,529,428	1852, . . .	806,007	7,613,144
1849, . . .	632,986	6,848,770			

An Account of the gross Amount of DUTY received in the United Kingdom on Sugar and Molasses in the years ending the 5th of April 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, and 1852.

Year ended April 5.	SUGAR UNREFINED.			Year ended April 5.	SUGAR REFINED, AND SUGAR CANDY.		
	Of British Possessions.	Foreign.	Total.		Of British Possessions.	Foreign.	Total.
	£	£	£		£	£	£
1846, . .	3,488,318	90,319	3,578,637	1846, . .	..	..	277
1847, . .	3,215,959	907,654	4,213,613	1847, . .	..	..	47,001
1848, . .	3,520,364	821,085	4,341,449	1848, . .	12,501	2,905	15,406
1849, . .	3,313,062	1,092,521	4,405,583	1849, . .	22,768	42,374	65,142
1850, . .	3,225,000	551,798	3,776,802	1850, . .	44,256	13,509	57,765
1851, . .	2,863,441	891,076	3,754,517	1851, . .	11,525	182,502	194,027
1852, . .	..	..	..	1852, . .	..	..	..

—Times, May 1, 1852.

Here is a tolerable sample taken from the columns of the *Times* of the way in which Free Trade is working out the ruin of the British colonies, and of the certain breaking off on the first opportunity of those noble possessions if the present system is much longer adhered to. Foreign timber, unsawn, has *increased*, between 1846 and 1852, from 419,767 loads, to 440,581 loads; sawn, from 259,766 loads to 514,337 loads! Colonial of the first-class has *declined* from 789,649 loads to 671,132; of the second, only advanced from 496,813 loads to 526,753. So much for the blessings of Free Trade to our North American Colonies. And now as to the West Indies. Unrefined colonial sugar, imported, has *increased*, from 1846 to 1852, from 4,975,324 cwt. to 5,207,562 cwt.; while foreign, during the same period, has started from 77,181 cwt. to 1,272,705 cwt.! In refined sugar, the difference is still more striking; for it has risen to the foreigners from 246 cwt. to 296,072 cwt., while the colonial has only advanced from 13,410 cwt. to 30,740 cwt.; and the entire duty on British unrefined sugar during the same period has *declined* from £3,488,318 to £2,863,441, while

that on foreign has *increased* from £90,319 to £891,076; while the duty on British refined sugar has *declined* from £12,501 to £11,525, that on foreign has *increased* from £2905 to £182,502! It is not surprising that, with such facts staring them in the face, and well known to themselves, the Free-Traders should have evinced the most feverish desire to keep possession of the keys of the Board of Trade, and exclude them from the view of the nation.

Then, again, as to our shipping: it is the constant system of the Free-Traders to parade the *sum total* of our tonnage for each year, without any reference to whom it belongs; just as they do the sum total of what the nation eats, without asking who raises the food. Sometimes, however, an awkward question is asked when these figures are referred to, as was lately done of Mr Cardwell in Liverpool: "How much belongs to the foreigners?" Mr Cardwell wisely gave no answer to this interpellation; so the Protectionist journals have answered the question, from whom we extract the following figures, taken from the Parliamentary returns for the under-mentioned years:—

INWARDS.				OUTWARDS.			
Year.	British.	Foreign.	Or as 100 to	Year.	British.	Foreign.	Or as 100 to
1833	2,183,814	762,085	35	1833	2,244,274	758,601	33
1834	2,298,263	833,905	36	1834	2,296,825	852,827	37
1835	2,442,734	866,990	35	1835	2,419,941	905,270	37
1836	2,505,473	988,890	39	1836	2,531,577	1,035,120	40
1837	2,617,166	1,005,940	38	1837	2,547,227	1,036,738	40
1838	2,464,020	1,037,234	42	1838	2,058,240	858,062	42
1839	2,756,533	1,200,935	43	1839	2,197,014	888,738	40
1840	2,807,367	1,297,840	46	1840	2,408,792	983,834	40
1841	2,900,749	981,380	33	1841	2,624,680	918,776	35
1842	2,680,838	974,768	36	1842	2,735,073	956,591	35
1843	2,919,528	1,005,894	34	1843	2,727,306	1,026,063	37
1844	3,087,437	1,143,897	37	1844	2,604,243	1,075,823	41
1845	3,669,858	1,353,735	37	1845	2,947,257	1,361,940	46
1846	3,622,808	1,407,963	39	1846	3,091,348	1,377,777	44
1847	4,238,956	1,552,096	43	1847	3,285,794	1,513,447	47
1848	4,020,415	1,559,046	39	1848	3,553,777	1,497,460	42
1849	4,390,375	1,680,894	38	1849	3,762,182	1,666,966	44
1850	4,078,544	2,037,152	50	1850	3,960,764	1,424,717	36
1851	4,388,000	2,600,000	59	1851	4,147,000	2,336,000	59

According to this Table the increase of tonnage during the ten years from 1841 to 1851, the period referred to by Mr Cardwell, has been as follows :—

British inwards,	51 per cent.
Foreign inwards,	165 "
British outwards,	58 "
Foreign outwards,	154 "

The desperate wound inflicted on our shipping interests by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, appears in the great start of foreign shipping, as compared with British, in the years 1850 and 1851, immediately following that repeal. Its immediate effect is so well shown in the report of the Shipowners' Society, London, that we do not think we can do better than quote its concluding words :—

	Tons.
The Tonnage of British vessels entered inwards from foreign ports was in 1848	4,565,533
And in 1849	4,834,210
Showing an increase during the year preceding the repeal of the Navigation Laws, of	318,677
Tonnage of British vessels entered inwards in 1849 was	4,834,210
In 1850	4,700,199
Showing a decrease in British shipping, during the first year succeeding the repeal of the Navigation Laws, of	134,011
And it further appears that—	
The Tonnage of foreign vessels entered inwards from foreign ports was in 1848	1,960,412
And in 1849	2,035,690
Showing an increase during the year preceding the repeal of the Navigation Laws, of	75,278
The tonnage amounting, as above, in 1849, to	2,835,899
Advanced in 1850 to	2,400,277
Showing an increase in foreign shipping, during the first year succeeding the repeal of the Navigation Laws, of	435,622

So that while, during the last year of Protection, the aggregate tonnage engaged in maritime commerce advanced 6 per cent, it advanced, during the first year of so-called Free Trade, little more than 2½ per cent. And British tonnage, which, under the Protective system, advanced during the last year of its continuance nearly 7 per cent, absolutely declined, in the first year of its withdrawal, 3,⅞ per cent; while foreign tonnage, which had advanced under the former system only 3,⅞ per cent, instantly on its abrogation increased 17,⅓ per cent."

So much for the blessings conferred on our shipping interest by Free Trade.

That the adoption of the principles of Free Trade will work out ere long the same ruin in our agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests, which it has already done in our colonial and shipping, is decisively demonstrated by two considerations.

The first of these is, that the *emigration* which is going on from all parts of the country, has not only noways diminished in this year of boasted manufacturing prosperity, but is daily and hourly on the increase. Proofs of this are to be found in every paper. We select one extract from the *Tuam Herald*, of October 25, 1851. *Ex uno disce omnes*. The *Times* thus introduces the subject:—

"THE EMIGRATION MOVEMENT.—The tide is again turning westward. The temporary lull noticed last week appears to have been broken, and for some few days past the railway trains have brought the usual consignments of emigrants about to join their countrymen at the other side of the Atlantic. Two vessels, with their full complements on board, sailed from Dublin on Thursday; and from the port of Waterford the stream pours out with little or no diminution in the average weekly numbers which take shipping there. The *Tuam Herald* thus reports of the Connaught exodus:—

"The rage for emigration, instead of subsiding, is only acquiring strength every day. Immense sums of money are arriving in this country from those who have already emigrated, for the purpose of bringing out their friends and relatives who remained at home. We were told of one village between this and Galway from which ten persons left for the United States a few days ago. The approach of the severe winter season has no terrors for the intending emigrants. We cannot wonder at this wholesale movement, when the cheering character of the letters received from friends in America is taken into account. The general tenor of these letters is, that if all the people in

Ireland were to transfer themselves into the interior of America, there would be employment, and to spare, for the whole. These accounts, when corroborated by the remittances of money, with which they are usually accompanied, are producing their effect upon the popular mind. The small-tillage farmers see no hope of comfort before them if they remain at home. Rents are still high; arrears of former rents hang around the necks of all; add to this the want of tenure of the lands they hold, and it must be admitted that the prospects on the other side come across the Atlantic tinged with a fairy charm of hope to the poor tenantry of Connaught. Accordingly, every effort is being made to transport one member, at least, of every family to America; and this is done almost in every case in the expectation of that member soon sending home money to enable others to follow. Walk out among the peasantry in the surrounding villages, and ask the first man you meet why he is not gone off to America, and the chances are, in nine cases out of ten, that he would have been long since gone if he had the money to pay his passage. How far this rage will proceed, or where it will end, we cannot venture to speculate upon. But these are facts which any one can satisfy himself upon by making inquiry. Without some speedy change in the relation between the tillage tenants and the owners of the soil they occupy, this province bids fair to become speedily a wilderness."

"Meanwhile, every one asks what is to be done towards staying the fearful progress of depopulation? Reduction of rents, or 'tenant-right,' or any such nostrums, seem to have lost all power over the minds of the peasantry. The one idea—a home in America—engrosses the attention of all the productive classes, farmers, labourers, and even domestic servants residing in the large towns. If you hire one of the latter, the chances are ten to one that it will be on the understanding that the engagement is to be regarded as merely temporary, for, as soon as a few pounds can be scraped together, you are told beforehand that he or she means to join a brother or cousin, or some other relative, who has settled in

America. The mania is, in fact, universal; and where or when it will stop, passes all human comprehension."—*Times*, October 30, 1851.

The emigration in the year 1850 was 249,000, and in the year 1851 it is understood to have been still greater! No less than 201,000 from the British islands landed last year in New York alone. Three hundred thousand persons annually leaving their country and their homes, and seeking the subsistence of which, by a false system of policy, they have been deprived by their rulers.

It is not surprising that the rural population both in Great Britain and Ireland should be flying from their country in such prodigious and unprecedented numbers, for it is now decisively proved that rural industry and employment in both islands are rapidly and fearfully declining. It is the boast of the Free-Traders that, since their system was introduced four years ago, 50,000,000 quarters of foreign grain have been imported into this country. They think it an immense advantage, especially to the manufacturers, who clothe the cultivators, that from £80,000,000 to £90,000,000 during that time has been sent out of the country, which otherwise would, for the most part, have been retained in it, and gone to enrich foreign nations which take threepence a-head of our manufactures off our hands, instead of our own labourers, who take off £5 a-head! Supposing that to be a blessing to all concerned in the question, the decisive question is, Have these 10,000,000 quarters annually been an addition to British food, or a substitution of foreign for British grain? Sir Fitzroy Kelly, in his speech to the electors at Harwich, said it was the latter only; that not an ounce more of wheaten bread had been eaten by the English people, but only the foreigner had come to supply what they did eat—not our own countrymen. The *Times* at once saw the vital importance of this question; and they were so carried away by Free Trade delusions, or so ill informed as to how the fact really stood, that they hazarded, on 14th April 1852, the following challenge:—

"Let us hear Sir Fitzroy out. 'Does it follow,' he asks, 'though 3,000,000 quarters of corn may have been imported, that the people—the great bulk of the community—have eaten a corresponding quantity of bread over and above what they ate before?' To this he roundly answers 'No!' affirming that the produce of the English agriculturist has been diminished by more than the proportion in which imports have increased, so that 'foreigners have reaped all the benefit, while not an additional ounce of bread has reached the lips of the Englishman.' This he offers to prove 'in one moment, by undoubted returns, forming part of the statistical literature of this country.' He can prove it, he says, 'to demonstration.' Can you, indeed, Sir Fitzroy? Then, although you might command your own price from Lord Derby's Cabinet for such a piece of 'demonstration,' we invite you in the name of the public to divulge your secret at once. *You will settle a controversy of six years in the space of a single hour.* You will 'reconstruct' political parties, and terminate that 'unfortunate strife of classes' which your leaders denounce by the surest of all possible means."—*Times*, April 14, 1852.

This shows pretty well how much the Free-Traders felt they had got a shot between wind and water, in Sir Fitzroy's statement, which, in their simplicity, they thought could never be established. But observe how that able, accurate, and indefatigable Protectionist, Mr G. F. Young, has taken up the challenge, and cast down a glove, which we have not observed either the *Times* or any other Free Trade journal has ventured to take up:—

"I find that the total number of quarters of corn, and of flour and meal reduced to quarters, imported during the past year, was not 10,000,000, but 9,686,118 quarters. But this quantity, be it observed, comprises cereal produce and pulse of every description; and, as the British people are not yet so reduced as to feed on oats and horse-beans, our present inquiry is of course limited to wheat and wheat flour, on which they really do subsist. Now, of wheat and wheat flour, the quantity imported was equal to only 6,369,742 quarters; and thus one-third of the statement is at once disposed of. But it will farther be obvious, that if before the repeal of the corn laws this description of produce was in any quantity imported from

foreign countries, the addition made to the food of the population by the repeal can only by possibility amount to the increase of quantity subsequently imported, and cannot be measured by the total importation. On the average of seven years preceding 1846, when the repeal was sanctioned by the Legislature, I find that the imports of wheat and wheat flour was, under the Protective laws, 1,542,096 quarters, and in that year it amounted to no less than 2,943,926 quarters, which, deducted from last year's import, leaves but 3,435,816, or about one-third of the alleged 10,000,000 quarters, as the utmost additional quantity that could by any possibility have been put into, and consequently that could now by any possibility be taken out of, the mouths of the consumers by a change in the law. This, of itself, is pretty well; but I think I can show substantial reason for carrying the question much farther, and for the belief that the foreign wheat imported has been little, if at all, more than a mere substitute for home-grown wheat, the production of which has equivalently diminished. The supposition of such a fact being possible, will be alarming to those who regard with apprehension a dependence on foreign supplies for the subsistence of the people; but if it can be shown to be an actual fact, it will at all events dispose at once of Sir Robert Peel's vaunting questions, as well as of the astounding allegation of the *Times*, and will confine the benefit derived by the British people from the repeal of the corn laws, entirely to the equivocal advantage of reduction of price, on which I may have a word to say hereafter. Let us, however, examine the grounds for this supposition.

"And, first, I find from the official reports of Captain Larcom, the Government commissioner, that agricultural production in Ireland has enormously diminished since the repeal of the corn laws—that of wheat, which in 1847 was 2,926,733 qrs., having in 1850 fallen to 1,550,196 qrs.—a diminution of no less than 1,376,537 qrs. Here, then, is a positive proved decrease of home-produced food, which, deducted from the 3,435,816 qrs., to which we have already reduced the addition made by importation, leaves the utmost possible amount of that addition but 2,059,289 qrs., instead of the boasted 10,000,000 qrs. But I find, further, from the corn inspectors' returns, that in the 290 towns in England and Wales, from the weekly sales in which the imperial averages are computed, the quantity of wheat sold in those markets, which in 1846 was 5,958,961 qrs., (corresponding

very nearly with the average sales of several preceding years,) was reduced in 1850 to 4,058,206 qrs., being a diminution of no less than 1,270,756 qrs.; and supposing the quantity sold in these towns to represent about one-half of the total sales in Great Britain, which is the utmost extent to which the proportion can be carried, the falling-off of production in England, Wales, and Scotland would be 2,541,512 qrs., thus more than counterbalancing the whole increased import, and showing, what I believe to be the real fact, that the consumption of wheat has not increased at all since the repeal of the corn laws, and that, consequently, if even a return (which is not asked) to those laws were to take place, instead of taking '10,000,000 qrs. of grain out of the mouths of the poorest class of consumers,' provided home production and foreign import were also to be restored to the same condition as before the repeal, the quantity of grain for the subsistence of the population would be subject by such return to no diminution whatever. Adding only that the calculations as to the diminished growth of wheat are entirely corroborated by extensive personal inquiries in agricultural districts, I leave these facts for reflection and reply."

We will not weaken the force of this admirable argument by adding anything to it; we join only with the able and highly-gifted author in inviting a reply to it. We have not seen it yet attempted, any more than a Free-Trader's answer to the Liverpool question—"How much of the tonnage was the foreigner's?" They think it more advisable, according to the canny Scotchman's system, "ne'er to let on" that such an argument exists, but to go on declaiming about their 10,000,000 of imported quarters, without ever stopping to inquire whether or not cultivation to a corresponding amount has declined in this country.

But then the Free-Traders refer to the progressive rise in our exports and imports, as affording decisive evidence that, in the commercial classes at least, their system has worked well. We shall not imitate their example—we shall not blink the question—but follow our opponents into the centre of their power, and consider their statements in regard to them.

In the first place, the *Times*, on March 23, makes the following statement in regard to London, the centre of our commerce and wealth—rather a startling statement to come from the upholders of our present system:—

“It may be that we are blessed with greater means than our neighbours; but, if we judge by results, the conclusion is inevitable, that there is no charity like English charity—there is no country in the world where such strenuous efforts have been made to relieve the destitution and minister to the wants of the suffering classes. Notwithstanding all these efforts, it is a lamentable fact, that in this very town of London alone, the *centre and core of British civilisation*, 100,000 persons are every day without food, save it be the precarious produce of a passing

job or a crime. Since England was England, the general prosperity of the country has never reached so high a point as at the present moment.”—*Times*, 23d March 1852.

“A hundred thousand persons in London, the very centre and core of British civilisation, every day without food, save it be from the precarious produce of a passing job or crime”! Rather an awkward admission from the advocates of the system—“Whatever is, is right.”

In the next place, regarding the profits of this boasted trade, we gladly avail ourselves of the following just observations in the *Standard* on the produce of taxation since the Free Trade system was introduced:—

PROPERTY AND INCOME TAX.

	Net sum received.	Sum paid into Exchequer.
1843, . . .	£5,387,455	£5,249,266
1844, . . .	5,329,600	5,191,596
1845, . . .	5,182,649	5,026,570
1846, . . .	5,543,682	5,395,391
1847, . . .	5,612,654	5,450,860
1848, . . .	5,485,164	5,347,365
1849, . . .	5,564,833	5,408,160
1850, . . .	5,510,859	5,333,037
1851, . . .	5,430,000	5,304,928
Totals, . . .	£49,046,896	£47,757,167
Of 8 years at rate 1842,	43,099,640	45,964,090
Balance, . . .	£5,947,256	£5,763,197
Amount 1843,	5,387,455	5,249,260
Increase, . . .	£559,801	£513,927
Increase average yearly,	£67,475	£64,242

“Thus, from undeniable facts, it is clear that our certainly increased foreign trade yields no profit whatever to any British subject, and that, notwithstanding the reduction of wages since 1842, the producers, exporters, and importers had more profit in our foreign trade, £125,169,910, in 1842, than upon £195,844,165 our foreign trade in 1851, because we find that the property and income-tax, as regards the classes engaged in these branches of business, has decreased £236,010, for the increase on the whole in nine years is only £64,242, while the additional assessments on real property from 1842 to 1848 (the scale, too, for 1851) is £10,006,383, equal to a tax of £300,252, leaving a decrease of

£236,010 as just stated. In this class the decrease, and consequently want of profits, most certainly lies, because fixed incomes (schedules C and E) have rather increased, and, as has been stated, the assessment on real property (schedules A and B) remains the same in 1851 as in 1848. The imports of foreign grain since 1846 (five years) have been 50,000,000 quarters—value £94,000,000—amounting to nearly half our increased foreign imports. Thus, while we have under Free-Trade policy diminished an equal production of grain in Ireland alone, expatriated and cut off about 2,000,000 of our population, it is clear that on the whole vast increase (£300,252,012) net a single British subject has gained one

farthing, (unless it can be shown, as we believe it cannot be, that he has been cheating the public to the extent of his gain,) but that it is foreign nations, and commission agents engaged in our foreign trade, and most of those, too, foreigners, who are gaining, and have alone gained! Who is it that can gainsay these facts here stated? In the House of Lords Lord Beaumont stated (and his authority will hardly be disputed) that the decreased rental of the kingdom was 25 per cent, which gives £15,842,873 yearly, or a capital, at 30 years' purchase, amounting to £465,286,190 swept away. Lord Abinger, at the same time and place, carries, and probably truly, the loss much higher, for he says that by the changes of 1846 'on the part of the landlord and tenant combined, the losses sustained had been, in annual income, £30,000,000, or a destruction of capital to the extent of £900,000,000; and all this for no advantage whatever to any other class of British subjects, unless the whole property and income-tax returns are falsehoods and fabrications.'

Commerce, as all the world knows, consists either of imports or exports; and great is the boasting of the Free Trade journals as to the great increase of our imports during the last year, which have now exceeded £105,000,000. We have no doubt they have reached that amount; and doubtless, while this increase lasts, it has produced a very great reduction of prices and increase of consumption in the cheapened articles. How long it will last, and what effect it will have upon the country, may be judged of by the following quotation from the leading Free Trade journal, the *Times*:—

"Since the 1st of January there is scarcely an article of large consumption which has not been involved in a decline, ranging in many instances (coffee, sugar, and cotton among the number) from 20 to 30 per cent. Such a decline, however, is quite consistent with prosperity, and in fact, under a natural course of events, would be a symptom of it."—*Times*, Aug. 26, 1851.

This is the splendid and profitable trade which Free Trade has presented to the country, on the admission of its ablest and best-informed journal! We invite the merchants of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol, to say whether the statement is or is not overcharged. We happen to

know something of these importations, and can assert, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that the losses on imported articles this year have exceeded any in the memory of man; the disastrous years 1825 and 1847 not excepted. If any merchant doubts this, we recommend him to examine his banker's book and his balance-sheet, and these sturdy monitors will probably remove all doubt on the subject. We shall see anon what it is, and *what alone* which has averted, or perhaps only postponed, at this time a monetary and commercial crisis equal to either of these disastrous years. At present, suffice it to say, it is not Sir R. Peel's policy which has averted the catastrophe, for it did all that was possible to induce it.

Then, again, as to our *exports*, into which we have now run all our boasted Free Trade prosperity, the theory of the Free-Traders is, that by taking freely, and without import duties, the produce of the industry of the foreigners, we shall enrich them, and put them in funds to purchase more largely of our manufactures. This is the theory; and it may at once be admitted it wears a plausible aspect. Of course, if the principle is well founded, the increase of our exports should be chiefly apparent in the trade with those countries from whom we import most largely, because they are the countries whom we have enriched by our liberal policy. Now, how stands the fact?—and how far has the theory been borne out by experience? Here again we have recourse to that accurate statistician and able man, Mr Young, whose efforts and labours have done so much to dispel the illusions generally spread by the Free-Traders on the subject.

"It will, I presume, be admitted, that of all the arguments advanced by the advocates for the repeal of the corn laws, none was more forcibly pressed on the Legislature and the public than that our restrictions on the import of foreign grain were the cause of our comparatively limited trade with the corn-growing countries of Europe. It was urged with much specious plausibility, that to be sellers we must be buyers, and that if we would but consent to admit the agricul-

tural, which was the principal exportable produce of those countries, into our markets, a boundless field would be opened for the sale of British produce and manufactures in the markets of the Continent. The argument was captivating, it was successful; and it will scarcely be denied, that of all the glowing anticipations indulged in of expected benefit from the repeal of the corn laws, none was promised or looked for with more undoubting confidence than that of a prodigious extension of European demand for the produce of our looms and factories. I venture earnestly to invite the attention of the public to the following simple and conclusive statements. In the year 1845 the quantity of wheat and wheat flour imported from Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Prussia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France, comprising all the corn-growing countries of northern and central Europe, was 813,245 quarters. In that year the declared value of British produce and manufactures exported to the same countries was £17,504,417. In 1849 the wheat and wheat flour imported amounted to 8,363,986 quarters, and the declared value of the exports to £15,274,382.

"Yet the aggregate exports from this country had advanced during the same period from £60,111,082 to £63,596,025. So that we have this remarkable disproof of the promise of the Corn Law League, that not only were British commerce and manufactures not advanced by the sacrifice of British agriculture, but that while, in compliance with their illusory theories and empty predictions, we increased our importations of food more than tenfold, in expectation of a proportionate extension of export of British productions, that export actually declined £2,230,035, or more than 12½ per cent; and then our candid Free Trade reasoners suppress this astonishing refutation of all their doctrines, and, pointing to the extension of our general exports—the increase of which has been to countries totally unaffected by either corn importations or Free Trade—with their usual assurance coolly appropriate to their theory all the credit of the advance, and exultingly declare, that as exports have increased since the corn laws were repealed and Free Trade has been in the ascendant, it is to these changes the great extension of our commerce is entirely to be attributed."

Then, again, as to the general increase of our exports, the same accurate observer and clear reasoner makes the following observations:—

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"That the actual amount of these during the two last years, has been prodigious, is not to be denied. But, first, I submit that equal or greater advance has at former periods been made under the Protective system; and next, that commercial prosperity is not to be inferred from extent of transactions alone, but that the most important element of prosperity is the profit resulting from them. The records of the Court of Bankruptcy exhibit daily evidence of gigantic speculations ending in the *Gazette* to the trader, and a dividend of a few shillings in the pound to the creditor. Surely this will not be admitted as prosperity. It is not always on the surface of a Board of Trade return that the accurate reasoner will find conclusive proof of the actual state of the public interests. It is true that the declared value of the principal articles of British produce and manufactures, which in 1846 was £51,227,069, has advanced in 1851 to £68,492,659, showing an increase of £17,265,590, or an annual average of £3,453,119 under Free Trade. But I find that the similar declared value of exports, which in 1842 was £47,381,023, had advanced in 1845 to £60,111,081, being an increase of £12,730,358 in three years, or an annual average of £4,243,453 under Protection. So that the assumption that the recent advance in our exports must be attributable to Free Trade, is manifestly untenable; or, if the test be a just one, the facts are clearly in favour of Protection. This comparison of progression under the former, with that exhibited under the new system, is always studiously evaded or carefully suppressed by the Free-Traders. But the real question is not, after all, what has been the extent of our exports and imports, but what has been the result to the exporters and importers, and consequently to the national capital invested! On this point I make the *Times* itself my witness. In its columns throughout the year may be found the most lamentable records of the gloomy and unsatisfactory state of the markets of India, China, Brazil, and every distant country, and at length, in a general review of the commercial transactions of the past year, it presents this conclusive refutation of the commercial prosperity it yet, with marvellous inconsistency, assures us it is perfectly absurd to dispute:—

"A year of greater anomalies has never been witnessed. To the mass of the people it has been the most prosperous on record, while, to the mercantile classes, it has been chequered by and prolonged losses."

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Policy of the Protectionists.
"And again—Failures from part
transactions may, no doubt, be looked
at, in consequence of the enormous losses
sustained upon the exports made in the
last year, and the still greater losses on
imports."

"Sir, the plain truth is, that the whole
course of export trade is turned from its
legitimate channels. Instead of being
regulated by the actual demand of foreign
markets, enormous quantities of goods
are now sent to all parts of the world by
greedy manufacturers on the merest
speculation. Merchants encourage these
adventures by advances; secure of their
commissions, their only care. Every
market is deluged with commodities, for
which sales can only be effected at ruin-
ous prices; and the necessary result is
the enormous losses to which the *Times*
bears such irrefragable testimony."

But the truth is, that the increase
of our imports and exports during
the last year, which the Free-Traders
are so anxious to ascribe entirely to
the adoption of their principles by the
Legislature, is really to be ascribed to
a very different cause. So far from
affording any countenance to Free
Trade doctrines, they give them the
most decisive refutation, and demon-
strate, beyond a doubt, the truth of
the principles, on monetary affairs,
for which we have so long contended
in this journal.

The greatest evils of Free Trade,
and its most alarming effects, are not
to be found in the wasting away of
domestic industry under the effects of
foreign competition—distressing, and,
in the end, ruinous, as that effect un-
doubtedly is: a far more immediate
and pressing evil is to be found in the
effect of greatly increased imports upon
our *monetary system*, and the dreadful
results of the combination of Sir Ro-
bert Peel's currency laws with his Free
Trade policy. It was this combina-
tion which brought about the terrible
catastrophes of 1825 and 1847; and
it has only been averted this year by
a providential or fortuitous circum-
stance, which has entirely abrogated
his monetary system at the time
when the freest scope was allowed to
his commercial. In the years 1847
and 1848, we had a full experience of
the blessings in both respects; this
year we have felt it, and that in a

mitigated form, only in one. What
has occasioned the difference? We
answer in two words—CALIFORNIA
AND AUSTRALIA; and we entreat the
attention of our readers to the obser-
vations which follow, as without a
clear perception of the prodigious
effects of the increased supplies of
gold from these auriferous regions, all
our speculations on the effects of Free
Trade will be involved in error.

However much mercantile transac-
tions, in the progress of society, may
come to be carried on by means of
money, or bills of exchange, they are
at bottom, as between nation and na-
tion, nothing more than a great sys-
tem of *barter*. Money and bills are
the mediums of exchange, but they
are not the things exchanged; they
are the vehicles of commerce, not
commerce itself. They are bought
only with the produce of industry,
and are its representatives in another
form. The export and import trade
of every country is, at bottom, a bar-
ter of the produce of its industry
against the produce of its neighbour's
industry; and the money or bills in
which the exchange is made have all
been previously purchased by the pro-
duce of the national industry in the
current or preceding years, and they
are the representatives of a consider-
able part of it.

If the foreign trade of a country
was carried on entirely in the form of
barter, the balance could never run
very much against it—for this plain
reason, that it could not import any-
thing but by exporting something of
equal value. But when money, bills
of exchange, bank notes, and other
representatives of value, have come to
be extensively introduced, and to form
the general medium of exchange, the
case is entirely altered, and a very
great import trade may be carried on,
which is paid for, not in the produce of
the national industry current at the
time, but in the money or bills which
have been purchased with the indus-
try of former years. No one need be
told that the gold, silver, and paper
representatives of both, or wealth in
other forms, thus sent out of the
country, have been purchased with
the produce of the national industry
in former times; certainly the precious
metals are not acquired by a nation,

any more than by an individual, for nothing. But the material thing is, that when the imports of a nation come greatly to exceed its exports, and the balance requires to be paid in cash bills or the precious metals, *a drain upon the latter sets in*, which speedily makes money scarce, credit still scarcer, and frequently either occasions a frightful monetary crisis, which paralyzes industry in every form, and occasions the most fearful devastation, or induces such a continued fall of prices as, by taking away its remuneration, in the end destroys its activity. It is well known to all historical students, that the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was mainly owing to this cause.

The introduction of bills of exchange and paper, as a representative of value in modern times, was a very great step in social improvement, because it tended to counteract any lasting or serious drain of the precious metals from a particular country, and to preserve its currency at a proper amount, and prices at a remunerative level, at a time when both might otherwise have been rendered lamentably deficient. The natural tendency of things in an old, wealthy, and highly civilised community is, for the imports to come to exceed the exports at last in a most formidable ratio; and the obvious reason of this tendency is, that the older and richer state has both more wants to gratify, and more means to purchase their gratification, than the younger and poorer. If the balance of imports over exports long continues considerable, it must gradually drain the precious metals—the accumulation of former years—away, and thus occasion a scarcity of currency, with all its frightful consequences upon general industry and the public fortunes. But by the happy expedient of a paper currency, issued only in moderate quantities, and not convertible into cash, this terrible consequence is averted; because a safe currency is provided to carry on the internal transactions, and sustain the industry of the nation, even though its metallic treasures are entirely drained away by the necessities of commerce, the demands of foreign warfare, or any other

disturbing cause. It is the essence of such a currency, that it should be let out in additional quantities, *and expand in proportion as the metallic treasures of the nation are withdrawn*, because it is then it is most required. When gold and silver are plentiful, it is comparatively useless. Of the truth of this, Great Britain afforded a memorable example during the war; for the precious metals were throughout scarce, and in its latter years had entirely disappeared from the circulation; but general credit, sustained by an adequate, but yet not redundant paper circulation, never failed, and the years when the guinea, from the demand for gold for the use of the continental armies, was selling for 28s., and bank notes constituted the almost entire circulation, were precisely those when the greatest exertions were made by industry, both commercial and manufacturing, the greatest burdens borne by the nation, and the greatest triumphs, both public and private, were achieved.

Sir Robert Peel's Currency Bill of 1819, followed up by the supplementary bill of 1826, which suppressed small notes in England, and those of 1844 and 1845, which rendered our paper currency entirely dependent on our retention of the precious metals, of which, beyond the limit of £14,000,000, they were merely the representatives, were calculated to prevent all these salutary effects; and, by rendering the industry of the nation entirely dependent on its hold of that most evanescent of earthly things, a gold currency, exposed it to the most frightful calamities. It was reverting, voluntarily and gratuitously, to the pinched and declining condition of the Roman Empire, when the means of averting it had been discovered, and had so recently been in full and beneficial operation. It was like the miner, who voluntarily casts the safety-lamp from his forehead, and ventures, with the naked light in his hand, into the death-bedridden galleries. Accordingly, from the time that this most calamitous measure was adopted, and we gratuitously threw away the means of averting commercial disasters which were in

our hands, they have been of periodical occurrence, and invariably a year or two of feverish, unnatural excitement has been followed by several seasons of prolonged and universal distress. To those who recollect the long-continued misery which followed the commercial crises of 1825, 1832, 1837, 1839, and 1847, no illustration of this remark is requisite.

But when Sir R. Peel combined this system of a paper circulation and system of general credit, entirely dependent on the retention of the gold currency, with a system of Free Trade, which sent the precious metals *headlong out of the country to buy grain* which could be got abroad much cheaper than it could be raised at home, the evils of the system became insupportable. They landed the nation in the terrible monetary crisis of 1847, which rendered a suspension of the law a matter of absolute necessity, if universal bankruptcy was to be avoided, and from the effects of which the best interests of the country are far from having yet recovered. And mark, worthy circumstance!—as if to demonstrate how completely the crisis had been of our own creation, and owing to the system we ourselves had introduced—the *moment the law was abrogated* by Lord John Russell's bill, of 26th October 1847, the crisis began to abate, although no other favourable circumstance had occurred, and the balance of imports and exports was still as great as ever. The mere knowledge that the law was not to be enforced, and that an inconvertible currency would be issued if required, was sufficient to stay a calamity which threatened universal ruin, both public and private. And yet, so infatuated were Sir R. Peel's followers, and so blind the nation to the real tendency of its own measures, that no attempt to change them was made; and the people rose up from the edge of the abyss, thankful they had not fallen into it, and quietly made up their minds to a return of the danger in the space of a very few years.

It was in this state of the political and industrial world, when extrication seemed hopeless by any efforts of human intellect, and the wisest heads

could see nothing but an extension of difficulty and prolongation of suffering by the increased efforts of industry, which, with a contracted currency, entirely dependent on the retention of gold, could lead only to a constant decline of prices and repetition of commercial catastrophes, that Providence interposed, and, when human wisdom had entirely failed, at once dried up the sources of human misery. Two vast *banks of issue were opened up to mankind in California and Australia*, which, heretofore hid from the eyes of the naked barbarians, or priest-ridden Castilians, by whom the countries where the treasures were placed had been hitherto possessed, were now established for the use of the Anglo-Saxon race in both hemispheres, for whose use they had been reserved. In an instant Sir R. Peel's monetary system was blown into the air. The constant enhancement of the value of money, and depreciation of the value of industry, which had been going on for thirty years, was arrested. The tables were suddenly turned, and turned in a way which no human efforts could avert or mitigate. The Free-Traders boasted, in the triumph of their hearts, that they had made the sovereign worth two sovereigns, and, of course, the taxes of £50,000,000 a-year worth £100,000,000! Well, Nature will undo their work, and soon render two sovereigns only worth one sovereign, and the taxes of £100,000,000 only their original weight of £50,000,000. The effect is certain—the process is going on—no human power can arrest it. The days of the unjust enrichment of the rich at the expense of the poor, of the creditor at the expense of the debtor, are at an end. An annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe has, in two years, been increased from less than ten millions to more than thirty millions annually! Where will this stop? There is no "Currency Restriction Act of Nature." It belongs to man alone to restrict himself in the first and most urgent of his social wants—to perish of thirst, when fountains of living water are gushing forth at his side. Hitherto the effect of this prodigious unlocking of the bounty of Nature has been only in *arresting a*

fall of prices, which but for its operation would have been far greater and more disastrous than it has been; but it must soon end in a general rise of prices; and can any human imagination affix a limit to the encouragement which will thereby be given to industry, and the additions which will be made to the sum of human happiness?

It is the most important effect of such an abundance in the supply of the precious metals in a commercial country, that it tends to *keep the paper out in circulation*; to prevent that ruinous contraction of its issues which, under Sir Robert Peel's system, was inevitable the moment a serious drain on the precious metals took place. As the Free Trade system induced naturally a huge surplus of imports over exports, chiefly from nations who were not rich enough to take anything but the precious metals in exchange, it necessarily occasioned a periodical return of scarcity in the *entire currency*, and with it a ruinous contraction of credit and prostration of industry. Thence the dreadful catastrophes of 1825, 1839, and 1847; the last of which was incomparably the most terrible, because it arose when the bullion system was most stringent, and Free Trade—and with it a constant balance of imports over exports—in fullest operation. But when Providence, in mercy to man, and in pity of his blindness, opened the treasures of California and Australia, this dreadful action of Free Trade upon the currency was in a great measure arrested, because the quantity of the precious metals continually pouring in, took away all anxiety from bankers and money-lenders as to the means of retiring their notes and bills when required in actual cash. The Bank of England being obliged, by law, to take all gold brought to its doors, at £3, 17s. 10½d. the ounce, which is at least *ten per cent* now above its real value, have been under the necessity of lowering their rate of discount to two-and-a-half, and even two per cent. Private bankers, on approved securities, have gone still lower; and thence the liberal advances they have made, and the way in which they have brought the nation through a year which, but

for it, would have probably been the most disastrous recorded in British annals. It has been surmounted by a plentiful currency, just as from the same cause that of 1810 was; with this difference, that this plenty on the former occasion was owing to the wisdom of Mr Pitt's monetary system; on this, to the mercy of Providence, which had overturned Sir Robert Peel's.

All the symptoms—the well-known and much-dreaded symptoms—of a terrible commercial crisis were accumulating round the nation a year ago, and, like the ill-omened birds at sea, betokened the approaching shipwreck. The very magnitude of our transactions, the greatness of our exports, the still greater amount of our imports, were the very things which rendered its arrival, if the old system had continued, inevitable. Our exports had risen to £68,000,000; but our imports had run up to £108,000,000 in the same year. A yawning gulf, measured by £40,000,000, stood between them! How was this to have been filled up, but by casting in the precious metals?—and it would have absorbed nearly the whole metallic currency of the country, which never has been estimated at more than £40,000,000 or £50,000,000 sterling. What *must* have been the result of such a state of things under Sir Robert Peel's system, which says that for every five sovereigns sent out of the country, a five-pound note is to be drawn in from the currency? Just what happened in 1847: a general panic and universal contraction of credit, a rise of interest to ten or fifteen per cent, and ruin of all merchants and traders except the millionaires, who prospered immensely, and realised colossal fortunes by the usurious interest which they were enabled to extract from the necessities of their debtors. What saved the nation from this catastrophe, which we know was confidently anticipated by the most experienced men and greatest merchants in the empire? Not the wisdom of our rulers, or any measures of man—for they were entirely wrapped up in the golden fetters of Sir Robert Peel's monetary system—but the mercy of Providence, which, when we were fast drifting on

the breakers, and escape seemed impossible, opened new and unheard-of treasures for our relief.

But the narrow escape from total shipwreck which we have made on this occasion, and the seasonable extension of our currency, which has at once stimulated industry, sustained credit, and *concealed* the effect of Free Trade in lowering prices and destroying the remuneration of industry, must not blind us to its ultimate effects, or lead us to suppose, as many do, that it will permanently avert the most dangerous consequences of that system. The relief afforded can only be temporary; credit has been supported in the mean time by the treasures of California and Australia; but by enabling merchants to engage in fresh speculations, in the hope of averting bankruptcy or repairing their crippled fortunes, it may only render the crash in the end more violent. Nothing can in the long run relieve trade but an improvement in the circumstances of the principal purchasers of commodities, which may enable them to extend their purchases. Free Trade cripples their means of doing so, and Californian gold in the long run has no tendency to improve them, because it tends to raise prices *pari passu* over the whole world, and thus leaves the disadvantage of the rich old State in competition with the young and poor one the same as before. Nay, it makes it worse; for metallic, like all other wealth, will run into the mart of opulence, and raise prices most among those who can afford to pay for the largest quantity of it. It may raise the price of wheat in a few years from 40s. a quarter to 60s., and so greatly lessen the weight of debts and taxes; but it will not raise the price of producing Polish wheat more than from 16s. to 24s. The last state of the nation will be worse than the first.

Are we suffering, then, in many of our best national interests? Is agriculture declining, the West Indies ruined, Ireland depopulated, our Colonies all discontented, the shipping of the Empire gliding into the hands of foreigners, imports selling at a ruinous loss, exports to many quarters not covering the cost of

production and shipment? That is because Free Trade has obtained possession of the national councils, and its principles regulate a large part of our commercial policy. Are several branches of our industry—especially in the manufacturing districts—still prospering, and orders given and executed, notwithstanding the great embarrassment of our import and export trade? That is because Providence has repealed our monetary system, and, in the face of a policy which was entirely calculated to render money dear, is rapidly rendering it cheap; because a currency adequate to the wants of mankind has at length been furnished from the treasures of Nature, and the ruinous system of starving industry in order to enhance the value of realised capital, has been for ever abolished. Our suffering is owing to the continuance of Sir R. Peel's Free-Trade system—our prosperity, to Nature having repealed his monetary.

The disastrous consequences which have followed, and are following, Sir R. Peel's system, have all arisen from the vicious principles on which the Reform Bill was framed, and the undue preponderance given by it to class interests by the numerical superiority in the House of Commons of the members for boroughs over those for counties. The only true system of government is that which equally protects *all* interests; it is founded on the divine precept, "to do to others as we would they should do unto us." To carry out this principle requires mutual concession, and a common system of compromise; for if there is a general scramble, and every one strives to get what he can for himself, without any regard to the effect it may have upon his neighbour, society becomes, not the temple of the Most High, but a den of thieves. Lord Derby has put this in a light equally just and beautiful, in his late admirable speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner:—

"The whole system of our constitution is one great compromise. The Throne itself is based on a compromise between arbitrary monarchical power and those befitting and dignified restrictions which are imposed by

constitutional Governments upon the mightiest monarchs. Our House of Lords is a compromise between an hereditary exclusive aristocracy and a body partaking of the advantages of the institution of a nobility, at the same time that it is enabled to claim this great advantage, that it is daily, or at least yearly and perpetually, recruited from the ranks of the people, thus blending the aristocracy and the commonalty. (Hear, hear.) The House of Commons is a system of compromise between that influence which is exercised by the higher classes of society, and the restrictions imposed by partial exclusion between those elements on the one side, and the democratic power of the people on the other, by which ample and full means are given to the expression of every popular sentiment and of every popular wish. (Hear, hear.) The Church of England—long may Providence preserve it to us—is a compromise, and a most valuable compromise, between the unrestrained power of spiritual dominion and the absolute dependence of the clergy upon the caprices of the flocks over whom they are called to preside. Our whole system is a system of compromises, and he best administers the arduous post of conducting the great and complicated affairs of this vast empire who knows how fitly to adjust together the various portions of the great machine, involving this complicated machinery of mutual checks and balances, by the removal of one of which the action of some other part might, perhaps, be more rapid, but the whole machine would be disordered and disarranged. My lord, it would be an easy task for a Minister to avail himself on every occasion of every gust of popular opinion, to sound before the gale, and to congratulate himself on the rapidity of his progress, reckless and regardless in what direction that gale is blowing—whether it is bearing him ultimately upon a lee shore or a dangerous rock, with the more certain destruction the more rapid may be his progress. But the aim of the noble science of statesmanship surely must be to use the popular elements as the valuable breeze that fills the sails, not setting your course in the teeth of the wind that blows, nor scudding blindly before it, but availing yourself of that breeze to speed you on your destined course, and with a steady hand upon the wheel, and with mind and eye fixed upon one single object—the safety of the good ship, the crew, and the priceless cargo; to consider, not the rapidity of your progress, but the certainty of the course you are pursuing. Then, by the applica-

tion of the doctrine of opposing forces, let the wind blow from the north or from the south, the steady hand at the helm may speed the vessel on her destined course, whether that course be east or west. (Cheers.) My lord, I well know that such a course is not that which at all times will secure to the Minister who pursues it the greatest amount of momentary or of popular applause; but I have that opinion of my countrymen, that I am certain they will more consider the steadiness of the course than the rapidity of the progress. They will look to the object which the Government have in hand, and if they see them proceeding in their own course steadily and determinedly, availing themselves, no doubt, of popular favour, but neither courting nor blindly following the passions of the moment, I am convinced that in the long run the Minister pursuing such a course, even if he should at times partially fail, will obtain the approval, and ultimately the confidence, of his countrymen. (Loud cheers.)"

What, then, should be the policy of our Protectionist Ministers, now that they are fairly installed in power, and have the prospect of a working majority in the next Parliament? We answer, to adhere to the principles thus eloquently enunciated, and introduce a system which, *protecting all equally*, deprives those who have obtained an unjust advantage at their neighbour's expense, of the means of longer enjoying it. When will the battle commence for the restoration of just and equal government, and the abolition of class supremacy? When it suits us to fight, not when it suits you. When will that period arrive? When the effects of Free Trade have been experienced by all, as they have not been as yet in their full bitterness, at least only by a portion, though by far the largest portion, of society. What is the greatest duty of the Protectionist Government, and all its supporters in the country, in the mean time? To enlighten the general mind as to their real interests, and point out the effects, ultimately ruinous to all, which must follow a continuance for any considerable time longer of the Free Trade system, and put an end to the *ex parte* statistics emanating from authority, by which they have so long succeeded in deluding their

followers. What should they abstain from in the mean time? From any attempt to force a change of policy by Parliamentary or Government influence, which a decided majority of the nation is not prepared, not only to adopt, but to approve. What should they trust to for the final triumph of the principles which, they are per-

suaded, are essential not only to the national welfare, but existence? To the effects of time, the lessons of experience, and the force of truth. *Magna est veritas et prævalebunt.* We have thrown down in a fearless spirit, but no uncourteous manner, the gauntlet to our antagonists:—we wait to see who will take it up.

FIVE YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES.

DWELLERS in the temperate zone, and especially in climates which, like our own, are breezy and cloudy rather than sunny and bright, form exaggerated ideas of the beauties and delights of the sultry lands that lie between the tropics. Such ideas are fostered by the usual character of books relating to those regions; books written often after a cursory and insufficient examination of the countries they profess to describe, by persons whose abode there has been too brief for the charm of novelty to wear off—too brief, also, to allow them opportunity of appreciating the numerous evils and discomforts which counterbalance the fascination and undoubted charm of magnificent scenery, a brilliant sky, a gorgeous and redundant vegetation. A sojourn of a few weeks is by many assumed sufficient whereon to base superficial volumes. The work before us is founded upon opportunities of a different class. That country must be very extensive, most difficult to observe, or extraordinarily fertile in matters meriting observation, of which a pretty sound knowledge may not be acquired during five years' residence, especially if the resident's chief occupation be to note the features and characteristics of the land and its inhabitants. Such, if we rightly apprehend them, were the conditions of Mr Day's stay in the cluster of small islands which, commencing near the mouths of the Orinoco river, stretch northwards, like the links of a chain, between the tenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude. By profession an artist, the sole objects, so far as can be

gathered from his book, of Mr Day's long abode in the English and French West Indies were observation and sketching. We find him frequently passing to and fro between the islands; visiting and examining their scenery and institutions, and studying the manners, habits, and customs of their inhabitants. In his preface he declares that he never wrote many consecutive pages without submitting them to some competent judge of their truth; selecting, for such reference, persons unconnected with class interests, and therefore unlikely to be biassed or prejudiced, and who would at once have pointed out and rectified any error into which he might unwittingly have fallen. We have no reason for casting a doubt on Mr Day's veracity or accuracy. From the internal evidence of his pages, we are warranted in considering him a sharp-sighted observer, albeit somewhat censorious. A casual mention made by its author of his "manifold sketch-books," induces a hope that these two volumes are but forerunners of projected pictorial publications. Meanwhile we have here before us specimens of Mr Day's artistic skill in two landscape frontispieces, and in a number of clever little vignettes, which usefully illustrate his letterpress.

The first West Indian island visited by Mr Day was Barbadoes. Trinidad was the one on which he appears to have made the longest stay, and to which he has devoted the greatest number of chapters. The general impression left upon the reader's mind

by his work is most unfavourable to the West Indies as a residence. Three disagreeables he particularly indicates, namely—the odious character and growing insolence of the blacks; the lax morality and disreputable tone of white society; and the incessant annoyance and danger resulting from venomous insects and reptiles. As regards the first point, we must either wholly discredit Mr Day's book, and set it down as a mere malicious fabrication, or we must agree with him that negroes are only fit for servitude, and that it was a mistaken philanthropy that ever admitted them to equality of privileges with civilised men, and to the enjoyment of a liberty which with them is only another word for idleness, license, and depravity. "Once for all," he says, "I disclaim any party. I am neither an emancipationist nor an upholder of slavery. I have no interest in the matter either way; but, from observation, I feel assured that for negroes a *restricted* freedom is necessary, for they have not the judgment to conduct themselves properly, as white freemen would do, nor are they, in consequence, entitled to the same privileges." And again: "All that is here written is the result of un-biased observation, as the author is of no party, although rejecting the Utopian absurdities of Exeter Hall. No one can judge of negroes but those who have lived amongst them." This proposition laid down, Mr Day does his utmost to refute it by enabling his readers to judge the West Indian black population almost as well as if they had lived, like him, for five years in the Antilles. There is scarcely a chapter of his book that does not contain characteristic traits and anecdotes of the negroes and mulattoes, exhibiting them in a most unfavourable light. He begins at Barbadoes. There, owing to the large coloured population—four to one of the whites—the free-labour system works better than in most of the other islands; and this is especially the case in Bridgetown, the capital. In the country districts, the negro will not work more than four days a week—at a shilling a-day, for nine hours' work. This, however, is wonderful industry compared to what occurs elsewhere.

To see the emancipated negro in all the glory of his independence, insolence, and idleness, we must pass on to Trinidad, and take a leaf from Mr Day's ninth chapter.

"To any one who could labour with his own hands in the broiling sun, uncleared land in Trinidad is cheap, and 'lots' are advertised to be sold as low even as fifteen dollars (three pounds); but if a gentleman were to take a piece of land, to be dependent on the labour of others to improve it, he would find it dear enough, labour of all sorts being so high. Field labourers, even coolies, get four bits (one shilling and eightpence) a-day, whilst artisans and street labourers are paid in proportion, when you can get them so far to favour you as to work at all. More than once have I heard a carman say to his employer, since no labourer of this class will receive weekly or monthly wages, 'Massa, I no work for you no more to-day!' and have watched the poor employer *soliciting* the independent negro in this style, 'Come, now, my good fellow, you must take another turn or two; remember how many dollars you have already received from me to-day. Come, there's a good fellow, do.' 'Well, den, massa, if I do, you mos pay me higher.' With these consequences staring him in the face, he must be a beld man indeed who would take unimproved land in Trinidad. 'Here,' said a lady to me, 'it is the white who is the slave to the black;' and so it was. I put the above conversation down verbatim as I heard it on one occasion, but it was often repeated in substance by others."

The coolies imported to the West Indies from Calcutta have less physical strength than the negro, but morally are infinitely his superiors. Three hundred arrived in one ship during Mr Day's stay at Trinidad, and he was struck by the contrast between the sharp-featured, keen-eyed, intelligent physiognomy of these Asiatics, and the hideous and scarcely human countenances of the blubber-lipped Africans who stood grinning and sneering at the new-comers. The Trinidad negroes are very jealous of the introduction of emigrant labour from India and Madeira. The Portuguese from the latter place are particularly steady, hard-working labourers, good-natured and civil, and their superiority shames the negro, who, however, affects to look down upon them, and to commiserate "da

Portugee," whom, as well as the cooly, he loses no opportunity of deriding and insulting. Occasionally cooly and negro come to blows. Man to man, the latter of course has the best of it. Whilst staying with the manager of the Bellevue estate at Orapouche, Mr Day saw something of the ill-blood that prevails between the two races.

"In the two days' absence of Mr S—— at Port of Spain, it appeared that a difference had sprung up between a brutal negro-driver named Sam, and an assistant cooly, during which Sam rope's-ended poor *Cudjeree*. On Sam's return to the mill after this feat, and after all trouble had apparently passed away, two coolies attacked him, when he defended himself negro fashion, that is, fiendishly biting the shoulder-blades of one of the Asiatics. This formed the subject of complaint by the whole cooly body, with the sirdar at their head, all salaaming most reverentially to us magnates. I was honoured with the epithet of Baba, (father or padre,) and Mr S—— figured as Sahib, (Lord,) all the coolies chattering away at once in the most lachrymose tones. Sam was summoned, and after a severe lecture was discharged. 'Oh, berry well, Misser S——,' he cried, 'I no care—I go away.' The coarse voice, brutal physiognomy, and short sturdy frame of Sam, stamped him as what in reality he was—a demon, capable of any atrocity. The coolies were told that if they chose to carry the thing further, they could apply to the cooly magistrate, Major F——, at Port of Spain. All seemed much rejoiced at the manner in which their part had been taken by Mr S——, and they retired salaaming to the ground."

A fight between negroes and coolies is a ludicrous spectacle, as described by Mr Day. Sambo's superior strength is fully counterbalanced by the superior strategy of the Orientals, and by their well-organised combination. "Whilst one is engaged stick to stick with a negro, another will creep between the legs of his countryman and pull his antagonist down." Far more docile and intelligent than the African blacks, the coolies yet are quickly enough corrupted by their bad example.

"The planters make dire complaints of the ruinous consequences of admitting slave-grown sugar into England at the same duty as that of the British colonial. The high wages of the negroes, and their

utter independence of labour for any but themselves, with their laziness and insolence, render it utterly impossible in the majority of the planters to cover their expenses; and they talk of turning their estates into provision grounds. Indeed, the last *coup* to the ruin of the planters seems to have been given by the mad colonial policy of the mother country.

"The *dolce far niente* of Naples is prompt activity compared with the indolence of the negroes. I never witnessed elsewhere anything like it; indeed, it is incomprehensible to all who have not been in the West Indies. Strapping negro wenches, thrice as strong as any European female, will scarcely take the trouble to move, except to receive money. 'How you think I can do dis? what you tink I made off?' 'No matter,' said Dr —— to me, 'how much prejudiced a person may come out in favour of the negroes, or may have believed them to have been wronged, or to be capable of improvement; no sooner does he see the innate brutality of their nature, and their fiendish, malignant, vindictive disposition, than he changes his tone for one of utter disgust.' Horses and other animals dread them; so do even their own children, on all of whom, if offended by others, they will wreak their vengeance; and once beginning, they never know when to leave off."

The combined mischief and cruelty of the negro character never lose an opportunity of displaying themselves. It is the delight of a negro groom to tease and torture the horse left in his charge. A negro mother is equally merciless to her offspring. The children, in their turn, are cruel to every living thing about them. "You rarely see a negro child, even a girl, fondle any animal; but to see them beating their pets is very common." A major of a British regiment told Mr Day, that at Demerara parties of soldiers were constantly employed to go about and prevent the black women from inhumanly beating their children. The insolence and insubordination of the free black servants are such as would not be for one instant tolerated in white domestics in any European country. In Trinidad the wages of field labour are enormous—far more, indeed, than the sugar planter can afford. One shilling and eightpence a-day, a house rent free, and no taxes to pay, certainly contrast rather favourably with agricultural wages in the mother

country. Nevertheless the negro grumbles loudly and unceasingly, is insolent and lazy, and will seldom remain a-field more than five hours a-day. Domestic servants are as bad, or worse. Their cool impudence and independence of tone and conduct, would be excessively amusing were it less productive of annoyance and positive loss to their employers. Incredible as it seems, the negroes have a profound conviction of their vast superiority over "dem low whites." The pretensions of a Yankee "help," who expects to dine at her master's table, and sulks if not allowed to practise on her mistress's piano, are matched by the ludicrous conceit and encroachments of the negro ladies and gentlemen who condescend to menial employments. Mr Day had some experience of African airs.

"A foreign friend lent me his house for a few weeks, attached to which was a coloured female domestic, named 'Liddy,' (Lydia, I presume;) this name my friend had, in his foreign English, transmogrified into 'Ladie,' which gentlemanly appellation is peculiarly grateful to the negroes; and I quickly found that the demand for 'Liddy' was scarcely attended to, and that it was good policy to retain the foreign pronunciation of 'Lady,' to which a response was cheerfully made, with a muttered commentary from her sable acquaintances: 'You hear! he call you *Ladie*!' After the second day, however, I found my attendant very *nonchalant*, without, at first, being able to divine the reason of the change. 'He call me! he mos call; I about my own affairs,' reached my ear: so I took the earliest opportunity of informing the fair creature that whatever services she might render me, would be paid for; and from that moment all went on as well as things do with negroes in general—i. e., she condescended to do what was to be done at her own leisure, making the bed, and clearing away the breakfast things *towards* the evening. Any remark upon this would only have subjected me to an impertinent answer."

During his residence at Trinidad, Mr Day passed several weeks with Lord Harris, the governor of the island. The household was of a very heterogeneous description, comprising English, Irish, Portuguese, African negroes, and one cooly, and the quarrelling, as may be imagined,

was incessant. The white servants, of course, felt and asserted their superiority; the black ones were equally confident of theirs, and, moreover, were so impressed with a sense of their dignity, that only the most considerate and respectful treatment could extract any sort of work from them. The negro chambermaids stalked along the corridors with the stateliness of tragedy queens, and would do nothing unless accosted with the utmost deference. Any other mode of address remained perfectly unnoticed, and the sable abigails appeared quite unconscious of the speaker's presence; as though, like Hermann Melville's Otahetan friend, Kooloo, they had taken him for part of the landscape. Lord Harris had enough to do to keep his household in tolerable order.

"Like most people of weak intellect, negroes are much given to blabbering; and no sooner do they do anything particularly indefensible, and such as no person of the commonest understanding would think of, than, on being called to account, they begin to cry. This is not the result of sensibility, but of sheer childishness. As domestics, their peculiarities of character and disposition are more apparent than in any other position, as they come more immediately under the eye. Their laziness, assumed independence, and ludicrous vanity, stand out in laughable relief. Even here, at St Anne's, in a situation of so much higher value than they could obtain elsewhere, with liberal wages, and little to do for them, the footman, whose place it is to wait at table, will, without any sort of permission, walk off to town just before dinner is served, and some domestic, whose place it is not, must be substituted to do the necessary duties. Sometimes they are so absurdly literal, as to become quite annoying. On an extremely dark night, a negro soldier was ordered to see a civilian guest home from a mess dinner; and on nearing the town, when his services were no longer required, the gentleman, wishing to stop at the house of a relative, told the man that he might return to barracks; but this the negro refused to do. 'I ordered to see you home, sar.' 'Yes, yes, my good fellow; but I wish to stop here and finish the evening.' 'I no leave you—you mas go home—dat my orders, sar—you no obey dem, I arras' you, sar;' and backing this announcement with some energetic

demonstrations, the unfortunate victim of military punctilio was actually compelled to go to his own house before he could get rid of his attendant."

Amongst other examples of negro impudence, Mr Day mentions an incident that occurred during his stay at Port of Spain. A bachelor's ball was to be given, but was within a trifle of being given up, for want of music. The professional band of the town, consisting of black and coloured people, refused to officiate, on the ground of its being derogatory to play for the whites, to whom (although there was probably not one amongst the musicians who could read or write) they deemed themselves infinitely superior. To avoid disappointing the Trinidadian belles, the ball-givers had to bribe a couple of mulattoes with two hundred dollars, (forty pounds sterling,) to lead an amateur orchestra; and notwithstanding this exorbitant pay, the rascally leaders made an impudent attempt, in the very height of the fun, to play the company out by striking up "God save the Queen"—an attempt which, however, was energetically repressed. Negro charges generally are unconscionable, and thieving and cheating, according to Mr Day, are natural to the race. His picture of Trinidad society is certainly gloomy to a degree. "The negroes, whilst they hate, fear the whites; but, hating equally the mulattoes, they despise and will not trust them. The mulattoes, on their side, hate both parties; whilst the whites despise both the negroes and the coloured tribes." A pleasant state of things. On the slightest pretext, the animosity of the various races breaks out in a furious manner, and scenes of unbridled ferocity occur, which the government is not always able to check. In the fourteenth chapter of his first volume, Mr Day narrates the particulars of a negro grievance and its results, which it is really difficult not to consider exaggerated. He declares himself, however, to have been an eyewitness of the whole affair, and we have no right to refuse credit to his narrative of its details, which is given in his usual bold, plain-spoken, and

circumstantial manner. At Port of Spain, one afternoon, a negro of herculean frame and notorious bad repute, only just liberated from jail, stole a tongue from a large American store, by one of whose proprietors, a Mr W——, he was pursued, collared, and thrown down. The negro had disease in the neck, and in the necessarily rough process of seizing him, the carotid artery was ruptured. On discovering this, his captor relaxed his grasp, and had the man carried into his house. Doctors were summoned, the patient was bled, and every attention was paid to him. Meanwhile the report got abroad that a white man had murdered a black, and forthwith the house was invested by a negro mob, yelling for the blood of the murderer, and with difficulty kept at bay by the resolute conduct of the Americans, backed by the police. It was thought proper to arrest Mr W——, and he was taken to prison, pelted on the way with stones and glass bottles, and beaten over the head by the staves of the negro policemen, *under pretence of protecting him*. The thief soon got better; but being allowed to receive visits from his *three wives* and a host of relations and friends, he became exhausted, and died within six-and-thirty hours. In the interval the excitement was kept up amongst the negroes—chiefly by the women, who are great promoters of mischief on such occasions—and some of whom were heard to say, that if the American were not found guilty of wilful murder, "every black man ought to take the life of a white." The governor's carriage was actually stopped in the street, and he was threatened by a ruffianly negro that the blacks would take the law into their own hands. Mr Day declares his opinion, that for some time the lives and property of all the white men were in imminent peril. Before the thief's death, and without any previous judicial examination, Mr W—— was sent to prison, and on the following Monday he was brought up, *handcuffed*, to the police office. In the interim, four medical men had examined the body, and had declared its diseased state to be such, that the slightest

violence, or even a fall, might have brought on death. A coroner's inquest seems never to have been thought of. Some of the mulattoes joined the blacks in their furious denunciations, and altogether the state of things was most alarming. The following extract gives a curious and startling insight into the state of things that has been brought about by the mistaken exertions of the negrophilists, in one of the most important of the British West India islands. If Mr Day has overcoloured his picture, or set down aught in malice, indignant correctors of his misstatements will not be wanting:—

"As an effect of the maudlin, pseudo-philanthropy of Exeter Hall, the negroes had got it into their heads that the authorities were afraid to send the soldiers against them; and unfortunately at the moment there were not any black troops in Trinidad, the 1st West India Regiment having only a few days previously left for Jamaica, whilst the 2d West India Regiment, by whom they were to be succeeded, had not arrived. There is no doubt that the Trinidad negroes were much emboldened by this circumstance.

"Strange to say, the black troops (being native Africans) have no sympathies in common with the colonial negroes. They are, on the contrary, extremely proud of wearing a red coat, and of being 'Queen Victoria's soldiers,' therefore they look down upon the colonial blacks; and having no sort of delicacy of feeling or of compunction, they would as soon thrust their bayonets into a 'common nigger,' as look at him. In England, there is a talk of withdrawing all the white troops from the West Indies. If this be done, it will be the *coup de grace* to these ill-used colonies. It is not in the nature of the negro to lose his brutality, and consequently his ferocity. 'De nigger, sar,' said a creole lady, half French, half American, to me—'de nigger is like a wild beast; when he very civil, and you tink him very tame, dat moment he bite you.' And nothing can be more true than this observation of one who all her life had lived among negroes. At the present time, one word of reproof, caused by their own misconduct, renders the negroes extremely insolent. Were the troops withdrawn, in six months afterwards no white man's life would be worth an hour's purchase. Fortunately, however, the negroes are wretched cowards, and the sight of a few soldiers is sufficient to keep them in order.

"When the examination of Mr W—, before the police magistrates, took place, a detachment of sixty men, of the 19th regiment, all prepared for war & *Foutrance* and under the command of Captain C—, was marched into the town, with the happiest effect on the negroes, two or three of the most insubordinate of whom were taken prisoners by the police, solely, however, in consequence of the energy of one of the police magistrates, Major Fagan.

"The examination was a very long one, occupying two days, a host of negroes volunteering to swear to that which, at most, only two or three could possibly have witnessed; and these contradicted each other's statements in so outrageous a manner, as completely to invalidate their own testimony. The prosecutor, a brother of the deceased, had been employed as a porter at the ice-house, and swore to having witnessed the assault, when it was proved by the next witness that he could not by any possibility have been present. This was no sooner said, than the prosecutor himself, turning round before the whole court, observed, 'Yes, dat all true Misser Darcenil say,' thereby admitting the utter falsehood of his own evidence. This mixture of negro cunning and simplicity, whilst it rendered nugatory the criminal charges, of course afforded the court much amusement; but it proved that their hatred of the whites is ready to break out at any moment. The negro has not the slightest feeling of gratitude for all that has been done for him in England, though it has involved the ruin of the planters.

"It was asserted that the Americans belonging to the Ice Establishment always treated the negroes very roughly; but considering that they were surrounded by thieves, every negro employed in so large an establishment stealing something whenever he had a chance, they seemed, on the whole, to have acted with great forbearance. The death of the felon was pure accident, resulting entirely from his diseased system; and the Americans, as the only reparation they could make, had ordered for him that negro *disdoreum*, a very handsome, liberally furnished funeral. The result, however, of the first examination was, that Mr W— was committed to jail, to take his trial for an assault.

"It was not till three months had elapsed that — was brought to trial, when — was indicted of an assault, he — — or — a charge — to — — of the ne — — In — —

would not have been detained even for a single day. But in this place there is no coroner, though two officials divide the pay for the office, and no jury is ever summoned. The mockery of a coroner simply giving his opinion is sometimes enacted, though in this instance, where such an investigation was doubly desirable, neither of these paid functionaries troubled themselves in the matter: such is the horrible corruption of Trinidad. Lord Harris, the Governor, knew all this very well; but, single-handed, he could not venture to bring such a nest of unprincipled hornets upon his back.

"When W—— was acquitted, the verdict was received by the whites outside with cheers; and forty Scotchmen, well armed with sticks, volunteered to escort him safely home, as all the negroes lounging about were furnished with sticks. To give some idea of the ignorance of Trinidad, the jury pronounced the prisoner to be 'guilty of—justifiable homicide!' The trial took place in the newly-finished court-house, as splendid a specimen of architectural imbecility as can be well imagined."

Can such things be, in any land over which waves the flag of Britain? Thousands will ask themselves the question whilst reading the passage we have just transcribed, and which is only one of many in Mr Day's book equally startling and extraordinary to all whose ideas of the present state of the West Indies are based upon rose-coloured accounts and pleasing fictions. "*Coleridge's Six Months in the West Indies*," says Mr Day, "is absolute nonsense—mere poetry—as ridiculous in its way as Lamartine's *Eastern Travels*; and unreality cannot go beyond that." He proceeds to show up some of the mistakes of the hasty-and-confident class of writers on the West Indies, and further to expose the evil qualities of the negro population. "Negroes, and the coloured tribes generally," he says, "are given to immoderate bursts of laughter, without any sufficiently exciting cause; and by transient travellers through the Antilles this cachinatory propensity has been most erroneously ascribed to good temper." In fact, their tempers are execrable; and West Indian towns would be disagreeable residences were it for nothing else but the constant squabbling going on amongst the coloured population. Many of the quarrels arise

from attempts at swindling, which, when detected, either before or after their success, are of course furiously resented, and the streets resound with the shouts and imprecations of the cheat and the cheated. But no particular cause of discord is necessary to produce a quarrel amongst this excitable race, whose blood is inflamed not only by the climate but by their intemperate habits. The piercingly shrill voices of the negroes predominate in the uproar. Their vocabulary of abuse and execrations is probably the richest in the world. Billingsgate is a serene and pastoral retreat compared to a negro market-place, where the incessant vituperation and explosions of fiendish temper are quite astounding.

"Such gesticulation, such pantomime, such a roll out of unintelligible phrases, making it difficult to recognise one's own language! When negroes quarrel, they seldom look each other in the face; nay, generally they turn back to back, and seem to appeal to the bystanders, who usually answer each speech made at each other by the belligerents with a shout of laughter, until it comes to, 'I mash you up,' 'I cut your throat,'—when some friends, male and female, judiciously interfere, and lead the infuriated demons off. These are not quite idle threats, as it is under such excitement that most of the cutting and maiming is perpetrated."

A humorous woodcut of two black beauties in the height of an argument accompanies this description. Considering the irascible temper and uncontrollable passions of negroes, it would seem but an ordinary measure of precaution to prohibit them from carrying deadly weapons. Such precaution, however, is neglected in the West Indies; and the consequences, hitherto confined to cases of individual assassination or manslaughter, may some day prove very serious. In Barbadoes, Mr Day tells us, all the negroes carry knives or razors. And when they go into the bush, or take the least walk out of the towns, they invariably carry cutlasses. These are rough, formidable weapons, broad blades set in wooden handles, and costing a shilling or eighteenpence. They are stamped with V.R. and the crown; and issue,

we may therefore suppose, from some government store, but might not improbably be turned against the government in the case of an insurrection; a contingency which Mr Day—taking, we hope, a gloomy view of West Indian prospects—hints at, more than once, as by no means unlikely to occur. Their present use is to clear a path through the tangled vegetation of the tropics; and on country excursions they are most serviceable implements.

We gladly quit discouraging prognostications and the exposure of the brutalised condition of a race for whose welfare this country has made vast sacrifices to little purpose, and address ourselves to those portions of Mr Day's work which have been more particularly suggested by his profession as an artist and his taste as an amateur naturalist. We find him rambling in the little island of St Vincent—a mass of mountains, almost unvaried by level ground; and we accompany him on his expedition to the volcano of the Soufrière. This is the “lion” of St Vincent's, the pride and glory of the island. Mr Day, however, who had rambled much before he turned his truant steps to the West Indies, thought but little of it compared with other mountains he had visited. “Lochnagar, in Aberdeenshire, is a far wilder place; and the Soufrière will not compare with Vesuvius, much less with Etna.” It has its beauties, however, he admits, and the road to it is both picturesque and perilous. On reaching the higher flanks of the mountain, the scenery assumed a character rather Scotch than West Indian. From the summit the travellers looked down into the extinct crater, now a beautiful little lake of bottle-green water, surrounded by precipices disposed in basaltic circles. The volcanic phenomena of the place were not sufficiently remarkable to make much impression on a man who had seen both Etna and Vesuvius “under fire,” and had lived for forty-five days at Nicolosi, the highest village on the Sicilian mountain. Mr Day was much more struck by the aspect of the virgin forests into which he subsequently penetrated on his way to the Pitch Lake, another of the wonders of Trinidad.

“When we fairly entered the deep, solemn woods, by a mere mule-path, with the high, high trees closing in upon us on all sides, I felt quite a new sensation—I was awe-stricken. Up they shot so tall and straight, mostly expanding only at the top, that it made one quail to look aloft. Many of them were covered with a perfect mantle of parasites, whilst enormous vegetable cables hung suspended from others, interlaced, twisted, and interwoven with millions of smaller ropes and vegetable cords. Those trees that had limbs were marked at intervals with parasitical ulcers, a species of pine, or aloe, often of a dull crimson, on every bend. Then how strange the forms! Some pendants were twisted like buffaloes' horns, a tangled net of elephantine strength. Many of the trees and forms were quite new to me. One highly characteristic tree was the Tyre, (I can only give the local names,) a tall, slender shaft, spreading into a figure allied to a hand fire-screen. Then came the Balanger, having a leaf three feet high, formed like a gigantic spear. In fact, there was such an infinity of shrubs and trees allied to the palm and aloe, as almost to set the enumeration of a botanist at defiance. One, however, was not to be lightly passed over; it was the pit-muck, or Trinidad roseau, a shrub fifteen feet high, growing in clusters, allied but too closely to the gru-gru, as it was covered with sharp thorns, two inches and a half long. This formidable shrub hemmed us in on either side so closely, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could avoid being pierced by its spines. It seemed positively to fill up every interstice of the forest, rendering it impossible to penetrate in any direction but that in which we were going. The silence had something awful in it. The sounds that did meet the ear only reminded us that man was far distant, being the occasional screaming of birds, the shrill notes of the cicada tribes, and now and then the sharp ringing clang of the carpenter bird, which sounds as if he were cutting down the trees with a silver axe.”

These forests abound in parrots, monkeys, tiger-cats, and boa-constrictors; but Mr Day neither saw nor heard anything of them. The chief danger was that of coming unawares on a boa—mistaking him for one of the serpent-like lianas or gnarled tree roots that coiled about the ground. Only a week before this expedition, a boa, sixteen feet long, had been killed amongst the

canes of Bellevue plantation. The passage through the forest was sufficiently difficult and dangerous, without encountering monsters of this kind. The mules had no slight difficulty in picking their way across the twisted roots that lay bare upon the soil, the interstices being worn into deep cavities by the feet of preceding wayfarers. Through gloomy hollows and swamps of tenacious, light-coloured mud, the travellers pushed on, vainly endeavouring, by crouching over the necks of their beasts, to avoid the pendant withes which lashed and sawed them across the face, and twisting their bodies from side to side, to escape stabs from the bayonet-like spines of the formidable pit-muck. The only good feature of the ride was its coolness, the vertical sun-beams obtaining no passage through the impervious canopy of foliage, although its oblique rays, on the travellers' return, dimly illumined the dusky glades. At last they emerged into the open country, once more saw sugar-canes, and obtained refreshment at a plantation—bread and raisins, and the grateful pale ale—precious beverage in those torrid latitudes. The consumption of this description of beer in the West Indies is very considerable, stout and porter being too heavy for the climate. Even the ale, Mr Day thinks, is injurious; but it must surely be preferable to the strong drinks in which most West Indians indulge. There is a prejudice against water, which is always largely corrected with brandy. That this is not indispensable, may be inferred from the fact that French West Indians find sugar or raspberry vinegar a sufficient corrective “without *eau de vie*, which, in that climate, might rather be called *eau de mort*.” “Wine is not drunk at our table,” says Mr Day, when detailing the routine of living at a boarding house, “but cold brandy and water, or sometimes a sort of cold rum punch, called ‘*falurnum*’—a very baneful, heady, bilious drink, in great request.” This was at Barbadoes. At St Vincent’s there is a drink still more delectably deleterious, composed of brandy, rum, wine, and porter, with lime-peel and nutmeg, and known by the appropriate name of rattle-skull.

“There is a free-and-easy style of living here,” says Mr Day, who himself appears to have been prudent and temperate, and who enjoyed perfect health during the whole of the first year he passed in the West Indies, “worthy of Ireland in its palmiest days. Another potation, called cocoa-nut julep, cannot be passed over, being worthy of Ganymede. It is the water of young green cocoanuts poured into a glass goblet, holding, at least, half a gallon, and to this is added the gelatine which the said nuts contain, sweetened, *secundum artem*, with refined sugar and Hollands gin. Without hyperbole, this is a delicious drink.” Alcohol, in one form or another, often but very slightly diluted, is largely consumed by both the white and the coloured population of these islands, and with most damaging consequences. By inflaming the blood, it predisposes to yellow fever, and contributes largely to the irritability of temper common amongst West Indians of all colours. “A tranquil mind,” says Mr Day, “is a great preservative from sickness. It is astonishing how many of the serious illnesses, nay, deaths, which take place within the tropics, may be traced to fits of passion. People there live high, and it wants but an exciting cause to effect a total derangement of the frame.” Another inducement to temperate living in that climate, is the daily and hourly exposure to the bites of venomous creatures, many of which wounds, not necessarily mortal, are apt to prove so when the blood is in an inflamed and unwholesome state. It is easy to vaunt the pleasures of a tropical residence. Mr Day is by no means insensible to them, and frequently grows enthusiastic when speaking of the delicious scenery. “I know of no part of the world,” he says, (and be it remembered that he is no tyro in travelling, but has wandered far and wide,) “so romantic as the West Indies. In Switzerland the mountains are higher, it is true, but the vegetation is not half so beautiful. St Vincent’s is full of lovely little valleys and isolated knolls, offering the most exquisite sites for houses, and presenting the most delightful panoramic views.” And

again, when out dove-shooting, with Cupid for his guide, (not the son of Venus, but of a certain Castello; the negro Nimrod of those parts,) he falls into an ecstasy of admiration of the glories of the tropical woodlands; of the beautiful fern-tree, which looks "like a plume of bright green ostrich feathers stuck upon a pole," the said pole being often five-and-thirty feet high—and of the endless variety of palms, the splendid mango, and the silk cotton-tree—and the bread-fruit tree, with its fruit as large as a thirty-six pounder—and the richly-foliaged gru-gru, with its dangerous thorns, four or five inches long, which wither and drop off, and inflict severe wounds on the incautious explorer who treads upon them. Horses are often lamed by these thorns, which are as hard as spike nails, and a great deal sharper. "What splendid solitudes are these!" exclaims Mr Day, when strolling with a friend through the Grand Sable and Congo valleys. "Across this valley, of a mile in width, rose another ridge, backed by the grand peaks of the Morne-à-Garon range, covered with its dark-green suit—shrubs at a distance, tall trees when near. Here no white man penetrates, only the negro hunter and the Carib; wild boars, manicons, and snakes monopolise the soil." Taking the hint contained in this last line, we turn to the reverse of the picture, painted by the same artist to whom we are indebted for its brighter side.

"I do not exactly know," says Mr Day artlessly, "whether that which is new to me is equally so to the scientific world; but *things are constantly dropping at one's feet*—sometimes a lizard from a tree, sometimes a centipede from the ceiling, a spider, or some equally disagreeable fellow-lodger. The common spider of St Vincent's is a monstrous insect or reptile; the circumference of the circle formed by his feet would, at the least, be nine inches. He carries about with him a large white hassock or stool more than half an inch in diameter, and looking like a leviathan peppermint lozenge. . . . It appears that the white hassock is the nidus of the young, who literally feed upon the mother, eating right through her, when, of course, her useless legs drop upon the ground."

Pleasant insects to have falling into one's teacup or tumbler! But these are trifling nuisances, not worthy to be named in the same volume with others described by Mr Day. For these latter we step across to Trinidad, and refer to the third chapter of our traveller's second tome. He has just returned to Port of Spain, after a three weeks' ramble in the country, and finds the town excessively hot.

"The first night after my return I accidentally moved my pillow, previous to getting into bed, when out rushed a centipede, at least six inches long. I gave battle, and killed it with the heel of my boot, severing the head from the body; but as the sight of these reptiles is not pleasant, I thrust it out of the room, leaving the boards strewed with the head and sundry feet, fully intending to measure it in the morning; when, however, to my astonishment, it had disappeared, body, head, and legs. 'De ant eat um, sar,' explained my servant. Certes, nothing was left to show that a centipede had ever been there, except the stains of the combat on the floor. Centipedes run very fast when living, but this had vanished after death.

"Friday, the 26th of May, was a night of events. Whilst undressing, I saw something black move, and discovered that it was one of the enormous black tarantulas of Trinidad, the bite of which invariably produces fever. I tried to hit him, but failed, so quickly did he dart from place to place. Lying down, I heard something move under my pillow, and instantly struck a light, when I found a congoree, or blind worm, having a number of small legs like a caterpillar. It is harmless, but was very disagreeable, and I threw it out of window. No sooner was I down again than I felt another crawling, and got up and examined all about, but could see nothing; but directly I put out the light, I felt a very distinct movement under my head. As soon as I sprang up, out rushed a large centipede, just in time to receive a stroke with my cutlass, which severed him unequally into two parts. This, I thought, had finished him, but away went the head and larger portion faster than I could give chase, and effected a retreat. The other extremity, two inches long, remained tolerably quiet; but receiving a gentle reminder from the cutlass, it began to crawl also. Having put an end to this, I turned up the bed in some trepidation, but only found two congorees lying snugly coiled up. These I quickly despatched, and for

the rest of the night was tormented by nothing more vicious than bats, cockroaches and mice. I summed up the casualties as follows :—

One tarantula, a fearful bite ;
One centipede, an excruciating bite ;
Three congooses, harmless ;
A dozen cockroaches, a sharp nip ;
Ditto mice, merely disturbers.
Bats, simply nuisances.

Not so bad for a single night in the Tropics. These vermin were driven into the houses by the rains, which had now commenced again. They seek hidden places which are warm and dry ; hence the predilection of the centipede for pillows and so forth."

Although the bats are set down, in this nice list, as mere nuisances, they are often troublesome to animals, sucking their blood in the night ; but the centipedes, tarantulas, and large scorpions are truly formidable to human beings.

"A negro, George, who carried on his head our wine, and a change of clothes, &c., from Rabacca to the 'Fancy,' once swallowed a centipede ! He was dreadfully stung in the mouth and throat, but not in the stomach, as the reptile probably died the instant it got into that burning receptacle. This man got up in the dark to drink some water, in which the centipede was bathing itself, and so the mishap occurred. These vermin will live for a long time in water, although sweet oil, or rum, will instantly kill them. A day or two ago, Mrs S—, at Rabacca, felt something crawling over her neck, between the skin and her gown ; she hastily tore off her canzoo, and behold ! there was a centipede, three inches long, in full march. It was taken off by her son with a pair of scissors, almost miraculously, without a bite. I myself, in a room full of children, saw one crawling over a cellarette, and had some difficulty in killing it, so extremely hard is the crustaceous shell. They do not sting, but bite. A boy in Kingston got dreadfully bitten by one, through inadvertently putting on his boots without examining them. It is dangerous to handle clothing, waste paper, or anything of the sort, without a scrutiny. On my removing a heap of a similar character, I killed something that rushed briskly out, and it proved to be a scorpion."

Subordinate in importance to the attacks of reptiles, but still most painful and distressing, are the stings of *gnats*, wasps, and other insect tor-

mentors of great size and virulence. Amongst the worst of these are large red wasps, called Jack-Spaniards in the West Indies, which have domestic tendencies, and fix their nests inside the roofs of sheds and verandahs. The nest, which is suspended from some angle or rafter, is a cluster of perhaps a hundred hexagonal cells of a very light texture. By way of consolation to intending visitors to the Tropics, Mr Day mentions that the Jack-Spaniards do not use their sting—which is terrible—so long as they are not molested. Considering the unpleasant proximity of their nests to one's sitting-room, molestation may not always be avoidable, nor is it easy to say at what exact point the susceptibility of these well-armed insects may first take umbrage. We learn, however, that a single Jack-Spaniard, flying into the house, sets a whole family in commotion. The mosquitoes are more actively annoying than these wasps. Dining at a planter's house in Trinidad, Mr Day was surprised to see every one place a newspaper, or double sheet of stout foolscap, on his cane-bottomed chair, before sitting down, as a defence against the mosquitoes. He had heard of this plan, but had always thought it a joke. "In spite of our precautions, we could hardly sit still, although the negro attendants were all dinner time busily employed in towelling the invaders under as well as above the table ; and numbers of the slain blackened the table-cloth." Then there is a minute pest called the *bête rouge*, which penetrates the boots, and burrows in the skin, producing an intolerable itching and inflammation. And—strangest of all, and at first discredited by Mr Day—there is a species of insect, commonly supposed to be a sort of mosquito, (although of this a physician at Port of Spain expressed a doubt,) which deposits a larva in the skin of human beings and animals, which larva produces a worm several inches long—in fact, a hundred times as large as its depositor. This seemed so absurd that Mr Day set it down as a hoax, but he was referred to medical men in Port of Spain, and from them received confirmation of the statement. This is rather disgusting ; but West Indian voyagers should have

stout stomachs to endure without nausea the sickening sights and smells they encounter amongst the motley population of the islands. On these heads Mr Day is abundantly explicit, and we refer the curious in such matters to his book, ourselves preferring to accompany him a-field, and to hear some of the very tough yarns with which he was regaled by the black huntsman before mentioned. Castello had wonderful stories to relate of his encounters with the wild boar—"de wile hog," as he called it. These boars are fierce and dangerous animals, and sometimes assume the offensive, and become the hunter instead of the hunted. We are told of one unfortunate gentleman who was driven to climb a gru-gru tree, as sole manner of escape from a pair of menacing tusks, and who of course was dreadfully lacerated by the thorns. Castello was a bold fellow, although he doubtless somewhat embellished his narratives of his own exploits. Being once hunted by a boar of great ferocity and strength, he climbed a tree. The boar was not to be baffled, and waited for his descent, which occurred sooner than Castello expected, for the branch on which he was perched broke, and down he came on the top of the pig.

"Most men in such a situation would have tried to rise and get away—not so the negro hunter: he, on the contrary, pressed the boar down as hard as he could, until, by repeated digs with his knife, he killed it; not, however, before it had dragged him a considerable distance. He says that the hides of these wild hogs are so tough and thick that 'de English balls flatten and spatter agin him 'kin, like lead 'trown in waater,' and he is obliged to use balls of 'solder' (tin alloyed, I presume) in order to penetrate: iron bullets would 'poil um gun.'

"Another time, an enormous boar at Three Rivers killed one man, and so seriously ripped up another, that subsequently he also died. Another, after having been struck with ball six times by white gentlemen, was supposed to have been made off with and eaten in the woods by a dog, much to the astonishment of these simpletons, though it afterwards appeared that the dog had been eaten by the boar. Castello was sent for, and with a boarding-pike, which bent like lead against the boar's hide, not 'going the whole hog' at all, had a

hand-to-hand fight with the brute, killing him at last with a ball, at the moment that he was himself nearly giving up. This monster boar, 'when him 'kin and 'orape, Maassa,' measured six feet two inches, and stood three feet in height; 'him tush (tusks) so long, Maassa,'—and the negro showed me the length of his fore arm. Castello has six small, but very fierce dogs, all pretty well gashed with wounds received in boar-hunting."

Mr Day went to pay a visit to Harry Lumex, on his estate at Moruga—the most out-of-the-way place in the whole island of Trinidad. Harry Lumex is a very intelligent and popular Creole—not quite black, but not many removes from it—who owns a fine plantation and a smart sixty-ton schooner—is a magistrate and a philanthropist—"unassuming, energetic, and, for a coloured man, reflective." At the time of Mr Day's visit, he was busy founding a village hard by his own residence, with a view of collecting together the scattered population, that they might have the benefit of a school and a priest, and of Harry's medical advice—he being, for want of a better, their only doctor. Harry had good friends in the island, dined with the governor when he went to Port of Spain, and had had Lord Harris's personal assistance in the laying out of his little town. Near his place flows the Moruga river, famous for its oysters, and formerly fringed with the poisonous manchineel tree, whose branches the negroes were wont to lop off and throw into the water to poison the fish, in order the more easily to catch them, until Harry had the trees cut down. The manchineel is another West Indian comfort. Whilst rambling in the little island of Chachacare, eighteen miles from Port of Spain, Mr Day and his companions had to cut their way through a grove of manchineel and cocoa-nut trees.

"My friend _____ an old gentleman of sev. _____ suddenly b. _____ we of _____ all _____ w _____ could _____ he _____ face w _____ handkerchief, _____ manchineel _____ into _____ were _____

gave him relief, and for many hours he suffered the most excruciating agony. After two hours a pirogue was procured, and now quite blind he was led down the precipitous path to the beach, and with great difficulty embarked. We got back to Mademoiselle Emilie's, where new remedies were again tried. The leaves of the sour-sop were boiled, and mixed plentifully with sweet-oil, and with this mixture his face was lubricated; but it was not until the next morning that he felt at all relieved, the inflammation remaining all this day. So much for trifling with manchineel trees."

Under the hospitable roof of Harry Lumez, Mr Day was at the headquarters of Creole cookery, and many were the queer dishes set before him. There was turtle in abundance, and in every shape, for Harry had a well-stocked turtle pen close to his house, as well as a store of maracoi, or land turtle—a variety of the species which, in a gastronomic point of view, is by no means to be sneezed at. Then there was cheep-cheep—an excellent sort of mussel, found in great abundance on the sea shore; and there were yams, plantains, and other tropical vegetables, in great profusion.

"'You hab some breads!' I was asked.

"'If you please; but where is it? I don't see any!'

"'De breads is close to you—dere yams, tanners, cous-cous, plantain, plenty.'

"These were the 'breads' of our worthy host; our wheaten bread is not cared for by creoles. A little, however, was obtained for my especial use in the village.

"Breakfasted à la fourchette at ten a.m., on a variety of odd-looking dishes.

"'What are these?' I inquired.

"'Dems very good; you try dem.'

"'What—why they're gru-gru-worms! a dish-full fried!'

"This is a white grub, an inch and a half long, as fat as a bloated lap-dog, having a large black head. They breed in the gru-gru palm. I had often heard of them, but never thought that I could bring myself to eat a 'roasted maggot;' and now came the trial. I cut off the black head, as large as a swan-shot, and nearly as hard, and making a desperate effort, ate one, and felt very qualmish; but, divesting oneself of prejudice, it really was very good, though a glass of claret was necessary to keep it down. I tried another grub, and then another, and altogether managed to swallow half-a-dozen, and felt that I had achieved a

feat. The priest, who was at table, looked on in silence; he had not moral courage enough to try one. The worst of the gru-gru-worm is the head, which I believe even the creoles can scarcely manage. I took something fried in slices like liver, crisp, but of a horribly mawkish flavour.

"'What's this!' I asked.

"'You like um! dat very good—dat sheep's blood fried!'

"'Um! I'll take some more claret!'

"Gru-gru grubs and sheep's blood, both on the same morning, required something stronger than claret to make them agreeable."

The appearances and natural phenomena which are most inseparably associated, in European minds, with the idea of the Tropics, are not found, on a visit to that region, to be correspondingly salient and striking. People go south with fixed notions on certain subjects, and are surprised to find that they have been misled, a little perhaps by the exaggerations of literary travellers, and still more by their own lively imaginations. Mr Day throws a cloud athwart West Indian skies, as they are shown us by novelists and scene-painters. Far clearer and more intensely blue, he says, is the sky of Milan, Florence, Rome, or Constantinople, than that of the Antilles. That of Egypt is infinitely more glowing. The atmosphere of Trinidad he describes as disagreeably humid, warm, and yellow; and light masses of vapour, as well as dark lowering clouds, are scarcely, according to him, less plentiful in the Antilles than in England. Every here and there, in the course of his two copious volumes, he knocks over the head, with the club of actual experience and observation, some pet popular notion. Speaking of humming-birds, for instance—which one is accustomed to think of as animated prisms, dazzling the eye with gaudy hues as they dart through golden sunbeams—he tells us that, when flying about amongst the flowers, they are "of so dark a bottle-green as to seem black, and the real beauty of their plumage, whatever it may be, is in no way visible." He never, he says, although he watched them often, could catch the slightest variation of colour. "As a rule," Mr Day proceeds to observe, "much of that

which is peculiar to the Tropics must be sought for; all that has been described by travellers exists, but it reveals itself only slowly and accidentally. Some trees, however, are so peculiar in their forms as at once to strike the eye." And in another place, "every day," he says, "developes something curious and peculiar in these islands. We have the detonating chestnut, the shell of which explodes and sends the fruit flying several yards, startling a novice into the belief that some one is pelting him. Then comes the milk-tree, which, on being bruised or broken, exudes a fluid in every way analogous to animal milk. One morning I saw on the stone pavement of the city a snake, though it was only four inches long, and as thick as a garden worm. This little reptile, however, was said to have fangs, and made abortive attempts to bite a stick. These are the things which make one feel far a-field." The *crapeaus*, huge frogs, often seven inches long by four broad, are another pleasant species of vermin infesting the West Indian islands. They hop along so fast, that it is difficult to overtake them, and, when pursued, eject a corrosive and blinding liquid. This fact is well established, and Mr Day witnessed an instance of it whilst stopping on the Mount Stuart estate in Trinidad. A little Scotch terrier, accustomed to hunt rats, chased a large crapeau into the guinea grass. "If that is a crapeau," remarked his master, "the dog will be blinded." The words were scarcely uttered when there was a fearful squeal, and the terrier lay kicking in violent fits. Puffs of water were thrown over him, and he was carried into the house. One eye was found to be seriously affected, and, in spite of all remedies, the sight of it was totally lost.

During a visit paid in 1848 to Chachacare, one of the islands of the Boccas del Drago, Mr Day saw some striking examples of the depreciation of West Indian property, and of the cruel consequences to our colonial interests of that well intended, but in some respects most injudicious, measure—the indiscriminate emancipation of the blacks. He took up his lodging at the house of Mademoiselle

Emille, an old negro lady of eighty-five, whose wool was snow-white, and her civility boundless. She owned an estate of a hundred acres, but it yielded her no revenue. The poor old creature, when the emancipation took place, let pieces of land to her negroes at a very low rent. Not one of them ever paid her. "God gave the earth to all!" was their reply when asked for money—a convenient excuse for insolvency, borrowed, doubtless, from some of their Exeter Hall friends.

"So," said the old lady, "I own all this land, and often have not half a bit (twopence-halfpenny) to buy salt fish. They plunder my provision grounds, steal my fowls, and laugh me to scorn. What can an old woman like myself do! I am tired of life, and wish to die—I wish to live no longer! Seven thousand dollars (fifteen hundred pounds) were awarded me as compensation-money on the abolition of slavery, not one dollar of which have I received, having been swindled out of all by a lawyer of Port of Spain. I nebbber get one 'tampoe (stampée.)' Such was the real truth. The West Indies are a terrible place for helpless old people, so heartless are the villainies perpetrated by black, brown, and white."

Poor Emille was selling her land at sixteen dollars (about £3, 7s.) for a quarree—upwards of two and a half acres. She was a pious old dame, and had presented ten acres to the Roman Catholic church of the island; but it was seldom that a priest went there to officiate. As regarded the price she got for her property, she was no worse off than her neighbours. A whale had been caught at the island of Gasparie, seven miles distant, and Mr Day set out for that place, to see the process of flensing, and to sketch a shark. The following is a melancholy picture of the present worthlessness of West Indian estates:—

"We passed on route the whaling establishment of Monsieur Joel, which consisted of three houses (two of them large dwelling-houses) and a large inclosed brick-built boiling-house, with five quarrees (sixteen acres) of good land, partly in cultivation. 'I offered to buy that,' said Monsieur C—, our Captain, also a whaler, 'I offered him two hundred dollars for it, (forty-two pounds,) but he refused my offer.'"

'What!' said I, 'two hundred dollars for the whole!' 'Why, yes, and, quite enough!' Monsieur Joel, indeed, was unconscionable enough to demand two thousand dollars, or four hundred pounds sterling, for the estate. The place was at this time abandoned, as were most of even the smaller houses and lands along the Bay of Chica-chicá, from the difficulty of getting labour."

A difficulty explained and illustrated in numerous passages of Mr Day's work. The negro has no stimulus to work. Naturally the laziest and most sensual of human beings, his happiness is to do nothing. Take, for instance, one of the St Vincent negroes, of whom Mr Day speaks, in some respects, more favourably than of those of any other island. Not more than one-seventh part of the island being cultivated, the negro "squats" on untilled land, or perhaps hires an acre at a yearly rent of sixteen dollars. The limit is a mere form; the one acre meaning "as much ground as he and his family can cultivate, so long as he does not interfere with his neighbours." He finds a ready sale at good prices for his produce; and even if he works not at all, he cannot well starve. Bread-fruit is agreeable and nutritious food; fish are in every river, to be had for the catching; and agoutis (with which the reader will have made acquaintance in zoological gardens, and which are excellent eating, notwithstanding their resemblance to Brobdignag rats) burrow everywhere, and are obtainable at the expense of no greater toil than the fabrication of a reed-trap. Pigs and fowls, once purchased, cost nothing, as they forage for themselves. Yams, plantains, mangoes, and bananas are of rapid growth and abundant bearing. In such a land, and at complete liberty to follow his basking inclinations, what wonder that the negro is saucy and idle? "It is we," said a planter to Mr Day, "who are the obliged parties," when Sambo condescends to work.

"The negroes," says Mr Day in another place, "are a million-fold better off than any other peasantry on the face of the earth. It is they who now diotate to the whites. Every negro considers him-

self a gentleman. Of course, from the laziness of the negroes in the towns there is a good deal of poverty. The only thing, perhaps, that keeps the West Indies to us, is the dread which the negroes have of coming under the dominion of the Americans. Jonathan is certainly the man to bring them back to their senses, which they have quite lost since they have been taught by the Wesleyans that they are equal to the white man; while our folly in permitting them to purchase lands for a nominal price, and become independent of labour, has made the evil irremediable. Six weeks' labour will, at any time, enable a negro to purchase land enough for his wants. Ten dollars will erect his house, and there he is, ready to laugh at labour. Nay, he usually obtains the land on credit; and as the law is a nullity in our West India islands, he either evades the payment altogether, or takes a couple of years to accomplish it."

Those whom this painful subject especially interests, will find much relating to it in the volumes under review. Unwilling to dwell upon an evil which now appears hopeless of remedy, we follow Mr Day on his excursion to visit the dead whale and lively sharks of the island of Gasparie. Of the latter fish he had previously seen something whilst crossing from Granada to Trinidad in a cattle-ship, whose decks were so greasy, and her bulwarks so low, that, "as she heeled over, the greatest caution was necessary to avoid sliding over board to leeward, with a dozen sharks to catch you—a common accident to landsmen in such small craft in the West Indies." At Gasparie he made much nearer acquaintance with the voracious sea-lawyers. The whale lay alongside a low wharf, in pretty deep water, and negroes were fletching (cutting) off enormous pieces and hoisting them up by a pair of shears. What with the dead fish and the living niggers, the atmosphere was considerably tainted, and Mr Day, although by this time accustomed to strong smells, was more than once nearly overcome by the combined odour. His description of the scene is particularly graphic.

"There was, at first, nothing else to see but a dead shark; but as pieces of offal were detached from the body of the

whale, a fierce battle of sharks ensued under the water, the fins and tails of the combatants being seen as they 'lashed with idle rage' the disturbed sea. Sometimes a huge shark would leap quite out of the water like a salmon or a porpoise. There was generally a negro up to his middle in the bowels of the whale, assisting to sever the masses of blubber; and now and then a hungry shark would make a grab at some morsel close to the man, when he would give it a blow over the nose with the fletching-knife, much as one would thump an over-greedy dog. Habit renders these people callous. Upwards of fifty sharks had been lanced that morning, but plenty were still left. Sharks will eat a quarter of a whale in one night, and therefore it is of course an object with the whalers to strip the body of the leviathan as quickly as possible. The sea was red with blood, and the crews of the surrounding boats were patiently waiting their lumps of whale beef to cook for their dinner. All this, though curious enough to a novice, was, after the first glance, revolting. Everybody seemed to be running about with knives in their hands or carrying away beef to be cooked; and the smell was so disagreeable, that I could not muster up resolution enough to taste the marine viand."

A woodcut follows, of a seven-foot shark, which Mr Day gave a negro a dollar to fish up for him, and took its likeness whilst still living, holding his nose the while. The creature was hoisted out of the sea by the tackle and fall. Sharks are brisk and vigorous amongst those islands. Going home, Mr Day saw one leap out of the water high in the air, and thought how awkward it would have been had the monster alighted in his boat. A strange tale was told him that day by one of the whalers, to the effect that whales, whilst feeding at the bottom of the sea, sing beautifully.

"Often," said the narrator, "have I, on a calm still night, whilst on the watch in a boat, heard them, whilst feeding, sing below me, by which sounds I detected their whereabouts, and could always tell where they would ascend to re-pire, by their short asthmatic breathings like that of a man out of breath;"—and here he imitated the sounds, which proved to be octaves. The puffings were like those of a steam locomotive on its first coming into play. This reminded me of the legendary songs of the mermaids."

If, whilst reading Mr Day's volumes, we have felt mistrustful, and inclined to suspect him of painting with too black a brush, it has been by reason of the universality of his censure. He frequently makes kindly mention of individuals—seldom or never of races. Yankees and negroes, mulattoes and white creoles, all come under his lash, administered with no sparing hand. Whilst coinciding with portions of his censure, we still think it would have lost nothing in force or severity had it been more temperately and less sweepingly expressed. His descriptions of the different races he encountered during his abode beyond the Atlantic, are far more vivid and amusing than complimentary. We would not advise him to go back to the West Indies, nor yet to the United States, where he had lived for three years before starting for the Tropics. We have our doubts whether his reception on his next visit to Guadalupe will be flattering to his feelings, at least if he carries out the intention intimated upon his title-page of producing a French translation of the book. In the second line of the first volume the inhabitants of the States are set down as collectively disagreeable. A little farther on, Mrs Trollope's account of the Americans is praised as religiously and unexaggeratedly true, and meanness, villany, and dirty tricks, are attributed to our across-the-water cousins en masse. Presently, "I thought of Connecticut," says our author, "and of the cold selfish Yankees—all my serpent-like knaves." Many such, unquestionably, have been, and again will be raised in the peddling state, as well in other provinces of the Union; Christian, it is true, but they bid us to unlearn the lessons they are now teaching. Let it be remembered, however, to what eyes this book is presented, the medium of one of the cheapest reprints, taken from the original at the author's expense, and an attempt to make it a first-class production. The first volume is a very poor reprint."

says, "I am sorry to say that respectability of character is held but in little esteem. Bad repute never seems to affect social position, and I incurred much odium as a 'proud man, who thought no one good enough for him,' simply because I avoided the acquaintance of public defaulters, and of persons universally spoken of as unprincipled dishonourable men." Upon the poor Bimms (vulgar for Barbadians) he is down like a sledg-hammer. They are "a miserably mean, narrow-minded race, who think of nothing but making sugar, eating pork and sweet potatoes, and riding about in a buggy;"—occupations, so it appears to us, of a particularly pastoral and blameless nature, by no means calling for such extremity of scorn. At Guadaloupe he discovers that there "is something very savage and lowering in the eye of a French soldier," and that "you rarely see an open countenance in the French ranks." There is also "a superciliousness of manner in the officers, that shows they were never *born to command*." We might quote plenty more of such passages, but content ourselves with one—a sort of circular excommunication addressed to all creation, or nearly so. "An Englishman of any reflection," Mr Day opines, "is very unfitted to reside in any other part of the world than his own country." The same thing has been sometimes said by foreigners, although their reasons for English "unfitness" have been different from

those assigned in the present book. Go where he will, out of his own country, the "Englishman of reflection," according to Mr Day, is too good for his society. Sympathy and association with the foreigner are for him alike impossible. "The Frenchman is too *tête montée*; the German of education is too mystical; the Italians are ignorant and vulgar; the Americans, as well as being ignorant and vulgar, are ludicrously conceited, and for the rest far below the standard in knowledge and education." All, all barren, from Dan to Beersheeba, from the Adriatic to the Pacific, save and except those favoured isles which British seas encircle. Certainly no one can impute cosmopolitan tendencies to the author of *Five Years in the West Indies*. Our chief reason for regretting the great vivacity and occasional fierceness of his demonstrations against alien and colonial populations, is our apprehension lest readers should think that by temper or temperament Mr Day is more ready to blame than to approve; to expose vices and failings than to discover virtues and amiable qualities. He himself tells us of the irritability of system produced by West Indian climate and good living. To the former he was inevitably exposed; of the latter we trust he made no abuse, and that neither "rattleskull" nor any other tempting but treacherous nectar, indigenous to the Antilles, have had aught to do with the petulant and censorious tone of his book.

FORTUNE-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

AT an early age I was set up in business by my father. It was not in trade, nor in a learned profession. His pride revolted against commerce in all its forms—he thought the Bar little better than a life-long apprenticeship to the galleys; medicine as detestable to administer as to take; the pulpit a mere corner in which to hide the poverty of a church mouse; and the army so slow in its promotion, as only to be fit for Methuselah. So he set me up at twenty-three in business as a marrying man. My stock in trade was considerable. Independent of expectations befitting the only son of a Norfolk squire of tolerable acreage, I was possessed of a grand-aunt of a very delicate constitution; a stature of five feet eleven; magnificent white teeth; great personal strength; health enough to withstand the whole college of physicians; and self-reliance and confidence in my own resources that would have sufficed for Alexander the Great. In addition to all this, I had a smattering of Latin and Greek, a competent knowledge of French, a little music, a great deal of small-talk, and a property left me by my grandmother of three hundred a-year. Though the trade in which I entered was greatly overstocked, still we hoped, my father and I, by a judicious selection, and unflinching attention to business, to merit the favour of a discerning public; and, finally, achieve a fortune. How we succeeded in this, or if we succeeded in it at all, it is now my intention to tell; and in either case I feel certain, that a good lesson will be conveyed to my successors and rivals in that interesting pursuit.

London is not by any means a good place to begin with: you are embarrassed by the number of heiresses, as sport is spoilt by too many foxes in a cover. The scent gets confused—you are drawn off in fifty different directions; or if you take to one particular individual, you find she either dodges you from long experience, or is not worth pulling down. A country town of two or three thousand inhabitants—a little deserted watering-

place—a fine old solid village clustered round a square-towered church, are all infinitely preferable to London. Above all things choose a locality of as much natural beauty as you can. Some flat scenes in Suffolk are as hostile to the tender passion as would be the loss of an eye. A lovely landscape softens the heart. This is the reason—and not the difference of climate—why Italy is more propitious to love than Halifax or Kamtschatka. Who could talk of connubial bliss on Salisbury Plain? Who does not instantly think of a cottage and content in the vale of Taunton? Streets are certainly fatal. The female heart grows granite amid the grinding of carriage-wheels—no amount of sentiment can survive the perpetual thunder of a thousand cabs. A 'bus is not to be thought of. All the loves and graces would die of it at once. And eyes that could see, through a long vista in the trees, a marriage procession approaching the old church door—white-haired villagers blessing the bride, and bells sending up a merry tune to drown the larks' voices in the upper air—see no vision of the sort, looking up from Belgravia to the Park, or down from Hyde Park Gardens to Belgravia. They only see some withered grass; a thousand carriages, some dusty elms, two hundred nurse-maids, and a hundred soldiers, each with his cap on one side of his head, and a little switch wherewith to tap his leg. Moreover, a demoiselle's expectation dilates to the immense proportions of the city she inhabits. Devonshire House and the palaces in Piccadilly—the magnificences of the Green Park—the grandeurs of Park Lane—form a part of an aspiring beauty's nature; and she despises a comfortable old-fashioned manor, with its cawing rookery, and dry moat bounding its lawn. And if this be the effect on the mind of an aspiring beauty, what must it be on the pure-proud aspirations of a Lombard Street heiress?—on the imaginings of a sugar-baker's inheritress? Beauty, she has long discovered, is a fading flower, and she

is almost thankful she was never troubled with so fleeting a possession. Talent she despises as a qualification only requisite for people who have their way to make. Accomplishments are only fit for governesses and performers on the stage. What beauty has done for a lovely young Lavinia—what talent and accomplishments have done for opera-singers and actresses, must be done for her by dint of hard cash. She knows she has an immense amount of it; she calculates its power—and, standing tip-toe on piled-up barrels of gold-dust, she looks down on all the peerage below the degree of a duke. Avoid her by all means. She has too much money to have much romance; and is too vulgar to have any feeling. Poverty and wealth, like other extremes, are sometimes not very different in their effects. The mind is narrowed as much by superfluous millions, as by a paucity of shillings. The reason is, that in both cases the thoughts rest too constantly on money—the most debasing subject of contemplation on which they can be employed. In the one case, the heart is like an over-furnished drawing-room, where sofas, chairs, cabinets, tables, and articles of vertu, so block up the apartment that there is no room for a visitor in the midst of all that wealth; in the other, the room is so empty that there is no temptation for the visitor to stay, no chair to sit on, no carpet to warm the feet, and chill winds blowing in at window and door. I should say the affections begin to expand at four hundred a-year; and cease to blow at five thousand. Under the lesser sum, a woman makes you her victim, and hates you; above the larger, she makes you her slave, and despises you. I made up my mind to the medium, and was contented with either three thousand acres of arable land, or a hundred thousand pounds in the three per cents.

The instructions I received, before fairly opening shop, if conveyed in Greek, would have qualified me for a professor. "My boy," said my father to me—he assumed a solemnity of look on these occasions, and a proverb-like terseness of expression, which always reminded me of Solo-

mon—"my boy, whenever you think of matrimony, beware of falling in love. Don't make up to rich girls who are positively ugly. They know it themselves, and appreciate your motives. Don't look out for beauty in the object of your choice. Don't object to it if it comes; but by all means prefer a person with no distinguishing characteristic, one way or other. Laying siege to beauty seems like building on another man's foundation. She has heard all about her eyes and dimples before. Be the creator of new feelings in the unsophisticated heart of the dowdy. Make her proud of her flat nose. If she puts an extraordinary amount of fire into her little, half-shut, colourless eyes, propose on the instant. You have a right of possession to the land of which you are first discoverer. But, above all things, my dear boy, beware of having one spark of feeling, or of what fools call sentiment, and I call folly, in your own heart. Pass the port." This is a syllabus of many a lecture delivered with the greatest earnestness. A sort of harshness mingled in the tone of his voice when he spoke of the possibility of my having any affection, even when I was most desperately in love. He himself had been a sufferer. He had courted my mother, who, in spite of great beauty, endeared herself to his eyes by possessing an aunt, of about fifty, from whom she expected an immense estate. He married on this expectation; and in a few months the aunt married an Irish captain of his own age—in a pique, as she herself confessed, at having been jilted for a penniless creature like her niece. "Sir, I lost four thousand a-year by neglecting the old lady. And that comes of falling disinterestedly in love."

But these introductory remarks are not the result only of lectures and the paternal advice. They are confirmed by my own observation and experience. Two years in London, and a diligent reconnaissance from the lower parts of Brompton to the acclivities of the Regent's Park, showed me that all was barren. I forgot, in my eagerness to secure a comfortable home by a walk through the church, that there were thousands of fair aspirants for the honours of matrimony,

who had precisely the same design. I forgot, also, that the same longing looks which I directed to a green silk bonnet and a house in Belgrave Square, were addressed by a great variety of bonnets towards my three hundred a-year, and a house in an old rookery in Norfolk. In the first year of my noviciate, the banns were called two Sundays between me and a foreign marchioness, with a castle on the Rhine, and fifty or sixty thousand acres of the plain of Lombardy. I luckily discovered in time that she was already provided with a husband in the person of a French barber, and that the diamond ring—which she gave me in exchange for a mosaic gold bracelet—was of paste. So little dependence can be placed on the generosity of women! This incident gave me in one month the wisdom of twenty years. My hair did not grow white in a single night, but in a single hour my brain grew clear. My heart became a lump of Wenham lake ice, hard and cold. I hated all the sex, and determined to marry money, and nothing but money, in revenge. I was not very particular about birth. The marchioness sickened me of title; and I turned my eyes from Debrett and Grosvenor Square, and studied the Commercial Directory, with a sovereign disdain of the Court Guide. One evening a girl was pointed out to me by Mrs Busby of Baker Street, as a person very peculiarly circumstanced. In the pauses of the dance, and particularly when we were drinking negus, and nearly killing ourselves with melted jellies, Mrs Busby and I became confidential. "She's most strangely circumstanced, is Emily Brown," said Mrs Busby. "She's what we call a penniless heiress." I became attentive at these words, and looked at Emily Brown—a little pleasant, inoffensive girl, about eighteen, with light brown hair, and a pretty elegant figure; but absurdly shy, and blushing like a field of poppies when she saw she was observed.

"A penniless heiress?" I inquired. "That seems rather a contradiction in terms—something like the luxury of woe."

"It's all true, though. That old lady in dark grey is her mother. She is the widow of a vicar some-

where in Warwickshire, and they are both supported by an uncle in India. He is a collector, or commissioner, or something else very high in the Company's service, and may rise still higher. With every step in rank he takes a rise in his ambition for his niece. Some years ago he would have been contented with a country surgeon, or an army captain, or a stockbroker; then he rose to a major, and a physician, and a banker; now he is for a gentleman of eight descents, and will cut her off with a shilling if she marries below his expectation."

"And the fortune?" I inquired in a careless manner—"the fortune takes a proportionate rise?"

"Doesn't it!" replied Mrs Busby. "Why, when he thought of the surgeon, it was only twenty thousand pounds. The major was worth forty; but now Busby tells me—and he buys in all his stock—Busby tells me it's sixty-five thousand in the three-and-a-quarters, besides a director's qualification in India stock."

"Will you introduce me, my dear Mrs Busby? Your story interests me extremely, and she seems a charming girl."

"I thought you were engaged for the next dance to my Selma," said Mrs Busby, in a sulky tone; "but I see Colonel Munch has taken her out for the quadrille."

I hated that Colonel Munch. He was engaged in the same line of business with myself, but carried on his affairs so bunglingly that he exposed all the tricks of the trade. I looked upon him as Stultz may be supposed to look on Moses. However, I was introduced to Emily Brown. My father, whose provision was wonderful, had the ball-room in view when he held me at the fust. He had named me Reginald Augustus; so there was always a sort of pleasure in hearing the sound of my name—Mr Reginald Osprey—on every presentation to a partner; and on this occasion it contrasted very nicely with Miss Emily Brown. We were mutually pleased, according to all appearance. She was not so timid as I thought, and had decidedly the necessary funds. I had the good luck also to please

the mother; and there was no mistaking the impression I had made, when my offer to call next day was received so graciously by both. Harley Street is a nice quiet place—dull, dimly-lighted rooms, and a sort of half-and-half country air blowing in upon it from the Park. If the houses on each side were trees, it would be something like the avenue to Hawk's Nest, the name of our place in Norfolk. Then, in the autumn, there is grass on the street; and altogether it is as rural as a man, not particularly devoted to country pursuits, can require. My reception, especially by the mother, was particularly warm. I turned the conversation to Indian affairs, and soon got a corroboration of Mrs Busby's story. About the wealth and ambition of Thomas Brown of Gundutchwallab there was no doubt. The ascending scale with which he measured his niece's matrimonial expectations was plainly set forth in all his letters; and a very little sagacity enabled me to verify his accumulations in the Funds, and his nest-egg in India stock. Every thought and action were now directed to Harley Street; noon and night I was there. I played the flute, or sang to Emily's accompaniment, and was gradually sliding myself into the position of an accepted lover and future son-in-law, without having actually spoken on the subject to either mother or daughter, when I found that my motions were watched by the person whom, of all the world, I was most anxious to avoid. Colonel Munch had got scent of the auction set on foot by Commissioner Brown, and determined to bid his colonelcy and rheumatism against seventy thousand pounds. But his inquiries were so little concealed that the blindest must have seen his object; and when the eyes are opened upon any one subject, it is almost impossible to close them up again. Mrs Brown watched every word I said. If there was the slightest allusion to money, a frown settled on her brow. She scrutinised all my proceedings, and managed so entirely to discover my mode of life, that there was not a theatre I frequented, or a ball I visited, or a house I dined at, that

she was not as well aware of as myself. This looked very like jealousy, and would have been an excellent sign if it had equally interested the daughter; but she was as apathetic as a statue, seemed very grateful for my attentions, and would not have hesitated a moment to tell me that she looked on me as a friend;—but by an internal movement of the mind, which is now called magnetic sympathy, I felt, without a word being said, that she had not a spark of love. This was a pity; for it needs a certain amount of warmth to weld the marriage-ring, and neither of us had fire enough to roast a potato. Still the mother's inquiries were satisfactory. She wrote long letters to Gundutchwallab, and received immense packages in return. The colonel was ignominiously rejected; the coast was all clear; and on a certain morning I was on my way to Harley Street, to reduce the terms on which we stood into actual words, when I was arrested by my late rival at the corner of Cavendish Square.

"All up!" said the Colonel; "I've found out all about it."

"About what?" I replied very sharply: "if it's anything about me, or my private affairs, I beg you will give yourself no farther trouble on so humble a subject."

"Not at all," responded the Colonel; "I've taken a fancy to you. You're so neat a hand. I've been at it all my life, but never had so delicate a touch. But it's all up. Miss Emily Brown has no fortune whatever."

"You don't think, sir," I interrupted, in a fit of outraged delicacy—"you don't imagine, sir, that such considerations as these have any weight with me in the feelings of friendship I entertain towards Mrs and Miss Brown?"

"Excellent!" said the brute, lifting up his eyes to the chimneys of Portland House, in the ecstasy of his admiration. "Young man, if I had had your skill I should have married Mrs Coutts. But it won't do; Emily is engaged to a wretched curate somewhere in the country: the old boy has cut her off, and is going to endow the asylum for idiots, out of compliment to her behaviour. Half-

a-crown has got me all this information from the lady's-maid; so I wish you every success, and a very good morning."

When I got to the house, the mother was in tears; Emily quiet and composed as usual. If the house had been on fire, and she in the topmost attic, without any issue to the roof, I believe she would have been quite unmoved. The dreadful *éclaircissement* had come that morning by the post. Emily, it appears, had written to her uncle, giving a full account of her engagement to the rural ecclesiastic, who had a considerable parish and a hundred a-year. The mother had also written, giving an account of me, of my attentions, of the antiquity of my family, and my expectations at my father's death. His letter in reply to his sister was full of kindness. He could have wished me a little more advanced in years; but, knowing the solid character of the object of my choice, he was delighted to receive me into the family, and would lose no time in making a settlement which he hoped would be satisfactory to me and my friends. Emily took me into the inner drawing-room, threw herself on my generosity and compassion, and besought me to soften her mother and uncle, so as to get their consent to her marriage with young Wyvill. She was by no means the cold unimpassioned being I had thought. There was a soft expression in her eye, and melting tone in her voice, that made me wonder I had never seen the good qualities of her nature before. Perhaps it was the certainty of her uncle's settlement which invested her with charms I had not previously discovered. I expressed my surprise she should expect such a service from me, knowing the terms on which we stood, and the interest I must thenceforth take in her happiness, on which my own so entirely depended; so she resumed her former coldness and sat down, with an expression on her features which looked very like contempt. The mother, however, was all smiles and sweetness, and I felt eventually sure of success. I let a day or two elapse, to allow poor Emily's disappointment time to diminish; on the third morning I called.

To my surprise I found Mr Wyvill himself in the drawing-room—a tall gentlemanly young man, with pale thoughtful face, and altogether a demeanour very much above a hundred a-year. "As the truth had now become known about the engagement, which had existed a long time, there was no farther occasion for concealment," he said; "and he had come up to offer every aid in his power to my approaching happiness."

Such generosity I had never heard of, even in a play; but I remembered that Emily was now disinherited if she persisted in her intention, and I saw that Master Wyvill, in spite of his pale face and self-denial, was as much guided by regard for money as the rest of the votaries of Hymen. I thanked him warmly for his kindness, and assured him of my future friendship and protection. The ladies now came in, and to my delight I perceived that Emily had shaken off every appearance of regret. She smiled most radiantly, and actually held forth her cheek for me to kiss. Cruel, I thought, in the presence of poor Wyvill, but pleasant too; so I pressed my lips upon her dimple, and looked round with an air of triumph. Wyvill was a thin, narrow-chested fellow—no colour in his cheeks, and no breadth of shoulder or development of calf. I didn't wonder at Emily's choosing me instead; but her behaviour, I own, surprised me. When I looked towards Mrs Brown for an explanation, she nodded good-naturedly to Emily, and said, "It was the Surrogate who did it all."

Mr Wyvill faintly smiled, and Emily laughed outright. "The Surrogate?" I said, inquiringly—"what connection has that, whatever it may be, with the situation in which we all find ourselves here?"

"You are aware," replied Mrs Brown, "that my brother's ambition shows itself in his anxiety for the rank and position of his future nephew. The bishop has created Mr Wyvill a Surrogate; and as my brother saw the announcement of that great elevation in the newspapers, he was of course very much delighted, and we shall now all be made happy at once."

"I can't see, my dear madam, that

the elevation of Mr Wyvill has to do with our affairs. Mr Brown of Gundutchwallab has accepted me as a member of his family, and even went to the very unnecessary trouble of alluding to the settlement he intended to make, as if I," I added, "required any consideration of that sort to insure my devotion to my darling Emily."

"Sir!" exclaimed Wyvill.

"Sir!" screamed Mrs Brown.

"Mr Osprey!" said Emily; and turned away with her handkerchief stuffed in her mouth.

"Hasn't Mr Brown accepted me for his nephew?"

"No!" cried the trio.

"Hasn't he said he would endow the hospital for idiots if Emily were fool enough to marry this man?"

"No!" cried they all again. "On the contrary," said Mr Wyvill, "he has written to me to say he has conveyed all his property to his niece, subject to an annuity of three hundred a-year to his sister, as soon as you have made her your wife. He wrote to me to this effect at my curacy in Lincolnshire, by the same mail which brought the letter you saw here. Emily besought your aid to do away with his objection, being then ignorant that he had kindly agreed to our marriage; and we are now only anxious to receive the blessing of our respected stepfather."

Was it so? Had I exposed myself to this by a want of openness and candour in making my addresses? What would my father say, who had already fixed on the colour of our carriage, and had laid out a great many plans for our future proceedings? I gathered myself up in a moment, joined in the laugh which Emily and her lover tried in vain to hide; shook hands with the old lady, and stalked quietly down stairs. As I got into the lobby, I heard the scuffle of a silk gown slipping into the dining-room, and caught a glimpse of the lady's-maid's figure. If not in the *Morning Post*, I felt sure it would travel from the servants' hall into a very respectable circulation; and was enraged at my own stupidity in not perceiving the state of affairs. I had not got half-way down to Cavendish Square, when Colonel Munch rushed

at me across the street: "I know the beginning," he said—"how did it end? Mr Swivel—the man's name is Wyvill, but it shows a proper contempt for him to mispronounce his name—Mr Swivel came up from the country, with a letter of license to make love to Emily; did he succeed? Has he cut you out? How are the funds disposed of? What the devil is a Surrogate? Is it very high in the church? I thought it was a low fellow, who granted marriage certificates, but old Brown thinks it the next step to a bishopric. Has he carried the day? Ninety thousand pounds by this time if there's a shilling, and slipped away from us both? I see by your face, you've lost the rubber. How was it? Half-a-crown and a pair of gloves to the lady's-maid has let me into the secret thus far, but how did it end?"

"Colonel Munch," I replied, as soon as the Niagara of questions had fallen over his thin and skinny lips, "I give you most imperatively to understand, that I never made any proposal of marriage to Miss Emily Brown, or any other person in her house. I was intimate with the family, and consider myself still the guardian of their reputation. Any person talking disrespectfully of that family, or attempting, on the miserable authority of eaves-dropping ladies'-maids, to turn them into ridicule, shall be answerable to me. I have the highest respect for the *Browns*."

"I believe you, my bo-o-o-y," I heard him say, as I majestically turned away. "I never knew a fellow, old or young, who had such a respect for the Browns as you have. But I'll make some fun out of this at the Rag and Famish, or my name ain't Zachary Munch."

This comes, thought I, of the delicate touch, the scientific approach, the lines and entrenchments on which I prided myself. There wasn't a brutal Irishman of six feet high, with his mouth distended to bursting with brogue and blarney, who would not have carried the citadel in half the time I had taken to commence the siege. I will be wiser next time. Old ladies get too sharp-witted in this Babylon of iniquity; and young ones are more confirmed, by dust and

noise, in their rural predilections. I will retire to country shades. I will hear the rolling of the great and everlasting sea; the birds shall sing; the flowers shall blow, and love will jump out from shady dells and booky bournes, and bring the sole daughters of Cresseids and Bank directors into the proper frame of mind for listening to my words. No looks shall suffice me now. Plump and straightforward shall be my declaration for the future. There shall be no mistake. I will carry a stamped obligation in one pocket and a special license in the other. Where shall I go? My father's eyes were always open. He kept a sort of register of eligible parties—name, age, and amount of fortune. It was like a return paper to the census; and I applied to him for advice. Meanwhile, I reviewed my conduct, and thought I perceived something not quite heroic or magnanimous in the course of action I pursued. Disappointment is a great opener of the mind, and considerably lowers one's estimate of the value of the object you find you can't attain. A playwright, with the memory of a thousand bisses in his ear, despises Shakspeare; grapes in fact, are only sour after you have failed in your spring at the bunch; and what is matrimony, gilded over with waggon-loads of gold, unless it is sanctified by love? I determined to reconcile the two—I resolved to ascertain the existence of wealth first, and then give full way to the affection of my soul; to examine the banker's book, and then to write sonnets to her eyebrows. Oh, pleasant task! to sigh in the ear of beauty, and watch the mist that my impassioned breath laid on the diamond ear-drop; to press the small fingers and count the incalculable rings! To have the judgment and the reason satisfied with birth, loveliness, youth, grace, and five thousand a-year; and the feeling at the same time completely gratified with mutual admiration and reciprocal esteem. To have fortune enough to place me on the easy cushion of wealth and ease; and love enough to enable me to bear the stings of poverty and the arrows of affliction. Nobody, henceforth, should call me mercenary. I would be all genuine passion and disinterested

love. Why not apply all the warmest aspirations of my heart to an heiress? Is a charming girl, because she is rich, to have no right to our affection? How miserable her existence would be if her gold prevented her from being adored! I was resolved to show that I at least was of a tenderer heart than thus to refuse the deepest sympathies of my soul to an innocent and fascinating creature, merely because she was wealthy. No! I cried; the wealthier the better! The richer you are I will love you more. If you have California for your portion, come to my heart; my arms are open to receive you! If Golconda is part of your estate, still you will find me unchilled. Riches may repress the genuine affections of the interested and designing, but to me they will add fresh fuel to the flame, and I will love you with as firm and absorbing a passion—or, indeed, a firmer and sincerer passion—than if we lived in a three-roomed cottage, and were all the world to each other.

Reconciled to myself, and anxious to invest my new-found treasure of romance and tenderness to the best advantage, I waited for my father's letter of instruction with some degree of impatience. It came, and contained information and advice. The information consisted of the name and amount of fortune of a person he thought suited to me in all respects, as she was only thirty-three years of age—was particularly strict in her religious observances—was entirely independent of parents and guardians—and had a hundred and twelve thousand pounds at her own disposal. She resided in a quiet unostentatious manner at the rising watering-place of Dippingdale, on the western coast, and devoted herself principally to the embroidering of copes and surplices for the neighbouring curates, and the education of a cousin who was generally supposed to be her heir. "Go down, my boy, and prosper in your suit. You will find Miss Arabella Winterley a very good compensation for Miss Emily Brown. I enclose you a letter to a friend I made at New York on my return from Canada. He is an American soldier of the name of General Chucks. He is in the same hotel with the

Winterleys, and will tell you all about their affairs."

My travelling trunks were instantly packed; a cab conveyed me to the railway; the railway, on the wings of steam and love, conveyed me to a station three miles from my place of destination, and sending my servant on, with bag and baggage in a fly, I walked across the beautiful fields, and felt my heart expand under the loveliness of the scene. The country had a gradual declination towards the sea, except where, here and there, a tall cliff rose like a watch-tower, and formed the headland of a Lilliputian bay. Lying between two of these isolated bluffs was the little village of Dippingdale—which, I am sorry to say, was vulgarised, in the provincial dialect, into the name of Dindle—it seemed like a crab newly landed from its native element, and pushing its claws out in all directions. The body was formed of the original fishing huts, closely huddled together, and still inhabited by the real natives; but at each side, and before and behind, there were dots of small houses, and rows of Verandahed cottages and solitary villas in the aristocratic seclusion of stone walls and iron gates; and, crowning all, the Marine Hotel, with a row of windows that reminded one of a barrack, and a large board spreading across its whole expanse, with hospitable offers to all who could afford to pay. A pretty sight to look down on, while the sun was sinking over the tall cliff to the west. There were fishing-boats in the bay, apparently motionless, and scarcely distinguished from the permanent buoys laid down for the accommodation of the vessels which brought coal, and stone, and other commodities to the growing town. A lazy ship lay close in-shore, with her mainsail flapping against the mast, and casting a dark shadow over the smooth water at her lee. What a millstone of a heart must fill the breast of my Arabella, I exclaimed, if she continues insensible to my affection in a scene like this! And if it is thus beautiful and melting in the evening sun, what will it be by moonlight? As if evoked by these words, the moon suddenly appeared over the eastern promontory, and a

grey delicious light fell like a veil over the sea. "If she were here, I would propose at once," I said. "Perish the selfish fear of misconception that would leave you in your loveless solitude! Down with the bastille of long annuities and consols that would keep you from the sympathies of an ardent and susceptible soul!" From behind an elevation of the ground, which was crowned with scented furze, there came towards me at this moment two ladies and a gentleman. The gentleman was tall and thin; an immense length of nose seemed to elongate his whole face, which was only prevented from rolling down over his waistcoat by an enormous gulf of a mouth, and a jutting projection of a chin. On his arm leant a female figure, tall also, and also thin. A great length of nose, and great profundity of mouth, made me at first conclude that the resemblance to her companion arose from her being his daughter; but a nearer view satisfied me that a similarity of feature may exist along with a perfect diversity of expression; and I finally concluded that the stern, sagacious, keen, and very vain-looking gentleman, could claim no relationship in blood to the prim, solemn, earnest, and sentimental lady. At a little distance behind them walked submissively, and apparently in deep thought, a young maiden, of a plump, round, and beautifully-moulded figure, which was, however, only saved from the charge of stoutness by the exquisite grace with which it moved. The face I did not see, for she was looking intently on the now dying lights upon the bay.

"How charming, dear General," said the tall lady as I passed—"how charming would be the Complaine bell in this serenely hallowed hour."

"It's everlasting fine, surely," replied the soldier; "and I think I hear the bell for supper, which has an effect astonishing grand, as you observe."

I involuntarily made a pause on discovering in this interesting manner the object of my search. The little girl had heard the General's observation; a smile of much meaning, not unmingled with a pretty sort of disdain, passed over her face; and

in a moment, with a half bow, and a look of intense admiration towards Miss Winterley, I hurried on. That very night my credentials were presented, and I was most cordially received by General Chucks. "Your father, sir," he said, "is a man after my own heart. He drank more brandy and water between New York and Southampton than e'er a critter I see, except myself. I beat him by chalks. I know you as well as if I had seen ye born. He talked over every gal with a million dollars in the blessed Union, and wrote their names in a book, which he said he kept for your particular instruction. I hope to see you some of these days the wonder of the world and envy of surrounding nations; and we will go over the banking books of every Venus in America, from the St Lawrence to Mexico. I'm sorry Mrs Chucks acts as an impediment to my own aspirations; but I will do what lies in my power for the son of Tom Osprey of Norfolk."

"You will particularly oblige me, General," I replied, "if you will present me to the companion of your walk this evening, the interesting Miss Winterley. I was much struck with her appearance as I passed you on my way to this hotel."

"She is indeed a 'markable critter, with fine length of nose, and great power of mind."

"I have heard she is also not deficient in another qualification, which may perhaps expose her to the designs of interested sharpers. I hear she is very rich," I said.

"I know all about her. She hasn't a dollar as I don't know the shape on. I knew her uncle, the old Jamaica planter, as left her all the coin. Such a yellow face was never cut out of the skin of a China orange. You might have scraped his cheek into a mustard pot, and never found out the cheat. Well, he dies about two years ago, and all on a sudden out comes this here lady from a female penitentiary for the innocent, where they play at Popery with rosaries and rules of living, and brings with her, as if to see her grandeur, the other gal you saw walking behind us, which she calls still sister Agatha, but is only her cousin; and there she does so forget

and worry that poor little weatal with cutseyings and crouchings and canonicals and obedience, that I'm blessed if I don't think the little critter will break out in flat rebellion. But sister Arabella is a genuine Virginian, and will wallop her if she knits her brows; and, altogether, I think it would be a good job if you would be Van Amburgh, by means of matrimony, to that 'ere chief sister, as she calls herself—for there ain't a doubt she has a very angelic mind, and half a million of dollars."

"Ah, sir, if it weren't for that unfortunate wealth, I should be delighted to show my admiration of the self-sacrifice and noble disposition of the chief sister." I spoke with emotion, and it acted on the General's feelings at once.

"Sir, I honour your disinterested sentiment, and will mention it to Miss Arabella this very night. I will also mention," said the General, with a confidential wink with one of his light grey eyes, "that you are six feet high, made like a Hercules, and weigh twelve stone." He knocked out the white ashes of his cigar upon the sole of his boot as he spoke, and gulping down a fresh tumbler of toddy—as a shark might swallow a blacking bottle—he made me a military salaam, and disappeared.

I pushed up the window, which opened upon the neglected and perfumeless garden, and stepped out into the moonlight. There were lights in every window, and I amused myself with various conjectures as to which of the rooms was the one inhabited by my enslaver. There was a fountain in the middle of the grass plot; but the water had never been able to find its way into the dusty basin, painfully supported on a feeble figure of Health, which, from the hollowness of the chest, and emaciated cheeks, was evidently far gone in consumption. Suddenly a clear voice rose up in the silence, and I listened, breathless and almost awe-struck at the beauty of the tones, to the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn. How the voice rose into the upper air, among the groups of stars, as if in search, like the banished Peri, of its native home! How it tremulously fell down again, like the same poor Peri, when rejected from the

gate of Paradise. It came and filled all the garden with its sweetness; and I no longer felt the want of water in the basin, or scent in the flowers. With eyes fixed intently on the window from which the sounds proceeded, I waited for some means of identifying the vocalist. I was not long left in doubt. The sash was thrown open, and the General, putting his head out, said, "How everlasting hot this here music makes the room. You must give us another toon, Miss Arabella, and summat lively. This here puts me into squashing dumps."

So it was my amiable Arabella.—Sweet enchantress! I was trying to remembersome lines appropriate to the occasion, when two gentlemen crossed the shadow of the fountain, and came out to where I stood.

"Stranger," said one, without taking the cigar from his lips, "wa'n't that 'ere gentleman at the window General Chucks?"

"It was," I replied; "do you know who was the singer?"

"No, unless it was the General himself. Adad, sir, I have the honour to be his brother officer, and a more distinguished gentleman, let me tell you, is not to be found in our country. General Chucks is a great man—ain't he, General Baggs?"

To this, General Baggs, who was a very little man, took me aside before answering, and said, pointing to his companion, "Do you see that man, sir? You will know his name when you hear it. He is a great man, sir. He is General Wheaser. I doubt whether a greater man was ever grown in the Union. General Chucks is also a great man—a very great man; but General Wheaser is a remarkable man—a very remarkable man indeed."

I involuntarily bowed to the object of this panegyric, and was proud when he came to me in a very friendly manner, and taking me apart under the waterless fountain, said,

"You've had a great honour, sir, perhaps without knowing it. You've heard of General Baggs. He is the Ney of our militia; an immense man, a prodigious man; in fact, an unmitigated monster is General Baggs, and an honour to his sex, though he isn't quite five feet high."

I hope I sufficiently appreciated the honour of being in the society of so many distinguished men from the Western Empire; and could not help admiring the noble appreciation of each other's excellence, which is so often the characteristic of Americans. General Chucks soon joined us, and, shaking me very warmly by the hand, congratulated me on the success of my first advance.

"You've made an impression, sir; you've left your mark, sir, on that susceptible bossom, as if it were made of tallow. She observed you when we met, on your approach to this location; and will see you after Primes to-morrow, if you like to get up so early."

"I am sorry to confess, General, that I don't know at what exact hour Miss Arabella can expect my visit. I am ignorant what date is represented by Primes."

"Well," said the General, "wicked people would call it about eight o'clock, but our charming friend has a language of her own, as you will find, and manners a considerable snitch different from ours. You'll find all that out in time; and if you play your cards—By-the-by, here's just four of us; suppose we take a hand at whist. How say you, Baggs?—what do you say, Wheaser?"

We all agreed to the proposal at once; and at the end of the evening, if I had not improved in skill it was my own fault, for I paid fifteen pounds for the lesson. However, as the excellent Chucks was the principal winner, I was not displeased at the opportunity of keeping him in good humour; and rejoiced when I saw in the calculating twist of his lips, and a certain lively action of his nose, that he was engaged in considering how many years it would take to make himself master of Miss Arabella's fortune, by a scientific use of his influence over me, and superior knowledge of whist.

Next morning I was early at my post. I tapped at the door of Miss Winterley's sitting-room, which was opened in a minute or two by the cousin—the pretty plump little girl who had accompanied Miss Arabella the evening before. She was dressed in dark grey silk, with a hood of a peculiar

construction on her head, and her waist tied in with a piece of common whipcord, from which was also suspended a string of black beads, so long that they almost touched the floor."

"Miss Winterley, I believe, expects a call from me," I began.

"The Chief Sister," replied Miss Agatha, "is doing a little penance just now. She committed three sins yesterday, and an omission, and is wiping them off with a little bodily pain."

"Heroic woman!" I said. "It is not allowable, I suppose, to inquire what the nature of the sins was?"

"Oh, by all means. Besides her regular confessor, the Chief Sister contides her iniquities to every one she meets. Yesterday she longed for a second helping of soup, admired a gay-coloured ribbon in the mercer's window, called an innocent kitten who stole our breakfast-milk a naughty thief, and omitted to visit widow Smith on the eastern cliff, which she begs me to tell you she will most punctually do to-day, after Nones."

There was a delightful gleam in the eyes of the little novice as she spoke, that spread like a bit of sunshine all over her face.

"And do you also subject yourself to all these rules and terrible self-inflictions?"

"I am quite dependent on my cousin in all things," she replied, "and have no friend to go to if she threw me off. I do as she does."

"And she applies her wealth to the purposes of the order she belongs to?" I said, looking careless as well as I could.

"She has perfect power over all her money," said Sister Agatha; "and I don't think, if she stays out of the Order House long, she will use any of her property in increasing its endowments."

"She sings beautifully?"

"Oh, no—she doesn't sing at all. She can't learn the tunes of any of the Gregori chants, and all other music she thinks sinful."

"Then it was you that enchanted me last night with the Sicilian Hymn?" I said.

"It is a beautiful piece of music;

and when one is lonely and depressed, the notes sound so consoling. They come like a friend's voice, and tell one not to despair. Poverty has few comforts, but music is the best."

What a charming creature she looked in that fantastic dress! What a liveliness about the rosy lips, which were always in motion like twin angels at play! What a meaning in the depths of her blue eyes! What a golden vapour fell upon her brow from the reflection of her yellow hair!

"There," she said; "the Chief Sister has nearly achieved her task. She had the floor of her bedroom filled, about a quarter of an inch in depth, with white ashes from the grate, and has been writing her name in it with her nose. It's lucky it's so long," added Sister Agatha, with an innocent look, "or she never could have done it without being choked."

At this moment the inner door opened, and the Chief Sister came in, bearing evident marks of her employment on dress and face. The dust still lay, about half an inch deep, on the sharp and slightly upturned point of her nose, while patches were deposited here and there on her eyebrows; and a considerable quantity still rested on the projection of her chin. Her clothes were saturated with the floury substance, and altogether she looked as if she had come violently in contact with a baker—or had escaped by a miracle from the destruction of Pompeii.

"I am happy, Mr Osprey, to receive you as a friend of our excellent General Chucks. It rejoices me also that you come to be a witness of my humiliation. But now my sins are all expunged at a very slight expense of time and labour."

"Your humiliation, madam?" I began—"you have been engaged in angels' work, and I hardly think myself worthy to stand in presence of so much purity and beauty."

I could not help turning my eyes, as I said the last word, to where the novice was bustling about, lifting the kettle, filling the tea-pot, arranging the cups, sweeping the hearth, and in all respects comporting herself like a fairy waiting-maid, or Hebe—if the gods had taken the pledge.

She returned a look that showed

that in one moment she would have been ready to have laughed outright. In the mean time, the Chief Sister had recovered from the curtsey into which the weight of my compliment had bent her, and said—

“Purity and beauty are valuable gifts, and I shall endeavour to make the best use of them I can. They are more desired than riches; for they may be prized for themselves, without the suspicion of any selfish design.”

This was accompanied with a look so full of gratitude, and such a truthfulness in voice and manner, that I perceived at once the gallant Chucks had delivered his errand, and placed my disinterestedness in the most favourable light. So fascinating a beginning led to a close intimacy in a very few days. I made myself very well acquainted with all the circumstances of the heiress, by confidential walks and talks with Sister Agatha. Miss Arabella had joined the Order of Simple Sisters, and had risen to high office in the House. When her uncle died in Jamaica, and she became possessed of all his fortune, she had brought young Agatha from school and placed her among the novices of the Order. The gay and happy child could not endure the endless routine of the duties that were imposed on her; and could not bring herself to be hypocritical enough to pretend that she saw either religion or goodness in the external observances, the useless ceremonies, the severe subjection, and mechanical obedience by which life and tenderness were banished from the soul, and grief, regret, unbelief, self-contempt, and misery were implanted in the heart. So she told me, in the childish confidence of her friendship; and she gave me also to understand that leave of absence had only been granted to the Chief Sister and herself for three months, and that in less than six weeks—and here a tear stood in her beautiful eyes—she should be forced to immure herself for life in the hated prison-house; for she had not a farthing in the world, and was prohibited, by the Jamaica planter's will, from ever touching a shilling of his inheritance. What an old brute that slave-driver must have been! Cover-

ing such an angular piece of humanity as Miss Arabella with uncountable gold, and leaving the pretty, clever, trusting and open-hearted Agatha to poverty and neglect.

I hated the lucky heiress; but so completely concealed my feelings, that she never suspected there was anything in my heart but admiration and respect. Some of the rigidity of her nature became softened in the course of our acquaintance. She arranged her draperies in a more becoming manner than at first—got a bonnet of a fashionable shape and colour, and began to speak very doubtfully of the propriety of a young person being shut up for ever in the recesses of a Simple Sisterhood. Occasionally she made allusions to the possibility of resigning all her fortune, which she felt was considered by some people as a preventive of the finer feelings of the heart. She felt, in fact, she said, as if Poverty was the mother of affection; and that wealth hindered the genuine emotions of the soul from their proper play. In short, Miss Arabella was as eloquent in praise of poverty, as people generally are of things of which they have never felt the disagreeable side. Familiarity, in this, as in other instances, breeds dislike; and I never heard the outspoken Sister Agatha express any violent predilection for the penury and want which had such charms in the eyes of her cousin. It did not require the nudges of General Chucks, or the radiant congratulations of Baggs and Wheaser, to show me that all these demonstrations of a more human disposition were made by the Chief Sister for my behoof. There were not wanting looks and apparent blushes, and tremblings of the hand, and even light squeezes of the arm in the course of our walks, to prove that she was getting day by day more reconciled to rejoin a world which she had forsworn—a world which she had left when she was poor, and which she seemed now to view in a rather different light when seen through the golden medium of four or five thousand a-year, and the attentions of a gay young gentleman of twenty-five. But I began to feel that the lessons of my youth had been thrown away. I could not bring myself to the decisive

point, not so much of asking the heiress's hand, as of accepting it when it was offered so willingly. I found myself loitering, in a state of feeling I had never before experienced, by the side of poor Sister Agatha. To listen to her voice was like a concert of sacred music—it was so elevating, at the same time so delightful. I carried her sketch-book, and saw rocks and trees, and hills, and waters, marshal themselves at her command, till the landscape glowed with as real a beauty, and reposed in a higher, more artistic unity than in the uncombined state in which it presented itself to the eye. There was a soul given to the inanimate scene which it certainly did not possess till it was breathed into it by the genius of the painter. Then her conversation was so varied, and so simple all the time; her face flushed or paled according to the state of feeling she was in; her laugh was so light, till some sad thought instantly checked it; and all of a sudden the music ceased, and you felt as if a thundercloud had in a moment surrounded a lark in full song, and hidden it from your eyes and ears. What a low rascally intolerable wretch that Jamaica planter was! And I so hated poverty—and had never believed in love in a cottage—and had only three hundred a-year—and my father would cut me off with a shilling! I lost upwards of a stone-weight from sleepless nights and disgust at the Chief Sister. The condition of my mind could not be long concealed from the interested observation of my three American friends. I believe they had already made an amicable division of my spoil within a year of my being fairly in possession of Miss Arabella and her Stock certificates. Meantime the days passed on, and I had not had the courage to banish Sister Agatha and secure the glittering prize. A letter came from my father. "I am disappointed at your behaviour. I never thought you would be such a ninny, after the lessons I have given you from your earliest years. Chucks tells me you don't hold out your cap, though the golden shower is ready to fall into it. I advise you not to be a fool much longer, for a rival is on the way, who will not be turned aside by fair looks

and blushing cheeks. Miss Arabella is a better dish than the other, for she has a richer sauce. Rook-pie is not distinguishable from chicken, when the rooks have been steeped in milk. If I don't hear a better account from Chucks, I shall be at Dippingdale on Friday; so exert yourself, for I can't afford to leave my poor acres to a beggar."

Desperation now gave me strength. I sent a message to the Chief Sister that I should be very happy if she allowed me to walk with her that evening. She replied instantly that she was going to visit the sick woman at Easter Dindle after Terse, and would be delighted with my escort. I had made up my mind to the worst—I would say the irrevocable word, and make all the world a barren wilderness to me, as Midas did. We started at half-past three, Agatha following at a little distance, carrying a basket—Sister Arabella filled with some glorious anticipation, and I like a malefactor on the way to the scaffold. However, the conversation flowed in the same channels as usual: contempt of wealth; the superiority of the poor, both as companions and as wives; the duty of sacrificing all one's feelings of natural duty; of degrading one's self by voluntary humiliations—by telling lies, if for the good of yourself or others—by penances that should make you disgusting or absurd—by abjuring soap and towels—or by wearing coarse garments next the skin, without change, till they fall to pieces. To all these I could do nothing but make very dubious replies; and whenever by any chance I turned my eyes towards Sister Agatha, there was a smile upon her lips so divinely soft, that it almost—but not quite—concealed the feeling of mischievous contempt in which it had its source. We arrived at last at the patient's cottage. Majestically raising herself to her full height, Sister Arabella muttered a word or two in some foreign tongue, that had very much the sound of Latin, though not a very exact pronunciation, and asked if the sufferer had done as she was ordered. The poor woman answered, in a feeble voice, that she had managed to get out last night and lay herself down

on the brick floor, but that the rheumatism had attacked her so fiercely that she was obliged to be lifted into bed. She also said that the penance laid on her daughter was too severe, and she was afraid of the consequences, if she was successful in catching a mouse."

I looked surprised at this; and the Chief Sister, in compassion to my ignorance, condescended to explain.

"This poor woman has a daughter, Mr Osprey, who has most inhumanly and wickedly refused to avail herself of an opening which now exists in the Simple Sisterhood, and to fill an office in the house to which I was anxious to present her."

"Moll only wants to be useful to me, madam," said the sufferer; "and I have no other help."

"Silence! ungrateful woman!" cried Miss Arabella: "you ought to listen to me with awe and silence. She was contumacious and rebellious, and even gave way to temper when I ordered her, to show her obedience—the highest of the virtues—by rigidly depriving her mother of all sustenance for thirty-six hours, namely, the eve and fast of Saint Borgia the Great. Sir, she was so forgetful of the office I hold, and the greatness of my condescension, as to descend to vituperative expressions, which I despise, and to call me a cruel-hearted old tabby."

"Oh, madam, excuse poor Molly! She hasn't used to high company, and is the kindest daughter that ever a poor sinful woman had."

"Upon this, Mr Osprey, you will observe I did not give way to foolish indignation, but in a very calm and determined manner told her that I should withdraw my protection from the mother, and leave them all to the starvation and misery they deserved, if she did not at once obey my injunction, and enter on a three days' penance—which was, in every possible manner to behave as if she were a cat. She is to purr and mew, instead of her ordinary modes of speech. She is to lap water and milk with her tongue out of a shallow plate. She is to feed, in short, like a cat, and behave as if she were nothing whatever but a real tabby, as she most wickedly and irreverently designated me."

Miss Arabella tossed her head with dignity, and looked to me for approval. I was unable to express any sentiment, I felt so equally divided between horror and laughter.

"Oh, madam!" said the poor woman, "do let poor Molly off for the rest of the penance, for she do so puff, and splutter, and patter, and scream about the house, that I can get no rest; then she has scratched the face of neighbour Jones's youngest child, and nearly pulled its eyes out, because she thought he kept me awake with his noise. And now, madam, she be so hungry—for a growing girl of fifteen can't live on a cat's allowance of bread and milk; and all this morning she has been standing at a hole in Farmer Robinson's barn, in hopes of a good fat mouse. Pray, ma'am, let her off."

"By no means! She must learn submission and respect for her superiors; and since you so side with the culprit, Mrs Smith, you can't expect me to do any of the great things, either for you or your family, which I have so often promised. I promised, Mr Osprey, to obtain a bottle of the ink with which our excellent Superintendent wrote his charge;—a single drop of it, they say, if poured into the skimmiest milk, will instantly convert it into cream. I promised also to procure her a colony of very active and laborious animals—whose performances, I perceive, are actually made a public exhibition of in the capital of this kingdom; and as they have been propagated among the consecrated vestments of the Simple Sisterhood, they cannot fail to bring a blessing with them wherever they go."

"Ah! but the young lady understands our wants better than that," said the patient, regardless apparently of the magnificent promises of the Chief Sister, and turning a look full of gratitude and love towards Sister Agatha. "Bless ye, Miss, how do ye do to-day? It be a rare thing that beauty, sure-ly—it do always act on me like a cordial."

"Keep up your spirits, dear Mrs Smith," said Agatha, "and do as the Chief Sister tells you. I will come again and see you by myself."

"Sister Agatha, you are an anda-

cious interloper in this business," said Miss Arabella, stalking out of the house. "I shake the dust off my feet, and if I can punish those irreligious wretches with hunger, nakedness, and cold, I will! You may give them the basket of beads and the wooden model of our house, since you took the trouble to bring them; but here they shall see me no more."

While she was marching out of the room, I saw Sister Agatha uncover the basket, and produce from it, no model or beads, but a good large pie, a couple of cold chickens, and a quantity of bread; and I saw her also slip a sovereign into the hand of the poor old woman;—and putting her finger to her lips, in token of silence, she noiselessly slipped after us on tiptoe. As we passed out, we met an anxious-looking girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age, in the act of coming in. On seeing the Chief Sister, she put forward both her hands, with the fingers doubled up like claws, and began a tremendous imitation of a cat in the highest state of wrath. Fuff! fuff! grow-ow! fitts! fitts!—grinning at her as if intending to tear her down; but, going up to Miss Agatha, she changed her hostile demonstrations into a satisfied purr, that showed she had studied natural history with an observant ear.

"Sister Arabella has relieved your penance, Molly," said Agatha, "and you'll find some food in the basket."

"Heaven bless you, my dear young lady!" cried the girl, dropping her feline character at once. "We be all sure you're an angel from heaven, and no relation to that cruel old tabby that reads us such lectures and offers to wash our feet, but never gives us a mouthful to eat. I can wash my feet myself—and does it a great deal oftener nor she, I'll be bound; the old monster!"

High thoughts kept us all silent a great part of the way home. Miss Arabella was satisfied with the display she had made, and bore her head erect with conscious virtue. I went through a series of calculations to discover whether two people could possibly live in anything like comfort on six pounds a-week. I don't know what Agatha was thinking of; but it was something pleasant, for she could

scarcely keep her happiness from breaking into a laugh. At last Miss Arabella stopped suddenly, and waving for Agatha to stay out of hearing distance, began—

"I think, Mr Osprey, you had something particular to say to me when you offered yourself as the companion of my charitable visit."

"It was merely, Miss Arabella, to have the pleasure of your society; for I believe your time of absence from the Simple House is drawing near a close. I wish, of course, to enjoy as much of it as I can."

"It by no means follows that I am compelled to return to the House at the time appointed. I have the power, inherent in my high position in the establishment, to absolve myself from the vows of obedience and retirement, which in fact are only binding on young and inexperienced persons like my cousin, Sister Agatha. You sigh, Mr Osprey, as if what I said was not fully satisfactory. I so appreciate your exalted sentiments on the subject of Love and Money, that I will assure you that—excuse me if I am not more explicit. I find I have a different vocation from what I once had chosen. Yes, dear Reginald, you see in me a person in exactly the circumstances which will gratify you most. I have obtained such confidence in my own motives, and see such a vista of happiness before me, with you the sharer of my joys and sorrows, and participator in thought and fortune, in weal or woe, that I scruple not to make offer of—"

What might have been the conclusion of her sentence I cannot say; for at this moment a dreadful roar saluted our ears, and, emerging at full speed from behind a furze bush, a bull rushed furiously towards where we stood, and, if we had not instantly started aside, would have transfixed the eloquent Chief Sister with a very crooked horn. In the hurry of the moment I stepped rapidly back, flung my arm round Sister Agatha, and lifted her out of the infuriated animal's path. Miss Arabella was left alone in an attitude that would have done honour to Niobe when all her daughters were falling at

and Agatha hung her head on my shoulder, and said—

"Thank you, Reginald; you've saved my life."

Miss Arabella cast but one look at us as we stood in that close embrace, and instantly resumed her march, without any attempt to conclude the speech so rudely interrupted. At a pace that kept us both breathless, she pursued her way till, rounding Eastern Cliff, we perceived General Chucks advancing arm-in-arm with a stranger. As they drew near I recognised the man most hateful to my sight, for his companion was no other than Colonel Munch. In an easy, impudent manner he grasped my hand, as if we had been the most intimate friends; asked, in an earnestly interested manner, if I had heard from my friends the Browns; and whether I had received any wedding-cards from Mr and Mrs Swivel; and, finally, requested to be presented to my fair and distinguished friend, Miss Arabella Winterley.

"Let me not wait for the formal introduction," said Miss Arabella, evidently pleased at the opportunity of annoying me; "the friend of General Chucks can never be a stranger to me. If you will mention your name, I shall consider at once that we have been known to each other a long time."

"Zachary Munch, Lieutenant-Colonel, half-pay, 212th, and delighted, I assure you, at your kind permission to pay my respects to you without the formality of a previous acquaintance. Let me offer you the assistance of my arm, and you will make me the happiest of men."

"What's the matter, Osprey?" inquired General Chucks—"you have revoked; the ancient virgo is in a hostile conjunction with Mars. Make haste, boy, to redeem your false play, or your father will lay the blame on me."

Agatha did not hear this, for she had again dropt behind when the strangers appeared; and putting off the General with some indifferent reply, I lightly shook Agatha's hand, and betook me to the solitude of my room. Next day I had a headach,

and did not appear. I only saw from my window that Colonel Munch was practising his usual hard hitting, and that it promised to be more successful than usual. He had been bred in the military school of tender approaches, and nudged Miss Arabella with his elbow, jostled her on the garden-seat with his knee, and finally pinched her shoulder, in the ardour of his admiration. It was very evident that in one day he had made more declarations of attachment than I had been able to hint at in a month. But the struggle between us was to be decided ere long. My father came on the Friday: he did not hurry to my room on his arrival, but was closeted with General Chucks and his allies. From them he got a full account of everything that had passed: of the readiness of Miss Arabella to receive my suit—of the incident of the bull, and my absurd attentions, as they were pleased to call it, to the penniless dependent. Hot with surprise and indignation, my father rushed into my room.

"Soh! sir," he began, "here's the lesson of a lifetime thrown away. What do you mean, sir, by pretending to have any feelings or preferences one way or other, except according as the fortune is great or small? How often have I told you that money is the only lasting property a wife brings with her, and that beauty may do very well in a picture or in a poem, or even in a drawing-room, but that in a companion for life it is of no consequence whatever? Do I think the worse of General Chucks that he is as ugly as a cherub on a church-door? And what is a wife but a convenient friend? Why do you reject Miss Winterley's hand, and one hundred and twelve thousand pounds?"

"I have never said yet that I reject them," I replied.

"Who cares what you say on the subject. Haven't you in reality repelled her advances, and thrown her over to Colonel Munch? He'll have more sense than to stand on silly scruples. You should have seen him paying his attentions to her yesterday. Chucks and Wheaser tell me that not a soul could go near her on account of the intolerable smell; for it appears, as a penance for having

received you to her intimacy, she devoted herself for twenty-four hours to the most frightful odours, so that she moved through the grounds of the hotel like an embodied cholera, or personified common-sewer—so great and strong was her religious detestation of herself for having condescended to smile on your advances. And where was the Colonel, sir? By her side all day—sniffing in the odour, as if she had been a province of Arabia, and whispering compliment into her ear at the very time that plague and pestilence seemed breaking from every part of her dress. He'll carry her off, if you don't recover your lost ground. I shall see you again at dinner-time, and if you can't give an account of your success, never more shall you set your impudent countenance inside of the Hawk's Nest." He hurried out before I had time to reply; and luckily, for my temper was rapidly giving way, and I should, perhaps, have gone and horsewhipped Colonel Munch, and offered Miss Arabella my hand in pure spite. But a moment's reflection calmed me. What was to be done? Could I give up all chance of fortune, and sacrifice even my own expectations, for a caprice of fancy? But stay; was it a caprice of fancy that directed me to sister Agatha? Was it not a true affection, resting on solid grounds? Were not there virtues enough in her character to compensate for a face as ugly as her cousin's? Weren't there beauties enough in her face and form to compensate for a thousand faults, if she possessed them? Could I desert her after the few words and many looks—but all with the same meaning—that had passed between us? I will see her once more, at all events, and lay the case before her. On looking out, I saw her under the shade of the fountain in the garden, with a book in her hand, which, however, she did not read. I hurried down to her.

"Agatha," I said, "I have something to consult you about: I haven't many minutes to do it in, so excuse this abrupt beginning. Do you know what can be done on three hundred a-year?"

"It's a large sum."

"Ay, but not for a whole year. First, there's a house neatly furnished,

in some calm valley in Surrey, or other beautiful county, say fifty pounds; then two maids—we couldn't do without two—thirty pounds; then butcher, baker, grocer, milk-woman, and a little poultry, a hundred pounds; coals, washing, wine and beer, seventy-five; clothes—we needn't dress very expensively, fifty; the doctor, if any of us should be ill; newspapers, letters, pen and ink, taxes and parish-rates, say fifty more, which amounts to—more than I have; and, dearest Agatha, it can't be done."

There was a pause after this, for I was greatly agitated.

"Couldn't we get a cheaper house, and do with one maid?" she said at last. "I don't care for poultry, and surely we could dress for far less than fifty pounds?"

"But it is asking you to share a very humble fortune. I tell you I have no farther prospect in life. My father will cast me off; but dearest Agatha, if you will always be near to cheer me, I will enter into some profession yet, and fight this battle of existence with a certainty of victory. Will you take me on these terms? Yes or no?"

"This very night," she answered quietly, "the period for which I vowed implicit obedience to the directress of the Simple Sisterhood ends. Till then I am not my own mistress, either in thought or deed. I took a frightful obligation on myself on getting our three months' leave, and the feeling of falsehood has weighed heavily on my conscience all the time. I will see my cousin, and let you know what she decides."

"What the—I mean what in heaven's name has she to do with your decision? It is you, my sweet Agatha, I ask; give me your answer at once."

"Don't you know what my answer is," she said, and laid her hand in mine. "I thought my intention was plain enough."

So saying, she left me happier than I had ever felt in my life before. What did I care now for the selfish and degrading instructions that had been poured into my ear so many years? I was now satisfied that I had obtained a treasure worth far

more than all the national debt; and received with the greatest equanimity all my father's reproaches, and the Columbian trios' sneers at the ridiculous choice I had made. Fortunately Colonel Munch did not appear, or I might not have been so forbearing towards him. Arabella also was absent—grumbling over my behaviour, I concluded; and Agatha also nowhere made her appearance, perhaps having a delicacy, after what had passed, in meeting so many eyes.

Late at night a rumbling old post-chaise drove up to the hotel. We were all in the front verandah enjoying the moonlight, and saw emerge from the recesses of the vehicle—first the stiff figure of Colonel Munch, and, secondly, the thin body of the Chief Sister. She took his arm, and both came into the verandah. On seeing me the Colonel came up, and with an exaggeration of politeness introduced me to Mrs Munch: "not the first occasion, he believed, in which I had come in second horse, but he wished me better luck next time." I assured him, with perfect truth, I was completely satisfied with my place in the race, and wished him all the happiness his disinterested conduct deserved. Attracted by the bustle caused by the arrival of the happy pair, and the somewhat riotous congratulations with which the news of their marriage before the registrar of the neighbouring district had been received, Agatha came down, and quietly put her arm into mine. My father looked daggers at us both, and the gallant generals winked and nodded their heads like Chinese mandarins.

"You don't congratulate me, Miss Agatha, on becoming a cousin of yours?" said Colonel Munch—"nor Arabella on her marriage?"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Agatha; "and as we are no longer bound by the vows of silence and obedience, I beg my cousin to relate the circum-

stances of our leaving the Simple Sisterhood."

There was a long silence after this, as Mrs Munch did not seem inclined to be communicative.

"Six months ago," continued Agatha, finding that she must be the narrator herself of the events of her conventual experience, "I was entrapped, by the false representations of my cousin, and others engaged in the plot, to enter as a visitor into the principal house of the Simple Sisterhood. There was a reason for their anxiety, which I will tell you soon. They practised on my youth and ignorance, and almost persuaded me that it was no longer in my power to withdraw from their establishment. I seemed to yield to their exhortations, and made only one condition, that I should take three months' holiday, and finally judge for myself. My cousin was appointed to accompany me, and to keep me as much as possible in mind of the duties I owed to the Sisterhood. In order to give the less chance for the world to gain a dominion over me, and to escape the interested attentions of knaves and fortune-hunters, I was to exchange ostensible situations with sister Arabella, and appear a poor and dependent novice, while she was to assume the position really belonging to me—namely, as sole heiress of my uncle Peter, the planter in Jamaica."

Here a scream, that sounded very like an oath, burst from the overburdened soul of Colonel Munch; while I perceived my father silently fling up his hat into the air, and catch it as it fell on the end of his walking-stick.

"I have only further to say," continued sister Agatha, "that it is not my intention to go back to the Simple Sisterhood, unless Reginald Osprey imperatively commands me to do so. But we could have been very happy," she added, with her hand on my shoulder, and looking up into my face—"very happy, indeed, with three hundred a-year!"

FERGUSON THE PLOTTER.

A PERSON whose official duties made him better acquainted with man than with books, told us that he had marked it as a peculiarity of all city mobs, that there were certain faces seen among them as uniformly as if they were a physical phenomenon of the development of crowds, and seen or heard of at no other time, and in no other circumstances. Were it a conflagration, an execution, a street accident, a riot — whatever form the mob assumed, these faces invariably formed part of it. When the assemblage had dispersed, they were lost to sight, almost to memory. In the hours of calmness and order, no one knew or thought of them; but when the human elements heaved with commotion, there they were again with their squalid costume and sinister countenances. And it was a peculiarity of these mysterious figures, that though their whole aspect and conduct carried conviction that they were the presiding demons of the scene, yet, if there were real turbulence and crime — and some were tried and punished as partakers in the popular excess — they never were among the number. A misty consciousness that such beings had played a powerful part in the evil drama remained; but of their individuality as human beings walking the earth and capable of being apprehended by the detective force, and requiring to plead to an indictment, there was no distinct trace.

These remarks recalled an impression vividly created by some names which are found crossing the page of history. In times of terror, and excitement, and crime, they are sure to be prominent and conspicuous; when the storm is passed, they are gone with it — nor is any relic of their presence found in the wreck. In the seizures, imprisonments, trials, banishments, mutilations, hangings, beheadings, disembowellings, and quarterings, they have no more share than disembodied spirits. They disappear from the page of history until it has to record some new plot or outbreak. Among the most mysterious and remarkable of these beings

was Robert Ferguson, commonly known as Ferguson the Plotter. In this character our readers will at once recognise him. They will remember his evil boding name, ever recurring with every new plot or commotion in the uneasy times which saw the Stewart dynasty go out, and the Hanover come in; but save these disjointed recollections of crime and turbulence, they will possess no embodied idea of Robert Ferguson, who was born and died, and had an independent individual existence, in the intervals between the political convulsions of which he was a never-failing feature. A turbulent kind of discontinuity marks his frequent appearance in the indexes of our ordinary works of history. We take the following at random from different books, setting them down as if they were in an index:—

FERGUSON, Rev. ROBERT, chaplain to Lord Shaftsbury,
Chaplain to the Duke of Monmouth's army—
Plots against King Charles II.
Plots against King James.
Plots against King William.
Plots against Queen Anne.
His plan for murdering Charles II. and his brother at the play-house.
Pursued, and hides himself in the Edinburgh jail.

Nor does it serve to cement these heterogeneous performances into a biographical unity, to find that he was a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, and an Independent clergyman in England—or to know that he wrote a *Sober Inquiry into the Nature, Measure, and Principle of Moral Virtue, in distinction from Gospel Holiness*,—that he kept an academy at Islington—held a commission in the Dutch army—was housekeeper to the Board of Customs, and aspired to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Altogether, he unfailingly impresses those who come across his name, in guises so grotesquely contrasted, as a character well worth knowing. But if the reader endeavour to make acquaintance with him through the ordinary legitimate channels of historical

knowledge, we warn him that he is sure signally to fail. As well might he try to discover the haunts of some cunning old file of a swindler, who has baffled the detective police for a quarter of a century, by merely walking along Whitechapel, and making inquiry for him by name from door to door. If you would have a particle of a chance of entering into the confidence of such a person, and learn the events of his career, you must mix with the society he keeps, and to that end imbibe some evil breath and unsalubrious liquids—make acquaintance with unrepresentable gentry—frequent very questionable places—and, in the end, surround your own reputation with a kind of offensive haze, long esteemed by police authorities to be premonitory of an appearance some day or other before the sitting magistrate. Investigations which we have carried on for some time have forced us into literary company of this sort—the kind of company in which one may meet such men as Ferguson. Through obscure placards and broad pieces—hazy musty correspondence—dreary investigations by secretaries of state into plots and machinations—pamphlets and books, which, in their stupidity and ribald malignity have impressed us with unsavoury recollections as of a tramp-house or night-cellar,—we have made some little acquaintance with this Robert Ferguson; and we now propose to offer our reader an introduction to the distinguished individual whose acquaintance it has been our lot to cultivate.

The records of the Court of Justiciary inform us that, on the 3d of June 1681, "John Spreull, apothecarie, and Robert Ferguson of Letterpin," were indicted for treason and rebellion. The proceedings against Spreull were remarkable for their severity, and have been amply recorded in the histories of the times. He was charged with accession to the rising which terminated in the affair of Bothwell Bridge, and was repeatedly subjected to the torture. With him, the records and the histories both deal fully. About the other prisoner there is only one very brief statement. "Robert Ferguson of Letterpin confesses he was in arms with the rebels at Bothwell Bridge in

June 1679, and acknowledges that it was a rebellion; and comes to the King's will, and throws himself upon his mercy, and begs pardon, and is content to take the bond never to rise in arms against the King nor his authority; and has renounced, and is content to renounce, his estate in the King's favours." Wodrow wonders how it is that the Record is afterwards silent about Ferguson—that his submission is followed by no act of forfeiture or attainder. We shall see presently that he had through all his life a peculiar faculty for instantaneously paralysing, where he did not evade, all criminal proceedings against him; and this is one of the peculiarities which render it so difficult to follow his career through the ordinary histories.

He had probably secured his interest in a high quarter before he came to trial. His subsequent machinations were in support of the pretensions of the element victor of Bothwell Bridge; and it is likely that he had then devoted himself to Monmouth's service, and secured his protection. In the very same year when the insurrection was suppressed, he performed a service for his new master, which, had it been known in the Scottish Privy Council and the Court of Justiciary, would have procured him scant favour there. In the year 1769 the political world of London was startled, and almost appalled, by the appearance of a pamphlet, called, in a spirit of savage mockery, "An Appeal from the Country to the City, for the Preservation of his Majesty's person, liberty, property, and the Protestant Religion." The preservation of his majesty's person is pleaded on the same rhetorical principle as the Irish debtor's instruction, not to duck the bailiff in the horse-pond. "Perhaps," says Ralph the historian, "there never was a paper publicly distributed in which a King was so confidently told how much he is in the power of his subjects; in which the murder of that King is so familiarly discoursed of; in which provision is so openly made to dispose of the succession by force of arms," and so forth. It indeed passes far beyond the dull routine of the common pamphlets of the day. One can yet

imagine, in that age of plots and terrors, how exciting its influence must have been. It has throughout a broad dash of rude picturesque eloquence. Foremost among the objects of note in that day in London was the new Monument, which, like a tall bully, lifted its head and lied. From the top of it the Protestant citizen is supposed to contemplate London given up to the Duke of York and his abettors. We pass over what takes place within the domestic circle, as not likely to be visible from the Monument, even if it did occur. When the worst has been there done, "then," says the author, "represent to yourselves the Tower playing off its cannon, and battering down your houses about your ears. Also, casting your eye towards Smithfield, imagine you see your father or your mother, or some of your nearest and dearest relations tied to a stake in the midst of flames, when, with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, they scream and cry out to that God for whose cause they die." Then, lashing himself up to a holler and higher tone of indignation, he concludes his picture thus: "Fancy you behold those beautiful churches, erected for the true worship of God, abused and turned into idolatrous temples, to the dishonour of Christ and scandal of religion! the ministers of God's holy word torn in pieces before your eyes, and their very best friends not daring even to speak in their behalf! Your trading's bad, and in a manner lost already; but then the only commodity will be fire and sword: the only object, women running with their hair about their ears, men covered with blood, children sprawling under horses' feet, and only the walls of houses left standing." The object of the appeal is, of course, to direct the nation's hopes towards the Duke of Monmouth. His claim is stated somewhat bluntly, and by no means in a shape fitted to conciliate monarchical predilections. "No person," he says, "is fitter than his Grace the Duke of Monmouth—as well for quality, courage, and conduct, as for that his life and fortune depends upon the same bottom with

yours. He will stand by you; therefore ought you to stand by him. And remember the old rule is, He who hath the worst title ever makes the best King—as being constrained by a gracious government to supply what he wants in title: that instead of God and my right, his motto may be, God and my people." Ralph says truly, that the author discusses with great coolness the probable murder of the King, but he does not speak of it as a thing to be commended or desired. On the contrary, with a kind of ruffianly jocularly, under the shadow of metaphors, parables, and classical precedents, he indicates the Duke of York as the prospective murderer of his brother; and he concludes his exhortation in these solemn terms: "You (the citizens of London) are the persons who must revenge your sovereign's violent death; which, if ever it should happen, the countries, one and all, would be ready to assist you. But heaven defend us from the occasion! God preserve the King, and send your city to prosper; which is the constant and hearty prayer of your friend and servant, JUNIUS BRUTUS."

Sir Walter Scott, in reference to the *Black Box Pamphlets*, of which we shall shortly have to speak, alludes to the Appeal from the Country to the Town as undoubtedly the work of our hero. He tells us on the occasion, that "Ferguson, a desperate and flagitious incendiary, who seemed to love plots for the very pleasure his dark spirit found in agitating and storing intrigues, was at that time the manager of a private printing-press, which teemed with the productions best calculated to agitate the public mind."*

We cannot leave the Appeal without noticing one amiable feature in it—the author's kind and generous appreciation of one for whom he felt the disinterested attachment and admiration of a kindred spirit—namely, Titus Oates. "In my whole lifetime," he says, "of all the histories I have ever read or heard of, I do not remember to have met with any action more bold or gallant than was that of Dr Oates's discovery. For one single

man, as he did, to fly in the face of so prevailing a party as they were, without any second to back him; to persist and justify his evidence after the many discountenances were at first shown him; to accuse persons of that high quality, power, and revenge, when Everard had before been denied the benefit of the sun, and kept close prisoner in a dungeon for four years together, only for coming over to discover that the Papists beyond sea had a design to bring in Popery here; when Justice Godfrey had been murdered only for acquainting the council with what he told him; and for him to adhere to his information—certainly nothing could be more bold or brave."

We believe that it is impossible at the present day to form a conception of the fierce excitement which such exhortations created in the days of Shaftsbury and Huddleston, of the hunted covenant in Scotland, and the suspected mass in St James's. Ralph tells us that the publisher, named Harris, was prosecuted, and that, when the case came on, the Guildhall was crowded by the zealous anti-Catholics of the city. The Recorder hoped that they had rather come "to blush for him than to give him encouragement;" a jocular effort which the mob responded to by hearty cheers, when the jury brought a verdict of "guilty of selling the book"—one of those English circuitous acquittals which puzzle and take by surprise the rest of mankind, who are slow to understand how the word guilty conveys the sense of acquittal.

In this Appeal to the public there was no attempt to assert the legitimacy of Monmouth. The historical allusions with which it was enriched pointed to his real position. Thus it was stated, as a precedent, that on the death of Alexander the Great, "no other expedient could be found to pacify the uproar of the multitude, but the choosing of King Philip's illegitimate son, Aridæus, who, notwithstanding he was a man but of reasonable parts himself, might, as they thought, perform that office well enough by the help of his wise protector Perdiccas." This is a gentle allusion to the task to be assigned to Shaftsbury or Achitophel.

But the ink was scarcely dry when the plotter's restless genius alighted on a bolder project, and he resolved to create a general belief throughout Britain that Charles had been married to Lucy Walters or Barlow, the mother of the duke. The plan which he adopted displayed profound sagacity. Having to obtain credit for a bold falsehood from the unthinking multitude, he judged cunningly that the best plan was to divert their attention away from the main statement which he wished them to believe, to some matter secondary and arising out of it, but which inferred its truth. It was in this manner that Burke hoaxed poor Goldsmith, making him believe that his friends had heard him uttering some conceited remarks in the street about the indiscriminate multitude who were gazing at a parcel of painted women, but allowed a man of genius like him to pass unnoticed. Goldsmith expressed a gentle doubt. Burke skilfully withdrew his simple friend's attention from the original question of the truth or falsehood of the whole charge, by asking him how it was possible that they could have heard the words if he had not uttered them? To which Goldsmith assented—"Very true." Now much in the same manner Ferguson avoided the original question of the marriage by fixing the public attention on the question,—What had become of a certain box containing the documents connected with the marriage? Hence there appeared on the 15th May 1680, *A Letter to a Person of Honour, concerning the Black Box*. This box, with its precious contents, was said to have been committed to Dr Cosin, Bishop of Durham, who transferred it to his son-in-law, Sir Gilbert Gerard; and where was it now? The match took—the public mind was in a flame. The history of the beautiful duke, the popular idol, interesting as it was before, was now surrounded by a more lustrous halo of romance. It was embodied in a novel called *The Perplexed Prince*, which achieved a popularity undeserved by its literature; but there is no reason to suppose that Ferguson added the inventive powers of the novelist to his other qualifications.

The formidable influence of this

bold falsehood may be estimated by the earnestness of the plans adopted to counteract it. All the persons who were mentioned or alluded to in the pamphlet, or who were said by busy rumour to have been acquainted with the existence of the important documents, were examined by the Privy Council; and the king published more than one solemn assurance in the Gazette, calling God to witness that he had not been married to Lucy Barlow, or to any other woman besides the queen.

The letter on the Black Box was not published by any bookseller, but was circulated through a system of promulgation so artfully arranged as to baffle any effort to reach the author. Ferguson seems to have escaped suspicion; and it was only when the papers of an individual named Charlton were searched after the Rye-house Plot, that a printer's bill indicated Ferguson as the author of the Black Box.* We shall see that he acknowledged it himself at a late period of his life; but, of course, his testimony is the better of confirmation. From his ambushade he forthwith discharged another bolt, called, *A Letter to a Person of Honour, concerning the King's disavowing the having been married to the Duke of Monmouth's Mother*. The ingenious effrontery of this document has been rarely paralleled. The king is not to blame for aught but weakness: the wicked attempt to deprive a wife of her fair fame, and a young prince of his birth-right, is attributed to the Papist duke. With masterly adroitness the compliance which he thus exacts from his docile brother is described as but a parallel to the course which he attempted to follow towards Anne Hyde, the humble wife whom he too had, in his days of youth and romance, selected from his subjects. But even in professing to spare the king, there is a scornful recklessness in the author's manner, which makes it almost questionable whether his knave or his fool looks more miserable and mud-bespattered. "Though his majesty," he says, "be a prince of that clearness of understanding that they cannot battle him by false reasonings,

yet he hath so much of James's (i. e. his grandfather's) timidity, that they can buff and overcome him to things most opposite to his judgment, as well as cross to his interests." And he points his moral by an impudent little anecdote about the modern Solomon, which is amusing enough, whether true or false. A Scottish laird had been hard pressed by Burleigh to give his opinion of the character of him who was to be the statesman's master. "If your lordship know a jackanapee," said the laird, "you cannot but understand that if I have him in my hands I can make him bite you; whereas, if you get him into your hands, you can make him bite me."

These publications were contemporary with those remarkable progresses by which the duke sought to form a popular party throughout England, by the sheer effect of giving the people an opportunity of seeing his handsome person. As the courtiers used to walk round the state dinner of the royal family at Versailles, so the peasantry were allowed to walk round the table where Absalom showed them that

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And paradise was painted in his face."

Though the full extent of Ferguson's literary services to the duke's cause might not then be known, yet he was recognised as a leading spirit among the motley group who congregated round the handsome aspirant. Dryden, after leaving Nathan Tate to fill up the humbler groups in the picture, takes up the pen himself to describe the plotter by the blighting name of Judas:—

"Some future hopes—some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause;
Such stipends these vile hirelings best befit,
Friends without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebrewite escape our curse,
Judas—that keeps the rebels' pension purse;
Judas—that pays the treason writers' fee;
Judas—that well deserves his namesake's tree."

Who at Jerusalem's own gate erects
His college for a nursery of sects—
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures.
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promised land have
you?"

The Hebronites are the Scots. The "college for a nursery of sects" is explained, by an allusion of Anthony Wood, to mean "Robert Ferguson, a noted Scotch divine, who taught boys grammar and university learning at Islington."* We would lose a second master-sketch of Ferguson were we not to quote what Scott says of him in the notes to *Absalom and Achitophel*. "Through the whole of his busy and desperate career, he appears to have been guided less by any principle, moral and political, than by the mere pleasure of dealing in matters deep and dangerous, and exerting his ingenuity to shake the quiet of the kingdom at the risk of his own neck. In organising dark and bloody intrigues—in maintaining the courage of the zealots when he engaged in them—in carrying on the mystic correspondence by which the different parts of the conspiracy were to be cemented and conjoined—in guarding against the risk of discovery, and, lastly, in effecting a hair-breadth escape when it had taken place;—all these perilous, dubious, and criminal manœuvres, at which the noble-minded revolt, and the peaceful are terrified, were the scenes in which the genius of Ferguson delighted to exert itself."

Two such men as Shaftsbury and our hero were natural allies, each doing his part in his own sphere. The one, the versatile ambitious statesman, possessing the authority of genius over his fellow-men, and compelled, by a despotic spirit within, to be ever restlessly exercising and exhibiting it, despite the counter influence of conscience or of good taste revolting at the excesses to which he was driven; the other, the coarse but not less versatile and active instrument, who ministered to Achitophel's restless wishes, as the servile demon of the diabolical tales ministers to the capricious will of him who has bought

superhuman services by the price of his soul's welfare. Ferguson is mentioned in legal documents as "Chaplain to the Earl of Shaftsbury;" and he is said by Wood to have written the second part of the pamphlet, called *No Protestant Plot*—attributed to his patron, but of which the plotter claimed afterwards the sole merit. But we must now pass to scenes where the chaplain is found in the performance of active duty. It needs not the suspected testimony of Spratt to prove that our hero was the presiding genius and the exciting demon of the Rye-house Plot. He was at once the secret agent of the darkest intrigues of the violent men who demanded blood; and, when he thought fit, the subtle and dexterous screener of their machinations from those coadjutors whose views were limited to a revolution in the government. He was alike apt to feed the assassin with bloody inducements, and to inflate the political theorist with traditions of republican simplicity and classic patriotism. Though no one can take Spratt's account of a conspirator as candid and unprejudiced, yet Ferguson's character is of a kind which the historian does not require to treat very fastidiously; and, therefore, we may take the liberty of listening to what his enemy says against him. "Of all the conspirators," says the historian of the plot, "whether English or Scotch, the man to whom, next the late Earls of Shaftsbury and Argyle, belonged the chief place and precedence in the whole diabolical design, was Robert Ferguson, a Scotchman. He had been divers years a fierce Independent clergyman in the city of London, and had long brandished his poisonous tongue and virulent pen against the Government. He is manifestly convicted to have had a hand in the most scandalous libels of those times, and was always particularly cherished, magnified, and maintained by the party, for his peculiar talent in aspersing the Government and reviling his majesty's person; so that, upon all accounts of his restless spirit, fluent tongue, subtle brain, and hellish malice, he was perfectly qualified to be the great incen-

* *Athena Oxonienses*, iv. 106.

diary and common agitator of the whole conspiracy."

The ostensible object of Ferguson's busy machinations was the establishment of a Scottish colony at Carolina. For this object he went backwards and forwards between London and Scotland; and the same object was his excuse for collecting supplies of money, and holding private communication with an endless string of visitors of various ranks and characters. He was then known in London, at least in one set, by the *alias* of "Roberts." Zachary Boune, one of the accomplices whose information was taken, said that Roberts came occasionally to his house, but had so mixed an assortment of followers—Englishmen of rank, Highlanders, sailors from Wapping, and foreigners—that the aspect of matters made Boune "jealous, and he did imagine something of it." Boune, according to his own account, desiring an explanation, Ferguson "went on to prove a mutual covenant between the King and the people—that his majesty broke it on his side; so the people were again at liberty." Boune had not been let into the darker secrets, though he seems to have suspected them. He was only triumphantly told of the foreign money at the disposal of the conspirators, the general preparations for a rising, and the many influential persons gained over. Yet in the conversations an occasional spark of the sanguinary spirit came forth; for when Boune spoke of the citizens of London and their views, Ferguson, as if his prophetic eye saw the French revolution and the lanterns, said, "Nothing was to be expected from the rich old citizens, and, therefore, half-a-dozen of them must be taken out of their houses and hanged on their sign-posts, and their houses given as a plunder to the mobile, and that would scare the rest." As the readers of all our histories know, the plan adopted by the assassination conspirators was to shoot the royal brothers as they passed by the Rye-house from Newmarket. Ferguson consecrated a blunderbuss for the occasion; and when he was reminded, as a clergyman, that the day fixed

for the coming off was a Sunday, when he might be expected to be otherwise employed, he remarked, that this holy day was suited to the holy deed. A fire at Newmarket deprived them of their opportunity, whereon Ferguson, lamenting the escape of the intended victims, said "that the measure of their iniquities was not yet full, and God had reserved them for his own vengeance." But he was not prepared to abandon human means, nor was he fastidious about their nature. He proposed that the attack should be made from Lord Bedford's wall as his majesty passed to Windsor or to the theatre; or that it should even be made within the walls of the theatre itself, where the lumbering recesses and dusky passages would, in the seventeenth century, give such opportunities for deeds of darkness as a frequenter of modern theatres would with difficulty conceive.

He cultivated an interesting variety of plans: "either in Guildhall, upon the Lord Mayor's Day, when the King and Duke would, as supposed, dine there—or in St Paul's Churchyard—or at Ludgate, as they returned from dinner—or in St James's Park, as they passed unguarded there—or upon the river Thames, as they passed that way in a barge."*

Halifax said that "Ferguson was a bloody rogue, and always advised for cutting throats." The witnesses against him described his peculiar taste more succinctly, by saying that he was ever for "lopping." Franklin remarks, that the great advantage of being a reasonable animal is, that one can justify what one has a mind to do. There never was a better example of the principle than our hero furnished on this occasion. So effectually had he argued himself into a belief in the purity and the humanity of his motives, that he spoke of his designs to the celebrated Carstairs, as founded on principles which one clergyman might decorously discuss with another. Carstairs, afterwards the great ecclesiastical adviser of William III., was connected with the political projects of Russell and Sydney; and when apprehended in Scotland, was subjected to the cruel

* Depositions in Decree of Forfeiture against Ferguson.

torture of the thumbkins. Among the incidents described in the statement thus extracted from him, he mentioned having one day met Ferguson in Cheapside, where the plotter casually observed to him, "that *for the saving of innocent blood* it would be necessary to cut off a few—instantiating the King and the Duke—but cannot be positive whether he named them." To this Carstairs said he answered, "That's work for our wild people in Scotland: my conscience does not serve me for such things."*

Another of the parties implicated—West, a barrister, whom Ferguson by the way had, in amiable confidence, requested to make a note of persons fit to be judges when the revolution was effected—spoke more distinctly. He had been characterising the projected murder as ungenerous and base, and calculated to bring reproach upon the actors of it and their posterity, if not upon the whole nation. He professed to remember Ferguson's precise words in answer to this. They were, that "it was never looked on as ungenerous to shoot or set traps for wolves or tigers, and that he thought it a pious and a glorious action, which he hoped to see have a national reward, and statues erected by a parliament for the actors of it, with an inscription of *Liberators Patriæ*." Then rising to a higher flight of enthusiasm, and giving it a professional unction, he continued to say, "that a declaration was already prepared to justify the fact, and a *sermon suitable to the occasion*—for he was unwilling that the Papists should run away with the credit of so brave an action, as they might do if there were no declaration to indicate it."

As he was the suggesting and controlling spirit of this diabolical enterprise, so he seems to have kept it in heart to the last. When the conspirators found their associate Keeling lurking in the neighbourhood of the Home Office, and saw, from other symptoms, that their fabric of perfidy was crumbling round them, we are told by the same witness that "Ferguson, observing the company to be

much dejected, and contriving to make their escape, laughed at them, and gave them this parting compliment—"Gentlemen, you are strangers to this kind of exercise. I have been used to fly. I will not be out of a plot so long as I live; and I yet hope to meet some of you at Dunbar before Michaelmas."†

It is from the time when the plot was discovered that our hero's motions, previously pretty distinct, become involved in a shifting and perplexing mystery. His sudden disappearance is said to have completely cut off the conspirators from communication with those secret supporters in the city, who probably were not sorry that the bridge, which united them with a band of men in imminent peril, was broken down. The allusion to a meeting at Dunbar referred to an effort to organise and inspire the Scottish department of the rising. With this view, he crossed the Border; but as his tour to his native country was preceded by a proclamation, offering a reward of £500 for his apprehension, it was natural that he should be hampered in his movements, and require to pick his steps warily. The fate of one of the persons with whom he intended to communicate would by no means reassure him. This was Gordon of Earlston, who was seized, and confronted with so elaborate and frightful an apparatus of torture that he was seized with madness. "Worse tortures," says Dalrymple, "were prepared for Ferguson, if he could have been found."‡ And yet the man could not easily escape recognition, of whom was promulgated all over the land the following expressive portrait, furnished by the proclamation for his apprehension:—"A tall lean man, dark-brown hair, a great Roman nose, thin-jawed, heat in his face, speaks in the Scotch tone, a sharp piercing eye, stoops a little; he hath a shuffling gait that differs from all men, wears his periwig down almost over his eyes: about forty-five years of age."

It was now that, according to Dalrymple, occurred one of the

* Proceedings, Scottish Parliament, 22d May 1685.

† Depositions in Decreet of Forfaulture.

‡ *Memoirs*, i. 99.

oddest incidents of our hero's strange eventful history. The sinister "shuffling gait, that differs from all men," had been noticed within the city of Edinburgh, then closely cinctured by a high wall. The strictest arrangements were made at the gates to prevent his escape; and a rigid search was conducted throughout the city, according to a warrant, which bears the date of the 4th July, in the records of the Privy Council. But all efforts were in vain. The plotter had found for himself a retreat, sacred from the scrutinising ingenuity of privy-councillors and king's-messengers. He went of his own accord to that place to which they so fervently desired to consign him. Having a friend imprisoned in the Tolbooth—probably for debt, or some petty offence—his cell furnished an asylum. Thus, in the very Heart of Mid-Lothian—perhaps the only spot unsearched within the city gates—the plotter remained until the hurricane of the search had lulled into a conviction that he must have got beyond the walls.

Desiring to escape to the Continent and join his friend Shaftesbury, he found it necessary to pass through England. There never was in all British history a period of more nervous suspicion and stringent vigilance. On the 7th of July, Lord Moray writes to Lord Aberdeen that some captures have been made, "one of them being in a parson's habit, who some hope may prove to be Ferguson—a most pernicious villain, and deeply instrumental in this horrid conspiracy." * But the plotter, under the protection of his spell, passed securely through it all. This continued impunity had already begun to attract the wonder of historians, and Archdeacon Lehard says, "But for Ferguson himself, we are told, that when the warrants were delivered to Mr Leggat the messenger, to seize him with the rest of the offenders, Mr Secretary Jenkins gave Leggat a strict command not to take Ferguson, but to shun him wherever he met him, which is a mystery not easy to be understood, but has caused variety of conjectures." †

Lonis XIV. paid Ferguson the compliment of proclaiming a reward of five hundred pistoles for his apprehension, if he came within the soil of France. But his destination was Holland, where his immediate patrons, and all who were offensive to the English court, took refuge. There are many partly traditional anecdotes of his conduct there. It is said that he entered the Dutch service to learn that art of war which he soon afterwards attempted to put in practice. But his most serious occupation was in organising Monmouth's party, and instigating them to action. He who had given the chief lustre to these machinations was now gone—the fiery soul of Achitophel had at last worked itself out of the o'er-informed tenement of clay. Ferguson, though an admirable coadjutor in the coarse and dangerous department, was not fitted entirely to fill his place. The constitutional exiles, who desired to wait till matters ripened for a revolution, disliked him as the British officer dislikes campaigning in alliance with the sanguinary savage from Tartary or the western prairies. According to Anthony Wood, however, John Locke was his companion at Amsterdam, and derived from him many of the opinions which made the philosopher offensive to the academic biographer. Burnet professed to suffer from the busy anxiety of the plotter to force an alliance with him, and boasts that he successfully preserved his own dignity and distance. He talks with contempt of Ferguson's sagacity; but, however ill-regulated and reckless, it must have been of a powerful kind. There is a story which, if true, might stand as a specimen of his dexterous method of diving into secrets; and, whether true or not, it is amusing. When the preparations for the invasion of the Duke of Monmouth had been completed, the story goes, that, "one day sitting by himself in a musing posture, the Duke asked him in a joking manner about what he was studying and thinking? Ferguson replied, as it were between jest and earnest, "I am thinking to beg a particular favour of you, when you are King of England—that I may be your prime-minister of

* *Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen*, 144.

† *History*, 1030.

state." His grace, perhaps without much thought, answered, "I cannot do that, for I have designed," or, "I am under an obligation to grant that to Lord ———," by which Ferguson, as he used to say, afterwards made a double discovery,* — the discovery that Monmouth aimed at the crown, and that he was to continue Sunderland as prime-minister.

This anecdote brings us to another act in the drama. The unhappy expedition which leaves so mournful an episode in English history is about. We know that Ferguson was one of the most active and effective men in organising it. But it is maintained by some historians that it took its tone and aim from his council, and that, instead of finding out by stratagem the duke's intention of aiming at the crown, he had himself infused into the facile Absalom's mind this unfortunate resolution. Oldmixon, who knew to some extent the secrets of the party, says, "He was prevailed with by evil counsellors to assume the title of King. I have been assured by persons who were with him, and in his confidence, that he never thought of it till after he landed, and was put upon it by that arch-traitor and villain Ferguson, whose treasonable practice since may very well make us suspect he was a spy on him, and secret agent for the King."† The poor prince himself, when the grave was about to close on him, passed a melancholy and bitter sentence on the plotter, as the cause of his calamities.

On the other hand, it is said that Ferguson had substantial hopes of being Archbishop of Canterbury, if the expedition succeeded, taking the chaplaincy of the invading army as the first step of promotion.‡ He, at all events, threw himself heartily, earnestly, and determinedly into the cause. All authorities concur in the statement that Ferguson wrote the declaration or proclamation issued by the duke on his landing at Lyme Regis. Burnet, who is one of these authorities, says it was "long and ill-penned—full of black and dull malice." In his commentary on the character of Monmouth, Charles Fox says, "This

was by far the most guilty act of this unfortunate man's life—his lending his name to the declaration published at Lyme, which was advised and penned by Ferguson." And certainly, even among the wild documents of that unscrupulous age, a perusal of the declaration is apt to raise the eyebrows; as for instance, when, after an invocation of "the presence of the Lord, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and is the avenger of deceit and falsehood," and an appeal to "the meekness and purity of our principles, and the moderation and righteousness of our ends," we have what follows:—

"And whereas the said James, Duke of York, in order to the expediting the idolatrous and bloody designs of the Papists, the gratifying of his own boundless ambition after a crown, and to hinder inquiry into his assassination of Arthur, Earl of Essex, hath poisoned the late King, and therein manifested his ingratitude as well as cruelty to the world, in murdering a brother who had almost ruined himself to preserve and protect him from punishment: we do therefore further declare, that for the aforesaid villanous and unnatural crime, and other his crimes before mentioned, and in pursuance of the resolution of both Houses of Parliament, who voted to revenge the King's death in case he came to an untimely end, we will prosecute the said James, Duke of York, till we have brought him to suffer what the law adjudged to be the punishment of so execrable a fact."

This little specimen might be held as conclusive, both of the prudence and the honesty which ruled in the councils of Monmouth's camp. But the manifesto is in itself an epitome of the strange inconsistencies of its versatile and mysterious author. The initial paragraphs of this wild document are moulded with a correctness, dignity, and simplicity not excelled by any constitutional declarations even in the honoured records of British history. That the reader may decide for himself whether we have any ground for such a statement, let him read on.

"As government was originally in-

* ROBERTS' *Life of Monmouth*, i. 294.

† *House of Stuart*, i. 702.

‡ ROBERTS, ii. 309.

stituted by God, and this or that form of it chosen or submitted to by men, for the peace, happiness, and security of the governed, and not for the private interest and personal greatness of those that rule—so that government hath always been esteemed the best where the supreme magistrates have been vested with all the power and prerogatives that might capacitate them, not only to preserve the people from violence and oppression, but to promote their prosperity—and yet where nothing was to belong to them, by the rules of the constitution, that might enable them to injure and oppress them.

"And it hath been the glory of England, above most other nations, that the Prince had all intrusted with him that was necessary either for the advancing the welfare of the people, or for his own protection in the discharge of his office; and withal stood so limited and restrained by the limited terms of the constitution, that without violation of his own oath, as well as the rules and measures of the government, he could do them no hurt, or exercise any act of authority, but through the administration of such hands as stood obnoxious to be punished in case they transgressed. So that, according to the primitive frame of the government, the prerogatives of the crown and the privileges of the subject were so far from justling one another, that the rights reserved to the people tended to make the King honourable and great; and the prerogatives settled on the Prince were in order to the subject's protection and safety."

By several accounts, the conduct of Ferguson during the march of the insurrectionary troops was marked by excitement not far from the borders of insanity. Entering the house of the Rev. William Harte, the vicar of Taunton, who had fled, the chaplain of the troops "borrowed," as it is mildly termed, his gown and scarf, that he might preach in the vicar's church next day. Yet with these clerical *impedimenta* he flourished a drawn sword, yelling out, as he marched. "I am Ferguson—that

famous Ferguson for whose head so many hundred pounds were offered: I am that man—I am that man!"* Dalrymple states that, provisions running short, Ferguson offered, if he had the supreme command, to victual the army for one day. He obtained the desired authority, and ordered a general fast! On this statement, Mr Roberts rather judiciously remarks, "Is this credible? Could the Duke have proposed fasting to Sampson Larke, the Anabaptist, and the body of Dissenters?"†

On Sunday, the 5th of July, he resumed his clerical functions, and preached at Taunton from Joshua xxii. 22, "The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day,"—a startling invocation, one would think, to set before an insurrectionary army; but the plotter never minced matters.

Ferguson was conspicuously occupied in the wretched battle of Sedgemoor, and, by his own account, would have reversed the fortune of the day had the commanders obeyed him. He left behind him an account of the battle, which does not appear to have been ever printed, but is found amply quoted in the solid pages of Archdeacon Echard. After he has scattered his charges of military misconduct pretty profusely around, he says, "Having, contrary to my custom, left attending upon the Duke, who advanced with the foot, I betook myself to the horse, because the first and most considerable of that morning's action was expected from them, which was to break in and disorder the enemy's camp against the time that our battalions should come up. I endeavoured whatsoever I was capable of performing, or that lay within my circle as a private man; for I not only struck at several troopers who had forsaken their station, but upbraided divers of the captains for being wanting in their duty."‡ His account concludes with a flourish of light raillery, which it is pleasant to find a man with so many formidable

* ROBERTS, i. 335.

† Ibid. i. 265.

‡ ECHARD, 1066.

cares on his shoulder able to indulge in : " If any of our officers shall think themselves reflected upon, I hope they will be as favourable to me, who have truly and justly represented them, as they were that morning to their enemies, and that I shall receive no more hurt from them upon the account of this narrative, than their adversaries did in the engagement upon Sedgemoor."

But at last the insurrection is crushed, and then the dark spirit that animated and guided it disappears from the wreck as silently as the soul leaves behind it the dead carcass. Jefferies has finished his campaign, weary with slaughter. He, " so beautiful, so brave," who madly signed the manifesto, is in his bloody tomb. The poor printer, who put the odious document into readable form, has been caught and hanged. But he who prepared it is nowhere found in the catalogue of casualties. Ralph, with others, had heard a report that on the third day after the battle he had fallen into the hands of the Royalists, and says very naturally, " Why he should be spared surpasses the power of conjecture;" and so do many other things connected with Ferguson the plotter. Three years now pass, during which we hear nothing of our hero. Naturally he casts up at the Revolution, but he is not a very conspicuous figure in that epoch; and perhaps *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, which we have hereafter to speak of. He appears to have acted as a kind of voluntary chaplain to whatever portion of the army would hear him; but in so important and well-arranged a matter as King William's progress, a person with Ferguson's reputation would not be permitted to hold a prominent place. Yet, in his own immediate neighbourhood, he seems to have let his voice be well heard. At Exeter, he was refused the use of the meeting-house where he wished to preach. Calling for a hammer he cried out, " I will take the kingdom of heaven by violence," and shattered the door. He then marched to the pulpit; and to those who after such a scene were inclined to listen to a

sermon from him, he preached from the text, " Who will rise up for me against evil doers?"*

And now, like many another politician who had been floating on tossing waters, Ferguson appeared to be brought by the Revolution into a haven of rest and comfort. The forfeiture passed on him in Scotland, for his concern in the Ryehouse Plot, was revoked by Act of Parliament. A snug situation was found for him in London. " The King," says his contemporary, Wodrow, " gave him a place King Charles had just made for J. Killigrew—a keeper of a house, I think, for the custom-office, where he had nothing to do but keep a servant, to keep the rooms clean, and set chairs for the commissioners when they met; and for this he had five hundred a-year."† In every way a truly desirable appointment; yet it seems to have been as ill-adapted to the plotter, as a well-kept kennel to a wolf. " What fancies come in his head," continues Wodrow, " few can account for; but he turned so openly Jacobite that that place was taken from him." His official life must have been brief enough, for before the Revolution was two years old, he was engaged in a Jacobite plot.

It is sometimes difficult practically to define consistency. It may ever be a question whether the individual has deserted the party, or the party has abandoned the principle, leaving it in the hands of the individual. When Titus Oates gave testimony for the prisoners in the trials for the Ryehouse Plot, Sayer, the Attorney-General, reproached him with tergiversation, in that, formerly having been a witness for the Crown, he had now become a witness against the Crown. Ferguson's notion of consistency, if he had any, must have been the converse of Mr Attorney's; he had been against the Crown, and must so continue. Sir James Montgomery, a great leader of the Presbyterians, and one of the most conspicuous promoters of the Revolution, desired to be Secretary of State for Scotland. King William declined his services. He seems to have done so

* ROBERTS, ii. 325.

† WODROW'S *Analecta*, ii. 271.

very wisely; for it is fair to judge that one who cannot nurse his wrath a short time, and keep it warm, but who plunges at once into a plot to restore the government which he had just upset, would not make a satisfactory Secretary of State. This plot, which went on to direct communications with the exiled house, began with an address or remonstrance attacking the king's disposal of office, and urging many demands in favour of the ultra-Presbyterian party. Some of the remonstrants sincerely seconded the demands—others desired only to pick a quarrel, and this King William seems to have known.

The address elicited tokens of dissatisfaction from the king; but it might have passed into oblivion with the great mass of unsuccessful and disappointing state papers, had not the arch-intermeddler, our hero, written a vindication of it, in his usual style of profuse scurrility. This was deemed a declaration of war, and the party thus committed made up their minds to offer their services to the exiled prince, whom they now, for the first time, discovered to be their lawful sovereign. It is extremely difficult to find out Ferguson's exact connection with the intrigues which ensued. Queen Mary was then governing in the absence of her husband; and a curious memorandum, probably prepared for his use, is extant in her handwriting, in which she describes a secret interview with Lord Ross, one of the conspirators.* "D'Alone," says her majesty, whose words we give *literatim*, "brought him up the back stairs to the eating room, where I met him alone. He delivered me the letter, and said nothing, so I told him what Lord Melvil wrote; he told me he was come up with a design to discover all he knew, upon condition his honour might be secured, in not being made an evidence, and that none might know he spoke to me. I told him if I found he dealt with me as he promised, I would give my word that he should be no further known in it than he would himself." His fastidious sense of honour being thus satisfied by a secret betrayal instead of a

public denunciation, "I ask't him," says the queen, "to tell his story." He said that Montgomery, Annandale, and himself had held a correspondence with the court of St Germain. "As for persons here," he continued, "he could name none but Ferguson, whom, he assured me, knew all, and was the chief manager of everything; that there was a rising intended here, for which several officers were gone into their intended country. He remembered none of their names but Oglethorpe. He said the French thought themselves secure of twelve sea captains, but he knew not their names."

The queen records a second meeting with this man of nice honour. The account of it is curious, and confirms a view often taken of Queen Mary's character—that she was dry, firm, and sagacious in business matters. "When he came," she says, "I found him much changed. He endeavoured to persuade me all was over; that they, not getting a satisfactory answer, had burned their papers, and so the whole business was at an end. Assures me Ferguson knew nothing of the main matter: that I had mistook him; for he only had said that they had kept correspondence; but it was only of private matters." Her majesty offered him a set of queries, to which she desired him to make signed answers; but the man of fastidious honour "was unwilling his hand should be seen—that would be making him an evidence." "I told him," said the queen, "it should be by none but me." After much further shuffling, "I remember not," says her majesty, "particularly what I said to him; but it was to let him know that I did not think he had kept his word to me, which I took for a discharge of mine," and so a warrant was issued to apprehend him. It appears that Ferguson was supposed on this occasion to have betrayed Ross, for we find Sir William Lockhart writing about an individual who had forged a pass, that he is a dangerous fellow and "is certainly with Ferguson and those rogues who cut Ross's throat."†

* Printed in the *Melville Papers*, 484.

† *Ibid.* 491.

This allusion appears to have been directed against a certain Neville Paine, whom Sir William desires, in the following amiable terms, to be put to the question. "I should wish to have some meaths to take measure by, and that your Grace would let me know if you have any considerable presumptions against people here. Thus no doubt you may have them from Neville Paine, who all men knows to know so much of Ferguson and those here, as may hang a thousand. But, except you put him to the torture, he will shame you all. Pray you put him in such hands as will have no pity on him; for, in the opinion of all men, he is a desperate cowardly fellow."*

It appears that Ferguson made a narrow escape on this occasion. He was, in fact, brought face to face with justice, but his usual invulnerability did not desert him. Among the papers from which we have just been citing, there is an official letter from the Earl of Nottingham, then Secretary of State, saying that Sir John Cochrane and Mr Ferguson "have been to-day at the King's Bench here, and will be discharged of their bail by the end of the term, and perhaps sooner, if the matters alleged against them cannot be produced in court."† And, of course, from the inscrutable influences which governed the destiny of the plotter, they were *not* produced, and he was off again.

Having another plot or two yet before us, let us stop for a moment to glance at Ferguson's ecclesiastical career. He was originally, as we have already mentioned, a Presbyterian clergyman. Wodrow tells us, that "at London, in a solemn meeting, he renounced his communion with the Church of Scotland, and alleged that Presbytery was a head too big for the body."‡ The historian of the troubles speaks contemptuously of his clerical powers, because "he used his papers," or preached from notes, "and inclined to make extemporary flights, but frequently faltered." He became a warm coadjutor and personal friend of John Owen the Independent, and preached to large audi-

ences in a chapel in Moorgate. Such was his position anterior to the Revolution. Just before beginning his Jacobite plots he issued a document called "Robert Ferguson's Apology for his Transactions these last Ten Years, both in England and Foreign Parts." Some collectors of broad-sheets possess this document, which is impregnated with an egotistic dullness consonant with its now dingy aspect. The apologist complains that his misfortunes in being thrown on unhappy junctures of time may have rendered him obnoxious to the censure "even of some good men." He solemnly repents of his "over hasty and prejudicial censure of the discipline of the Church of England, as it stands now by law established." The document appears to be a declaration of adherence to the Church. He complains that his "innocent, though heart's vindication," may be misinterpreted by the evil-minded people who flourish in this wicked world; and he concludes with these words, "My experience of the fatigue and vanity of all worldly business, with the assistance of God, which I heartily pray for, has induced me to fix my resolution of setting myself apart wholly for the service of God, before whose altar I shall, by His grace, endeavour to preserve myself an holy, pure, and unspotted sacrifice for ever." A year had not passed over this resolution, formed probably in the saddening solitude of his comfortable office in the customs, when he was engaged in Montgomery's plot.

Anderson, the antiquary, left behind him a quantity of miscellaneous papers. Among these, a scrap containing a list of pamphlets has at the end, in Anderson's hand-writing, "The above list is writt by Ferguson the famous plotter; it's his own hand, and they are a list he gave me of all the pieces he ever wrote before the present August 1712."‡ The list of pamphlets is divided by a very solemn partition. First come "Papers which I do heartily repent the having been the author of." Among these are *The Black Box; No Protestant Plot; The Detection of the Murder of the*

* *Melville Papers*, 503.

† *Ibid.* 446.

‡ See the document printed in *Analecta Scotica*, i. 202.

Earl of Essex, and several others. Next follow—"Discourses which I have published since God, of his infinite mercy and grace, convinced and converted me." Among these is, *A Discourse showing that the Prince of Orange came not into England in favour either of our Religion or our Laws*. Another shaft discharged in the same direction is briefly called, *The Depredations of the Dutch*. For the list of the other pamphlets, many of them unknown, and many probably not worth knowing, we must refer the curious to the work in which Anderson's paper is printed. It commemorates his books written on religious subjects, *Justification on a Satisfaction; Of Moral Virtue and Grace, &c.*; and *Of the Interest of Reason in Religion*. These books had their hour of popularity in the religious world, and were discussed and criticised by divines as if their author were a meek, pale pastor, who sat twelve hours a-day among his books, with his white hair smoothed down on either side of his calm unworldly brow, and knew no more of treasons, stratagems, and spoils, than Parson Adams or Dominie Sampson. There is a work not in this list which has been attributed to Ferguson on authority quite as good as his own: it is called "*Eikon Basilike Deutera*, the portraiture of his sacred majesty King Charles II." We plead guilty to having read this volume, with the view of finding in it something wherewith to enliven this article, but entirely without success. The book is dull, dry malignity throughout, varied with blasphemy and indecency—commodities of no use to us. One chapter keeps up the old fable about Monmouth's birth, under the heading, "On his Majesty's falling in love with one of his own subjects in France; his marrying her, and having a young Prince by her, who was afterwards created Duke of Monmouth."

Among the pamphlets set down as published by the plotter after he had been convinced and converted, one is *A Discourse against the Erecting the present Bank*. The Bank of England was one of the props of King William's government, and on that account the

plotter desired to pull it away. A parliamentary party was embodied against it, but it gained an easy victory. Another of the convinced and converted pamphlets was called, *A Letter to my Lord Chief Justice Holt, about the Manchester Plot*. The cotton capital of the present day was then the centre of Jacobite Catholicism. Any one who charged its chief citizens and the neighbouring gentry with a desire to restore the exiled house, could not be far wrong. Two scamps, named Lunt and Taaffe, following the example of Oates and Bedlow, engaged in 1694 to prove a complete and consistent Lancashire plot, and made out a case of concealed arms and other indications of conspiracy. Taaffe, who had been a Catholic priest, discontented with the reward of his services, resolved to trip up the case for the Crown when the trial came on, and befriend the accused. How far there was any general foundation for the charge against the Lancashire conspirators it might be difficult now to say. But Ferguson's efforts, joined to Taaffe's treachery, brought a triumphant conclusion to the accused. Ferguson's pamphlet was a defence of the prisoners—a pleading addressed to the public before the evidence was adduced. Tindal, in his continuation of Rapin's History, tells us that "the Popish mob at Manchester, animated by reading Ferguson's paper—which was almost in every hand in that county—had resolved to prevent the trials of the prisoners by stoning the King's evidences to death. But those who knew they would be acquitted, prevailed with the mob to forbear the execution of that inhuman resolution till the trials were ended. And indeed, no sooner were the trials over, and the witnesses leaving the town, but the mob endeavoured to stone them to death, and in such a violent and tumultuous manner that not only the witnesses, but a gentleman of counsel for the King, the King's prosecutor, and the King's clerk in the Crown Office, very narrowly escaped with their lives." Surely, our hero had full reason to be satisfied with the effect of his eloquence.

We shift the scene for the last time.

It is now the reign of "Good Queen Anne." With a daughter of the house of Stuart on the throne, it was deemed a fit time for reconciling the Jacobites to the new settlement; and an act of indemnity was passed in favour of all the Scottish adherents of the court of St Germain's who should return and take up their abode at home, as loyal subjects, within a time limited. The number and peculiar character of the persons who migrated in a considerable stream from the Continent to Scotland, professing to take advantage of the indemnity, but, as the suspicious asserted, making it the shield of their designs, created considerable alarm. Lovat, Sir John Maclean, and some other Highland chiefs of suspicious note, passing to their respective countries, were conspicuous in the migratory group. The governor of Fort-William received intimation that the clans around him were to be gathered for a vast hunting-match, or driving of the deer—the very form in which the insurrection of 1715 began. There is no doubt that the Jacobites hoped to make an effective insurrection. Documents were found containing musters of the clans, and there was an understanding that the court of France would give hearty assistance when the internal organisation was complete. The great Duke of Berwick was spoken of as commander. Some commissions and letters of credence were actually issued by the court of St Germain's to persons travelling to Scotland, though, of course, documents so extremely dangerous to those who possessed them would not be very numerous, nor would they be profusely exhibited. One man who possessed some of these documents, and also a secret note of confidence and trust from the exiled queen, arrived in London, and came in contact with Ferguson. He was a young, square-built, clumsy, good-natured looking fellow, with a frank, unpolished demeanour; yet there was something in a shifting, watchful eye, and even in the unnecessary profuseness of his hearty manner, that made the visitor

apt to revise the first impression of his character, and feel less easy in his presence. This person was introduced to Ferguson by a citizen of London named Clerk, who lived near the Monument; "and though his name was then concealed from me," says Ferguson, "yet I was made acquainted that he was one who had not only many friends in Scotland, but that he reckoned himself secure in being protected by some of the chiefest men in the government there." He says elsewhere, that his visitor was represented as "a man of bulk and grandeur." Ferguson seems to have been extremely annoyed by the mystery in which this personage concealed his identity and his objects. He spoke largely of his knowledge of all plots and devices that had been suggested for forty years. He could compromise the Duke of Marlborough in Britain, and knew enough to bring the Duke of Berwick to the block in France. Still the stout, young, good-natured stranger would not reciprocate, or afford any clue to his own designs. The two men thoroughly distrusted each other. In some scraps of conversation between the stranger and a friend, who had accompanied him, the latter was strongly recommended to consult Ferguson as an able and knowing adviser, "though he cautioned him not to trust him too far; because, he said, he knew he had a pension from St Germain's, and he did not know but he might have a pension from the court here."* Ferguson now bent his whole energies to the discovery of this provoking mystery. Rumours were afloat about a deep-laid conspiracy: he saw that the stranger held the wires, and he must get them into his own hand. His eagerness was the more excited by finding that the stranger had to slink noiselessly one morning down to Gravesend in a boat, and thence find his way to Holland. Through means of Clerk, Ferguson got a letter transmitted to the fugitive. It had an important enough appearance to call forth an answer. That answer gave Ferguson a clue to a conveying

* *Collection of Original Papers about the Scots Plot, 1704*—from which the information about this incident is derived.

point in the channels through which the stranger's multifarious correspondence passed, and he laid a dexterous trap for intercepting all his letters. The result was eminently satisfactory. In the first place, the mysterious stranger turned out to be Simon Fraser of Beaufort, better known as Lord Lovat. But this was a small matter in comparison with the further revelations of the correspondence. It appears that when Lovat came with his credentials from the court of St Germain's, they were suspiciously received by his Highland friends. They would not trust him; and he resolved, since he could not head a rising in the Highlands, to use the documents he possessed in a little plot of private vengeance. For this purpose he got secret access to Queensberry the Commissioner, and, by tampering with the documents, made it appear that they were destined for the Duke of Atholl, and some other persons, then of unquestionable Revolution principles. Queensberry, when this story was told to him, felt himself possessed of a portentous secret, and he preserved it until an opportunity should arrive of using it to trip up Atholl and his friends, and plunge them into disgrace. But in the meantime Ferguson had discovered the whole machination, and, chuckling at his superior sagacity, communicated to Atholl a warning against the pitfall prepared for him. Queensberry was overwhelmed with ridicule, and found it necessary to resign his high office. The revelation, though it was in some measure a personal one, alarmed the Governments both of England and Scotland. No one doubted that Ferguson knew more than he chose to tell about the intrigues of the Jacobites, or that he would have been himself deep in this plot, had he not found that Lovat was untrue to its authors. He was rigorously examined by the Secretary

of State; but to no purpose. He was confronted with a more candid and loquacious intriguer, Sir Thomas Stewart, who had been connected with him in his machinations; and we are told, in official authority, that Sir Thomas "fell into great compliments to Ferguson, in order to prevail with him to be ingenuous. He put Ferguson in mind of his having often said that if King James came back he would put a rope about his neck, and fall down at his feet to ask his pardon; and advised him now that they should join, and both together fall down in the same manner at the Queen's feet and beg her pardon, and deserve it by an ingenuous confession;" but this was not the method in which the plotter conducted business.

Ferguson was extremely vain of this affair, and he published an account of his conduct in connection with it. In this document, forgetful of the Act of Succession, he avowed that his reason for not encouraging the Scottish plot was, that there was a Stuart on the throne, and that it was time enough to perform his duty when it was occupied by another family. This in itself was next door to treason. "The lords," says Tindal, "were highly offended with Ferguson's papers, and passed a severe vote against those lords who had received such scandalous papers, and had not ordered him to be prosecuted, which they directed the Attorney-General to do. *But Ferguson never received the least punishment.*" Of course not—the harmony and unity of his strange history would have been utterly spoiled if he had.

The last notice we find of our hero is, in the words of Wodrow in 1713, "He is yet alive, in great want, and upwards of ninety years, and hath nothing but what he begs." He died in 1714.

CARMINA LUSORIA.

SCRAPS OF RHYMES.

WINTER is over. March, that came in like a lion, has been led out like a lamb, tamed by Lady-Day. Even the east wind is away, "with sighing sent." Turbulence is subsiding; the Whigs are deposed; Manchester has only pretended to "raise the wind," and cannot bluster. There is at least a promise of something good. Hope and spring are beckoning. The serpent of Whig misrule has relaxed his hold, and summer invites us to clear off the slime it had left on the limbs of society. Youth begins to be its own spring; and age to "babble of green fields." All we want is to shun retrospect, and be happy. For looking backward, says Lord Kaimes, is like walking backward; it is not the way man should go. The path is growing green that leads to pleasant woods. Let us fancy the little stream a Lethe, lie down by it, look into it, just to see how ugly we are with all the past year's troubles on our faces; and, "so to interpose a little ease"—one dip,—and look again, how much better do we appear.

We are prepared for a month's cheerfulness, and accept amusement.

"I nunc et versus tecum meditare."

And why not? Happy is the versifier. Great is the man whose whole want is centred in a rhyme—and to whom, when found, it is more precious than the philosopher's stone. He can take his eyes off the Koh-i-noor diamond, and look upwards far out of its blaze, and fetch an idea brighter to his own fancy, and jingle it with delight. He may go in an omnibus without being robbed of it. It is his posy, without the burden and risk of the ring. They will not cut off his finger to get at it; yet he longeth that everybody should read it. He who finds a rhyme finds a treasure, and is contented with it: he is not like him who, finding a purse of money, was so vexed at not having found it before he had lost

so many years' interest that he went and hanged himself. Versifier is happy that he had not found it before, for the search for it has led him through the sweetest mazes in the garden of poetry. Whatever the world may think of him, he now thinks well of himself. "*Eureka*" is not only on his lips, but in his heart. He is the master of joy, and overmasters grief. He couples it to verse, and makes it go his own pace. He rhymes over the very grave, and thinks he has invented such a sauce as one might eat one's grandmother withal! It is only the versifier by instinct, by natural temperament—spontaneous, unpaid, unhired—of whom this, however, can be said; he who wraps him up in his own liberty, and rhymes as freely as he would whistle, and reckons not his brain to stretch. Phœbean credentials on Moses and Company's vestments—such may braggingly "twitch his mantle blue," and swear by Pinus that he has clad him in the habit of poetry; but it is sheer "Devil's dust," and, like Nessus's garment, burns and corrupts to the very bones, though he be a Hercules that wears it. Miserable wretches are they of the needle-and-thread poems,

"tenui deducta poemata filo."

They have it not ready at their fingers' ends, to pare off leisurely with the outer edge of the nail; but must bite to the very quick ere a rhyme will come, and then it comes unwillingly, and smutched, and ugly. No; the happy versifier must be a "free-goer." He makes no toil of his pleasure. In very childhood,

"He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

He is *sui juris*—one who can sit by his own winter fire, look into the grate, and see all Parnassus red in its glory, and the nine Muses beckoning to him from the summit; while Apollo is playing the fiddle, and Mer-

cury, god of eloquence, beating time; and when all crumbles and falls away, it is as if only the sacred hill had opened, and revealed Helicon at its source. Real summer is all his own; but he need not absolutely wait for that, for he makes for himself a moveable almanac. Autumn paints for him—he breathes inspiration from the breezy hills. He sees flowers at his footstep, and salutes them as if they had sprung up to wish him good day; but of all men, he has a thankful heart, and that is his greatest blessing. But are there no exceptions? Well, well—may be so. “Exceptio probat reglam.” Now I fear I have left thee, happily self-deluded versifier, behind me—and have overtaken the poets, who look somewhat surlily, and seem to bid me go back. Henceforth, therefore, will I be humble—the more so because I am about to confess myself a versifier, but a poor peddler in rhyme. I have, too, my pack with me, and am ready to show my wares, and can boast they are honestly come by. Here they are. Where shall I have my humble exhibition? Yet, on second thoughts, not humble either—for *Maga's* crystal palace will lend my goods a lustre; and, let me proudly say, that is a crystal palace that will never be taken down—and will have within it its *hortus siccus* and its *hortus renascens*, to the last days of England and England's language.

When Mercury saw his ugly son, the new-born Pan, was he not proud of him? Beauty was so common, that the rarity of ugliness was preferable to a lower grade in beauty. So what did he do with him? He tied him up in a hare-skin, made a bundle of him, and flew with him to Olympus—laid his package at the feet of Jupiter and the gods in council—and, untying it, cried out with the greatest gravity, “Look ye all at my beautiful child.”

So it is with me. I have brought my bundle; it contains the bantling of my brain. No presuming Child-Wisdom, or Wisdom-Child, beat out, like Pallas, from the front of a Jupiter, with a hammer—but a simple thing, only born for amusement, and that began to sing as soon as he was born. Olympians ye, that sit judges on *Maga's* hill, would it please you to

hear him sing? If he have not the power to keep you long awake, your dreams may be the pleasanter for his music. The hurdy-gurdy may at times succeed Apollo's lute. The grinding organ is alone intolerable. Take my rhymes, and pardon the prosy prologomemata.

But this notion of the child singing reminds me of an anecdote which I must tell. I suppose, originally, all the boys on the foundation at our great schools were intended to be choristers as well as scholars. Whether through fear of any present or future Whistons I know not, but the form of choosing is kept up at Winchester College. The grave ones, the wardens of the two colleges of St Mary at Oxford and Winton, with the two Posers as they are called, the Informator or head master, sit assembled in the election chamber. The candidates appear one by one in this solemn assembly, and are examined in some Latin book. This ended, the warden (at the time I speak of, it was the Bishop of Hereford, Huntingford) always said to the boy these formal words, “Sing, child—sing.” The boy was expected not indeed to sing, but to say in reply, “All people that on earth do dwell,” and there was an end of it: his competency was proved, and the examination over. But it happened on one occasion that a boy-candidate entered the election chamber untutored as regards this custom. He took the command in its literal sense, and, having strong pipes, set up lustily either “Black-eyed Susan,” or “When I was a boy in my Father's Mud Edifice,” or some such matter, to the astonishment of the solemn Divan. What became of gravity I don't remember—for the two wardens had a very awful gravity; but it may easily be imagined that the Posers were posed to keep theirs in any equilibrium.

Now, as the lot has taken
b, ul a, it may not be
Lusoria b
ts upon the l
of a school-
dress, v me ut su
c ut vi
has a part

unpremeditated, and Vincent Bourne deserves being charactered, I am tempted to offer the effigies of the man by the hand of Cowper, contained in a letter to Newton. He says—

"I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him. I love him, too, with a love of partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster when I passed through it. He was so good-natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him; for he made me as idle as himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had trusted to his genius as a cloak for everything that could disgust you in his person; and, indeed, in his writings he has almost made amends for all. His humour is entirely original. He can speak of a magpie or a cat, in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all his drollery, there is a mixture of rational, and even religious reflection at times; and always an air of pleasantry, good nature, and humanity, that makes him, in my mind, one of the most amiable writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining, and yet always harmless; and who, though always elegant and classical to a degree not always to be found in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas, than by the neatness and purity of his verse; yet such was poor Vinny. I remember seeing the Duke of Richmond set fire to his greasy locks, and box his ears to put it out again."

And may we not say poor Cowper too? He made some sad mistakes with his own rich mind; and he made one here in his estimate of the effect of Vinny Bourne upon himself. The amiable Cowper thought his playful pieces sinful; and too lightly viewed the playfulness of the usher's genius, which certainly coloured his own. Nor did he rightly understand the kind of indolence which, at that time probably, if not during their lives, infected both. Both might truly have said, in the words of another playful genius—

"*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*"

Busiest thoughts pass through the

mind, and many brightest and best are arrested as they pass, and become instantly a creation for immortality, when the body is most inert. The limbs are mastered and spell-bound by the wand-touch of the genius within, and move not; and so it is often with those who meditate immortal verse. I would even apologise for those who are in the busy indolence of hatching rhymes. Can you not imagine poor Vinny Bourne, just on the point of fitting with nicest joinery his compact and neat cut Latin, appearing lost, and indolent in the extreme, when called off unwilling from his delight, to mark or to convert the dullest blunders of the dullest of the Alumni of that school of scholars? And that attitude of the heedless body, which bespeaks so entirely the absent and busy mind, is too commonly called indolence. No; it was a mistake of poor Cowper's: he lost nothing by Vincent Bourne, and gained much. And he caught the usher's spirit; for how admirably he translated him—as, for instance, that happy transfusion into pleasant English of the "Cornicula." Had Vincent Bourne lived to read the scholar's "John Gilpin," he would have put it into exquisite Latin, and have overcome a difficulty which several modern Latinists have attempted not very successfully.

It was in the busy idleness of a mere rhymer that I took up Vincent Bourne, and lighted mostly on those pieces which were shortest, and therefore best suited to the humour of the hour. I thank Cowper for the portrait, and cheat myself into the fancy that I have spent some pleasantly idle hours with the usher, for which I beg forgiveness of those matter-of-fact philosophers who look upon versifiers as belonging to the unproductive classes—as the drones who ought to be extinguished by brimstone. Here is a "Concetto," a somewhat extravagant compliment. "I love Vinny Bourne"—as Cowper said, so I say—the more for his not infrequent praise of art. He loved pictures. He had before written on the portrait—"In Effigiem Domine Catharinæ Hyde."

"*RECONCILIATRIX.*"

"*Crescentes laudes Natura invidet Arti;
Et sibi rivalem necesse ferre parem;*

Divinam effinxit Nympham, et formam addidit ori,

Cui Cypriæ posset cadere forma dem.

Hanc videt Ars, vincique dolet, doctosque resumens

Knelleri calamos, æmula tentat opus :

Depingit suavesque genas, mollesque capillos, Et colla intactâ candidiora nive.

Virginei rubor idem, eademque est gratia vultûs ;

Et similis roseo spirat in ore decor.

Hinc nec certamen vult illa iterare vel illa :

Contenta et felix utraque laude sua.

Gloria Naturæ atque Artis, componere tantas Quæ potuit lites unica, mira fuit."

THE RECONCILING BEAUTY.

Nature with envy heard the praise of Art, Nor knew to make a rival counterpart.

At length a maid she brought of form and face So perfect, Venus had not half her grace.

Then Art was grieved, and Kneller's pencil took,

And copied every feature, every look :

Her snowy bosom, dimpled cheek, and fair,

And glossed with all her skill the silken hair ;

In purest virgin hues her pencil dips,

And a like beauty breathes from roseate lips.

Their works complete, each with her own was pleased,

Nor would renew the contest, and it ceased.

Oh ! who could reconcile this rival pride

Of Art and Nature—but the lovely Hyde ?

If inexorable rhyme, or the untranslatableness of original substantives, or adjectives, or lines, has tempted me to deviate a hair's-breadth from the square and rule of translationship, I trust the muses of the particular locality of the following piece will excuse a liberty of speech in which themselves indulge; and, indeed, here I would deprecate the wrath of the gentle reader on this score throughout these attempts, which would never have been made at all under the compulsion of using "Mercator's Scale," and under foot or inch rule.

"SCHOLA RHETORICES.

"Londini ad pontem, Billingsi nomine, porta est,

Unde ferunt virides ostrea Nereides.

Hic sibi perpetuam legit facundia sedem,

Nec modus hic verbis, neve figura deest.

Bermonem densis oratrix floribus ornat,

Et fundit varios, ingeminatque, tropos.

Et nervi, et veneres, et via, et copia fandi.

Insunt ; et justum singula pondus habent.

O sedes, totidem multam celebrata per annos !

Omne tibi rostrum cedit, et omne forum.

Utraque, quos malit, titulos academia jactet,

At tibi *linguarum Jænna nomen* erit !"

Here I am off to an *ad libitum* movement.

THE SCHOOL OF RHETORIC.

By London Bridge stands Billings-gate,
Where nymphs, by men called oyster-wenchs,

Bring fish to sell, and held debate.
Here eloquence sits throned on benches,
And arguments so-fisticate
Adroitly clenches.

Professors of the softer sex
Four out vocabulary vigour,
In speech that Priscian would perplex,
Unfettered by grammatic rigour,
Defying all the law directs
Of mood and figure.

Yield either Senate—Pulpit—Bar—
Your pleading, preaching, and debating,
Apologetic ifs, and war
Of words—mistaking and mistating—
Compared to theirs not very far
Removed from prating.

Ye Oxford Tutors, Cambridge Dons,
Who empty heads are ever filling
With parallellipepidons,
And classic stuff, not worth a shilling,
Driving o'er the Asinorum Pons,
By cramming, urging dolts unwilling :
To Mother Wit go take your sons,
And pass them through the Gate of Billing.

The following is of far other character ; it took the usher in one of his gentlest moods. Be sure, he loved children ; their innocence was both after and in his own heart.

"IN STATUAM SEPULCHRALEM INFANTIS DORMIENTIS.

Infans venusta, qui sacros dulces agens

In hoc sopores marmore,

Placidissimâ quiete compôctus jaces,

Et inscius culpæ et metûs,

Somno fruaris, docta quam dedit manus

Sculptoris ; et somno simul,

Quem nescit artifex vel ars effingere,

Fruaris innocentia."

ON THE SEPULCHRAL STATUE OF A SLEEPING CHILD.

Beautiful child ! whose marble effigy

Layeth so silently its placid head

Upon this sainted bed,

With so calm front, and blameless excellence,

Enjoy the sleep the hand of sculptor gave ;

And that, too, which no art

Of sculptor can impart,

The sweet sleep of thy grave—

Thy sleep of innocence.

The next is a quaint epitaph. I could not quite hit its conciseness, and have more aimed at its quaintness. And here, speaking of short epitaphs, let me tell of the shortest I know—a practical though a grave pun. It is in the ante-chapel of a college in Oxford, a small stone let into a larger, and only these words :—"His

jacet Bob Shortgrave." But now to Vincent Bourne's epitaphian conciseness.

"Hic jaceo T. L.
Quinquagenarius;
Tum, lector, exemplum mortalitatis:
Peccatis, doloribus et morbis
Ad sepulchrum usque depressus.
Qui vixerim, si nescias, nolis sciscitari:
Si scias, malis oblivisci:
Hoc unicum contentus doceri,
Quòd in terram, cui tu pariter cognatus es,
Propero resolvi:
Nec tu interim huc etiam descendere
Moraris."

EPITAPH.

Here lies T. L.,
My age, a span,
The common lot of man,
Is but to die
As I.
Pain, sorrow, sin,
Fought with me to the grave—and saw me in.
What life I led,
If known, be little said;
Unknown—ask not;
'Tis best forgot:
Suffice to know
That we were both made of the selfsame earth
From birth.
Mine lies below,
And turns to dust,
As soon—yours must.

The vanity of vanities is not passed from the usher's mind, exemplifying what Cowper calls his rational and even religious reflection. I fear I have amplified the following:—

"PYRAMIS.

"Pyramidum sumptus, ad cælum et sidera
ducti,
Quid dignum tantâ mole, quid intus habent?
Ah! nihil intus habent, nisi nigrum informe
cadaver;
Durata in saxum est cui medicata caro.
Ergone porrigitur monumentum in jugera
tota!
Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumque labor!
Integra sit morum tibi vita; hæc Pyramis
esto;
Et poterunt tumulo sex satis esse pedes."

THE PYRAMID.

At vast expense was raised this Pyramid—
For what?
That a poor human body should not rot,
Embalmed and hid.
Its blackened skin,
And its gum-hardened substance, lies within.
For this what acres gave their whole extent!
And years of cost,
And many thousand hands, their labour lost.
Seek thou a nobler monument;
Build high
The Pyramid within thy mind;

Lift up thy virtue to affect the sky,
And leave the towering Pyramid behind.
Be thy life pure,
Nor ask if brick-built acres shall endure!
Six feet by two will be sufficient found
To make thy mortal hillock in the holy
ground.

The reader will not forget Horace's "Tu Secanda Marmora," nor to what account Fielding turned the thought in his Death of Captain Bliffl, while planning the vast enlargement of Alworthy's house: "He took, therefore, measure of that proportion of soil which was now become adequate to all his future purposes, and he lay dead on the ground, a great though not a living example of the truth of that observation of Horace—

'Tu secanda marmora
Locus sub ipsum funus: et sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos.'"

Which sentiment I shall thus give to the English reader: "You provide the noblest materials for building, when a pickaxe and a spade are only necessary; and build houses of five hundred by a hundred feet, forgetting that of six by two." Making this extract from the inimitable Fielding, I cannot very much go out of the way if I conclude the remarks with his epitaphian satire. Thus says the novelist:—

"The captain was now interred, and might perhaps have already made a large progress towards oblivion, had not the friendship of Mr Alworthy taken care to preserve his memory by the following epitaph, which was written by a man of as great genius as integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the captain:—

'Here lies,
In expectation of a joyful rising,
The Body of
Captain John Bliffl.
London
had the Honour of his Birth,
Oxford
of his Education.
His Pats
were an Honour to his Profession
and to his Country,
His Life to his Religion
and Human Nature.
He was a Dutiful Son,
An Affectionate Father,
a sincere Friend,
a devout Christian,
and a good Man.

His inconsolable Widow
hath erected this stone,
the Monument of
his Virtues,
and of her Affection."

There is not a word here that does not tell; but that all was written by "a man of as great genius as integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the captain," is a stroke of wit and satire upon epitaphs and epitaph-makers that has never been exceeded in power.

What part of that wondrous work is not full of wit and wisdom! True, it is not in all respects a picture of our day, but it lets us see through many a veil of moral gossamer, and has throughout the strong sinews, bones, and blood of human nature. Strange that it should have been thought by moralists an improper book—those very moralists who put, religiously and morally, into the hands of the young of both sexes the insidious, seducing, dangerous scenes of *Clarissa Harlowe*. I remember once calling upon that excellent, able, and deep-thinking man, Dean Rennell. A divine of no small fame, and of some grave importance, came in. "Well, Mr Dean," said he, "I suppose you do nothing now but amuse yourself with light reading, such as your favourite book, the *History of a Foundling*." I don't know," quoth the dean, "doctor, what you call light reading, but I find Fielding's work no light reading at all, for it induces the deepest thinking." But to return to Vincent Bourne. The following seems to have received a hint from the "French economists," who, as is known, maintained that foreign commerce is exchange, but adds not to the stock of a nation's wealth:—

"OCEANUS PREDATOR ET RESTITUTOR.

"Abiit Oceanus terras hinc inde jacentes;
Excavat et ripas, subtus edendo, salum.
At neque contrahitur tellus subducta rapinis;

At neque fit furtis auctior unda suis.
Nam parte ex alia desertam extendit arenam
Littus, et e mediis insula crescit aquis.
Nil prodest luctum, cui damna aequalia; fines
Oceanus mutat, sed superare nequit."

OCEAN, THE PLUNDERER AND THE
RESTORER.

The ocean cuts into the shore,
Yet never gains one fathom more,

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But, giving up whate'er it takes,
Enlarges coasts, and islands makes.
It plunders, yet it nought retains—
Earth has no loss, and sea no gains.
So 'tis with wealth, if men would set
Against it all their toil and fret.
How what is won to-day, to-morrow
Pays back—and with its interest, sorrow.
Ocean and wealth both shift their grounds,
But cannot pass th' appointed bounds.

I think the reader's pleasure will not be ill consulted, if upon this ocean subject I quote the well-known tale of King Canute, so quaintly told by old Fuller, whose good-humoured wit neither vice nor folly could escape:—"A parasite (and sooner will a hot May want flies than a king's court such flatterers) sought to puff up King Canutus with an opinion of his puissance, as if, because England and Norway, therefore Æolus and Neptune, must obey him. In confuting of whose falsehood, Canutus commanded his chair of state to be set on the sea-shore nigh Southampton, and settled himself thereon. Then he imperiously commanded the waves (as a fence which walled that land belonging unto him) to observe their due distance, not presuming to approach him. The surly waves were so far from obeying, they heard him not, who listened only to the proclamation of a higher Monarch—'Hither shalt thou come, and no farther,' (Job, xxxviii. 11,) and made bold to give the king's feet so coarse a kias as wetted him up to the knees. On this accident King Canutus made an excellent sermon: first, Adoring the infinite power of God, sole Commander of the winds and waves; secondly, Confessing the frailty of all flesh, unable to stop the least drop of the sea; thirdly, Confuting the profaneness of flatterers fixing an infinite power in a finite creature."

It is a pretty tale, that told by Strada, of the rivalry between the Shepherd and the Nightingale. This is Vincent Bourne's version:—

"STRADÆ PHILOMELA.

"Pastorem audivit calamis Philomela canentem,
Et voluit: tenues ipsa referre modos;
Ipsa retentavit numeros, didicisque retentans
Argutum fidâ reddere voce melos.
Pastor inassuetus rivalem ferro, missel
Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget ...

3 B

Tuque etiam in modulos surgis, Philomela ;
sed impar
Viribus, heu impar, exanimisque cadis.
Durum certamen ! tristis victoria ! cantum
Maluerit pastor non superâsse tuum."

THE NIGHTINGALE OF STRADA.

A shepherd, piping on his reeds, was heard
By that melodious bird,
The nightingale—but poets have preferr'd
Sweet Philomel.

And very hard she tried, with learning long,
And all her little might of song,
To imitate the notes, or low or strong,
Cadence and swell.

That shepherd, proud of skill, did little look
For such a rival—nor did brook
The small compeer, and thenceforth boldly took
A higher strain.

And thus did he provoke her—she, poor thing,
Her utmost voice did fling,
And in a fatal strife essayed to sing,
Alas ! in vain.

Poor bird ! why didst thou with that shepherd vie,
Aiming at strains too high,
Giving thy life, (for thou didst fall and die,)
To shepherd's art ?

Oh, victory hardly won ! Oh, cruel meed,
Won by so sad a deed !
Rather that shepherd he had broke his reed,
Than thou thy heart.

Now, I must confess, I am but a
loose translator of the next. Owl
gravity one has a spite against ; for I
am quite certain it will look condem-
nation upon anything so light as these
rhymes. The parrot that could not
speak was said by the owner to think
the more, and the cunning rogue
sold him for a higher price.

Many are the human owls one
meets with, whose opinions lie in
perpetual frowns, who, if they would
but speak them out, would only ex-
pose their nonsense.

"PLUS SCIRE OPORTET, QUAM LOQUI.

"Quæ gravitas oculis ! et quæ Constantia
fronti !
Sobrius ut toto pectore Bubo sapit !
Ales Pythagorâ dignus, dignusque Minervâ !
Sermonis parvus, consilii tenax !
Oh habitat tecum, Bubo, et sit pectore in isto,
Quicquid habes : quoties effluet, omen erit."

IT IS BEST TO KNOW MUCH, AND SPEAK
LITTLE.

How gravely stares the sober owl,
How like a judge—he well might pass
For wisdom's transmigrated fowl,
Once Pallas or Pythagoras.

The latter sage was he, mayhap,
As for deep thinking once he had
Enter'd the order of La Trappe,
He is so silent and so sad.

So sparing of his speech, he looks
Just come from out the cave Tro-
phonian—
As one had conn'd the Sybil's books,
And knew the numbers Babylonian.

Keep to thyself whate'er thou knowest,
Feather'd solemnity ; for so men
Are caught with that grave face thou
showest—
Thine every utterance is an omen.

Do the Edie Ochiltrees only exist
in Sir Walter's novels ? Are they
driven from this uncharitable world ?
Is the not "long-remembered," but
long-forgotten beggar, no longer any
man's guest ? Well, I won't pen the
epitaphs of the race ; they have no
friend since Lamb died. But the
"jolly beggar" is an ancient indeed !
Hear, then, what an Irus has to say
for himself :—

"REGNARE NOLO, LIBER UT NON SIM MIHI.
"Irus ego (hæc musam meminî cecinesse jo-
cosam.)

Pauper, et à cunis claudus—et Irus ero.
Et mihi tibicen lignum, quod cruris iniquis
Gressibus officium præstat—et Irus ero.
Ad latus ampullam gesto, sed non ita magnam
Unde bibam, quando siccus—et Irus ero.
Pera mihi pendet duplex ; salis altera custos,
Altera, quæ panem servat—et Irus ero.
Longa mihi tunica est, et pannis obrita ;
Nympham
Quæ tamen interdum celet—et Irus ero.
Insidiis procul atque metu, immunisque
pericli,
In cellâ vivo tutus—et Irus ero.
Invidiam supra, Dominoque beator omni,
Irus ero, et (regnet, qui velit) Irus ero."

I'll be but a beggar—so says an old song,
For poor was I born, to the poor I belong ;
I waddle with one leg of wood, like a ladle,
As born for a beggar, and lame from the
cradle.

I'll still be a beggar.

I've a flask at my side, it holds none of the
worst—
I take a good sup on't as oft as I thirst ;
I've a bag for my bread, and a bag for my salt ;
And my table's soon spread, for I only cry
halt.

I'll be but a beggar.

I wear a long coat—it has many a patch ;
But at times a tight lass 'twill hold under its
thatch.
I live without fear ; for my heart never
grieves
For thinking my plate may be stolen by
thieves.

I'll still be a beggar.

I live in a cellar—a bit of a hole,
But 'tis quite big enough to keep body and
soul.

No mortal I envy—I'd not stir a peg
To be king of the realm—'tis far better to
beg.

I'll still be a beggar.

Now from the honest beggar to the
cunning publican :—

“ ΔΩΡΟΝ ΔΑΔΩΡΩ.

“ Cives in campos quoties innubilis aer
Elicit, et tepidum ver, zephyrique leves ;
Terga bovis, vel terga suis, satis utraque
salsa,

Caupo suburbanus donat, ut hospes edat.
Nec fraudi successus abest optatus ; ad hamum
Gobio festinat plurimus, et capitur.

Conviva insidiis deceptus editque sititque ;
Nec sentit, quantum crescit edendo sitis.
Non adeo est largus, non est, quem credis,
amicus ;

Ut vendat potum, dat tibi caupo cibum.”

GIFT AND NO GIFT.

In spring-time, when the Cits run down
To country village out of town,
The cunning landlord of the Crown
Gives dinners gratis.

Gudgeons soon take the look—the treat
Fall to, on bacon and salt meat,
And since they dine for nothing, eat,
Ohe, j'm satis!

But when the hunger cries a halt,
They find that pork so very salt
Makes double charge on landlord's malt :
Their money's taken.

In gift too large suspect a snare ;
Of too high-salted meats beware ;
To save your own, 'tis well to spare
The landlord's bacon.

The following is a satire on great
names, showing the uses to which
great Cæsar's dust may be applied.
It makes a mock of Cæsars and
Pompeys :—

“ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΓΕΛΩΣ.

“ Heroum quo fama abiit ! vulgataque
quondam

Antiquis ubi sunt nomina in historiis !
Heu ! quanta humanis insunt ludibria rebus !
Gloria, cum tantum gloria, quam nihili est !
Pompeium quis conjiceret nunc esse Mo-
lossum !

Cæsara quis lamii crederet esse canem !
At sunt ; rivalet at sunt ; certaminis (aut os
Aut offam carnis projice) testis eris.
Scipio, fulmen adhuc belli, tauro involat acer,
Et validos lacerat dente tenace toros !
Quod defensor erat Troja, defensor et
horti est ;

Et Canis est *Hector*, quod fuit *Hector*
homo !

Qui præter reliquos sævus sitiensque cruoris,
Ille, nec immerito, dicitur ille *Nero* !

Ut coriis fures unctis absterreat, ille

Latratu multo perpetuo nocte furit.

En quo processit verborum injuria ! *Brutus*

Expellit porcos, et *Cato* servat oves.

At neque servatur major reverentia divi,

At neque cœlitibus nomina sancta magis :

Juno, Diana, Venus, quondam celebrata poetis

Numina, jam nurbus sunt gremialis amor :

Curibus ad varios cœtus hinc inde ferantur ;

Sen fors Templa magis, sive Theatra juvant.

Si foret in terris *Democritus*, hanc quoque

justam

Materiam risus dixerit esse sui.”

LAUGHTER ALL—AND FOR ALL.

Alas ! the glory of historic page—

The fame of heroes scarce lives half an age ;

How ends in ridicule the pride of story,

Glory how empty—if it be but glory.

Pompey, a mastiff, watches near your hall,

And bulldog Cæsar guards a butcher's stall.

Rivals of old, they show the selfsame spite ;

Throw them a bone, and for a bone they fight.

Scipio, the bolt of war, a vulgar hound,

Flies at a bull and pins him to the ground.

Hector, once Troy's defender, now a dog,

Defends your cabbages from man and hog.

Have you a savage brute you cannot tame ?

You very aptly give him Nero's name ;

A surly terrier, all night long he howls,

And keeps from thieves your fleeces and

your fowls.

O mockery of man's heroic line !

Cato a sheep-dog ! Brutus worries swine !

Gods quaff no nectar now from golden cups ;

Celestials have their downs, and brutes

their ups ;

Olympus litters now but pups.

Juno, Diana, Venus, once the pets

Of mighty poets, now of vain coquettes,

Are fondled lapdogs—carried everywhere,

In coach to church, or to the theatre.

Should fate *Democritus* to life restore

To see so wondrous change, he'd laugh the

more,

And louder than he ever laughed before.

Here we have pass in a corner.

“ NON ES QUOD SIMULAS.

“ Ante focum nutatque et lumina claudet
berilem

Et stupida, et vultu seria, Felis anus.

Nil ea lascivi saltu meminiens videtur ;

Lusûs si spectes, nil juvenilis habet,

Sed grave sed prudens quamvis, castumque

tuetur,

Caudam, cum tempus fert, agitare potest.”

NOT, NOT YOU SEEM.

Before your fire, too dull to purr,

Sits madam puss—her eyes she closes,

And tucks her paws beneath her fur,

And indolently stupid dozes.

Who would believe she e'er could frolic ?

To see her look so grave, and smitten

With that indifference melancholic,
Or think she ever was a kitten?

Demurest cats, grave, old, and grey,
Know they have tails, tho' loth to whisk 'em
You to amuse with wanton way,
Choose their own time and place to frisk 'em.

I do not pretend to offer these translations as evidence of the genius of Vincent Bourne, but they serve to show the sort of things he loved to clothe in verse. However poor my work, there has been amusement, and chiefly in this, that it has given me a perception of the charm of that neatness, in which Cowper thought the usher not excelled by Ovid. I have been led on, likewise, when reading light and playful compositions, to think them into Latin. Many are the years since I was versed in verse—that is, “versibus Latine redditus.” However I have failed, I shall at least deserve well of the reader, for renewing a pleasure he might not otherwise receive, by first taking from former pages of *Maga*, and offering it here, a little piece of exquisite beauty, which has quite haunted me from the day I first read it. I believe it was the only contribution from the author, whoever he was. It was published in *Maga* of September 1836.

CHLORIS ASLEEP.

As Chloris lay asleeping
Beneath a willow weeping,
Whose leaves did vie in keeping
Pert Plæbus from her face,
Young Zephyr,—as I ween,
Impatient for that scene,—
Came trembling in between,
And rustled in the place.
But when the nymph he saw,
O'ercome with secret awe,
He whisp'ring did withdraw
Behind the trees again,
And there, the boughs among,
With reverential song
Of sighs and murmurs, long,
Went uttering all his pain.
But courting and manœuvre
And all could never move her
From that sweet repose.

Then burnt the jealous sun
At seeing what was done,
And quickly he begun
To wrestle with the shade,
And he watch'd every chance
Like a hero of romance,
With his beam for a lance,
Till a passage so he made.
And though a moment more,
And the happy time was o'er,
And the branches as before
Veil'd her beauty from his sight,

Yet did he swiftly reach her,
And he kiss'd the lovely creature,
And ran o'er every feature
In a tremor of delight.
But courting and manœuvre
And all could never move her
From that sweet repose.

Then a gay little brook,
Running by, courage took,
And he filled all the nook
With his amorous voice,
And in tones low and sweet
He began her to greet,
And in flowing at her feet

Vow'd ever to rejoice.
From afar in the glade,
Echo sent him, he said,
To arouse the sweet maid
From that long long rest,
For since Chloris slept on
Her music was all gone,
And lost was the tone
She had aye lov'd best.
But flattery and manœuvre
And all could never move her
From that sweet repose.

Then Blossom was in love,
Looking down from above;—
Against it he strove,

But was vanquish'd soon;
For the charm it increas'd,
Till at last quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast
In a rapturous swoon.
But courting and manœuvre
And all could never move her
From that sweet repose.

But as Chloris lay asleeping
Beneath the willow weeping,
Young Ctesiphon was creeping
All gently to the place;—
For a spirit that day
Had told him where she lay,
And love led the way
With a stealthy pace.
Then, Brook, give over feigning,
And, Zephyr, leave complaining,
And, Sun, no more be straining
For a kiss from without;
And you, saucy Blossom,
Come, leave my Chloris' bosom;—
But your leaves, ye trees,—dispose 'em
In certain round about.
So may the gods approve her,
Only Ctesiphon could move her
From that sweet repose.

The music of this little piece is quite delicious; and so, to give it a kind of tune, I have rhymed the Latin.

“CHLORIS DORMIENS.

“Salice sub pensili
Chloris dormiebat,
Arbor umbra tonsili
Foliorum nebat
Tegmen, ut Sol impudens
Oa Virginis petebat.

Zephyrus intrabat
Voce susurrante,
Et visâ Nymphâ, stabat
Pede hæsitante—
Et condit se post arborem,
Ubi fuit ante.

Ibi lamentatur
Fundens lachrymabile
Ut mæroris satur
Carmen quam anabile,
Atque diu queritur
Vulnus insanabile.

Sed neque Ars nec ulla
Vel carminum medulla,
Spirantium amorem,
Dulcem queant solvere
Virginis soporem.

Notis hisce rebus
Vertit lumen oris
Invidus huc Phæbus—
Et valedicit Hioris
Cum umbra certaturus—
Et osculanda Chloris.

Arripit et gladium
Alter ut Orlando,
Pro hasta capit radium—
Vigilior tentando—
Comburit, rupit, iter ut
Fervidior amando.

Felix—at brevi spatio,
Fronde arcior,
Umbra ruit—basio
Sed Phæbus suo more
Totam percurrit virginem
Tremulante ore.

Nec dolus—nec amplexus,
Nec osculorum nexus
Spirantium amorem,
Dulcem queant solvere
Virginis soporem.

Tum Rivulus jucundus,
Implevit animosæ,
Recessus errabundus
Lenè studiose
Ad pedes repens Virginis
Murmurante voce.

Ait, Echo, se misisse
Echo conquerentem,
Non Musam superasse
Quam sequer canentem—
Ni Chlorin excitaveris
Amatam, dormientem.*

Non hæc incantamenta,
Non ulla blandimenta,
Spirantia amorem,
Dulcem queant solvere
Virginis soporem.

Intuens at Flosculus,
Perditus amore
Desuper Arbusculus
Cadit, fusus rore
Inque sinum Virginis
Ruens suo more
Mille rapit basia
In pectore et ore.

Tentamen nec obsequium
Non dulce hoc deliquium,
Dulcem queant solvere
Virginis soporem.

Ut sub salicito Chloris
Jamdudum dormiebat,
Ctesiphon instar floris
Puer nitidus repebat,
Ductus quodam numine
Nympha quo jacebat
Amor ipse forsitan
Illum adducebat.

Mitto, Zephyre, ambire—
Mitte, Rivule, sectari—
Mitte, Phæbe, circumire
Et niti et luctari.
Non potis est extrinsecus
Et longe osculari.

Cur Floscule superbis—
Abi—linque sinum, ora—
En lectus est in herbis—
Vos fronde, ne sit mora,
Arbores connectito
Aules arciora.

Di juvant—et Cupido—
Hoc nuptiali nido
Confessus est amorem,
Qui solus queat solvere
Virginis soporem."

I have lately met with some Latin lines in *Menagiana*, which I cannot but imagine to be the less perfect original of this exquisite, playful piece of elegance—Chloris asleep. It is not the same thought, but so akin to it that there is a visible resemblance. The Chloris may be the "matra pulchrâ filia pulchrior."

"CULEX LYCORIDEM PUNGENS.

"Nuper sub viridi Lycoris umbra,
Tensim, dum legit, occupante somno,
Molli cespito fusa dormiebat.
Presso tunc Zephyrus silebat ore,
Una totus et hortulus silebat,
Tantum proxima garriebat unda
Grato murmure, sed minus loquaci;
Cum circumvolitans hæc, et illuc,
Dum querit violas culex, rosasque,
Os Lycoridis involare cepit.
Et tum, se ratus insidero flori,
Fallebat siquidem venustiorum
Certans purpura purpure rosarum,
Dulcem sedulus ebibebat auram.
Infixa tamen altius beatum
Dum proboscide colligit saporem,
Expergiscitur illicet puella
Testata applicita manu dolorem.
At suavi interea furons rapina,
Volueris fugit improba, et jocosæ
Applaudit sibi per vireta bombo.
Tunc id ergo scolas ferres Cupido?
Impane ut culicis minuta cuspis
Turbaret dominæ meæ quietem.
Quam turbare tunc faci, tuique
Negatum fuit hæcenus sagittis."

CHLORIS STUNG BY A GNAT.

Chloris lay with her book
In a leafy nook,
Till sleep overtook
Her lids as she read.

And Zephyr on the day,
In passing that way,
Saw the maid where she lay
On her green grass bed.

He stood with voice suppressed,
And a secret fear confessed,
To disturb her lovely rest,
And a silence so sweet.

For all was still around
The leaf-shadowed ground,
Save the brook with softened sound,
Half murmuring at her feet.

Then a Gnat with drony drum
And busy buzzing hum,
To the bower chanced to come
On the Maiden's repose.

Straight to her lip he flew,
For he thought the ruby hue
Of the purple moist with dew,
Was nought but a rose,

And at once did he begin
To work his way within;
And he punctured the skin,
Precious nectar to sip.

Then awakened, she applies—
As she opened her eyes,
With pain and surprise—
Her soft hand to her lip.

But the gnat had ta'en his flight
Through the foliage bright;
And in rapture of delight,
Went murmuring along,

As if he should say,
Lovely maiden, good day;
And, as thus I fly away,
I'll give you my song.

Shame, Cupid! such poor thing
As an insect on the wing,
Should do more with little sting
Than your arrows and bows.

Did you flatter or reprove her?
Chloris slept—no tried manoeuvre—
Nor your pungent darts could move her
From her sweet repose.

The ink was not dry on the last words of my translation, when a critic, who always affects to be a good-natured friend, walked in.

CRITIC.—“You have not done justice to the original in this translation; perhaps you wished to magnify the merit of Chloris asleep?”

I.—“My good friend, I have done justice to neither; and am inclined,

with you, to think poorly of the latter translation.”

CRITIC.—“That may be true enough—the Latin may be as bad as the English translation; but then, you know, the comparison will be, not between the Latin and the English, but the English and English; and I hope you”—

I.—“Do not mean to make that comparison—certainly not; but remember, as you have read out as badly as you well could mine, you have made them partly yours.

“‘Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus,
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.’”

Or, take it in French:—

“Mes vers paroissent si mauvais,
Paul, de l'air dont tu les débites
Qu'il semble, quand tu les récites,
Que ce soit toi qui les as faits.”

CRITIC.—“Reading your rhymes, I could but imitate the hammer with which they appear to have been beaten out.”

I.—“Now, you are pretending to be original, and are not. That is not your thought. You shall be the critic criticised—the translator compared in your turn. That was said upon a translation of Horace:—

“‘Il faudroit, soit dit entre nous,
A deux Divinités offrir ces deux Horaces,
Le Latin à Venus la Maîtresse des Graces,
Et le François à son Epoux.’”

“You have me there,” said the Critic, and there ended the dialogue.

The following is lively enough, and is given to Fontenelle:—

“‘Je suis,’ crioit jadis Apollon à Daphné,
Lorsque tout hors d'haleine il couroit
après elle,

Et lui contoit pourtant la longue kyrielle
Des rares qualités dont il étoit orné—

‘Je suis le Dieu des vers, je suis bel né :
Mais les vers n'étoient point le charme
de la bella.

‘Je sais jouer du luth, arrêtez;’ bagatelle;
Le luth ne pouvoit rien sur ce cœur
obstiné.

‘Je connois la vertu de la moindre racine;
Je suis n'en doutez pas, Dieu de 'a
Médecin.

Daphné courroit plus fort à ce nom si fatal.
Mais s'il eu dit, ‘Voyez, quelle est vôtre
conquête,

Jesuis un jeune Dieu, beau, gallant, liberal,’
Daphné, sur ma parole, auroit tourné la
tête.”

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

When Daphne was flying, Apollo pursuing,
Stopp'd, quite out of breath with his fruit-
less endeavour,
And, praising himself—'twas a new kind of

wooing—
The things he recounted in which he was
clever.

"Of verse I'm the god,"—"Tis mere jin-
gling and chiming."

"I play on the lute, no performer can
match me."

Quoth Daphne: "Your luting and fluting
and rhyming
Are nothing to me—you may whistle to
catch me."

"I've the gift, too, of medicine—can cure
you of phtisic;

I've such knowledge of herbs, no diseases
shall hurt you."

Daphne flew faster still, at the mention of
physic,
And left him discussing medicinal virtue.

But if he had said, "Turn—behold whom
you're shunning—

The youthful, the graceful, the beauteous
Apollo!"—

Her head had been turned, and, instead of
her running

Away, and he flying, been ready to follow.

I know not where I got the next;
if there is half a conceit in it, there is
a whole tenderness:—

"Pour chasser de sa souvenance

L'amour secret,

On se donne tant de souffrance

Pour peu d'effet.

Une si douce fantaisie

Toujours revient

En songeant qu'il faut qu'on oublie

On s'en souvient."

To bid a cherish'd dream depart,

The dearest ties of love to sever,

Is but a sorrow to the heart—

The one beloved is loved for ever.

The vision with each fond regret,

Tho' banished oft, returns the nearer,

And every effort to forget

Brings the loved image closer, dearer.

This is an entire conceit, but not
the worse on that account; for it is
what it professes to be; and the
invention of the Conceito is proof that
it was wanted in the kingdom of
literature.

"Me nive candenti petiit modo Julia, rebar
igne carere nivem, sed tamen ignis erat
Quid nive frigidius? Nostrum tamen
urere pectus

Nix potuit manibus, Julia missa tuis.

Quis locus insidiis dabitur mihi totum
amoris

Frigore concretâ si latet ignis aquâ?

Julia sola potes nostras extinguere flammâs,

Non nive non glaciâ, sed potes igne pari."

Straight at my breast fair Julia threw

A snow-ball; and within I inly burned.

That snow was fire; I little knew

The fatal secret then I learned.

Thy hands, dear Julia, sent the glow

That kindled in the coldest snow.

Oh, Love! who shall escape thy snare,

If ice thy fiercest flames can hold?

Let Julia's heart the burning share,

Or make this bosom icy cold.

Julia, not ice, but fire like mine,

To heal this heart, must burn in thine.

The next dip into my basket
brings up

"IMITATION D'UN MADRIGAL DU CAVA-
LIER MARIN.

"L'objet dont je suis idolâtre,

Lise a le sein de marbre, et les yeux de
saphirs,

Les lèvres de rubis, la main de fin albâtre,

Le cœur de diamant, cœur rebelle aux

soupirs;

Enfin ce n'est que pierre: ainsi prêt à

nature,

Et je m'étonne encore que Lise soit si

dure."

As this itself was an imitation, an
ad libitum movement may be allowed
in the translation.

MADRIGAL.

I do adore a lady fair;

To precious stones I her compare:

Her breast is marble; her bright eyes

Throw round a light of sapphire dyes;

Her eyes are rubies, red and bright;

Her hands are alabaster white;

Her heart a diamond is, throughout,

All other light it putteth out;

Nor sighs nor tears it doth admit,

So Nature loves to harden it;—

While thus all precious stones I see,

In all her form and mind agree;

She is so rich, and I so poor,

In vain I look—in vain adore.

Your Peace Societies v sav
what they please, and we
half of them to be i s, i
other half fools; | ..
thing in a good *word* ..
that has a wondrous chi ..
not respect the man w us it;—
pect is not the word—we s
Courage is to man what be
woman—a right instinct, a pr
that he must not lack, i
be a man. And he who ..
credentials true is a ..
one doubt it; who d ..

self. Here is an epitaph upon the brave old Rantzau. I said that courage is man's beauty; but I see the writer, "Tamworth Reresby, Gent.," in his *Miscellany*, from which I take the epithet, goes somewhat beyond that thought; for he says, speaking of his general mutilation, "This deformity of his person constituted the beauty of the following epitaph:—"

"Du corps du grand Rantzau tu n'as qu'une des parts,
L'autre mortié resta dans les plaines de Mars;
Il dispersa par tout ses membres et sa gloire
Tout abattu qu'il fut, il demeura vainqueur.
Son sang fut en cent lieux le prix de sa victoire;
Et Mars ne luy laissa rien entiers que le cœur."

EPITAPH.

Of brave old Rantzau here lie few remains—
The other parts are in the battle plains.
His limbs as widely as his glory spread—
By war anatomised, he conquering bled.
His blood, the coin he spent in glory's mart,
And then left whole no portion but his heart.

Now, that is very well for an ambassador to read to an ambassador—probably a colonel to a major—but it isn't quite the music for a subaltern, and won't do at all for sergeant or corporal. I must tune the martial pipe anew—it must have more heart put into the song of it—so here I try again: it is little more than changing the tune.

Here lies but little of old Rantzau,
The bravest man that ever you saw.
On many a field of battle he left
The much greater part of him hacked and cleft;
For he cared not his limbs chopp'd to chips,
So that glory and victory crown'd his lips.
And his blood was the coin he freely spent
To purchase renown wherever he went;
So he fought till he dropt off part by part,
And nothing was left of him whole but his heart.

I hope the whole regiment would salute this with huzzal! Who does not remember the thrill with which he first read Burns' description of the

conquering yet dying soldier, who only thought, when he knew 'twas "Royal Geordie's will,"*

"how to kill
Twa at a blow."

There's quick work for your "friends of humanity" to carp at. And how his latest breath was spent "in faint huzzas!" We are to have a good militia; let, therefore, every man set his face against these sham and "turbulent peace-mongers." And so I beg every reader to admire old Rantzau's epitaph; and, therefore, you see I double it.

Spring is pretty and feminine, gentle and soft, and therefore, like Tilburena, or any other heroine, should be ushered in with soft music, though not decked in white satin. This is nearly the last in Basket No. I., so I insert it, but totally forget of what it is a translation. It is a conceit, I think, enlarged.

SPRING.

The moist, the genial springtime fills
The swollen brooks, the gurgling rills;
Soft dews begem the earth's green cap,
Through every fibre runs the sap.
The tree puts forth the vigorous shoot,
The pearl-dropt primrose decks its root.
The moisten'd lids of opening flowers
Look thankful up to skies of showers.
Upon the mountain melts the snow
That sparkles in the river's flow.
The little birds, from moisten'd throats,
Proclaim the spring in liquid notes.
The stream of life all nature feels—
Earth, air, the secret law reveals.
Then, Julia, look not with surprise
If tears do flow from lover's eyes.
But since all things their like beget,
If with these tears mine eyes be wet,
Let thine the genial influence prove,
And thus my tears beget thy love.

M. Menage was reproached with having stolen an epigram. He replied, that, if he had in remembrance one of six lines, he had at least the merit of condensing it into two.

The first is—

* "Tell him 'tis Royal Geordie's will."—What stirring life is there in what follows. How weak is that praised by Menage of the French king willing, and the immediate passage of the Rhine. One was written by a man, the other a woman, Mademoiselle de la Vigne.

"Le Roy parle. A sa parole,
Plus vite qu'un trait necolé,
On voitagner nos Guerriers.

"Et leur ardeur est si vive,
Que déjà sur l'autre rive
Ils ont cueilli des lauriers."

"Pour Cloris on fit ce portrait,
Mais on n'y peut voir aucun trait
De ceux qui la rendent si belle,
Il lui ressemble seulement
Pour être insensible comme elle
A la passion de son amant."

The epigram of two lines is far better—

"Ce portrait ressemble à la belle,
Il est insensible comme elle."

The portrait's very like; for see
It is insensible as she.*

I know not where I met with the original (nor in what language) of the following account of refined feminine cruelty—

In Julia's presence all her pride I feel,
Yet absent, of my absence she complains;
Her plaints no loss of me, no love reveals,
But that she does not witness all my pains.

For the next I must deprecate the reproof of every "Denomination," and of Cardinal Wiseman in particular; and, without offence, may say, that the exception proving the rule of virtue, and all the cardinal ones having been imported recently, and universal propriety established under his holiness's and every other sanction, legitimate and illegitimate, the wit employed about the exception may be pardoned. It is a free translation I offer. I believe the original is from Goggin's.

"Cantor lachrymas eliciens,
Pagi non vaser admodum sacerdos
Solemnes operans sacris ad aras,
Festum Gargilius canebat hymnum,
Et quantum poterat, placere dum se
Amatæ putat auribus Lubinæ
Tollebat resonans ad astra vocem,
Felix præcipue, sibi que plaudens,
Quod certi velut indices amoris

Quasdam lachrymulas canens videret
Labi de teneris Lubinæ ocellis.
Hanc ergo rogatans, ut alloquendi
Sata est copia: 'Dic, age, venusta;
Quid flebas modo, me canente, quæso?'
'Parce, ah! querere, parce,' dixit illa,
'Extinctus mihi nuper est assellus
Qui non dissimilem tunc subinde
Tollebat resonans ad astra vocem.'

A curé once, the scandal's very rare,
Who thought of his Lubina more than prayer,
(Love's torch burns clear when better light
is dim,)

His mistress present, came to chant the hymn.
His voice he raised as high as voice could be.
Of his performance proud, he chanced to see
Some tear-drops from Lubina's eyes descend,
And pleased thereat, he hastened to the end,
And joined her, and then said, "Lubina tell
Why, when I chanted, tears so precious fell?"
"Oh! do not ask me," was the maid's reply—
"There is a cause. Oh! do not ask me why?
Know my poor ass is dead but t'other day,
And when I heard you chant so loud a lay,
And so like him, I thought of my dead ass—
For, hearing you, methought I heard him
bray."

I come to an end—may I hope before the reader has put down the pages and cried "*Ohe, jam satis!*" I offer but a motley assemblage—but in this world of much serious foolery, and foolish seriousness, motley is no bad mind's wear: put it on, not outwardly, but inwardly. It will keep out some care, or cover it. The field of literature has its light as well as its heavy artillery, its sharpshooters and skirmishers; and even in the most orderly practice of its evolutions, the fogleman is set foremost, and gives the best direction to others' movements, when, to those who understand not his attitudes, he only seems to be playing the fool or the buffoon.

* This is well condensed by M. Menage. But there is quite as good a condensation by our old friend Vincent Bourne, of that celebrated epitaph on Sir C. Wren,
"Si queris monumentum, circumspice:"—

H. S. E.
Gulielmus Dickinson, Arm.
Architectus,
Qualis, suspice.

THOUGHTS UPON DINNERS.

THE ignorance of the vulgar, and the preposterous prejudices of the middle classes, who are always the last to abandon error, have combined to cast a shade over the memory of that fine old Roman worthy, Apicius. Of course we allude to Apicius Cælius, the second of that name, whose treatise, *De Arte Coquinaria*, is still extant, and may be consulted by those who are curious as to the domestic economy of the Roman kitchen. The first Apicius we take to have been a gormandiser, of more capacity than discretion—a mere prototype of the Emperor Maximinus, or of the famous Dando, whose ostracism occurred during the days of our juvenility. He gorged in the times of the Republic, and, like all republicans, was a large but hasty feeder. The third Apicius dined under Trajan, when Roman cookery had become essentially depraved through the cultivation of a false taste. Even in the time of Petronius, who lived some forty years earlier, the Roman kitchen exhibited signs of artificiality, which were the sure prelude of its coming decadence. Art had supplanted nature—the cooks sought far less to delight than to astonish. Trajan, though a good man, and a just emperor, was a hard drinker; and we have good reason to believe that his addiction to the vinous vice prevented him from carrying into effect those judicious culinary reforms which, if introduced timeously, might have prolonged the existence of the Roman empire. But drinking, when carried to excess, invariably affects the appetite. Whatever the original views of Trajan may have been—and it is certain that, while in the field, he displayed the twist of a soldier—we know that, in his declining years, he cared little for food, but stuck tightly to the Falernian. His example was, of course, imitated by the court—provocatives to thirst became the ruling passion—and salted and highly seasoned dishes usurped the place of a succulent and nutritious diet. The third Apicius is believed to have been the inventor of ancho-

vies: the first of that name rested his reputation on the discovery of hog's puddings.

But between the two there was a great gap, both of time and of culinary genius. Apicius Cælius—a man who has had few equals in high philosophic enthusiasm—flourished under the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, when the arts, literary and social, were in their prime, without exhibiting any symptoms of decay. The imperial dinners, in that age, were emphatically good. Not only the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, but the extensive colonies, were ransacked for the raw material; the rarest delicacies from every climate of the world found their way to the Roman market, and were eagerly sought for and appropriated by knowing and apt purveyors. The *chef* of Augustus was even more than a Soyer—he did not disguise, he simply heightened the effect of his dishes. That is indeed the great secret of art, the *ne plus ultra* of every kind of composition. Strength may coexist with rudeness, harshness, and crudity; but it is not necessarily combined with them. To purge away the latter, and retain the former, is the aim of every truly great composer. But there is much danger in going too far, and overlaying the subject with ornament. This was the fault of the later Roman poets and rhetoricians, and also of the cooks. They smothered nature, as it were, by the weight of their exceeding ornament. The excellent observations contained in the dialogue concerning oratory, which is usually attributed to Tacitus, are not less applicable to the causes of corrupt eloquence than to those of corrupt cookery. "Invention," says the author of that valuable treatise, "was on the stretch for novelty, and all looked for something better than perfection—something rare, far-fetched, and exquisite. New modes of pleasure were devised. In that period of luxury and dissipation, when the rage for new inventions was grown epidemic, Seneca arose." Seneca, though a political writer, was

not a cook—we wish we could say the same for the ingenious editor of the *Economist*—but he yielded to the influence of his diet. He sacrificed power for ornament, and nature was, of course, avenged. But, in the time of Augustus and of Apicius Cælius, art had attained its maximum of perfection. It was fitting that the age which produced Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, should likewise be renowned in the annals of transcendental cookery. And we are bound to say, for the credit of Augustus, that, so long as he lived, there was no symptom of decadence at the imperial table. His Master of the Buttery—whose name, like that of the builder of the Pyramids, has unfortunately been lost to us in the whirling eddies of time, though his fame is still verdant—never gave in to those innovations, which, even then, were beginning to appear. We suspect Mæcenas to have been the first who introduced the false taste into Rome. Notwithstanding the halo of reflected glory with which he has been surrounded on account of his patronage of literary genius, there can be no doubt that this descendant of the Lucumons was, in reality, an effeminate creature. He affected to patronise agriculture, and asked Virgil to write a practical poem upon it—about as sensible a proceeding as if a President of the Royal Highland Agricultural Society were to offer a premium to any one who should render our friend Henry Stephens' invaluable *Book of the Farm* into dactyls. Maro knew his man, and the state of his account with the famous Roman banking firm of Lollius, Spurena, & Co., too well to refuse; but he fobbed his patron off with the Georgics, and the apocryphal story of Aristæus. In Rome, Mæcenas went by the curious sobriquet of "The Curling Tongs," not because he used those implements of adornment habitually on his own person, but because he never was satisfied with the ordinary decorations of nature. By several authors of no mean æsthetical repute, he is spoken of, with just censure, as a rank corrupter of his age; and it is notorious that deficiency or decadence in one branch of taste implies a similar want in others. That ridiculous style of harlequinad-

ing cookery, which reached its acmé in the banquets of Trimalchio, originated, we have every reason to believe, in the equestrian kitchen. But Apicius was not of that school. He understood to a nicety the limits which separate luxury from luxuriosness, and observed these as carefully as a modern Conservative, who never for a moment will permit liberty to be confounded with license. Mæcenas, who was an aristocratic Whig, was incapable of such fine discrimination.

We have no maudlin tears of pity to shed on the grave of Apicius. He died a devotee to his art. Having fairly eaten himself out of house and home—having converted his whole effects, heritable and movable, into esculents, and disposed of these, he bravely declined the offer of an annuity which would have restricted him for the rest of his life to baked kid, and a stinted modicum of ignoble Sabine; and was found resting a corpse, amidst the relics of the last superb supper for which he had the means to pay. Doubtless he had still credit; and might have dined deliciously on the strength of that for many months to come. But he was a man of honour as well as of taste, and could not endure the thought of leaving such a stigma upon his memory. He fell in his last legitimate field; and all the cooks, throughout Imperial Rome, wore the melancholy cypress for his sake. On the day of his funeral, the provision markets were closed—an honour which, we believe, had never been vouchsafed even to a deceased dictator.

In these days of ours, when cookery is again claiming a high place among the fine arts, not only by appealing to the reason through pure peptic precept, or to the palate by quaint performance, but by enlisting the aid of poetry and of rhetoric in its behalf, it is worth while to recall to mind the views of its early votaries. We suspect—nay, indeed, we know—that at present there is far more talk about cookery than real understanding of its merits. Almost every soul you meet with in civilised society can recapitulate to you, in French more or less execrable, the names of the standard side-dishes which are sel-

dom varied at repasts. Out of six nincompoops whom you dine with, five at least will pretend to be deeply read in Soyer, and will favour you with their opinion touching some of his ingenious inventions; but very rarely, indeed, do you encounter a man who is a thorough and consummate master of the first principles of dining. In saying this, we are very far from insinuating that the appreciation of a good dinner is beyond the power or the capacity of the great majority of mankind. In fact, we do not think so; for excellence in almost every department of art makes itself felt at once. A fine critical taste for literature is not necessary in order to qualify the visitor to a theatre for the enjoyment of one of Shakspeare's unrivalled dramas; a great orator is acknowledged to be such at once even by an unlettered audience; a first-rate picture will command the attention of those who are not conversant with the niceties of the schools. And so we believe that a good dinner must and will be enjoyed by every being who is possessed of a reasonable palate. But it does not therefore follow that the feeder is able to discriminate between the bad and the good—still less that he can point unerringly to the true causes of the excellence or the failure. If he could do so, then we must needs confess that he had reached the rank of a critic—a high place undoubtedly, though not the highest, in the scale of art. For the creative and arranging genius is greater still: the man who can merely eat and discuss a dinner, is immeasurably inferior to him who can invent and order a banquet. Longinus was an excellent critic, no doubt; but what was he in comparison with Homer?

Far be it from us to detract from the merits of the practical culinary professors—the few men and countless women who wear the decoration of the stewpan. We regard them honourably, and, in their place, as the actual realisers of the glowing ideas of others. Skillful mechanics and workpeople they are, but usually nothing more. Give them an idea and a plan, and they will execute it faithfully; but it is not safe nor prudent to trust to them further. Of course, there have been, and are,

many brilliant exceptions to this general rule. The *chefs* of great establishments—the Udes of former days, and the Soyers of our own—are entitled to the character and praise of great artists and inventors. But we are writing now for the benefit of the middle classes, few of whom can afford to command the devices of genius in their kitchens. Upon the mistress, or upon the master of the house—because we consider the subject so important as to require the attention of the real head of the establishment—depends the excellence of the dinners; and it is in vain to expect that, without such attention, the credit of any one table which aspires to be hospitable or refined, can be founded or maintained. It is not difficult to find a cook who can dress a dinner, not only decently, but well—the practical rudiments of the art are pretty generally diffused, and, with due vigilance, it is easy to correct errors; but it is not only difficult, but next thing to impossible, to find an ordinary cook who can not only execute, but plan a faultless dinner. Leave her to herself, and the odds are that there will be no variation in the form and style of your banquet once in the quarter of the year. Yet she is not absolutely deficient in knowledge. She is quite aware what meats, what fish, and what vegetables, are exactly in season; or if she is not, the venders of the raw articles will be certain to instruct her as to such particulars. But that very knowledge plays the dence with the majority of dinners given in houses where the superintendence is left to the cook. You, being a man of quiet and studious habits, do not dine out, let us say, more than four times a-week on the average. Can anything be more disgusting than the repetition of the same dishes? What hideous sin have you committed that, for more than a month, your choice out of a thousand possible soups should be limited to oyster or mulligatawny? Why in spring invariably appeareth that brown gravy with shreds of carrot and chopped fragments of asparagus? Salmon is good; but salmon four times a-week maketh sick the heart of man. There is a season for roast lamb—and we almost wish

there were not—for during that season a quartered innocent appears on every table. Chickens we like; but why should they always be set down before us covered with white sauce and *vis-a-vis* to a salted tongue? Why should the happy time of Christmas be ever associated in our minds with the smell of roasted turkey, or that of Michaelmas with the ranker savour of the goose? Is it good that you should dine on Friday, precisely and absolutely as you dined on the Thursday, Wednesday, and Tuesday preceding, with the very same viands offered to you in exactly the same order, though on each occasion you have planted your limbs under cover of a different mahogany? Yet where is the diner-out who does not admit the prevalence of this awful evil? It is, in fact, the great bane and curse of modern society, and has done more to engender misanthropy than any other circumstance whatever. There are houses in which you can predict to a certainty the bill of fare, even down to the side dishes; for it is a lamentable fact, that in many a decent establishment, these latter are invariably procured from the pastry cook's; and of course it is the interest of that purveyor to keep his standard small and select. The dishes are, no doubt, well dressed, but seldom hot; for the domestic cook does not regard them with the eye of parental affection, and grudges them their share of the hot plate, whereon her own bantlings are arranged. Besides, you know them all—rissoles, vol-au-vent, cutlets with tomato-sauce, and curried oysters—by head-mark, and your stomach revolts at the repetition. The consequence is that you do not dine. You eat a few mouthfuls simply to satisfy nature, and virtuously vow not to accept another invitation for a fortnight to come—a vow which, of course, is broken almost as soon as conceived. But it is not right that such things should be, especially when the remedy is so simple.

What can be simpler, more natural, or more reasonable than to expect, from the man who ventures to give a dinner, such an amount of knowledge, judgment, and observation, as shall enable him also to order it? It may

possibly be—though we should not readily admit the apology—that the animal is too much occupied by other things to attend properly to his dinner. We say, it *may* be so; but in most cases it will be found that such an excuse is dictated by a base hypocrisy. The caltiff will sometimes tell you—not remarking the gross contradiction implied by his own metaphors—that he has not time to look after his dinner, because he is engaged in making his bread! And you are expected on that account to overlook the deficiencies, or excuse the common villanies, of a repast, at the bare sight of which your gorge instinctively rises. This excuse, however, can only be pled by a bachelor; and we may at once fairly admit that, for bachelor dinners, considerable allowance is, and always ought to be made. The mere eating is not considered the principal part of such entertainments, where a certain degree of jovial negligence is admitted; and where, as there is no pretence, there is no violation of propriety. But no married man is entitled, on any pretext whatever, to set before his friends a common and repulsive dinner. If his wife is inadequate to perform the duties and responsibilities of her situation, he must not on that account neglect the sacred functions of a host. No doubt, it would have been better for him, poor wretch, had he selected his bride on account of her true accomplishments, instead of marrying an unhappy girl who can do nothing but execute worsted work, and strum remorselessly on the piano-forte. Such ill-assorted alliances never fail to bring their own punishment; but not therefore must the friends be allowed to suffer for the error of the spouse. If, beneath the surface of her hollow artificiality, that girl retains one spark of sense or of affection, it is in the power of a judicious husband to do much towards reclaiming her from the error of her ways. He must be gentle, patient, yet firm withal; and on no account permit her to suppose that the power of the keys is her indisputable privilege. He must never allow a fault, or an instance of palpable carelessness, to pass unnoticed; and woe be to him for ever if he succumbs to the tears

which are sure to flow on the first occasion of a necessary chiding! If he is weak enough to yield then, he deserves to dine no more. Let him bravely grapple with the difficulty, and beard the cook in her own domain. To do this, some courage may be requisite; for she of the lower regions is hot as the element with which she deals; and not altogether to be despised are the mutterings of the iracund Callirhoe. She knows that in the weakness of her mistress lies her own proper strength; and with true feminine desperation she is ready to make common cause against the hated supremacy of man. Then must the ruler of the household be strong and resolute of will. In less than a week, if he exerts himself properly, he ought to have established an autocracy as absolute and enduring as that of the emperor Nicholas, and to have extended his sway from the topmost garret down to the fundamental kitchen. But let him not suppose that his task is even then complete. Gradually, and by judicious means, he must awaken within the bosom of his helpmate those fine susceptibilities which constitute the poetry of domestic existence—he must make her the minister of his cares, the active sharer of his aspirations. He must imbue her with the elements of taste, teach her to discriminate between what is coarse and common, and what is elegant and refined, expand her intellect, and explain to her the enlightened precepts of a wise domestic economy. When all this has been accomplished, and the period of probation is over, then may he safely assemble his friends and the companions of his youth, and bid them take their places at a table arranged and ordered in a manner that may defy the severest criticism.

We are aware that many excellent people are in the habit of talking as if they cared nothing at all about the quality of their daily nutriment. This, in most cases, is mere self-deception; for no one, above the level of a hog, can be absolutely careless as to what he eats and drinks. Search as you will, you will never fall in with a fellow, professing himself content, like Apemantus, with roots and

water—even the most flatulent vegetarian would turn from you with a shudder, if you requested him to fill his maw with raw carrots and the contents of a stable bucket. Simple tastes there are, no doubt, and these are to be accounted honourable, for simplicity of design is a sure indication of a really unperverted taste. Nothing to our mind can be better than simple fare. The honest egg, the unassuming potato, the common herring, the plain chop, are all excellent things in their way; but see how they may be perverted. How often has it happened to every one that the eggs have come up either scarcely boiled at all, or else absolutely indurated—that the potatoes were pulp or porphyry—that the herrings were water-sodden—and that the chop was equivalent to a cinder? Is there any human being, whose lot has been cast in a Christian land, indifferent to these things? If so, let him naturalise himself with the Hottentots or the Australian savages, for with such creatures alone is he qualified to herd and feed. In fact, it may be assumed as a rule, which does not admit of any exception, that the man who is regardless of his victuals is utterly deficient in every other branch of taste and in mental accomplishment. Mind and body are bound together by the most subtle and intricate links. Purity of mind cannot be accompanied with impurity of person—an axiom well illustrated by the instance of the fetid friars of Italy. What kind of sentiment could you expect from a monster who habitually batten upon raw liver? The wretches of Australia who devour tree-maggots, and opossums more stinking than the weazels, are, as we all know, at the very bottom of the scale of human intelligence; and not much above them are the Esquimaux, who are necessitated to subsist upon blubber. The word taste, as applied to the mind, is directly borrowed from the sensations of the palate. It would be just as humiliating for a man to confess that he cares not what he reads, as to aver that he cares not what he eats. There is mental food, and there is bodily food; and it is the duty of every right-minded being to help himself in both departments to

the very best that he can possibly procure.

We entirely agree with Lord John Russell and his friend Mr Fox of Oldham, that it is highly desirable that the standard of education amongst the lower classes of the people in this country should be elevated. Even at the present day it is hardly possible to make a sporting expedition through the remoter districts of Scotland, whether Highland or Lowland, without becoming painfully aware that very little indeed has been done to cultivate the popular taste. Go to a Highland inn, or a Border cottage, even at the season when the inmates ought to be and are expectant of your arrival, and you will soon, to your sorrow and disgust, discover how much the best and choicest of the gifts of nature may be abused. The mutton is almost invariably tough; and, if boiled, bloody near the bone. The people have not even the sense to kill their hens an hour before dinner time, in which case it is just possible that the fowl might be tolerably tender—but in place of that, the poor superannuated starveling is, as you learn from its scraighing, caught and sacrificed immediately after breakfast; and when it appears before you on a platter, its sharp breast bones and blue legs would draw tears of pity from an ornithologist. As for eating it, you desist from the attempt after a feeble effort, for you cannot reasonably be expected to masticate hemp. Your grouse is served up to you “brandered”—that is, split up and burned—all the bitter of the back lost, or converted into something like dirty pepper paste, the juices dried up, and the thighs tough as catgut. Even at breakfast your trout are spoiled. They are barked with oatmeal, and you might almost break them across your knee. Donald MacTavish may be a good man, but he is an execrable baker; and if he does not put vinegar in his dough, he surely slackens his flour with an admixture of buttermilk. Were the sugar duties lowered, and our West Indian colonies ruined, solely that we might sweeten our tea and toddy with that kind of half-crystallised molasses? As for the beer, if there is any in the house, you had better abstain from it if you

have the fear of British cholera before your eyes. Touching kail, it is a good thing, not cold as in Aberdeen, but piping hot; yet, if you attempt to examine the contents of yonder cauldron, you will find yourself engaged in the process of extracting the square root, so exorbitant is the proportion of crude vegetable matter. This is a lamentable state of things; but it exists, and that too in a country by no means deficient in culinary genius or resources. In fact, Scottish cookery, when good, is entitled to rank next to that of France. Many of our old national dishes are unrivalled; and if Englishmen cannot eat them, that proves simply that the Saxon palate is deficient in the nicety of gustation. A really first-rate haggis would have made Apicius sob with ecstasy. The art of ages has invented no more delicious or nutritive compound; and if it were true, as the ignorant Cocksneys say, that the nation is fed upon haggis, we should expect, with the utmost confidence, a renewal of the heroic times. We regret, however, to remark that the haggis is gradually disappearing from among us, owing probably to the idiotical aneurs which have been cast on its primitive form; and we ardently trust that a vigorous stand may yet be made to prevent its entire extinction. The Opening of the Last Haggis would be a woe-ful subject for the pencil of some future Wilkie. Sheep’s head, we are glad to say, still maintains its ground, and we have no fear of its becoming unpopular. It was the acknowledged Sunday dish of our pious ancestors, and we will not wrong their memory by abandoning it:—

“A thousand years it hath fed the Scot,
And it will for a thousand more!”

“Crappit heads” are rather on the decline; but not so minced collops or partan pie. And we pray you, what other nation has invented such methods of preserving fish? Kipperd salmon—ditto herrings—ris-sared haddocks—Finnan ditto—what noble appliances are here for the breakfast or the supper table! We are not inensible to the merits of potted char or shrimps, but we cannot consent to name them in the same breath with the placatorial delicacies of

the north. Then there are roe-scones, whereof when one has tasted, he becomes, like the lotus-eater, oblivious of his former existence. But perhaps there is nothing in Scottish cookery of which we have more reason to be proud than our soups. We differ entirely from the popular opinion that we received our soup system from France—we believe it to be purely indigenous. Indeed, in the matter of soups, we may fairly challenge the universe. First of all there is grouse-soup, which, when partaken of on the 12th of August, laps the spirit in Elysium. Then, there is hare-soup, which, as we make it in Scotland, is as superior to the flour-thickened trash presented under that name in a London coffee-house, as Burgundy is to muddy ale. What true Caledonian heart does not thrill at the bare mention of cock-a-leekie? All our vegetable soups are good; and here let us remark, that, in the preparation of these, there is great scope for the skill of the artist. Many people despise pea-soup, because they have only tasted it at the hands of a bungler. If properly prepared from a knuckle of superior ham—not from beef-bones, as is too often the nigardly and barbarous method—and delicately flavoured with celery, there are very few soups that can safely be pronounced to be superior to it. The cook who can make first-rate pea-soup, may be relied upon, almost with certainty, for every other branch of her profession; but if, on her first trial, she produces merely pea-water, or liquid pease-pudding, away with her from the sanctuary of your home!

Scotland is, indeed, the fairyland of soup, and it is much to the discredit of England that in this particular she is wanting. Do not let it be supposed that we are impugning the merit of turtle-soup, that occidental luxury, of which Birch of Cornhill is the prime expositor. And yet, we may confess that, to our taste, it is too glutinous for frequent repetition. The "shell-puddock," as we have heard it denominated in Scotland, is purely an aldermanic creature, and appears nowhere, with strict propriety, save in the tureens of a city feast. We have great doubts whether any man would be justified in ordering turtle-soup for his own consump-

tion at home. We should not like to speak positively upon the point, but our own impression is, that such would be an act of gluttony. There are, undoubtedly, dishes not intended for individual consumption. Such is the haunch, of which no man should eat save in company; as also the Strasbourg *paté*. A capon may be devoured alone, but not often, and we prefer the assistance of a friend over a dish of wood-cocks. There is no absolute rule for this, as the feeling which dictates individual abstinence arises solely from a refined generosity, and a desire for congenial sympathy. What pleasure is not enhanced if we can share it along with others?

But to return to the subject of bad cookery—or rather that total absence of the art which prevails in the country districts to which we have alluded. It will, we fear, be a matter of great difficulty to effect anything like a radical change. In a thinly peopled district you are entirely at the mercy of the host, who is not likely to change his habits, or to exercise greater vigilance in his household, so long as he deems himself secure from the chances of opposition. Besides, it often happens that the benighted creature knows no better. How should he? The nearest town—if an absurd clachan, with a post-office and a savings' bank, can be dignified with that name—lies at a distance of thirty miles; and few gastronomic secrets are to be gleaned from the strong-armed Girzy who superintends the culinary department in the solitary pot-house. His utmost notions of luxury are bounded by the idea of brose. No gentle missionary has reclaimed him from a state bordering upon cannibalism. He is as unconscious of the existence of Meg Dods, as of the loving labours of Mrs Fry. He was born, nursed, and reared in ignorance; and no one has attempted to enlighten his understanding. Now, it will hardly be disputed that this is a national reproach. Such absolute indifference to the quality of food is not to be found even among the heathen. The Bedouin of the desert, who can hardly find grazing ground and water for his flocks, fares far more sumptuously and delicately than

the Highlander who inhabits a country abounding in choice natural products. In the poorest village, or most remote gasthaus in Switzerland or Germany, they will serve you up a repast which might satisfy the requirements of an epicure, and that simply by the exertion of a little care and foresight. We remember, at this moment, with peculiar satisfaction, a breakfast which was laid before us some five years ago by the landlady of the inn at Sarnen. We had started very early from Lucerne, and before we got round the shoulder of Mont Pilatre, were in a state of blessed famine. Lightly we sprang from the car as it pulled up at the door of a neat auberge, before which a quaint old fountain spouted its waters; and, addressing ourselves to the mistress of the house, with that politeness for which we are famous, we communicated to her our wants, and implored immediate relief. That woman was a true Samaritan, but withal wise and judicious. She might have allowed us, perhaps blamelessly, to throw away our appetite on plain bread and butter, but she did nothing of the kind. She deprecated extreme haste on account of her own character, and we felt the justice of the plea. Her first operation was to take down a landing-net, and proceed to the neighbouring brook, whither we followed her with justifiable misgivings, for Dame Juliana Berners herself would hardly have undertaken to capture a reasonable dish in less than a couple of hours. To our astonishment and delight, we beheld her take a key from her pocket, raise up the lid of a perforated chest which was sunk in the stream, and extract therefrom some eight or ten as beautiful little trout (four to the pound) as ever leaped at a May-fly. Our regard for that woman instantly ripened into love. Half-an-hour afterwards we sat down to a repast, consisting of fish, cutlets, delicious sausage, incomparable ham, omelette, eggs, all faultlessly prepared, with the whitest bread and most delicate butter in the world. We did not say much, but we fed with enthusiasm; and the hostess lingered at the door, benevolently smiling upon our exertions. To have mingled coffee with that banquet, except as a wind-up, would have

been fatal. The virtuous matron knew it, and brought us instead a flask of fine old Neufchâtel. As we took our *petit verre*, afterwards in a state of luxurious coma, we blessed the hospitable roof-tree; and in token of our content, and in memory of our visit, presented the excellent female with the best engraving we could select from the stock of a travelling packman, who happened at that moment to be taking his *schnaps* in the *stuben*. Except on one occasion—that was at the inn of Lairg in Sutherlandshire—we never met with such an instance of combined thoughtfulness and skill in this country. We have specially referred to that breakfast at Sarnen, because it made a permanent impression upon us, not because it is an isolated case. We have fared sumptuously in the Odenwald, in the Ardennes, and in the Tyrol; and even in Sweden and Norway, the specimens of culinary accomplishment, intelligence, and avail of the national resources, cannot fail to impress the mind, while they please the palate of the traveller. Only once were we nearly poisoned. That occurred at a very remote place in the valley of the Inn, just where the Tyrolese rolled down the rocks on the Bavarian detachment. We arrived late, and found the *stuben* occupied by an exceedingly intoxicated *grenzen-jäger*, or frontier *gens-d'arme*, who had succeeded in capturing a smuggler. He was, when we entered, regaling the contrabandist with a harangue, which consisted principally of oaths of amazing ingenuity and power; whilst the contrabandist, on the other hand, was regaling his conqueror with brandy. The poor fellow looked at us so beseechingly, that we, not holding a commission at the time in the Austrian service, did not think ourselves called upon to spoil the sport. We ordered dinner, and in due time a dish was set before us. That dish it is really difficult to describe. It looked like meat, but of a fibre totally different from anything which we had seen before. The odour of it did not resemble garlic, but something infinitely worse; *assa-fetida* was a joke to it. Nevertheless, being furiously appetised, we in our desperation

essaied it with the knife. It cut like gutta percha. After hard haggling we disengaged a morsel and tried it. We declare, upon our honour, that, in our most malignant mood, we could not reconcile ourselves to wish such food within the jaws of the cruellest wielder of the billy-roller. Hastily rejecting it, we demanded of the host its nature. He averred it to be "gemse," or chamois;—but we knew better; it was a portion of an aged billy-goat. We draw a veil over the horrors of that hour, simply stating, for the satisfaction of those who may have taken an interest in his fate, that, before we left, the smuggler succeeded in making his escape; having kindly assisted the *grenzen-jäger* in taking his measurement for an unmade grave on the sanded floor of the apartment. From that day the land of Hofer has declined materially in our estimation.

Few countries possess greater natural resources in point of food than Scotland. The land is fertile in game; even the moors and rocks abound with wild-fowl. Our seas, lochs, rivers, and rivulets, teem with fish; clams, cockles, and mussels, may be had for the gathering on the shores. It is said by Mr Laing that, at the present day, it would be easier for a man, as a hunter, to subsist by the side of a Norwegian fiord, than in any other locality in Europe; but we are ready to back the Western Highlands any day against Norway. Give us but implements, and we would undertake to furnish, from year's end to year's end, subsistence for a patriarchal household. Yet, amidst all this bounty of nature, the inhabitants periodically starve. The fact is, that they have no ingenuity, a prodigious deal of prejudice, and a large allowance of sloth. We stopped one day at Janetown, in Ross-shire, to dine. There was not a single bit of fish to be procured in the village. Next day, at the ferry, some three or four miles off, we saw the most beautiful rock-cod in the world lying in the bottom of the boat. We were told that the sound was full of them, and that a man might catch in a day as many as he pleased, but that there was no market for them. We asked a red-headed animal who was tugging

at the oar, why he did not supply Janetown? His reply was—"It was fery far, and fery fashious;" and we utterly failed in impressing him with the first principles of political economy. In the interior, no Scottish peasant will eat a trout, or an eel, or a pike, although all these may be had for the catching. They are, indeed, very often as absolutely helpless as infants. A good many years ago we were storm-stayed for several days in the island of Hoy, one of the Orkney group. We reached it from Stromness, traversing the island on foot, with our knapsacks upon our shoulders, in the full expectation of being able immediately to cross the ferry to the Mainland. When we arrived at the boat-house, it was blowing a tempest; and no man who has seen the Pentland Firth when agitated by a gale, will marvel at our detention. It certainly was a magnificent sight: Louthsburg or Horatio MacCulloch would have given their ears to witness such storm effects; but we were very hungry, and the boat-house was very small. We were given to understand that we must make up our minds to remain for at least three days upon the island; and, on inquiring into the state of the commissariat, we discovered that there was nothing in the house beyond a limited quantity of oatmeal, and a scrap of rusty bacon. Also, there was whisky and brown sugar, but nothing more. We, and the friend of our bosom, now a thriving colonist in New Zealand, went forth, nothing dismayed, to spy the capabilities of the land, and provide against the imminent famine. First of all we came to a burn, which we "guddled"—*Anglice*, we groped for trout; and, in a trice, some dozen of speckled beauties were walloping upon the sod. We trust that the rising generation of Scottish youth are duly educated in the great mystery of guddling. Next—being both of us fresh from the botanical class—we repaired to a promising bit of pasture, where we gathered mushrooms, varying in size from a button to a moderate quoit, and of those we got a basketful. We then plucked, from a miserable field, some heads of bere, and rubbed out the grain in its fresh and almost creamy state. We are not ashamed

to confess that a terrier, belonging to our friend, was of material assistance in grabbing a couple of unfledged grouse, which we pounced upon with as little regard to the game laws as Mr John Bright would have shown had his necessities been the same, and his art equivalent to their capture. They died in a good cause, and found a worthy sepulture. Returning to the boat-house, we borrowed the frying-pan, the bottom of which we ornamented with shreds of the rusty bacon, then deposited the trout in layers, sprinkled them with oatmeal, threw in the mushrooms, and, by way of combining vegetable with animal nutriment, sowed the bere above. In ten minutes the odour of the stew filled the whole house, and the Orca-dian woman wept as we vouchsafed her the privilege of a plateful. It was a Saturday, so we kept the grouse for the morrow, being unwilling to forage on a Sunday.

It is very much to be regretted that no strenuous attempt has been made to establish the *table-d'hôte* system generally throughout the country inns of Scotland. It is mere trash to tell us that people will not dine in company. Let the dinner be good, the regulations unexceptionable, the host presiding in his proper place, and due attention paid to the rules of polite society, and we are certain the experiment would succeed. A *table d'hôte* is like a popular lecture—it gives new ideas at a very trifling expense. It indoctrinates hosts in the most sacred duties of their calling; and really promotes the interests of society, by bringing, for a short time, the different classes together. No man is the worse of sitting beside a fellow mortal whose pursuits are alien to his own. Many a pleasant evening have we spent in a commercial traveller's room—in fact, we believe that commercial travellers now enjoy the monopoly of the poetry of the road. Why should a man—be he statesman, philosopher, or divine—sulk at an inn over his solitary chop and pint? Rather let him mingle with his kind—associate with what bagmen are recounting their reminiscences of domestic travel, listen to their tales of love or commerce, and participate with them in

the joys of toasted cheese; for your bagman, after all, is commonly a Christian, and, for the last few years, has ceased to be a rabid Free-Trader. The health of Mr Cobden is now a toast as rarely proposed as the memory of Cardinal Wolsey.

We beg it may be understood that the foregoing remarks are not applicable to the Scottish hotels, or leading hostelrys throughout the kingdom. Royalty itself might, and has reposed and repasted with entire satisfaction, at Grant's Hotel at Dunkeld; and if any one wishes to know what comfort and good living are, when reduced to actual practice, let him go to M'Gregor's Hotel at Blair Athole. In fact, on the great roads, or thoroughfares, it is impossible to go wrong: our strictures are confined to the remote places where civilisation has not properly penetrated. And we are perfectly in earnest in saying, that the cultivation of the taste, in the broadest sense of the term, is the first thing that ought to be attended to in a system of national education. Name the great man who did not appreciate a good dinner. Name the good man who was indifferent to the quality of his food. You may mention, if you please, St Simeon Stylites, and other anchorites, who lived upon the tops of pillars, or in caves, in a manner becoming a faquir of India; but we have no faith in such legends; and, besides that, who vouches for the nakedness of their larder? The priest of Copmanshurst, when the Black Knight disturbed him at his devotions, had nothing before him save a platter of pease, and a stoup of well-water; yet half-an-hour's amicable conversation sufficed to elicit, from a forgotten nook, a superior venison pasty, and a flagon of right Rhenish. Far be it from us to cast any discredit upon Saint Anthony; but we cannot help thinking that, if Breughel, his painter, is to be believed, he must occasionally have seen double. Who shall say that at the elbow of Luther, when he pitched his ink-bottle at the head of apparent Sathanas, there stood not an empty flask of veritable Steinberger? Why not? He was working in a good cause, and required a reasonable stimulant to keep him from the influence

of sleep. Idiots alone despise the powers of food and of liquor. The wise man uses them, but does not abuse them; and therein lies the difference between the sage and the sot. Sometimes, undoubtedly, great authors have committed mistakes, yielding probably to natural taste, without sufficient discrimination. Schiller killed himself by drinking champagne at night, whilst engaged in the composition of his tragedies. The wonder is that he lived so long. No human brain, at such an hour, could bear the double pressure. Had he gone to bed regularly at eleven, or even twelve, after a light supper, and a moderate glass of brandy and water, he might possibly have outlived Goethe. But the author of *Wallenstein* was an enthusiast, and liked the *Œil de Perdrix*. So he drank and died after his own fashion; and we all hold him in rich respect. It is a great pity that he was not more of a practical gastronome.

Temperance is indeed a great virtue, and can, as Byron well remarks, be exhibited as conspicuously at the board of Apicius as at the supper of an anchorite. There is no more detestable creature in the universe than your thorough-paced voracious glutton. Commonly he is not fat in frame, for his food does not agree with him, and he is everlastingly haunted by an overwhelming anxiety to devour. His eye is cold and cruel; his jaw preternaturally wolfish. Children flee from him with an instinct of terror; the very dogs growl at him, for they know that in time of scarcity he would do fierce battle for a bone. He never speaks before dinner, or, at best, gives mutterance to a few sulky syllables, like the raven croaking on a tree, ere he dares to settle on his victim. He invariably asks to be helped twice to soup; and if there are two soups, he partakes of both. We have observed a peculiarly gluttonous feeder throw in hotchpotch after turtle, relieve that with salmon, put on a layer of calves' head, add two strata of roasted mutton, swallow half a green gosling, and then, with unappeased voracity, commence to ogle the sweets. Who, in a beleaguered town, could trust such a being in the nursery? Your very

great feeder seldom talks during his repast. He considers conversation as an impertinent interference with gorging. He professes himself to be like Mark Antony,

"A plain blunt man,
That love my food."

And he acts up to his profession. However, when the claret is put down, he begins to chuckle like an ogre. If a Whig, as your glutton generally is, he regales you with old stories about the banquets at Holland House; and it is positively frightful to mark the glitter of his eye as he recalls his digested "Reminiscences." Rarely is he contented with dinner. He expects supper likewise; and, though your brow may be aching with weariness, you are compelled to cram him with toasted cheese. After a couple of unnecessary tumblers—but not before—you may hope to get rid of him for the night. After all, the toleration of such a being says a great deal for the self-denying qualities of modern society. The ancients, from whom we have borrowed many valuable hints, were not far wrong when they occasionally introduced an intoxicated Helot as a practical warning to their children. A grand glutton always disgusts the young, because he cannot assume even the appearance of *bon-homme*. The roysterer is a more dangerous character by far, and is accordingly a comparative stranger at good men's feasts.

Although we are inclined, generally, to agree with the tenets of the romantic school, and to inculcate a befitting veneration for the methods which our fathers practised, we cannot carry that feeling so far as to recommend a return to the practises of the old English kitchen. To roast an ox entire is simply to commit a barbarous sacrifice of beef. We are not sure that the Abyssinian method, though clearly less humane, is not as satisfactory to the participants; for, between half and whole raw, there is, in reality, little difference. It may be a very pleasant amusement to sing,

"Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino;"

but, let any of the young Englanders who form part of the procession try to eat of the dish which they carry, and we promise them that their thanks will diminish. Peacock, which our ancestors thought a very fine fellow—the tail being duly reinserted after the process of roasting—will be found, on trial, to be hideously tough; and infinitely to be preferred is a curlew, if you know how to cook him, to a heron. In the middle ages, you may rely upon it, there was a great deal of bad feeding. William of Tyre tells us in as many words, that the chief cause of the hatred which existed between the Crusaders and the Mussulmans, was owing to the systematic consumption of pork by the former, and the abhorrence which the latter entertained for the flesh of the unclean animal. But for that difference of diet, there might have been at least one crusade the less; and surely it was not worth while to waste the treasure and the best blood of Europe upon a cause so immaterial as that of griskin. At the same time, pork is not to be despised. It carries us back to the days of the *Odysey*, when *Eumæus* tended his master's bristly herd; and when poor old *Argus* lay scratching himself before the gate, awaiting for so many years the return of his lord from *Troy*. *Ulysses* was not a true-hearted man. Had he been so, *Argus* would have gone with him; and many a time, in chase or in pastime, would he have thrust his muzzle beneath the tamarisks on the borders of the *Scamander*.

A very interesting book might be written upon the comparative cookery of the different nations of Europe, or even of the nations of the world. Philology has evidently failed in constructing, with anything like accuracy, a genealogical tree of the descent of the human family. Up to a certain point we can see our way—beyond it all is uncertainty. Whence came the Celts?—from whom did the Goths emanate? These are questions which never can be solved by the aid of language; but we still think it may be possible to solve them by reference to national habits and predilections. Language may change, but nations cling instinctively and kindly to their diet. The modern

scheik lives precisely as scheik *Abraham* lived of yore. *Ossian*, son of *Fingal*, quaffed from his shell the same ardent liquor which daily crowns the quaich of the gallant Captain of *M'Alcohol*. When was there yet an age, since the great Flood, in which the *Batavian* did not adhere to pickled herring, or the *Welshman* cleave unto his leek? The English custom of celebrating all affairs of consequence by a public dinner—of feeding first, and speechifying afterwards—has been noted and commented on with astonishment by foreigners. It is simply a continuation of the old Saxon custom. Hear how *Tacitus* describes the manners of our ancestors who landed on the Isle of *Thanet*:—"Important subjects, such as the reconciliation of enemies, the forming of family alliances, the election of chiefs, and even peace and war, are generally canvassed in their carousing festivals. The convivial moment, according to their notion, is the true season for business, when the mind opens itself in plain simplicity, or grows warm with bold and noble ideas. Strangers to artifice, and knowing no refinement, they tell their sentiments without disguise. The pleasure of the table expands their heart, and calls forth every secret. On the following day, the subject of debate is again taken into consideration, and thus two different periods of time have their distinct uses: when warm, they debate; when cool, they decide." In this extract from a very observing and accurate author, we can trace distinctly the origin of the English system of political dinners—a system which, we hesitate not to say, has operated beneficially for the maintenance of freedom, and the strength and consolidation of parties. The Radical faction never will be popular in this country, for this reason, if for no other, that their feeds are of a most execrable description. It seems to be a provision of nature that a revolutionist has a brutal palate. Anything so bad as the entertainment at the Free Trade Club was, as we have been told by some who were unwarily decoyed into that den, never witnessed in a civilised country; and we can readily believe the statement. Some Radicals

are not without a kind of low hospitality, but they never can get people to dine with them. They start on the cheap and nasty principle—give you bad brandied Spanish wine, and claret as sour as vinegar. Then they always express a marked preference for “joints;” by which they mean over-roasted beef, or huge greasy legs of mutton. Never yet, since the days of Gracchus, could a Radical acquire the art of carving. He is not competent to the delicacies of a slice: he hews you out a junk, and, if there be vegetables as accompaniments, he dashes them into your platter in a manner that would sicken a horse. But we have not time now to discuss the cookery of parties: let us revert to the cookery of nations. The idiosyncrasy of that of Scotland is owing to the large admixture of the Celtic with the Gothic blood—a very felicitous combination, as the imaginative qualities of the one relieve and elevate the strong practical tendencies of the other. Hence also our notorious national predilection for the wines of France, a taste which, as we lately had occasion to observe, is essentially different from that of England. Saxon cookery, though it has undergone considerable modifications, in reality is maintained on the same principles which prevailed in the days of Cædric. With the common people of England bacon is the staple; and we must always refer to that class if we wish to form a just conclusion as to the prevalent national taste. The Saxon is far more addicted to the use of animal food than the Celt. He therefore sticks to joints, and riots in fat things; while the Celt, by introducing farinaceous and vegetable ingredients, makes a more decided advance in cookery. For, in order to combine, science is absolutely necessary; whereas, in the other case, the process is comparatively simple. We need not refer to France; for every one admits that, in cookery, France is sublime. It may be questioned whether there has been a great advance since the era of Louis Quatorze; but that doubt, which has been expressed by many wise and learned men, simply shows to what a height the art had been

carried at a comparatively early period. The Revolution interfered materially for some time with the science of dining. It brutalised the nation; but it paved the way for the introduction of a new régime. Napoleon was not a superior diner: he wanted repose, and was not sufficiently alive to the importance of allowing good digestion to wait on appetite. But his coadjutor and colleague, Cambacères, was a man of a different stamp. With fine business habits and administrative talent, he combined an ardent love for cookery, a refined taste, and a most discriminating palate. We regard Cambacères as one of the most extraordinary characters of a very extraordinary age; and, had the mantle of Plutarch fallen upon our shoulders, we certainly should have essayed to draw a parallel between him and the Roman General Lucullus. As Cicero and Pompey met at the board of the one host, so did Talleyrand and Murat at that of the other. Lucullus brought in the sea-water by conduits to the artificial ponds of his Neapolitan villa, so that he might always command a plentiful supply of fish. Cambacères maintained an *estafette* between Paris and Boulogne, for the sole purpose of forwarding his daily turbot. Lucullus wept at the sight of a burning city of Armenia—Cambacères was known to shed tears over a disaster in the kitchen. But we need not enumerate other points of similarity. If we had their horoscopes preserved, doubtless we should have found that these two great men were born under the same sidereal influences; and we cannot do less than recognise them both as important benefactors to society.

Our strong political convictions, and our regard for the *fleurs-de-lis*, prevented us from ever dining with Louis Philippe. But, in so far as we could gather from the conversation of an esteemed friend of ours, formerly a high civic functionary in the West, who is suspected of having brewed more than one bowl of rum-punch at Neuilly, the Orleanist banquets were not conducted on a very splendid scale. There was, we imagine, an affluence of bourgeoisie about them

—a sort of free-and-easy style, which may do very well in a small establishment, but which never ought to be introduced into a palace. If you are graced by an invitation to dine with a king, even with him of the Cannibal Islands, you naturally expect to behold due pomp, solemnity, and magnificence. Monarchs are not like private persons—they never should ask any one to take pot-luck. We are weak enough to reverence the etiquette which is kept up at the petty German courts; for royalty, whatever be its power, has its distinct place, and ought to assert its prerogative. The dinners of the French President are, as yet, not Imperial; and presidential dinners are hardly to be preferred to those which are given by the Judges on circuit. Still, we hear very promising gastronomic news from the Elysée, and we are glad that such is the case. It speaks well for the cause of order.

But, in Paris, one does not require to dine exaltedly in order to dine well. There are at least fifty *restaurants* who will minister to your wants in a most creditable and satisfactory manner; and even in the environs—as at St Cloud—you will find much tolerable feeding. Circumstances have prevented us, for some years, from visiting Paris, and therefore we know not whether the “Rocher de Cancale” is in actual existence. A horrid rumour reached us that it was shut up for want of custom in 1848—a catastrophe which certainly befell several of the best houses on the Continent. But, alive or dead, active or quiescent, this we will say for the old Rocher, that nowhere in the universe could an honest gentleman, with a Louis-d’or in his pocket, command a better dinner. The soups, especially in spring, were mirific—the fish was superb—and the wines of a more delicious flavour, and delicate bouquet, than elsewhere. The Rocher was none of your Boulevard houses, which fops and dandies frequented on account of a fashionable name. You rarely met any there but men of a certain age—staid, resolute, knowing feeders. One distinguished member of the British house of Peers—a philosophical gastronomer of European reputation—

dined there every day he was in Paris; and we have heard him declare that the Rocher was the principal attraction which led him to cross the Channel. This was high praise, but not higher than the ability of the *chef* deserved.

German cookery is not altogether to be despised, though there is much incongruity in the ordering of their repasts. It is observable, however, that the Germans have borrowed a great many of their best ideas from the French. “Schwein’s fleisch” and “sauer kraut,” two native German standards, are abominable in combination; and the season of veal seems to last all the year round. Some of the preparations of that immature meat are execrable, others passable; not more than one or two are entitled to the epithet of good. It is a mistake to suppose, that at a first-rate German hotel, such as some of those at Wiesbaden, or the “Swan” at Frankfurt, the dinners are pure specimens of native cookery. They are of a composite order. What you admire and relish most is borrowed directly from France—what you dislike and repudiate is usually of German origin. Salads of raw potato, raw ham, kraut, pickled cucumber, and sour sauces, are as characteristic of the Teutonic race as is the Kantian philosophy, and ought to be avoided with equal vigilance and detestation. Perhaps the best place to see the cookery of Germany in all its native deformity is at a mess-table, of which we can speak feelingly, having more than once partaken of such dubious hospitality. Nevertheless, in the Rhenish provinces, where the Code Napoleon prevails, there is, as we have already hinted, fair pasturing for the stranger, and some scope for close and carious observation. We have a high regard for the Dutch nation; but we do not esteem their dishes. There is a strange maritime twang about all of them, which reminds you irresistibly of the cabin of a smack, and which certainly suits well with the smoky flavour of schiedam. We have a strong impression that a banished merman, if forced to take up his residence on earth, would nowhere be so comfortable as in Holland; but we, not being aquatic in

our habits, would rather stay away from it. Our knowledge of Russian dinners is simply gathered from hearsay; but what we have heard does not tend to prepossess us greatly in their favour. The custom of commencing dinner with a whet of caviare and anise must be repudiated, as rather nasty, and contrary to all known gastronomical principles; and if it be true, as is confidently averred, that the natives are generally partial to fish oil, they may be considered as beyond the pale of orthodox criticism.

Surely Spain must have fallen off immensely in her domestic economy. In reading Cervantes, every one must have been struck with the fine tone, and large development of the cookery which is there introduced. Camacho's kettle is calculated to produce many a hungry thought; and there is ample food for reflection in the account of the banquet which was set before Sancho Panza, but which he was not permitted to enjoy. Now-a-days, in reading a book of travels through Spain, we meet with nothing but invectives against dishes so poisoned with garlic, that even the "Lady of Shallot" would hardly venture to essay them. Not one writer, since the days of Mr Beckford, has, so far as we know, spoken in praise of Spanish cookery, but rather the reverse. We mention this as an interesting problem; for Mr Beckford certainly gives the details of a monastic banquet of rare excellence both as regards conception and execution; and we are loath to believe that genius of so high an order should have perished utterly from the land of Pelayo and the Cid. We hope that some earnest inquirer will take pains to enlighten the British public on a point so truly interesting.

We are not Cosmopolitan in our views, and we have no wish to see all the nations blended into one. As the world goes, and as it is likely to remain, there is a pleasant variety of race, language, and diet, which certainly will not be effaced either by means of peace congresses or of vegetarianism. But we are not insensible to the advantage of borrowing hints from our neighbours. In this matter of dining there is really great room

for improvement among us; and we think that such a society as the British Association might very advantageously extend the sphere of its labours. At present our *savans* dine exclusively in the British islands. They certainly vary their locality every year, and their dinners, as might be expected, are anything but contemptible; for gastronomy is both the oldest and the most cherished science in the world. But why do they not originate a grand scheme for dining periodically throughout Europe? A year or two ago they were discordant about the glaciers—what fitter place for carrying out their investigations could they have found than Switzerland, a country not at all to be undervalued on account of its cheer? Fossil fishes are, no doubt, interesting—but they are perfectly useless. Nobody can eat them, and it is hopeless to expect them to spawn; whereas, in the Lake of Geneva, there is a superior breed of trout, which learned men might examine, and perhaps introduce to the waters of this country, with immense advantage to the present and future generations. With all deference to M. Agassiz, we would ask him whether he really considers one of those petrified occupants of a slate as equal in value to a prime Finnan haddock. If he does, all we can say is, that we differ from him entirely in opinion. That specimen stands alone, and can satisfy the appetite of no living creature—the only end, so far as we know, for which fish were created. The haddock, on the contrary, survives, can be cured, and will be cured, to the endless satisfaction of myriads of hungry break-fasters. Then, about your sea-levels and ancient margins—what of them? Do you expect to find oysters there? You neglect the living oyster and his breed for a bagful of worthless pebbles. Now, it strikes us that if the Association really aspires to be useful, it should extend the sphere of its operations. In the first place, let it ambulate over Europe. The chalk basin of Paris would furnish a capital field for exploration to the philosophers of the old school; whilst those with more practical views might investigate the merits of the Parisian

kitchen, and report to a new section X or Z, to be denominated "the Gastronomic Section," which, we venture to prophesy, would immediately become by far the most popular of the whole. The next year they might proceed to Germany, and enlighten us on the composition of the sausage. We lately read—if we recollect aright, it was in an old number of the *Quarterly Review*—some horrible revelations about the concoction of that kind of meat, which, when fermented, is said to be rank poison; and it is greatly for the interest of sportsmen that all doubts as to the salubrity of that pleasant and convenient esculent should be cleared away. Could six or seven of the ablest chemists of their number be better employed than in making such investigations, whilst the geologists were chipping, to their hearts' content, on the peaks of Elend and of Schirke? Italy would be next in order. Some, no doubt, would ascend Vesuvius, either to satisfy themselves as to the volcanic theory, to imbibe Lachrymæ, or to procure mineralogical specimens; but it is to be hoped that a few would inquire into the nature and quality of the crustaceæ which

are found in the Locrine lake. America, too, offers a fertile field for exploration. We want to know something definite about the canvassed duck. No account has reached us of the manner in which clam-soup is prepared—and that is, we hesitate not to say, a question of intense interest. There is an unsolved mystery as yet in mint-juleps. Men report that there is no turtle-soup like that fabricated at New York: is it so? Can the bass not be brought to our rivers? All these things we wish and are entitled to know, and it is the duty of men of science to furnish us with such information. They are very foolish, indeed, if they suppose that their renown depends on the discovery of Saurian deposits. Nobody, in his seven senses, cares a copper about their coprolites. Let them tackle resolutely to the real work of humanity, extend the esurient knowledge of their race—for, clearly, no man can live upon the remains which are to be found in the lias—apply themselves to the invention of new dishes, inculcate educational cookery, and they will then have a proper claim to the everlasting gratitude of the nation.

FRAGMENTS OF POETRY.

CREDO.

Quod semper, ubique et ab omnibus creditum est.

My heart is sick, my whole head drooping faints
 With all this coil of Sabbaths and of saints :
 Even as of yore the Pharisaic tribe,
 Lawyer astute, and casuistic Scribe,
 Their grievous loads on weak men's shoulders laid,
 Yet would not, could not, lend a finger's aid,
 So still God's Law, with human fancies fraught,
 Is circumscribed, belied, and set at naught.

One damns the use of some indifferent dish,
 And pins his hopes of Heaven on Wednesday fish ;
 Another thinks all duty this—no more—
 To call the Pope of Rome a scarlet Whore ;
 This shakes his head, and "doubts if grace be sent
 "To those who pray by Act of Parliament ;"
 That "hopes the best for Schismatists, but can't
 "See aught for them within the covenant."

Meantime the inquirer, penitent and lone
 Who gropes in darkness for the Altar Stone,
 Disturbed by doubt, by wakening conscience vexed,
 And the remembrance of some child-learned text,
 Ponders amazed, if one of these be true,
 Where all the other sects are wandering to ;
 And turns from priest to priest with vacant eye,
 "How shall I save my soul?" his anxious cry.

One preaching this for truth, and that another,
 Proves himself fallible, if wrong his brother ;
 For all, with instinct's true consent, declare
 God's covenant a blessing, not a snare.
 "Faith Catholic," they cry, "is to receive
 What all men, always, everywhere believe :"
 Well said—but O ! how sadly missed the uses
 Of this, their own, *experimentum crucis*—
 While all dispute on points of doctrine, none
 Doubt what Religion teaches to be DONE.

Bear sorrow here, and look to Heaven for bliss—

This thy theology, thy practice this ;
 Believe God's promises, his precepts keep,
 Joy with the joyful, with the mourner weep,
 Exalt Love's banner, evermore unfurled,
 And keep thyself unspotted from the world.

O blest indeed, if thus we knew our good,
 O blest even on Earth, if but we would !
 Sure that, though shades close densely round our way,
 The path of Duty leads to perfect day.

THE HOMES.

(TO MY CONSTANT READER.)

I.

SINCE first the Universe began,
 Two Spirits wage relentless strife,
 Two beings sum the perfect man—
 The husband and the wife ;

Two Ranks surround the throne of God,
 Two Orbs alternate in the Blue,
 Two stones contain man's funeral sod,
 And, O my Queen, our Homes are two.

II.

Here is my noon, there was my morn,
 Here labour, there is rest;
 That is the Home where I was born,
 And this where I was blest.
 The Past has passed, and done its worst,
 The Present yields both hope and fear;
 And, how so Fancy haunt the first,
 Yet, O my Queen, my Heart is here.

THE WORLD GROWN OLD.

THE world grows old, her beauty fadeth fast,
 More and more frequent cross her mind
 The bodings of her doom;
 Two hundred generations all have passed,
 We only now remain behind,
 And populate their tomb.
 On every face appears
 The trace of recent tears,
 Save where the laugh of madness rattles by,
 Or idiotcy's idle eye
 Glances from Earth to Heaven in vacant gloom.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

THE burthen of the world's old song,
 Must have its share of truth,
 That the most honoured life and long
 Was happier in youth.
 It is not only Memory's cheat
 That prompts the heart's deep sigh,
 When, mid prosperity's defeat,
 We think of days gone by.

A feeling lost, we know not what,
 Sweet, because undefined,
 Replaced by knowledge sadly got,
 The cancer of the mind;
 A glory on the youthful head,
 A brightness in the eye,
 Hues of our native Heaven are fled,
 Among those days gone by.

Yet, O my friends, if this be sooth,
 Yet faint not, but be sure
 The vanished freshness of your youth
 Was ignorant, not pure.
 Heaven's glories may again be won,
 And, streaming from on high,
 As after moonset comes the sun,
 Outshine the days gone by.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

We are threatened with far more serious difficulties than opposition to the imposition of a duty on corn. *It is a QUESTION* whether the Government of this country can be carried on, and on what principles, and through what medium.

THE EARL OF DERBY, 15th March, 1852.

ON this day *Blackwood's Magazine* makes its four hundred and fortieth monthly appearance before the British public; and if, during its career of thirty-five years, it have earned, by its unwavering and uncompromising advocacy of Conservative principles, through evil and through good report, a title to even the slightest degree of consideration, we earnestly pray it in aid on the present occasion; when addressing our readers on the eve of a tremendous conflict, the results of which, in our deliberately formed opinion, shared by every thinking and experienced politician in the kingdom, affect the welfare of the Empire to an extent almost unprecedented, and also, at present, utterly incalculable. We fully concur in what fell from the venerable and patriotic Marquis of Lansdowne; who, in announcing in the House of Lords the resignation of the late Ministry, and his own intended retirement from active political life, declared, "I shall consider it a duty not to remain indifferent to the proceedings of this House, upon the great impending questions, in times most eventful, and which, I am afraid, will long continue to be eventful." The recent manifesto of his lordship's late colleague, Lord John Russell, and which we think calculated to disappoint everybody and provoke very sarcastic commentaries, we shall at present notice no further than by observing, that we see in it only a *latent* perception by its writer, that questions are about to be stirred which may well occasion anxiety to moderate men of all parties. To this curiously-timed document, however, we shall return.

Since the last dissolution of the British Parliament in 1847, some of the greatest European nations have undergone a series of convulsions unparalleled in the history of the world. Thanks to the

protection of a merciful Providence, this country has hitherto escaped that revolutionary conflagration — evincing a strength and elasticity of political institutions, and its inhabitants an enlightened moderation of temper and spirit, which, making us the envy and admiration of the world, at the same time afford to ourselves matter for congratulation, mingled with dark anxiety. Influences, secretly and sedulously exercised, have been at work in this country for the last five or six years, to an extent of which superficial observers have no notion, designed and calculated to work, if unchecked, portentous changes in our civil and religious institutions, and, in so doing, endanger the national independence, and even existence. The issue of the ensuing general election, looked to with just anxiety and curiosity from all quarters of the world, will, in all human probability, avert or precipitate revolution, and of the most crafty, sinister, and wanton character — its agents *calculating equally upon supineness, and faction*, as their most efficient auxiliaries. It is indeed fearful to reflect on the extent to which either, or both, may favour the efforts of those whose only aim is, in any way to sap the independence of the nation, to confuse and subvert the relations and the very foundation of society; and the Great Question which we propose now to discuss, in a temperate and solemn spirit, is, the proper course to be taken, during the general election of 1852, by every intelligent, independent, and patriotic elector of the United Kingdom. That question we shall discuss with as much brevity as is consistent with its magnitude, and under the influence of convictions far too profound and sincere to admit of indulging in levity, or invective. We shall, at the same time, necessarily have to speak with plainness

of public men, and combinations of them, as seen in action during the last few months, or even during the last two or three years ; but we conscientiously disclaim being actuated by mere party considerations. We have, on the contrary, always seen great force in the saying of Swift, that, generally speaking, Party is the madness of many *for the gain of a few*. It is to us, especially at this momentous crisis of the national fortunes, an exceedingly small matter what class of individuals, as individuals, and with whatever amount of personal respectability and influence, occupy the seats of power, and dispense the sweets of patronage. But what does occasion us a consuming anxiety, is, what are THE PRINCIPLES which those who enjoy, or aspire to place or power, have the determination and the power to uphold. Let us, then, immediately proceed to inquire what are those principles ; and then who seem likeliest, honestly and resolutely, to act upon them.

And the first of those principles which it appears at this moment of immense importance to keep prominently in view, though Lord John Russell now would throw it with indifference into the lumber-room of old political expedients, but to which, indeed, in the exigencies of the present time, perhaps all others should for a while yield precedence, as vital to the independence and welfare, nay, the very existence, of this great Empire, is—the preservation of its PROTESTANT CHARACTER. Why is it now so specially necessary thus to bear in mind and insist upon this proposition ? Because the Protestantism of the country is at this moment in imminent danger, as we will forthwith make clear to even the humblest reader of these pages. But if our Protestantism be really in danger, what is to become of us as a nation ? Our *most religious and gracious Queen* is heart and soul a Protestant ; and, on her coronation, solemnly swore before her people to “ MAINTAIN TO THE UTMOST OF HER POWER THE TRUE PROFESSION OF THE GOSPEL, AND THE PROTESTANT REFORMED RELIGION ESTABLISHED BY LAW.” Thus she joyfully sits upon the throne of these realms by Protestant sanctions. She is the chief corner-stone—the very keystone of

the political arch ; and we, her subjects, have, on our parts, as solemnly sworn to “ be faithful, and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.” Then we must do so by remembering at this perilous crisis that she is a sworn *Protestant* sovereign, and that her supremacy, as such, is at this moment the subject of direct and indirect, of insidious, of systematic attack, characterised by a malignity and insolence, such as it is very hard to contemplate, for even a moment, with calmness. As long as Popish machination appeared but to prosper in this country, amidst our culpable supineness, when masked under the lovely aspect of loyalty and devotion, that mask was patiently worn till the moment appeared to have arrived for casting it aside—which was in the autumn of 1850—when the hideous features underneath were suddenly seen by a startled country, equally disgusted and alarmed. We had a full-blown Cardinal strutting among us, fresh from the Flaminian gate of Rome, declaring that he had come to annihilate our own ecclesiastical institutions, and proclaim our prelates, clergy, and ministers, of all denominations, impostors. Our country was coolly parcelled out by the Pope under a fresh Popish jurisdiction ; and he claimed every man, woman, and child among us as his own, to be dealt with after his own blessed will, and according to der mercies of the Ro h v. Our Queen—God !
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the Court of Rome—a Privy Counsellor of the Pope—a member of the College of Cardinals, who elect the Pope, *and may one day elect him*, as is very probable, at this moment, the last object of his ambition. We ourselves, at the time, were alive to all this; and, with others, publicly challenged him to disclose the oath which he had taken on being appointed Cardinal, in order to satisfy the country that he had not contracted obligations inconsistent with those due from a British subject to his Sovereign. But though it would have been infinitely to his interest to calm the public agitation by a prompt and frank explanation, he obstinately remained silent, *and has remained so to this hour*. He first of all assumed the character of Archbishop, in deliberate defiance of the law of the land: we immediately strengthened that law, declaring, in peremptory language, that he should not assume the title; but he has persevered, contemptuously disregarding the feelings and opinions of all of us, and that solemn Act of the Legislature, to which Queen, Lords, and Commons were heartily parties! Nay, he went on with supreme effrontery to complete the ecclesiastical arrangements of the Pope; and we saw bishop after bishop appointed under the prohibited designations, and ever since, and now, affecting to assume and exercise the prohibited functions and jurisdictions. He and his clergy deliberately, and in terms of needless contumely, reviled the Act of the Legislature, and ostentatiously proclaimed their disobedience of it. We do not pause here to ask, how can this be borne by the Protestants of England, Scotland, and Ireland? but calmly to inquire, whether the Queen's sovereignty has not been, and is not at this moment, assailed and insulted? Let us, however, proceed to matter still more serious,—infinitely more serious, and calculated to awaken the liveliest anxiety for the national welfare. This dangerous man, Dr Wiseman, is now associated in close council with another, as dangerous in Ireland, Dr Cullen; both of them reeking from Rome with ultramontane bigotry. They are acting in concert as emissaries of the Pope—possibly as con-

scientious emissaries; and we believe that, like as Dr Wiseman has refused, so has Dr Cullen refused, up to the present moment, to state what oaths he may have taken on receiving his recent appointment from Rome, though he also has been challenged in vain to do so. The institution of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland has been placed under Papal ban, and secular knowledge denied the Queen's subjects there, unless filtered through the putrid medium of Popish superstition and falsehood; and that, too, by the hands of a priesthood bound by every conceivable tie of allegiance to the Pope, and inflamed with incessantly-avowed hatred and abhorrence of Protestantism and its professors. Is not this the existence and exercise of an influence fatally at variance with the interests and welfare of this Protestant country? Yet a far more important matter remains behind; we mean, the existence of the Catholic Defence Association, with its secret ramifications throughout the country, and its thoroughly organised and openly avowed action upon the Parliamentary constituencies of the United Kingdom! This is by far the most fearful feature of the case, and one which we shall be mad if we regard with indifference; nay, we may, in such an event, come hereafter to consider ourselves as having been smitten with a judicial blindness; for we quietly looked on, while an axe was being laid to the root of the national religion, the supremacy of our Queen, the sovereignty of our nation; while an *imperium in imperio* was being built up within these dominions, of such enormous proportions, as at length superseded the original structure, while its fickle and supine tenants were replaced by those of another faith and allegiance. Are these things to be? Verily they will, unless we bestir ourselves, and with all our energy, in time.

We now go on to give a marvellous prediction, with its exact startling fulfilment; to state an atrocious fact; and to ask an awful question.

On Tuesday, the 4th November 1828, at a great meeting held at Dublin, for the purpose of opposing Roman Catholic Emancipation, and opening the eyes of the country to

the inevitable consequences of that measure, one of the speakers was a very learned and eminent member of the university,* and there is now lying before us a report of his speech, printed immediately after it had been delivered, and for which we are greatly indebted to a distinguished friend. We earnestly entreat the attention of the Protestants of the Empire, whatever may be their opinions on political and economical questions, to every word of what follows:—

“If emancipation pass, while the bishops and priests still remain feudal vassals to a foreign directory, and while the state of the elective franchise converts their spiritual influence into constitutional power, tell me, what is to prevent the existence of the Catholic Association?—its speeches, its rent too? And seeing that Ireland has been always esteemed the stronghold—the ‘island of saints’—with the loss of which Popery is itself to decline and fall, and by which, and Britain’s navy, it may yet be wafted triumphantly to every extremity of the earth!—why not add a reinforcement of rent, (remitted from Rome, and raised from the whole world of Papal Christendom,) for extending Romish influence over our Legislature, purchasing boroughs at any price, and giving command of all the sinews of war? What is to prevent, I say, all its present proceedings and influences? It is a question worthy of an answer, and a pause. What to prevent Association missionaries, backed by priests, from still *capturing votes at each election, turning out from every county the Protestant member, and putting a Roman Catholic in his place, and in that way sending, perhaps, eighty Roman Catholics to Parliament?*—What to prevent the unconstitutional imposition of pledges by this Church,—combination, and the introduction of such new pledges as the *concordat* between the Hierarchy and the Association, from time to time, may recommend?

“I can see no conceivable end to these pledges. If not seasonably checked, they may soon reach to a length overturning all the principles, and upsetting all the freedom, of

legislation itself. For instance, Radical Reform is a pledge. Why not make it a pledge, that every benefice or see of the Established Church, when vacated, should be filled by a Roman Catholic churchman?—of which single measure the result would be, the overthrow of the only bulwark against the unceasing encroachment and the (no doubt remote, but still ultimately possible) establishment of civil and spiritual despotism, even in Great Britain! . . . Why not make different formidable canons of the Romish Church, or court, laws of the realm, and establish some system of national education entirely on Roman Catholic principles, and enforcing all the rules of the *Index Expurgatorius*; and repeal the Union? Any measure, be it great or small, may be inserted in the list; there may even, more than all that I have said, be a pledge to *secure the parliamentary union of these eighty members, and their submission to appointed chiefs or leaders, and a pledge obliging them to oppose the Government in every measure—to stop the supplies, and thus control the other powers of the State—till the subject of every newly-invented pledge be successively conceded!*

“Here, then, we see *eighty members of Parliament* virtually returned, or allowed to be returned, *by a small body of men*, whose oath, I hope, you remember—by men who have comparatively no interest in their country’s welfare, and who are predominantly guided by the interests or commands of a foreign government—hostile to civil and religious liberty, and hostile to Great Britain! Yet to this hierarchy, with its dependent clergy, and its accredited civil agent or plenipotentiary, *these eighty parliamentary members owe their seats*; they are turned out at its pleasure, are bound by pledges of its dictation, and are united as a *phalanx on every measure that concerns the interests or wishes of their masters*. The leader, again, of these creatures will be far the most powerful man in the House of Commons. By only passing from this side of the House to that, he can make a difference on any question

* The Rev. G. Martin.

proposed of 160 votes! *If joined to any respectable Opposition, he can impeach all the functions of Government, and turn out, in fact, any Ministry by a judicious plan of watching opportunity and of seasonable surprises. Joined to the Whigs, he can turn out the Tories; and then, as his pledge requires, he must join the Tories and turn out the Whigs, thus making a football of the British State!* Or, if permitted to become a Cabinet Minister, still, in the Cabinet his influence and office are retained only by retaining his followers, and these he retains only through permission of the Romish clergy. He must, therefore, still proceed in the same course—exercise, no doubt satisfactorily, his ministerial patronage in the Church of England—still show his old respect for the pledges, and for ever, in fact, disturb the House, the Government, and the country, by successive measures and motions of Romish suggestion. And what should a new king arise, or heir-apparent, and become a convert—by the influence of this Jesuit-minister, or of some Romish Episcopal peer, now one of the high Lords Spiritual, and having free access to majesty—can any one present predict or follow all the awful consequences of such a possibility?”

We ask, was not this prophecy? Is it not now descriptive? And shall it be *historic*? For what have we at this moment in Dublin? A “Catholic Defence Association,” the chief of whose avowed objects is to secure the return to the next Parliament of a staunch phalanx, ranging from sixty to eighty in number—this Association consisting chiefly of Popish priests, who are not only selecting candidates, but forcing them on constituency after constituency, by all the arts of terror and blandishment that unscrupulous bigotry and disloyalty can command. And every one of these candidates is *pledged* to this priesthood, to do their ruthless bidding in the House of Commons, having only one fell object in view—the advancement of the Papal interest in this kingdom—and possessed of most formidable powers to effect that object, as it was predicted they would, viz., alternately supporting and defeating all other parties in the

House, and every combination of those parties; being, in fact, really all-powerful, if parties should prove to be, unhappily, nearly balanced in the House; and thus we shall have, in the very heart of this vast Empire—ay, in the very dazzling centre of European Protestantism, under the immediate eye of our Queen, and the eyes of her subjects—the Pope of Rome installed, virtually, in supreme power! But we proceed to state an atrocious fact, illustrative of the practical working of the Papal machinery. A gentleman named *Frederick Lucas* is the proprietor of the *Tablet*, a newspaper which has long been the recognised organ of the Popish priesthood. He has just been selected by the priests as the Roman Catholic candidate for the county of Meath. In the *Times* newspaper of the 18th May 1852 may be seen the address which this gentleman has ventured to issue to his future constituency; and from that address we select two passages, which should speak trumpet-tongued to the Protestants of the United Kingdom. Those passages relate to education, and the United Church of England and Ireland. Let it be borne in mind, that by the Fifth Article of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, it is declared that “the Churches of England and Ireland, as then by law established, should be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called the *United Church of England and Ireland*; and that the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church shall be, and shall remain, in full force, for ever, as the same are now by law established for the Church of England; and that the continuance and preservation of the said United Church, as the Established Church of England and Ireland, shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the Union.”

Let us now see what this Popish priest-selected and priest-supported candidate for a county in Ireland has just deliberately placed on record as his title to the suffrages of the constituency:—

I. “If, from all this mass of iniquity, I must single out any one instance as deserving of special commemoration, it would be the subject

of EDUCATION, because it is to the question of education that all the efforts of the enemies of the Church are directed in the present day; and because it is chiefly by polluting the sources of education for every class of the community that they hope to destroy or enslave the Church. Upon this question, then, I will just say that I humbly and reverently acknowledge in the Catholic Church, and in the Holy Apostolic See, supreme jurisdiction in matters of faith and morals; the right of determining for me, as a son of the Church, what modes of education are dangerous to faith and morals, and therefore to be avoided; and what are safe to be followed; and that, on all Church questions, of whatever kind, *my principles are ultramontane*—that is, to the best of my knowledge, are in exact accordance with those held by the highest and most trustworthy authority upon earth—the Supreme Pontiff, the living apostle, the vicar upon earth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! If I should have the honour of a seat in Parliament, when any attempt is made to legislate on the subject of education, or on any other subject affecting the Catholic Church upon principles at variance with these, I pledge myself to oppose every such attempt to the fullest extent of my ability."

II. "The whole iniquity, every shred and fragment of it, proceeds from the ESTABLISHED CHURCH. Of that institution, as it exists in England, I will say nothing; because, on the other side of the Channel, it has at least some claims to the character of nationality, and to the favour of the people among whom it rears its unmitred front! But in Ireland the case is different; and as the only remedy for the aggressions which have been already perpetrated, and for those still worse which are threatened against us, lies in the removal of that painted and gilded rottenness which is nicknamed the Establishment, I think it necessary just to say one word about it. The formula that I should use would be, not that I would oppose any Govern-

ment which will not repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but that I would oppose every Government which will not remove in this country the grievances of the Established Church, which will not absolutely put down its monopoly of the ecclesiastical revenues, and abate that arrogant and alien ascendancy which is a standing insult to the people of this land. Abate this one grievance—destroy this one injustice—put down this one monopoly—erase from the surface of this soil the odious spectacle of a Catholic population lorded over by Protestant parsons, and Lord Archbishops, and clerical justices and robbers, who, under various denominations, gather up into their own den apart the whole produce of a national fund, which they acquired by plunder, and still maintain by the strong arm alone—undermines this one enormous grievance, make it totter and fall to the ground, and every other lesser grievance of the same kind and parentage will be buried in the widespread ruins. My notion, therefore, is that, for saving ourselves from the Protestant aggressions by which we are at once assailed and threatened, and securing to ourselves and our posterity that perfect equality before the law, which is the right of every Catholic, we must begin by battering down the monopoly of the Established Church!"

Let us now pass on to ask another question of the writer of this address—of Drs Wiseman, Cullen, and MacHale, under whose auspices such addresses issue—and of every Roman Catholic gentleman expecting to be returned to Parliament by the influences, and under the pledges, of the Roman Catholic Association. That question is: Are they aware, that before they can sit or vote in the House of Commons, they must, at the table of the House, take and subscribe the following oath, prescribed by the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act?*

"I do sincerely promise and swear . . . and I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly affirm, any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment, as settled by law

* Statute 10 Geo. IV., c. 7, § 2, 4.

within this realm; and *I do solemnly swear, that I never will exercise any privilege to which I am, or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom*; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever. So help me God."

We earnestly ask any gentleman who must take this oath, and will take it with the intention of acting in conformity with the sentiments contained in the address of Mr Lucas, to consider anxiously whether it is possible to take that oath without deliberately perjuring his soul before God and his country?

Surely it is a very awful question for all who have to answer it; and we are sure that there are tens of thousands of loyal, honourable, and Christian Roman Catholic gentlemen who would rather die than enter the House of Commons thus polluted, with such an oath upon their lips, and such declared purpose in their hearts. But there may, and assuredly will be, others infatuated or unprincipled enough to do so; lending a willing ear to the serpent whispers of their priest echoing the execrable language of Lignon, recently edited by Dr Wiseman, "For a just cause, it is lawful to *confirm equivocation with an oath*!"* There may be a considerable body of men in the next Parliament pledged to do the thing they have expressly sworn not to do—viz. "to subvert the present Church establishment, and disturb and weaken the Protestant religion and Protestant Government in the United Kingdom." Let no one shrink from looking steadily at this probability, or rather certainty, in order that such an emergency may be dealt with firmly and wisely. The remedy is, to a great extent, if not entirely, in the hands of the constituencies of the United Kingdom, as very many of them are

already aware. Let them put in practice the good old maxim, that to be forewarned is to be forearmed; let them look out, in every instance, for men of ascertained probity, of proved staunch Protestant principles—(not hypocritically assumed by needy and unscrupulous adventurers)—and let every elector, for either county or borough, make it a matter of personal duty, in the coming exercise of his franchise, as he must answer for it to God, to his fellow-countrymen, and to posterity, to satisfy himself that the candidate for whom he proposes, or is importuned to vote, is an honest Protestant, resolved to stand or fall with his Protestant Queen, and the Protestant Constitution of these realms. As far as he can, let him insist on straightforward answers to these questions:—Do you, heart and soul, condemn the Papal aggression of 1850, and will you use your utmost efforts to defeat anything already done, or to be done, in furtherance of it? Do you believe that such a proceeding was a dangerous outrage upon the civil and religious liberties of the country, and an invasion of the authority and supremacy of the Queen? Will you be constantly in your place and on your guard, mindless of other political considerations, against the machinations of the numbers banded together to subvert Protestantism in this country? Will you support any Government which institutes searching inquiries into the present position of the Roman Catholics of this country with regard to the rights of their own church, the disposition of their property, and the manner in which trust property is held for Roman Catholic purposes?—and how religious houses are carried on in this country?—what are the actual relations in which the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen stand towards the State, towards any foreign power, and towards their own priests and prelates, with a view to exposing the present anomalies of the law, and suggesting amendments for the consideration of Parliament? If the candidate flinch, or equivocate on

* The reader may depend upon the accuracy of this frightful quotation, since we have examined the original for ourselves.—*Lig. vol. ii. book iv. tr. 2, p. 316.*—"Ex justis causâ licitum sit uti æquivocatione, modis expositis, et cum juramento firmare!"

these points, on no consideration let him have the vote, but let it rather be given inexorably against him; for he is unsound, and a dangerous person to let into the House of Commons in these momentous times. If the Protestant constituencies of the United Kingdom will but act thus, all will yet be well: if we hesitate, all is lost; for the Popish forces are compact, united, resolute, and well officered; and there are already infallible indications that they have made very skilful dispositions, and entered into formidable alliances, offensive and defensive, with the most dangerous parties in the State. While, however, Protestants thus talk, and hope, and wish, their sleepless enemy plans and acts; and unless we personally resolve, every one of us, to set about the matter forthwith, and with system and energy, as though our individual and best interests depended upon it, Dr Wiseman and his companions will smile at our childishness, and our descendants will curse it. Let no one regard what is here said as exaggerated or chimerical. We, who write this, have had our attention fixed upon the movements of the Roman Catholic priesthood in this country for the last twenty years; and their doings evince a wonderful sagacity of determination in aiming at one single object in a hundred different ways—the prostration of Protestantism within these realms. We truly believe that the Vatican knows no object more desirable, or for which it is prepared to make greater sacrifices and exertions; knowing that regained ascendancy in Great Britain would instantly add overwhelming strength and splendour to the Papacy throughout the whole world. The reception given in 1850 to Dr Wiseman and the Bull which he brought with him, for a while stunned the Papal authorities, and inspired Infallibility with a horrible fear that it had made a slight mistake, and been precipitate; but that was all; and Dr Wiseman and his friends look to the ensuing elections with intense anxiety, in the hope of not only recovering lost ground, but pushing on far beyond. Mingled mortification and ambition have stimulated them to make, and they are at this moment making, immense preparation for the

coming struggle. But a co-operative force is to be found in—thank God! their well-founded—apprehensions for what may be done by us at the coming elections, in England and Scotland, and what has already been done, and is doing, in Ireland. As to the former, we heard, not a fortnight ago, an eminent and learned Roman Catholic express his fears that they might “be paralysed by the Protestant *furor* at the bustings of England and Scotland.” As to Ireland, unhappy, priest-cursed Ireland, it is with unspeakable thankfulness that we are able to announce to our readers, for their encouragement, that Protestantism is really sapping the foundations of Popery there—laying the axe at the root of its Upas-tree deadliness. We have taken great pains to ascertain the reality of the alleged conversions from Popery in the West of Ireland; and are satisfied that a movement is going on there fraught with prodigious political consequences, and which are becoming daily more apparent to those most deeply concerned—the Popish priesthood of Ireland. The vigilant and energetic conductors of the *Times* newspaper sent a “Special Commissioner” to inquire into the matter, during the last autumn; and, on the 7th October 1851, thus announced, in a leading article, the result of their inquiries: “It seems now pretty clear that something like a REFORMATION is taking place in the province of Connaught. We were unwilling hastily to give credence to the numerous statements which reached us on this subject. Still, however, due allowance having been made, quite enough remains to convince us, that the Irish mind is at this moment undergoing a change of incalculable importance, and shaking off, at any rate in some degree, the fetters of its ancient faith. In the missions of the Irish Protestant Church, which have achieved such signal success, we recognise a just and fair reprisal for the arrogant aggressions of the Pope. In answer to his Bulls, they have published the Bible; and while he is threatening our Crown and hierarchy, they sap the foundations of his power, by disseminating the Word of God among his people.” This is good, but better far remains behind. A month afterwards, two leading Romish news-

papers thus gave excruciating utterance to the same truths: "We learn from unquestionable Catholic authority," said the *Dublin Evening Post* of the 11th November last, "that the success of the proselytisers in almost every part of the country, and, we are told, in the metropolis, is beyond all that the worst misgivings could have dreamed of! There is not only no use in denying these statements, but it would be an act of treachery to the best interests of the Catholic Church to conceal them, or even to pass the matter over as a thing of no great moment."—"We repeat," said the *Tablet* of the 8th November last, "that it is not Tuam, nor Cashel, nor Armagh, that are the chief seats of successful proselytism, but this very city [*Dublin*] in which we live!" This great work is hourly progressing, under the auspices principally of the "Irish Church Missions to the Roman Catholics," a society deserving of universal support; and when we add to this great cause in operation, another—that of the continued and ever-increasing emigration of the Roman Catholic peasantry, and the benign effects of education in Ireland—it is easy to see how well founded is the apprehension of the Popish priesthood, finding themselves thus assailed in their strongholds, and how natural the desperate exertions which they are making against the ensuing election. With the exception of five hundred thousand inmates of work-houses, we are credibly informed by those who have closely inquired into the subject, that the Protestant population in Ireland now nearly equals the Roman Catholic; and if these causes continue in operation for only a few years longer, there can be no doubt that we shall see a glorious and peaceful reformation, a social reformation, in Ireland. Exhilarating, however, as is this prospect to us, it is dismaying to our enemy; and we repeat it, that we must be prepared for such a struggle on his part, at the ensuing election, as will challenge all our own energies and resources. We say, therefore, to every Protestant elector, Be up and doing; buckle on your armour to fight a great fight; do not

undervalue your enemy's strength—nor overvalue your own; but go forth in that great spirit of steadfast purpose, which alone is capable of accomplishing great ends. As you have a Protestant Queen, so she has at present a determined Protestant Minister, whom she has intrusted with the power of making this all-important and ever-memorable appeal to her people; and we shall presently show that the questions which we have just been urging electors to propose to candidates, are exactly those which we proved, in our April number,* to have been those which that Prime Minister himself declared, in his place in the House of Lords, in February 1851, that he was ready most seriously to discuss.

So much for one aspect of that great question, which the nation must, on its own responsibility, for weal or for woe, so shortly decide. There is, however, yet another, requiring calm and serious consideration, for it touches the very vitals of the body politic.

It may be expressed shortly, and with sufficient clearness for practical purposes, as taking the form of—*an alternative between the preservation and the destruction of the existing constitution in Church and State.* In order, however, to make this plain, it is necessary very briefly to place before the reader the position and conduct of political parties in the House of Commons, during the last Parliament; and we hope to satisfy the reader, that a careful consideration of what follows will repay the effort.

The present position of the House of Commons, speaking solely with reference to the individual members who constitute it, is satisfactory to no one, either in or out of the House. From time to time, during the last three or four years, this assertion has been made by the leading members of every section into which that House has been and is divided. The astounding move of the late Sir Robert Peel on the question of the Corn Laws, dislocated all existing political combinations, to an extent perhaps unexampled in Parliamentary history.

* P. 391.

Down to that point of time, the political parties in the House were substantially only three—the Conservative, the Whig, and the Radical or movement party; but occasionally were to be seen temporary combinations, on particular questions, between the Whigs and Conservatives, and the Whigs and Radicals;—far more frequently the latter. The Conservatives, however, were far too strong for either, or both united; and there was no saying for how great a length of time that Conservative Government might not have continued in power. When, however, Sir Robert Peel timorously and precipitately abandoned the position, which he had occupied so triumphantly, with reference to that great question, a statesman so shrewd and experienced as himself, could not have failed to see, that one direct effect would be the rendering permanent and powerful that particular combination of persons, of whom the most conspicuous were Mr Cobden and Mr Bright, to whose desperate exertions he very ostentatiously and gratuitously attributed the entire “merit” of that great fiscal change. He seems, indeed, to have had some special object in view, in singling out one individual, Mr Cobden, for favourable notice, and giving him, as far as Sir Robert Peel could then do so, Parliamentary position and prestige. Sir Robert’s remarkable language towards that gentleman, in the last speech which he delivered as Minister, took all parties by surprise, and offended most who heard it; savouring, as it did, apparently of very bitter pique or revenge towards those whose party he had so suddenly dissolved, and being also *unaccompanied by any caveat or protest*, as far as we recollect, against the wild revolutionary principles which Sir Robert well knew that Mr Cobden entertained, and had repeatedly avowed, both in and out of Parliament! In this it seemed to us at the time, and continues to seem, that there was a sickening significance. Sir Robert Peel avowed in the House of Commons, on one occasion, that he had paid due attention to the sayings and doings of Mr Cobden and his coagitators for the unconditional repeal of the Corn Laws; and every one who knew Sir

Robert’s watchfulness, and also, undoubtedly, his truthfulness, believed him. Then the country saw with concern and astonishment a leading Conservative statesman, who had enjoyed its confidence to a greater extent than any Minister since William Pitt, deliberately elevate into political importance a person whom he knew to be an advocate of as great organic changes in the Constitution as had ever been mooted in Parliament. Nay; Sir Robert must have heard that Mr Cobden had frequently avowed that he regarded the repeal of the Corn Laws as but a stepping-stone to infinitely more sweeping and tumultuous changes.

The dissolution of Sir Robert Peel’s Government introduced a fourth party, consisting of those, a limited number, of his more devoted personal supporters, who seemed resolved to stand equally aloof from their old friends, from the Whigs, and from the Radicals. These gentlemen probably thought that, in the progress of events, they would be found a sort of *nucleus* round which might gather a Liberal Conservative party, of which they would be the head, and have the guidance. Their calculations, however, soon proved to be altogether erroneous; for while the gulf between them and their old friends became rapidly wider and wider, they seemed viewed with suspicion by the Whigs, and repudiated by the Radicals. This state of things lasted for some time; the small band standing alone, shorn of all direct influence, and trying to make amends for it by seizing every decent pretence for showing their power of turning the balance of parties. Their evident wish was to wear out the Protectionist feeling of their late friends, and show them that they had to choose only between receiving them back and being permanently excluded from power. At length came another sudden and great change over the position and prospects of parties, in the shape of the Papal aggression, and its ridiculous result, the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. On this occasion the little Peel party thought proper to commit themselves, almost to a man, to doggedly opposing the national feeling, faintly professing to share the universal indignation, but ostentat-

ously adopting a line of policy in entire unison with the feelings and wishes of the Roman Catholic party! If their counsels, immediately before the meeting of Parliament in the Session of 1851, had been based upon the expectation that the Liberal party at large would side with them, they immediately found themselves totally mistaken; for Lord John Russell was supported by not only the great majority of his own professed adherents, but by many of the Radical party, and also by the old Conservative party, who found fault with Lord John only because his legislation was miserably unequal to so great an exigency, and would disappoint the country. They, nevertheless, supported him, but only for the purpose of infusing vitality into the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Lord John Russell now found himself in a novel and embarrassing position—he had made deadly enemies of the compact Roman Catholic party; and they were strenuously supported, by not only the Peelites, but an active section of the Radical party, headed by Mr Cobden; and this last, for convenience' sake, may be styled the Manchester party. Lord John had, in fact, placed himself in serious antagonism to both sections of the Radical party some time previously—viz., in the Session of 1849—when, heading the whole combined forces of the Whigs, Conservatives, and Peelites, he defeated the motion of Mr Hume and the Manchester party by an overwhelming majority of 186 (268 against 82.) They have never forgotten or forgiven that defeat, nor is it reasonable that they should; for Lord John did his duty on that occasion admirably, and made a very powerful and thoroughly Conservative speech in opposition to the revolutionary motion then before the House. It is of importance to look for a moment somewhat closely into this matter, since it has already had, and is likely to have, much influence on the position of parties, and the solution of the Great Question with which we are dealing. Mr Hume's motion* was one to "Amend the National Representation," by extending the elective franchise so as to include all householders, taking votes by

ballot, limiting Parliaments to three years, and equalising representatives to the population! This, it must be owned, was a pretty large section of what is called the Charter; and, as such, its illustrious supporter, Mr Feargus O'Connor, rose and condescendingly received it. Sir George Grey opposed the motion strenuously, denouncing it as dangerous, as a mere instalment towards further democratic changes, and as almost identical with the Charter. The spokesman of the Manchester party was Mr Bright, who supported the motion with his utmost energy, and bitterly taunted Lord John Russell as the head of an exclusively aristocratic Cabinet. Lord John rose to reply, and delivered as Conservative a speech as could have been delivered by Lord Derby; and we select from it three very striking passages. "So far as I can see," said Lord John, evidently alarmed by the violent democratic tendency of Mr Bright's speech, "the people of this country are as much attached to the constitutional monarchy as the people of any country have ever been attached to the constitution of their own state. My belief is, that it is the form of government suited to this people. My belief is, that not a balance of forces, but a combination of powers brought about by monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy acting together, produces as much of liberty and happiness, as great a development of talent, as great encouragement in the practice of religious and moral duties, as any constitution the world ever exhibited or has produced. My belief is, that if you adopted the scheme of the honourable member for Montrose, as it is explained by the honourable member for Manchester, *you would risk all these blessings*. I do not think that you, the House of Commons, chosen by universal suffrage, in equal, or nearly equal, districts, would long have peace in this House; and if you had peace in this House, by an overwhelming majority carrying measures of a democratic nature, *you could not keep harmony with the other two powers of the State*. In framing and proposing the Reform Bill, what we wished was, to adapt

* Hansard, vol. cv. (3d series,) 1171.

the representation of this House to the other powers of the State, and keep it in harmony with the Constitution. That object, I think, after seventeen years' trial, we have attained. We have obtained a gradual progress of measures of reform without convulsion, without fear, or risk of bloodshed." A little further on, Lord John thus indicated the nature of Bright's commentary upon Hume, agreeing with Sir George Grey, that its tendency was towards the six points of the Charter: "If there was some obscurity about the proposal of the honourable member for Montrose, the speech of the honourable member for Manchester has cleared it of all ambiguity, and, I trust, must have shown the House that, whatever might be the wishes of the honourable member for Montrose himself, whatever might be his respect for the ancient constitution of this House, and however he might reverence those forms which have enabled him to act no undistinguished part, and to confer no small benefit upon his country; those who aid him, and in aiding overpower him, have no limitation in their designs—that, to use the words of the honourable member for Manchester, they have no respect for the Constitution; that they do not propose to stop short of admitting every adult male to the enjoyment of the franchise; and that although this would not be obtained by the motion of to-night—although it would not be effectual in carrying the six points of the Charter—yet this is the end to which the honourable member for Manchester is directing his efforts." Observe now, however, the ensuing passage, in which he administered a grave, a just, and a severe rebuke to Messrs Cobden and Bright, and the rest of their party, which these persons will never pardon, and under which they have winced ever since. "What I have to find fault for with the honourable member for Manchester, and those who agree with him, is, that they are so EXCEEDINGLY NARROW-MINDED. Get them upon the subjects with which they are particularly conversant, and I listen with great admiration to their extensive knowledge and acute ability; but

when we come to discuss large questions, such as concern the fortune of our Empire, then I see that *they have intellect and understanding bound up in such a narrow round that it is quite impossible to get them to understand those great principles on which our ancestors founded the Constitution of this country, and which we, their successors, humbly admire, and endeavour to follow!*"*

It really afflicts us to allude, in passing, to the noble utterer of this dignified and spirited rebuke, permitting himself, three years afterwards, in March last, to kiss the rod which had since that period been held over him by these very persons, and be goaded into actually calling them to his councils in a political extremity of his own making, and as a guarantee to the Democratic party that his eyes had been at length opened to the narrowness and error of his own political views! It is one of the most humiliating passages in modern political history, and, we sincerely regret to say, has irretrievably injured the reputation of this distinguished and once powerful personage. It is indeed a singular and melancholy coincidence, that both Lord John Russell and the late Sir Robert Peel should have been seen acting precisely similarly towards the same individual representation of bitter and unscrupulous Democracy, each owing in him a master! In the division on Mr Hume's Chartist motion, the Peel party contributed, as we have stated, to swell the majority; and a significant and prominent unit in that majority was—*Sir James Graham*.

Lord John Russell was too keen not to perceive his deteriorated position in the House towards the close of the last Session, in consequence of his feud with the Radical party proper, and through his opposition to their radical reforms, and with the combined Radical and Peel party, in consequence of his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; while he beheld the Conservative (or Protectionist) party compact and united. To propitiate the Radicals, he promised to usher in the ensuing Session with a satisfactory measure of reform; and one

* Hansard, vol. cv. (3d series), 1219.

ceeded in lulling them into a sort of sullen silence of distrustful expectation. He must have foreseen, however, that he could not *then* calculate on the support of the Peel party, if he should introduce any measure having a chance of satisfying the Radicals; and he would thus have to run the risk of linking the Peel party with the Conservative, and, a thing still more serious, might alienate some of his own hitherto staunch supporters. And, in addition to this, the Roman Catholic or Irish party openly denounced him and his friends, and could from inclination, and could with decency, gratefully combine with their new allies, the Peel party, to defeat the obnoxious Minister. The position of Lord John Russell, thus tied to an impracticable pledge, must have been unspeakably harassing towards the opening of the present Session, which was ushered in by meeting after meeting of the Cabinet, accompanied by widespread rumours that the Ministry were seriously divided in opinion on the subject of the threatened Reform Bill. In addition to this source of disquietude and discussion, were the two menaced motions of censure against Lord Clarendon and Lord Grey, for their respective doings in Ireland and at the Cape; and the perilous hostility of Lord John's brilliant discarded Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston, incomparably the ablest and most popular member of the Government. Every one expected Lord John's downfall at the very threshold of the Session. He contrived, however, to get tolerably satisfactorily over the Palmerston explanation, every one seeing that Lord Palmerston exercised severe self-restraint; and very comfortably over the Clarendon censure; and *we know* that the hopes of the late Ministry and their friends then rose high, that they should succeed in, at all events, tiding over the Session. There was loud talk about a reconstruction of the Ministry, by discarding some of its members deemed too strongly tainted with Conservatism, and substituting for them others from the more advanced ranks of the Liberal supporters of the Ministry. The immediate result, however, was simply the substitution of

Lord Granville for Lord Palmerston, without the secession of any other member of the Ministry—to the grievous discomfiture and irritation of the Radical party. Then came the long-promised Reform Bill, which was instantly treated with contempt by every section of the opponents of the Ministry, and also with anger by the slighted and disappointed Radicals. At length Lord John proposed his memorable Militia Bill; and refusing to concur in a suggestion of his *quondam* colleague Lord Palmerston,—urged with earnestness, and timed with consummate tact,—he went to a division, and was thoroughly beaten. With an air of mingled mortification and excitement, he at once threw up the bill; and immediately afterwards he and his brother Ministers tendered their resignations, which were accepted;—Lord John recommending his gracious Mistress to send for the Earl of Derby; telling the House of Commons that they had resigned, after anxious consideration, as the safer alternative than that of a dissolution, which they could not venture to recommend to the Crown. There was a highly significant contrast between the manner of announcing the resignation of Ministers, by the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. The latter was evidently influenced by feelings of vexation and asperity; and seemed to hold himself out as a candidate for reinstatement, by avowing his determination to resist the imposition of a duty on corn, and to insist on an extension of the suffrage—announcements which met with but a lukewarm reception. Lord Lansdowne evinced a totally different spirit. He spoke with a manifest conviction that the country was threatened with danger; and added, with a dignified air of sincerity and cordiality—"I am sure I shall be the last man to create in the path of the noble Earl, [Derby,]—a much valued friend of mine at all times, though a political opponent,—even were it in my power, the slightest shade of impediment." The Earl of Derby, thus unexpectedly summoned by the Queen, nevertheless quickly formed his Ministry, and, in a modest and dignified address, to which we endeavoured to do justice in our April Number, made the frankest possible

admission of the difficulty of his position, being in a certain minority in the Commons, and a possible minority in the Lords; declared that he should conduct the Government in a spirit of moderation, in conformity with the principles which he had maintained in Opposition; and take the earliest practicable opportunity of appealing to the country, to ascertain its views of his proposed policy: but stating that he should, at all events, discard the Reform Bills proposed by the late Ministry—this latter announcement being warmly approved of by Earl Fitzwilliam. Lord John Russell now adopted a truly astonishing and as lamentable a course of procedure. Immediately before the re-assembling of Parliament, he summoned a meeting of his former supporters, extending the invitation to the Radical party, in order to hear their opinions, and they his, on the line of conduct to be adopted in Parliament, in opposition to the Minister whom he had himself only just advised the Queen to send for! Lord John also sent for—Mr Cobden! and took sweet counsel with him! and finally announced that he had made up his mind, in the event of his return to power, to extend the basis of his Government, by calling in those who had hitherto been excluded! He was, nevertheless, roughly taken to task by Mr Hume, and others of the Radical party, who gave him distinctly to understand, that he must turn over a new leaf, in order to deserve their support. This meeting was attended by the Manchester and Radical party in force, by several of the Peel party, but not by Sir James Graham, and by a considerable number of the habitual supporters of Lord John's late Government. When he first met the new Ministers in the House of Commons, he made a speech characterised by extreme bitterness and chagrin, and a spirit, we are compelled to say, the very reverse of dignified; giving a peevish explanation of the reason which had forced him to resign, concluding with these singular expressions: "I felt, therefore, that if I were not driven

out of office, *I should be worried out of it by gentlemen in opposition!*" Assuredly this seems strange language to fall from the lips of a statesman, and so lately a Prime Minister; but it is in keeping with all Lord John's recent conduct, to which it affords a clue. Thoroughly perplexed by his surrounding difficulties, he at length lost his presence of mind and temper; and having taken what his alarmed adherents told him was a fearfully false step, he made confused and convulsive, but abortive efforts to retrieve his position; and has ever since been in a state of political decadence, as is universally admitted by both friends and foes, who now openly avow that he can never again be accepted as the leader of the Liberal party. His recent (22d May) letter to the electors of London affords conclusive evidence of the extent of his own apprehensions on this score. His conduct on the second reading of the Militia Bill amounted to an act of political suicide, preceded by a sort of imbecility, indicating a total absence of all power of ordinary calculation and foresight. He deliberately gave battle to Ministers on a great question—and, in a House of nearly five hundred members, found himself in a minority of one hundred and fifty;* with his staunchest friends unspeakably mortified and disgusted by the course which he had adopted. On this humiliating occasion, the majority of the Peel party voted against him; but all the Manchester and most of the Radical party with him. The former, indeed, have given him, since the Chesham Place meeting, a general support in his opposition to the present Ministry, but with ominous intimations, from time to time, of the conditions annexed to the continuance of that support. So lately as on the 14th of May, Mr Cobden used the following language, which must have sufficiently galled the sensitive ear of Lord John Russell:—"The very proposition of this Militia Bill will render it impossible for a Whig Government, constituted as it was before, ever to return to power; for it is to them that this militia is owing." This threatening

* 26th April. Militia Bill, second reading: ayes 314, noes 164—the latter being almost exactly the number that attended the meeting at Chesham Place.

declaration fell from the leader of that party whom Lord John had so sarcastically rebuked in 1849 for their advocacy of wild, democratic changes in the Constitution; and, adding to this remark another—that Sir James Graham has, since the accession of the present Ministry, given in his adherence, *once more*, and so late in life! to the principles advocated by the Manchester party, and in 1849 reprobated by Lord John Russell—we quit our exposition of the present state of political parties, in order to show its direct bearing upon the Great Question so soon to be submitted to the nation.

The Ministerial party, the Peel party, the Manchester party, the Radical party, the Whig party, the Roman Catholic party, will, within a few days' time, present themselves, in the persons of their respective members, and (if honest) as exponents of their distinctive principles, before the various constituencies of the country. From the past, the future must be judged of and provided against. An eager and ambitious member of one, if not indeed of three, of these parties—Sir James Graham—has recently deemed it discreet and becoming to avow himself “with pain!” an *opponent* of Lord Derby's Government, and to prescribe, as the sole question to be proposed to candidates, the following:—“Are you a supporter, or an opponent, of Lord Derby's Government?” But it is to be particularly observed, that the right honourable baronet very adroitly slips in a special restriction: this question is to be “propounded” only “by *Free-Traders*.” This is a subtle mode of trying to deal with a Great Question, so as to squeeze it into a Little one, with a view to hoodwink the constituencies, yoke them all to the car of Faction, and give a perilous impulse to democratic aggression. The attempt is somewhat audacious, but futile and short-sighted, and discloses palpably an identity of policy between Sir James Graham and the Manchester School, and those reckless members of the Whig and Radical parties, mere political adventurers, who have given in adherence to them since the accession of the present Government, for the purpose of subverting it. Let

every intelligent and conscientious elector reject the impudent false pretence on which his suffrage is thus solicited in order that he may not, until too late, discover the fatal use that has been made of it by the perfidious applicant. There can be no doubt whatever that the Manchester party and Sir James Graham, together with a few members of the Peel party, have organised a confederacy, with caution and considerable skill, for the purpose of ensnaring the constituencies into the support of revolutionary candidates; and it is consolatory to reflect that they *have deemed it necessary* so to cover and disguise their purposes, in order to escape indignant detection, and avert ignominious defeat. It is consolatory, because of the evidence it affords that public opinion is too healthy to welcome or tolerate revolutionary opinions. The momentous issue really before the country defies their abortive, yet insidious and dishonest, attempts to reduce its proportions into the narrow compass of “Free Trade or No Free Trade;” and Lord John Russell, in his letter to the citizens of London, thus far imitates the example of Sir James Graham. These attempts are, in fact, a tacit and tremulous acknowledgment of the strength of the Great Conservative Party which now guides the helm of the State; and while repudiating the little test, question, condition, or *formula* proposed by the most cunning (we use not the word offensively) of the revolutionary tacticians, we beg to submit the following, as a far more comprehensive one, as the conditions on which votes should be given at the ensuing election; and they may be said to constitute **SIX POINTS OF THE CONSERVATIVE CHARTER**. “Are you; or are you not, a supporter of

I. Uncompromising maintenance of PROTESTANTISM in its integrity, especially as respects the United Church of England and Ireland, and the education of the people?

II. Determined resistance to DEMOCRATIC AGGRESSION?

III. A just distribution of TAXATION, with reference to its pressure on the agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing interests?

IV. Vigilant but friendly FOREIGN POLICY?

V. Impartial and enlightened administration of our DOMESTIC and COLONIAL AFFAIRS?

VI. MAKING OLD ENGLAND IMPREGNABLE?

These are the Six Points—the Conservatism of the nineteenth century—to which candidates should be pinned; and no votes should be given to him who does not cordially answer all, or most of them, in the affirmative; and he will prove himself thereby, “with pleasure,” a SUPPORTER, as Sir James Graham has found himself, “with pain,”* an OPPONENT, of Lord Derby’s Government. These supporters, we believe, will be in a decisive majority—these opponents, in a quarrelsome and heterogeneous minority, in the ensuing Parliament. Now, however, for a while, and briefly, of these Six Points in their order:—

I. PROTESTANTISM. It is to be upheld vigilantly and vigorously, in its integrity; and this cannot be, except by an honest, searching inquiry into the present position and doings of Popery within these realms—its subtle and tortuous, serpent-like windings among all classes and all institutions. It has become a sacred duty to suspect the presence of Popery everywhere, and not to let that suspicion be easily lulled. It is often in greatest force where least suspected—among the young and innocent—among the learned and mature-aged—and under a hundred harmless and even lovely aspects. But what care the dogged opponents of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—of any measure directed against the late Papal Aggression for such considerations as this? What care the Manchester party—what care those of the Peel, the Whig, and Radical parties, who supported, and support, those opponents? Their uniform sayings and doings supersede the necessity of urging this topic further. But we look, on the contrary, upon Lord Derby’s as pre-eminently and avowedly a Protestant Government, to all intents and purposes. Its leading members have repeatedly proved

themselves as staunch as the staunchest of us could desire; and this is well known to the Roman Catholic party, and will secure their deadly opposition and hatred. For that very reason, that Protestant Government is entitled to the warm support of every sincere Protestant—whether Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Dissenter—in the empire; for who is to come in their stead, in the event of their being displaced? The Earl of Derby himself, in his place in the House of Lords, recently declared that one part of the issue on which he should go to the country would be—“Will you support a Government which will uphold the Protestant institutions of the country—which will give strength and increased power to religious and moral education throughout the land?”†

II. RESISTANCE TO DEMOCRACY. The Manchester and Radical party would at once open upon us the flood-gates of democracy, and thereby sweep away our existing institutions, which Lord John Russell himself, as we have seen, solemnly declared, in his place in the House of Commons, to be exactly and happily accommodated to our political exigencies, adapted to reconcile conflicting interests, and secure a harmonious equipoise between liberty and authority. He sternly reprobated all attempts to disturb that harmonious equipoise and adjustment; denounced the Manchester and Radical party as engaged in that enterprise; and he and Sir George Grey declared them to be virtually Chartists. What would be the effect of household or universal suffrage? The House of Commons in fatal conflict with both the House of Lords and the Sovereign; for, as Lord John Russell truly stated on the occasion already alluded to, such a constituency afforded no guarantee for intelligence or independence—that “they would, many of them, be easily affected by misrepresentations and delusions, and had not sufficient political information to enable them to make a right choice of members.”‡ What wild and visionary demands would be insisted upon by a House

* See his Letter to the Electors of Carlisle, 8th May.—*Times*, May 14th.

† See our April Number, p. 409.

‡ Hansard, vol. cv. p. 1222.

of Commons thus returned! Where would be the National Debt? How would the taxes be raised? How could law be steadily and safely administered? How could the Queen's Government be carried on? What havoc would be made of our religious, civil, naval, military, economical arrangements, when subjected to the direct action of popular caprice and ignorance? Who could acquire, or safely enjoy, or bequeath property of the greatest or smallest amount? What would become of the indispensable subordination of rank and station? SOCIALISM would suddenly start up in our midst, a very Frankenstein, before the terrified and abhorrent eyes of its perhaps unsuspecting creator and victim! All this fearful train of evils Lord John Russell clearly saw, when he rebuked Messrs Cobden and Bright, and triumphantly defeated the measure they advocated. They, also, must have seen that same train of consequences, or they are mere blind leaders of the blind, and should be dealt with summarily otherwise than by argument. But if they *did* see these consequences, and yet urged on the causes of them, ought not such men to be regarded as the very demons of democracy? Why, then, did Lord John Russell, in an unhappy hour, and under the guidance of his evil genius, call Messrs Cobden and Bright to his counsels? Well might the country take the alarm, and rally round the Conservative statesman whom, by such aid, he had resolved, if possible, immediately to overthrow. And that Conservative statesman, the Earl of Derby, only three days afterwards, lost not a moment in assuring the alarmed country that his Government "would exert itself to oppose some barrier against the current, continually encroaching, of democratic influence, which would throw power nominally into the hands of the masses—practically, into those of the demagogues who lead them."*

III. EQUAL JUSTICE TO THE AGRICULTURAL, COMMERCIAL, AND MANUFACTURING INTERESTS. — By this is meant, let none be protected at the expense of the others; let the

pressure of taxation be fairly distributed between all three; let the interests of producers and consumers be equally considered; let Free Trade in theory be Free Trade in fact; or let us get rid of an impostor, and an *incubus* upon the national energies. Free Trade, so called, has been hitherto nurtured at the expense of the agricultural interest, and to us has always appeared in the nature of an ulcer upon that interest—the very back-bone of the State—impoverishing and weakening its resources and energies. With the Agricultural are bound up indissolubly all our national interests; and that agricultural interest should be watched with unceasing vigilance and heartiness. Hitherto the Manchester party have had it all their own way; but they may yet be made, with whatever writhings, to drink of the draught which they have forced down the throats of others. The present position of affairs requires a comprehensive and thorough—a wise, a temperate, and firm treatment; and it is for the country itself, on the ensuing all-important occasion, to declare the principles by which its affairs shall be regulated. The Peel and Manchester parties, and those of the Whig and Radical parties who support them, are almost incapacitated from fair and dispassionate action in this matter, by their stubborn one-sidedness and intolerance of opposition, or even remonstrance. The Ministerial party have solemnly declared their determination to uphold, when in power, as far as they may be able, the policy which they supported in opposition. The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressly declared, on the 7th May, that "when Her Majesty should have referred to the sense of her people, Her Government would be prepared to introduce, in due time, those remedial measures which are required by justice and the permanent interests of the country. . . . I am not at all clear," said the right honourable gentleman—"I am not at all clear that a 5s. fixed duty on wheat is by any means the measure which we might feel it our duty to recommend.

* *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, p. 409.

... Past agitation has succeeded in investing a very simple fiscal proposition with such an amount of prejudice, that although I might consider such a proper and just one, I might not think it expedient or politic to propose it. I know there is a very great desire among honourable gentlemen opposite that there should be a fixed duty on corn; but I regret, for their sake, that I cannot promise to make any proposition of the kind." Thus also spoke the conscientious Home Secretary—"Let the House remember that the Earl of Derby has also said, and has constantly repeated, that if the well-expressed opinions of the people of this country were against a duty being put upon articles of food, partly for protection and partly for revenue, he did not intend, after the country should have so expressed itself, ever to moot the question again."* That is, he might have added, until the country, worn out by suffering, should demand such a measure of protection as vital to its interests.

IV. VIGILANT BUT FRIENDLY FOREIGN POLICY.—No one will deny the paramount necessity of conducting our foreign policy with the most delicate regard for international rights, usages, and courtesies, coupled with unwavering firmness in requiring a similar observance towards ourselves. Nor will any one of the parties opposed to that now in power venture to deny that, since its accession, most serious differences have been dissolved, and our own country placed in harmonious and cordial action with all foreign powers, without a single undue concession. The rights of British subjects in foreign countries were never guarded more vigilantly than by the present Foreign Secretary, nor will our own rights against the subjects of foreign powers resident in this country be more resolutely, though temperately, asserted, if need should be. At no period during the last ten years have our foreign relations been more satisfactory than now—rarely as much so; and thus has disappeared a serious and frequent source of national anxiety.

V. IMPARTIAL AND ENLIGHTENED ADMINISTRATION OF DOMESTIC AND COLONIAL AFFAIRS.—The sound administration of our domestic economy, in all its extensive complications, embracing and affecting every one of us in our personal and social relations, our rights and interests, has this never-failing guarantee, that we are all ever on the alert, without reference to party politics, to complain, to resent, to assert, if there be the slightest necessity. Parliament in frequent session, public opinion and its myriad organs ever awake, constitute all-sufficient security against long-continued incompetence or unconscientiousness at headquarters. If those intrusted with the superintendence of the various home departments be recognised as men of ability, honour, and unsullied public and private character, we know that we are safe, and are not exacting. Without uttering or insinuating a word of disparagement of their predecessors, we fearlessly ask, When was the Great Seal held by one more consummately qualified than Lord St Leonards to sustain its immense and splendid responsibilities? And who has a word to utter against the manner in which are discharged the arduous duties of the various departments of the Treasury, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, the Post Office, the Public Works, and the Poor Laws, and the law offices, in the United Kingdom? *Quis vituperavit?* Yet these were the untried, and therefore incapable officials, whom the organs of an eager, unscrupulous, but quickly-baffled Opposition would have scouted from even making the attempt to govern the country!

The administration of COLONIAL affairs has latterly become a matter of daily increasing anxiety, and of transcendent importance. The appointment of the present Colonial Secretary was received by many opponents of the Ministry with most unjustifiable and bitter distrust and ridicule. Where are that distrust and ridicule now? Sir John Pakington quickly gained the confidence of all directly interested in colonial matters, by his

* Howard, *cxix*, p. 1098.

sedulous attention to business, and his uniform courtesy, temper, and discretion; while, in his legislative capacity, on several very important occasions, he surprised and delighted all sides of the House by his statesmanlike qualities, which were most loudly applauded by some of the most distinguished but fair-judging opponents of the Ministry. There are questions of enormous difficulty in store for our Colonial Minister, and the Cabinet whose head is so able and experienced a Colonial Minister as the Earl of Derby. Many of these difficulties have been created or infinitely aggravated by the abettors of that policy to which the present Ministry is avowedly opposed. We suspect that no *intelligent* elector, who has paid the least practical attention to the subject, would wish colonial affairs to be managed as they were in the time of the late Ministry; and no *such* elector will deny that the administration of colonial affairs hitherto, by the present Ministry, is full of promise; and in this department we include, it is superfluous to say, the Board of Control, under the presidency of a man of great official experience and administrative ability.

VL. MAKING OLD ENGLAND IMPREGNABLE. — With the Duke of Wellington at the head of the Army, the Duke of Northumberland, a thorough practical sailor, at the head of the Navy, and Viscount Hardinge at the head of the Ordnance,* John Bull may sleep comfortably of nights, and walk about confidently by day. And he knows all the while, that these are serious times, when in truth no one can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth. God be thanked, we continue at present on satisfactory terms with our potent, but irritable and ambitious, neighbour across the Channel; but how long those satisfactory terms may last, is known only to the Almighty Ruler of Nations. Unless we are bereft of our senses, we may see manifest indications, designed not to be alighted with impunity, that, in spite of present appearances, our safety from invasion is precarious. Let us

hear on the subject an eloquent, an able, and, we believe, honest Radical, Mr Roebuck, who thus a few days ago expressed himself:—

"*I know* the feeling of the French army is, that we are the only people in Europe that has not succumbed to the arms of France. We were never beaten; our capital is still the only capital of Europe that has not been entered by a French army. The very expectation and longing of their lives—the very talk of their bivouacs, is the getting into London. That is a matter of fact. I want to hear it disputed. That being the feeling of the French army, and the interest of the man at the head of the government being to entertain that feeling of the army on his behalf, he might indeed command any number of persons on that wild expedition. But what I want to point out is, the horrible mischief that would result, even through a danger of invasion. Why, if there was a danger of invasion for three hours, fancy what would be the effect on all the world. Remember that London is not like Paris. Paris affects France—London affects the world. Of the whole mercantile world, from one end to the other of Asia, Africa, America, and Europe, the heart is London. Paralyse that heart, and the arteries cease to beat. Let one incident of palsy come, and all the varied trembling lines of commerce that exist from one end of the country to the other would be snapped asunder. Terror, dismay, ruin, would seize millions, and against that direful calamity the statesmen of England have to be forewarned."

Lord Palmerston has recently stated in his place in Parliament, in one of those truly admirable and powerful speeches to which the House delights to listen, that not long ago, when there existed a contingency of war between England and France, Louis Philippe was assured by one of his generals, that a French army could take possession of London within a week—a statement which produced a great sensation in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston said this, for the purpose of supporting the

* *i. e.*—Principally the Artillery and Engineers, and everything connected with that great branch of the War department.

Government Militia Bill; which, having been proposed by the late Ministry, and immediately taken up by the present, in concurrence with the advice of the greatest responsible naval and military authorities in the country, has been supported against the most shameless faction, by overpowering majorities night after night, and will soon, as it ought, be the law of the land. The part played by Lord John Russell on this occasion is to us, chiefly for his own sake, a cause of sickening dissatisfaction; and we shall add no more to that which we have already written upon this painful and humiliating subject. But what shall be said of the part played by the Manchester party upon this question? That it has sunk them fathoms deeper in public contempt than they were before they took up, most fortunately for their opponents, this anti-national, this utterly un-English position. Conceive Mr Cobden's wretched advice taken, and England suddenly the subject of French invasion! In a moment, if any one could think at such an awful moment of such persons as the Manchester party, they would be torn to pieces; and probably a like fate would be in store for those who had had the folly to listen to them! But better counsels are prevailing, thanks to the determination of the Ministry, aided by the powerful support of Lord Palmerston. The anti-militia agitation has been a signal failure, in spite of the galvanic energy displayed by the Manchester party, in order to compensate for the discomfiture of their other schemes for agitation; and we hope that their doings on this occasion will be borne in mind at the ensuing election.

These, we repeat it, are the Six Points of the Conservative Charter; and every constituency should insist on knowing whether the candidate or candidates will answer them cordially in the affirmative.

In conclusion, we conscientiously express our belief that, during the critical first three months of their official career, the Earl of Derby and his Government have not only entitled themselves to the confidence of the country, but have obtained it, and will soon receive a still larger measure of

national confidence. Under circumstances exquisitely trying, they have conducted themselves with such consummate prudence as to put their unscrupulous opponents uniformly in the wrong, and to disarm the hostility of those influenced by only patriotic considerations. The noble Earl at the head of the Government has maintained his ground in a spirit of calm firmness, and been admirably supported by his friends. Difficulties, judged insuperable, have disappeared; and we believe that others yet in existence will share the same fate. The loudly-vaunted Opposition, which was to dash them in pieces immediately, has itself fallen to pieces, and has no real elements of cohesion, or powers of reconstruction. We think it unlikely that Lord John Russell will feel disposed, or, even if he were, would be allowed, to be the future leader of Opposition; and the perpetual tergiversations of Sir James Graham are not likely to secure him the confidence of any considerable body of influential Parliamentary followers. He must now remain in alliance with the Manchester party, than which one more utterly contemptible, in point of spirit and character, and more obnoxious to distrust and scorn, never aspired to be the medium of doing irreparable mischief to this great and glorious country.

The letter which Lord John Russell, goaded on, it is whispered, by some suddenly-perceived exigency, has thought it advantageous for his interests to address to the great metropolitan constituency, is one which is by no means calculated to better his position, or increase the number, or reassure the spirits, of his former supporters. It indicates a sort of *laudator temporis acti* spirit, designed by its writer to awaken slumbering feelings of gratitude, and excite vague hopes of the things which he may do, if he should feel himself driven on by his new adherents in a course of democratic concession. We see in this effusion nothing definite, nothing statesmanlike, nothing dignified or determined in bearing and spirit. We are provoked by many passages in it to indulge in severe animadversions, and ask questions which it will be difficult for

Lord John to answer. We shall, however, refer here to only one—the paltry allusions to the glorious cause of Protestantism. Alas! how does he now *roar like any sucking dove*! How completely has evaporated the spirit of the famous letter to the Bishop of Durham, which so lately kindled the country from one end to the other! To the eye of a zealous Protestant, the one little meagre paragraph devoted to this subject speaks volumes, to prove that the interests of Protestantism are not safe in Lord John's keeping; and that—shall we add it?—because he foresees that to uphold Protestantism vigorously would be to interfere with any possible alliance with Sir James Graham and the Manchester and Radical party. If there be a contest for the city of London, we suspect that Lord John Russell will appeal in vain to the Protestant electors; while the mercantile electors will look with smiling contempt at his newly-developed anxiety to revise the existing intolerably oppressive Customs arrangements.

The country has now plainly before them, as far as we can briefly put it, the Great Question, whether they will uphold Protestantism and repel Democracy. We await the issue with unspeakable solicitude. We have no fear, if the constituencies

will do their duty. Let them ask themselves the plain question, What is to become of us, if Sir James Graham, and Messrs Cobden, Bright, and Hume come into power? **DESTRUCTION** would be upon us!

We implore, therefore, every Conservative elector in the kingdom, every true Protestant, every loyal subject of the Queen, to regard himself as **INDIVIDUALLY** of importance during the ensuing ever-memorable struggle. Let no man rely on his neighbour, or undervalue his own exertions, capabilities, or influence. When too late, hundreds of thousands may lament and curse an infatuated apathy: for if even a downward impulse be given, it rapidly acquires an irresistible force. Before we again appear, the Great Question will be discussing in every constituency in the kingdom; and it really resolves itself into **AYE** or **NO**—Conservative or destructive? *Everything is at stake*—our national character, our independence, our civil and religious liberty. Let those only succeed who are likely to make desperate exertions in order to inaugurate organic changes, and the crown will quiver on the sacred brow of her that now wears it, and on the temple of our national greatness we may woefully write—**ICHRABOD! The glory is departed!**

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